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**THE DUBLIN
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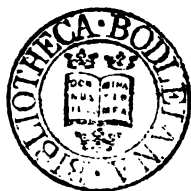
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VOL. XXXVII.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Carrigbawn, December 28, 1850.

SINCE last I wrote to you, my dear Anthony, Christmas has come and gone. Gone is the glory of plumb-pudding and mince-pies—the misletoe and the wassail bowl—the holly and the ivy. But the fond hearts that this holy season has brought together part not thus soon again. Ah, no! they have not for this left their distant homes, disentangled themselves from their world-born cares, and come clustering once more around the hallowed hearths of childhood, that they may rush back into the bustle and coil of life, and seal up again the sweet springs of affection that welled forth from their hearts, touched by the wand of Love, as the living streams gushed from the rock at Meribah, beneath the rod of the law-giver of Israel. In the remote regions of the country, the spirit of primitive hospitality is, thank Heaven, too potent for such a rapid disruption of the social union; and the friends who assemble at Christmas are sure to see the waning year to an end in each other's company, and let the new year dawn upon and sanctify their friendship. Well, then, you may be sure Uncle Saul's mansion is thronged: every chamber has its inhabitant, as every cell in a hive has its particular bee. Each one, during the day, does as he likes, or, if he likes, does nothing at all. There is a greyhound for the hills, if you love coursing; or a rod for the streams, if you are an angler or a day-dreamer. Old Jonathan Freke will join you in a cigar, or, rather, half a dozen of them, and talk transatlantic politics. My uncle will stroll with you through the now leafless woodlands. Will you read? there is a book in the study; but be sure you replace it when you are done. Matilda will sing for you in the drawing-room, Abigail will canter with you on the sward, and all the girls, God bless them, will talk with you by the hour, anywhere and everywhere! Thus, by day, each is master of his own time, and may form such combinations as his fancy dictates; but, in the evening, when the chairs are drawn nearer around the fire, and the log burns its brightest, then we are all common property, and each contributes his share to the general stock of pleasure and good humour. Such is the way in which we spend our Christmas holidays in the country, Anthony.

Amongst the guests at Christmas, none holds a more honoured place than our worthy parish pastor. He is Saul's domestic chaplain on all occasions, and the friend and counsellor of every Slingsby. He has christened every boy and girl of the present generation. He has ministered consolation by the bed-side of all of those who have passed away, and committed their dust to its kindred dust, where they now sleep in the old church-yard. He has known the trials from which none who live long can escape: widowed and childless, he bears his cross with the fidelity of a disciple, and waits his summons with the hope of a Christian.

Last evening, we were all circling the old-fashioned fire-place in the drawing-room. The conversation paused for a moment, and, somehow, a feeling of momentary sadness seemed to creep in amongst us. I know not to what I should

attribute this, unless to the announcement which my friend Herbert and myself had just made, that we should leave "the Park" next day, and a gentle sigh from a young lady that shall be nameless, responded to by an expiration from Herbert, which he adroitly strangled by a cough, tended not a little to confirm my suspicions. "Well," said Uncle Saul, at last, "if you must go, there is no help for it; but you will be back soon. We shall meet by New Year's Day, at farthest." "Most assuredly," said I. "Eh, Herbert?" My friend assented emphatically. A deep, long sigh attracted general attention to the pastor; he was slowly coiling his heavy watch-chain with the left hand round the fore finger of the right one. We all knew the old man's habits, and were aware he was ruminating, and would shortly "come out with a homily," as Saul phrases it, and so we at once assumed the attitude of reverent attention.

"We shall meet by New Year's Day, at farthest," said the old man, repeating the words, half in musing and half in observation, to those around him. "How many in all ages have so spoken upon whom no New Year's morn ever dawned again! how many who have begun the year in joy and health and hope, who have assured their hearts that it shall be as those that went before it, and even 'more abundant,' have found it a treasury of sorrows and trials—its sunshine overcast with cloud and tempest—its flowers of hope withered and dead—its fairest promises the forerunners of life's heaviest dispensations! Yes, let us pause a little, and think upon the year that is now passing away, ere we rejoice in the prospect of that which is so nigh at hand. Look in upon the homes of your dearest friends now, and count the chairs that were drawn around that most blessed sanctuary of sweet affections, the evening fireside, on last New Year's Day. Are any of them now untenanted—standing lonely against the wall? Father! is thy honoured form absent? Mother! does thy sweet face of love beam still upon us? Children! are ye all—all there, smiling, and prattling, and shedding light upon our hearts, like star-beams in a serene midnight? Alas! alas! it may not be—some one is gone—and we moisten even our festive bread with tears as we think upon the departed. At whose threshold has not Azrael stood within these short twelve months? whose house has he not entered? Many a one, erect in strength and high in hope when the year was young, is now bowed down in sickness and shattered in his fortunes; whose light of life flickers and burns lower hourly, and will scarce struggle through the few days of this old year that still remain. And then, too, what opportunities have been lost—what blessings unvalued—what monitions unheeded—what lessons of God's own teaching unread! Ah! let us think of all this when we welcome in the new year, and our congratulations shall be tempered with a profound sense of the responsibilities which this recurring cycle of time brings with it."

"You speak truly, my dear old friend," said Saul; "it should be in no spirit of unreflecting gaiety that we should see the old year out, or of heedless festivity that we should usher the new year in; but still it is permitted us to look forward to it with joy as one period more added to that gift of long life which the instincts of our own being, as well as the Word of our Creator, assures us is a blessing."

"Ay," said the pastor, "it is one talent more given to us to be laid up in the napkin, or to gain other talents. Let us take heed how we use it, for we shall have to account when 'the Lord cometh and reckoneth' with us. The recurrence of a new year is in this, too, a subject of thanks and rejoicing, that it enables us, as it were, to balance the account with the inexorable past, and to bring over into the new leaf the debts against us which would otherwise remain undischarged for ever. We have thus an opportunity afforded us of improving the future by the experience of the past, of setting the advances which we shall make during the new year against the short-comings of the old one, and cancelling, by God's help, the debt that was marked against us. If we shall not thus use the years that are vouchsafed to us, we shall have occupied our allotted space of time in vain, or worse than in vain, though we may count our four-score years and ten; and we may say with Simonides, when asked to what time of life he had arrived—'I have lived a very short time, though a great many years.'"

A thoughtful silence of a few moments succeeded the parson's "homily." The spell was broken by Herbert.

"Do you remember Tennyson's 'Death of the Old Year?' It is full of a racy and joyous spirit that pleases me well :—

"He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er;
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste;
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is stormy and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own."

"Better still to my thinking," said I, "is Longfellow's 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year?' " Listen to a verse or two :—

"Through woods and mountain passes
The winds like anthems roll,
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, 'Pray for this poor soul,
Pray—pray.'"

"And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain—
All in vain."

"There's a Yankee for you!" said my godfather, proudly. "I tell you the Americans are great people. In everything that advances civilisation and adorns life they are behind no nation in the world. It always 'raises my dander' to hear one of the old country abuse them."

"They are all you say," said Uncle Saul, "though they have their faults; and what nation has not? These mainly arise from their anomalous position—an old people transplanted into a new soil. While they have imported the knowledge and civilisation of the parent country; their physical condition has forced them to reject many of our social institutions and feelings, which, while they give stability and dignity to a nation that has reached its climacteric, tend, it must be confessed, to cramp the energies and impede the action of a country whose great object is still progress. But this will be all rectified in good time!"

"Do you know," Saul, "they are not unlike the large ash trees that I saw you transplanting the other day into the hedge-rows. Trimmed and pollarded up pretty bare in the branches; not much grace or ornament about them just now, and looking tarnation queerish; but wait for a year or two, till they fix themselves firmly in the soil, and get comfortable and used to it, and then you will see how they'll shoot out and go-a-head like a flash of lightning."

My godfather's eulogy was received with a hearty cheer and a laugh. "Bravo, friend," said Uncle Saul, "you are half Yankee yourself. I long to get amongst this fine people, and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall think as little of a trip to New York as we did in my young days to London. But come, nephew Jonathan, you are the first on the list to-night for a contribution."

"Here I am, Uncle, all ready. It is a little premature, but you know we shall not all meet again till after the eve of the New Year."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

I.

The light of day
Has passed away,
And midnight's hour draws near;
When next the light
Shall break on night,
'Twill bring us the New Year.
The New Year—the New Year,
Welcome be the New Year—
With pealing chimes,
And merry rhymes,
Let's welcome in the New Year.

II.

Ah me! it seems
 Like last night's dreams,
 That, gathering gaily here,
 With laughter light
 We passed the night
 That brought in this Old Year.
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Farewell unto the Old Year—
 Check laugh and smile,
 We'll chaunt the while
 The requiem of the Old Year.

III.

Rest in peace!
 No more thy face
 Shall shine amongst us here.
 Thou'st wrought thy fill
 Of good and ill:
 God give thee rest, Old Year!
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Place him on his cold bier.
 Thy deeds are done,
 Thy race is run,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

IV.

“Thou little child,
 So gay and wild,
 A moment draw thou near.
 Say art thou glad,
 Or art thou sad,
 To lose the poor Old Year?”
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Place him on his cold bier.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

V.

“From morn till night
 My heart was light,
 And smiles dried up each tear.
 But let him go—
 I hope to know
 Full many as gay a Year.”
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 He was a gay and bold Year.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

VI.

“Come to my side,
 Thou fair young bride,
 From thee I fain would hear
 If thou art glad,
 Or if thou'rt sad,
 To lose the poor Old Year?”
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Lay him on his cold bier.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

VII.

"The Old Year brought
 A chequered lot,
 But still I loved him dear—
 With all its pain
 I'd live again
 The days of this Old Year.
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 I'll drop o'er him the cold tear.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

VIII.

"A joyful bride,
 I stood beside
 A man who loves me dear—
 But ah! I mourn
 A father torn
 From me by this Old Year.
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Place him on his cold bier.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

IX.

"Yet will I greet
 With welcome sweet
 The morn that now is near—
 I hope to claim
 A mother's name
 In time, from thee, New Year."
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 All thy days are told, Year.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

X.

"Thou reverend sage
 Of ripe old age,
 Thy words I now would hear,
 Say art thou glad
 Or art thou sad
 To lose the poor Old Year?"
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Place him on his cold bier.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring his knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

XI.

"Ah! one by one
 The year that's gone
 Took all I loved most dear,
 And now I wait
 In hope my fate,
 To die like this Old Year.
 The Old Year—the Old Year,
 Shed o'er him the cold tear.
 Toll the bell,
 Ring the knell,
 God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

XII.

"Thus day by day,
Mid graves I stray,
While still I linger here ;
Each year that's past
I deem my last,
Yet welcome each New Year.
The Old Year—the Old Year,
Place him on his cold bier.
Ring the bell,
Toll his knell,
God give thee rest, thou Old Year.

XIII.

"Long life is given
A boon from heaven,
We've work to do while here ;
And there's a voice
That cries 'Rejoice,
Bless God for each New Year !' "
The New Year—the New Year!
All hail unto the New Year!
With pealing chimes
And merry rhymes,
Let's welcome in the New Year !

It does not become me, my dear Anthony, to tell you how well my ode was received. Kind friends are rarely good critics; and you may be sure the failings in my composition were dealt with very tenderly, while its merits had more than their deserts of praise.

"Mr. Herbert," said Uncle Saul, "I hear you are a great admirer of every thing German; I am sure you can give us a German song. Matilda tells me you have brought home a trunk full of German music, and prints, and books, and I know not what else."

"I am certainly rather Germanesque in my tastes, sir," said Herbert, stroking his chin, upon which was sprouting one of that sort of stubble beards which, with a certain class of young gentlemen, is becoming fashionable; as if appealing to that ornament to verify the truth of his observations. "They are great thinkers, and they express their thoughts with force and originality in every mode in which thought can be expressed—by the rhythm of sounds and words, by the pencil and the pen. What music can surpass that of Mendelssohn or Spohr; what poetry that of Goëthe or Schiller? What sketches can approach Retzsch's in vigour, truth, and conception? Mere outlines, yet more forcible than the most elaborate finish of light and shade, they have all the effect of sculpture: they are statues in the flat."

"And their divinity," said the parson; "pray what can you say for that?"

"I can't say much, sir, in favour of those who would reduce Christianity to a system of myths; but I can assure you they write some capital novels and romances."

"No doubt," said the parson; "I should expect as much from the samples of their divinity I have met with."

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "I will enable you to judge for yourself, if it be agreeable to all our good friends here, through the medium of my indifferent translation of a little tale that is appropriate to the present season, and has not, I believe, as yet found its way into England."

The proposition was assented to by acclamation, and Herbert, after a moment's absence, returned with a small manuscript, from which he read as follows:

THE BELLS OF ST. BRUNO.

THERE never was a colder night known in Suabia than the night of the 31st within the memory of the oldest man of December, 17—. The snow lay

thick in the little valley of St. Bruno, and the frost had set in with unusual severity. The goat-herds had all come down from the lowest chalets on the mountain sides, and thronged the village, and not a soul that had a grain of common sense showed its nose out of doors since sunset. It had gone one quarter past eleven by the old church clock, when a sharp, impatient knock at the door of the little "Bierhaus," dignified by the name of "*Die drei Engel*," as might be seen by the sign of the three angels over the door, kept by old Caspar Schwemmen, made that worthy start from the chair in which he was dozing before the fire, and attend to the summons.

"In heaven's name, gossip Caspar, open your door and let me in."

"What! is that you, neighbour Hans Klingel? You must have pressing need to be out such a night as this: the bears and wolves will hardly leave their dens this weather."

"Pressing need," grumbled the little old man, as he stepped in and sat down by the fire. "Ay, pressing need, truly. Do you forget that to-morrow will be New Year's Day? and don't you know that I am the bell-ringer of St. Bruno's, and that I must peal the chimes at midnight to rouse honest folks from their sleep, and get the ague, and the rheumatism, and be frost-bitten to boot in the bell-tower. Marry! if I don't, the township will stop my salary, I'll warrant them."

"Faith," said the vintner, "I think they would; and hang thee out of the steeple, moreover, if thou should'st be guilty of such a crime as to let the new year steal in upon us without the welcome of a merry chime."

"Ay, hang me. A dog's life is sure to find a dog's death at last. But, I say, Caspar, let us have a tankard of thy strongest, gossip. My old bones are so stiff with cold, that I have hobbled across the way just to throw them at thy rousing fire, while we toss off a pot or two, and talk over old times."

Hans, or as he was more generally called, Hännchen, was, if the truth must be told, an old toper, and as fond of his flagon as any man in the village, with one exception, and that was mine host of "*The Three Angels*;" and the two old men had been toping it together I know not how many

years. It is wonderful how difficult it is to please thirsty people in the matter of the weather. It is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry for them; and accordingly they have to be cooled or heated, dried or moistened, as sure as the sun rises in the heavens, and all this is to be done by the aid of the tankard. Now, as I said, this was a terribly cold night, and the two old fellows stood in need of an unusual amount of caloric: so they sat down right heartily, and they mulled their ale, and they smoked their pipes, and they made themselves as happy as they could by grumbling at their own lot and envying their neighbours.

"I tell thee again, Caspar," said Hännchen, "I lead a dog's life; day and night digging in damp graves and ringing of bells; exposed to all sorts of weather—ah! the weather is not now what it was when we were boys—broiled and baked in summer, and drowned and frozen in winter. But the worst of all is ringing those chimes at Easter, and Christmas, and New Year's Day, and I know not what other days. If a lord is married, or a lady bear a little one, why I get a thaler or two for a merry peal, and even the poorer folks will not forget to give me a florin for a toll or two at their wedding, but I have not a kreutzer for all this holyday work, you see, and so I have no love for it."

"You say true, neighbour," said Caspar, "so far as the matter of love; but the chimes go in your year's work, and you have your salary. If it is small, 'tis certain: you are not like me, depending on chance custom. Ah! Hans, people are changing, and not for the better either, and if things don't mend, I must shut my door and take down my angels."

The old fellows talked and sipped away, and time passed on unheeded, till they were in a state, it must be confessed, not very becoming either a Christian vintner, under the protection of angels, or a reverend bell-ringer on the eve of a great festival. At last the clock chimed out in the silence of the frosty night, and Hännchen rose up in trepidation.

"Holy angels!" said he, somewhat confusedly, "how many quarters chimed, Caspar?"

"Well, I didn't count them, Hännchen, but I think only two."

"Nay, I'll be sworn it was four."

"Thou'rt drunk, man, and see'st double," said the vintner, laughing sottishly.

But Caspar had toddled off with what speed he might, and was soon at the tower hard by, where he fumbled at the lock with the key, and at length let himself in. By the time he had struck a light, he found that it still wanted near a quarter of midnight; so he sat down at the bench in the porch with the intention of resting a moment, and then returning to finish his stoup. But the rapid exercise and the night air had their usual effect, and he was in a state that might be pronounced — Well, well, men will have their feelings, and the less we say about Hännschen's state the better. He began to think, if not with great precision, at least with great assiduity, and even attempted a prayer, or a hymn, or a drinking-song, he was not sure which, for he had a great stock of each sort, and he was, moreover, a poet in a small way himself. By degrees things seemed to change around him, and he found himself somehow before the great clock above in the belfry, with its big white face staring upon him, as it was lit up by the moonlight. There were to be seen the twelve Apostles in their niches, who came out to strike the hours daily, and above them all was the image of their Master. And Hännschen stared at the clock-face in turn with all his might, till at length the figures seemed to fidget, and shift, and change beneath his gaze, as if he were putting the saints out of countenance. While he was yet staring, the tongue of the clock-bell swung, and swayed to and fro within the great mouth of the bell, and, hark! clash went the first stroke of midnight. Then one of the figures stepped forth from its niche and stood before the image which was above; and when Hännschen looked up at the image, behold it was altogether changed. The halo that encircled its head was enlarged till it became a mighty ring encircling the whole figure, and upon it were inscribed, in letters of fire, the word

"Eternity."

And the figure that stepped forth from the niche bowed down before the other, and Hännschen heard them speak thus :—

FIRST SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the first month of the year that Thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell, and my brethren await thy call."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

FIRST SPIRIT.

"From the hands of thy servant, Time, in the darkness of the night, received I the young year. I wrapped him in my snow-wreath till the morning light broke on the world, and then I showed him to men, and they sang with joy when they saw his face: and I told him of his appointed work—how he was to raise up and hurl down nations; to slay with the pestilence and famine; to save souls and to destroy them; to teach men to cope with angels in knowledge and power; to career amid the clouds upon the wings of the winds; to bid the fleet lightnings do their errands, and the light of heaven paint the hues and images of all visible things for them: and I watched as he grew and strengthened and wrought his work, and then I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the first Spirit passed away back into its place, and, lo! the second stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity, and again Hännschen heard voices, and they spake thus :—

SECOND SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the second month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

SECOND SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year, and I melted away the ice that crippled his young limbs, and I bathed him with rains. I filled for him the deep rivers, and I made the springs to gush forth, and the streams to rush down from a thousand hills. For him I prepared the earth's bosom for the goodly seeds, and I told him of his appointed work to prepare the heart of man for its seed likewise,

and he grew, and increased, and wrought his work, and then I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the second Spirit passed away back into its place, and, lo! the third stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

THIRD SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the third month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

THIRD SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. I dried up for him the moistened ground. I opened the earth's bosom, and I placed therein the seed, the corn, and the pulse. I planted the vine and the olive, and I covered it in again, and I told him of his appointed work, how he should watch over the seed sown in the heart of man wherein were the issues of life; and I gladdened him with early flowers, the primrose, the daisy, and the violet; and I brought out the young lambs to sport in the fields, and the small fish to throng the rivers; and I gave him the song of the throstle, and the hum of the bee; and in hope and joy I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast done well. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the third Spirit passed away back into its place, and, lo! the fourth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the fourth month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

FOURTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. I warmed him with sunshine. I refreshed him with showers. I fanned him with the fresh breezes. I flung the light clouds

around him. I made the seeds and the tender plants germinate and swell before him, and the green herbage spring up beneath his feet, and I spoke to him of the showers of divine grace, and the sunshine of divine love, that quicken and increase the good seed in the heart of man. I bid the cuckoo sing to him from the trees, and the lark from the heavens, and he waxed strong and vigorous and lovely, and so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast done well. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the fourth Spirit passed away back into its place, and, lo! the fifth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another form from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

FIFTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the fifth month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

FIFTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. I called forth young men and maidens to give him welcome. I crowned him with flowers. I cheered him with the carols of a thousand birds. With the sound of the pipe and the tabor I led him to the dance where the beech spread out its sheltering arms, and the thick-leaved mulberry flung the perfume of its white flowers on the evening air. I gave him bright days and balmy nights. I breathed around him and in him the divine essence of love and joy. And I told him of his appointed work, to speak to man of a love and joy diviner still; and so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the fifth Spirit passed away back into its place; and lo! the sixth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the sixth month of the year that thou hast given to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

SIXTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. I made the buds swell and burst for him on the trees. I bid them put forth their many-coloured blossoms, and caused the green leaves to deepen in the forest. I made the long day ring with melody, and the blue heavens beam with sunlight. I waked the joyous songs of young maids and their lovers, as they spread the fragrant hay where the heated mower whetted his scythe in the deep thick meadow. I loaded the air with odours by day, and with silver dew by night, and for him I made the tender blade to shoot upwards, and spread its green mantle over the earth. And I told him to show forth His praise of whose glory the heavens and earth are full; and so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the sixth Spirit passed away back into its place; and lo! the seventh stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the seventh month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. For him I sent cool winds to wander at hot noon over the waving corn, and to shake the thick-leaved woods. I fed him with the early fruit of the apple and the golden honey of the toilful bee. For him I made the grain swell, and bow its yellow head, and ripen to the harvest, and I filled the grape with juice, and painted it purple and amber. I made the meteor flash by night. For him I made the lovely earth teem with life and beauty, and the waves of the ocean glow in the sunlight; and shimmer in their silvery sleep, when the moon smiled down upon them; and I made the heavens flush with gold and crimson, as the sun rose and sank in

their illimitable expanse; and I told him of the wisdom and love of Him whose minister I was; and so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the seventh Spirit passed away back into its place; and lo! the eighth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

EIGHTH SPIRIT.

"I am the spirit of the eighth month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

EIGHTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. I sustained his full-grown and lusty life with all the rich, ripe fruits of the teeming earth, the luscious fig, the juicy grape, the ruddy apple and the mellow pear. I made glad his heart with wine, and with corn and oil I satisfied him. For him the maiden sang, as she followed the reaper's steps, and bound up the heavy-headed sheaves, or danced with the toil-freed swain in the moonlight. I gave him cooling brooks and shady bowers; and I told him how that as man sows and plants in anxious hope, so should he reap and gather in thankful joy. I bade him make known to man the goodness and the bounty of Him who holdeth the earth in the hollow of his hand; but I showed him too the snow bursting from its chains on the mountains, and the avalanche thundering down into the valleys, slaying and laying waste, that men might learn his terrible power. And so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the eighth Spirit passed away back into its place; and lo! the ninth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

NINTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the ninth month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

NINTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year; and I, too, tended him, but with a shortened hand and more frugal gift, for the later fruits of the earth alone are mine. And the splendour of the heavens was passing away, and the beauty of the fair earth was beginning to fade. To admonish him, I withered the flowers. I stripped the trees of their beauty. I sent away the cuckoo and the swallow, and I hushed the wild song of the skylark. I tempered the heat of the sunbeams, and the breeze crept with a mournful sigh through the changing leaves. And I told him that life was on the decline; and how man should, out of the abundance of his prime, make provision for the wants of his old age. And so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the ninth spirit passed away back to its place, and, lo! the tenth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

TENTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the tenth month of the year that thou hast given to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

TENTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the year. He was yet hale and strong, but the beauty of his prime was waning, and the flush of his brown cheek was growing pale. Then told I him how all should fade and pass away. I bid him watch the many-coloured tints of the seared foliage, brown, and umber, and scarlet, and orange—the shrivelled berry; the leaf bitten by the frost, and scattered by the chill and gusty wind; and to learn his own fate and that of all creation. I sent chill mists at morn and evening, and grey clouds by day, and white, hoar frosts by night; and I left him, saddened and thoughtful, to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the tenth spirit passed away back to its place, and, lo! the eleventh stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

ELEVENTH SPIRIT.

"I am the spirit of the eleventh month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

ELEVENTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the declining year, and I preached to him the vanity of all things. How Nature puts off her garb of beauty ere she lies down to take her rest. I bared the branches of every tree, and stript the elm of its vine-trellis. I stilled the tongue of every wind. I hushed the chirp of the little grasshopper, and I sent the mole and the dormouse to their slumber within the earth. I brought gloom by day, and deep darkness by night; the yellow fog, and the sickly vapour. I drove the black clouds scudding through heaven, blotching out the pleasant light of the sun. I poured out the sheeted rain and the howling storm. I swelled the rivers, and made the sea heave in white billows beneath the tempest. And I told him, such is life when its pleasures are past; and I said, happy are they who can turn from the gloom without them to the sunshine within. And so I left him to my brother."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

Then the eleventh spirit passed away back to its place; and, lo! the twelfth stroke of midnight rang out, and forth came another figure from its niche, and bowed before the Spirit of Eternity.

TWELFTH SPIRIT.

"I am the Spirit of the twelfth month of the year that thou gavest to man. Lo! I am here at the summons of the bell."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Render thy account."

TWELFTH SPIRIT.

"From the hands of my brother received I the aged year. I laid my cold, cold hand upon him, and enfeebled him. I shortened his days, and made

his nights long and dreary. I made the blood flow sluggish and chill through his veins. Black frosts, driven by the north-east wind, pierced his frame. I sheeted the earth with snow beneath his feet, and glassed over with ice the deep rivers. I quenched the sun's fire with the sleet shower, and made the stars glitter cold in the frosty night. And I told him, such is the end of all: blessed is he who is prepared for it. Then I sent the chill of death into his heart, and he is dying—dying—behold, now he falls into the arms of thy servant, Time. In the darkness of night, my eldest brother received him in his young life; in the darkness of night, I render him back whence he came, old and dead—gone, gone for ever."

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Thou hast well done. Go hence, and write it in the Book of Life."

And the twelfth Spirit passed away as the rest; and then the form of an old, old man, bowed down and tottering, stood in the presence of the Spirit of Eternity, and said—

"I am thy servant, TIME. What wilt thou?"

SPIRIT OF ETERNITY.

"Bear hence the old year, and place him with the years that have gone before, that when all shall be made alive again he may bear witness among the accusing spirits when thou thyself shalt be no more."

Then the Spirit of Eternity looked upwards into the deep immense of the night-sky, and his serene eyes were filled with ineffable splendour, and he reverently asked, "Is the end of all things come? Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then was heard a voice, sweet as the splash of waters on the golden sands at eventide, and soft as the rustling of the heavens, when the Boreal lights spread their pale coruscations through the sky at midnight, and it came gliding down, down from the Empyrean heights, till it fell on the ear as the dew falls on the flower, and the voice said, "Not yet—not yet. I will not yet arise to shake terribly the earth!" And the Spirit of Eternity bowed down his ambrosial head in submissive worship, and said, "Even so, Lord; Be it unto me according to thy word;" and he turned to TIME and said, "Pro-

ceed on thy way." And he stretched forth his hands and waved them slowly around, and said to the earth and to the heavens, "ONWARD!" And behold, there was heard low, solemn music, like to that which the wind makes when its wings sweep over thin plates of metal, and set them trembling, and the roll of mighty wheels, and the swing of spheres innumerable in the illimitable expanse of universe, and the sounds took a vocal shape, but the poor little bell-ringer could not understand the language, save that ever and anon recurred in solemn chorus, these words—

"*Hellig, Hellig, Hellig ist Gott, der Herr Allmächtiger, der da war, und der da ist, und der da kommt.*"

Hännschen fell down on his face to the earth, as if smitten with the hand of a giant; and a voice, as of thunder, broke on his bewildered brain, "Swine and sot that thou art, thou wilt be the ruin of me and my children. Get up and rouse thyself, or thou mayest sleep on for ever. Dost hear, drunkard? The clock has tolled midnight I know not how long since, and not a note has pealed of the new year's chime; and here I have come out this cold night to see what has befallen thee."

The rattle of the domestic thunder, alas! too familiar to the bell-ringer's ears, restored him quickly to his senses. "Peace, good Gertrude, I have seen a vision—I have been with the angels."

"I'll warrant me thou hast," said Gertrude. "Ay, the angels of your crony, Caspar Schwemmen. Thou spendest more time with them than is good for thy soul's health. Marry, I wish thou would'st leave such company to thy betters."

Hännschen sprang at the bell-rope with a desperate resolution to drown his wife's voice, if the clapper of a bell could accomplish that feat. So he pulled away lustily, and rang out such a thundering brattle of bells as was never heard of before or since from the clock-tower of St. Bruno's. There was not a man in the town that it did not rouse from sleep, nor a woman that did not spring, bolt upright in bed, thinking that "the crack of doom" was come. Nay, so emphatic was the chime that Worshipful Herr Klaus Grosbauch, the Bürgermeister, next day complimented Hännschen

highly on his performance, and actually put a silver thaler into the hands of the astonished bell-ringer in token of his approbation. Hännschen kept the cause of his successful chiming to himself, and did not spend one kreutzer of it with "the Angels"—till night, when he confidentially communicated to his friend Caspar, over a pot of his favourite mulled beer, the whole of his wonderful vision. From that day forth Hanns Kingel was an altered man—to some extent. He never again was known to go to the Beirhaus—when he had any bell-ringing to perform. He gave up quarrelling with his wife—more than once in the week; and never cuffed his children—except when they *would* put themselves within the reach of his hand. Time still

went on, and Hännschen lived to commit, in his professional capacity, his old friend Caspar Schweimmen to the worms, and as "The Three Angels" about the same time took their departure, to the entire satisfaction of many a good wife of St. Bruno's, poor Hännschen was unable to bear up against the double loss of his terrestrial and celestial friends, and shortly followed the former: but whether he found him in the company of the latter is a question upon which there is a great difference of opinion. The story of the vision, however, leaked out before his death, and you may now hear it, as I did, from the lips of his son Hans, a man much advanced in years, who still digs the graves and rings the chimes upon the bells of St. Bruno.

It was a late hour—as we look on the hours in the country—when Herbert had concluded his tale.

"Your story is sufficiently visionary," said Uncle Saul, "whatever may be its merits in other respects."

"And it has a dash of the genuine Teutonic mysticism in its theology," said the parson, with a slight sneer.

"I like it very much," said Matilda, smilingly. "Pray, Mr. Herbert, can you oblige me with the original. I do *so* love the German."

"Upon my word," said Herbert, "I fear I cannot comply with your wish just now. I did not bring it with me."

"Who is the author?" said I.

"The author—why—ah—I don't think he has put his name to it."

"No matter," said my uncle; "I dare say we shouldn't be the wiser if we heard it. I make no doubt it begins with 'Von,' and ends with a congregation of unmanageable consonants."

"I understand," said I, with a look of masonic intelligence at Herbert, who, however, did not condescend a reply.

What criticisms might have been pronounced upon it cannot now, unfortunately, be known, for Uncle Saul looked at his watch and announced that it was high time for all quiet-going folks to be retiring. Accordingly the household was assembled, and the good parson proceeded to discharge his duties as chaplain; and then we went each his and her several way to seek the night's repose. Next day Herbert and I left the Park. We shook hands cordially with all friends, and I thought, but it might be only fancy, that Herbert's farewell of one young lady was wonderfully tender for an absence of a few days. And now, dear Anthony, in the quiet of my own little snuggery, I write to thee and wish thee a joyous close to the old year and a happy opening of the new one.

Thine, through all years,

JONATHAN FREEK SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A LATE AUTHOR.—LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.

THE AUTHOR.—I scarcely know why, but I never read an author of the true English school with so much gusto as in Paris. Shakspeare, in one magic sentence, brings the tinkling pedantry of French literature to its true proportions, its miniature harmonies; and as for Bacon, one has only to meet him in the clear light that bleaches the fluted pillars of the Madeleine, to feel that the English milord loses on his travels none of his sterling consequence. With all our pride of thought, the worth of what men say or write is one of circumstance after all. The balderdash of Pistol became "brave 'ords" in the public opinion of the sensible Fluellen, when heard amid the pomp and circumstance of war; and if there were no statutes of taste in force, no *Magnæ Chartæ* of established fames, so that men might judge of authors, as in England they affect to do of faiths, on their own free poisonings and likings, Homer would have to owe again his preservation to oriental shepherds, Virgil and Milton theirs to university professors, Shakspeare and Bacon would have no reader under thirty, and Scott and Byron none over. *Climate* has as much perhaps to do with our appreciations as any other collateral influence. Our perceptions clear with the atmosphere. We think pellucidly at Paris, just as men think "beerily" in Amsterdam or London; and ten to one but that if we could get at the inner being of the mouse in the exhausted receiver, or the balloon-man in one of his ascents, we should find that their brightest notions held some kinship with the point of rarification that, without paining the lungs, most enfranchised the brain. How else should Bacon in his "Essays," who is only common sense on our side the channel, seem to me a miraculous inspiration on this?

THE WRITER.—Perhaps because common sense on that side is inspiration on this. You smile at the force of a paradox your own words syllabled; and if your taste were as Gallican as the opinion is the contrary, I should be at some trouble with my apologies. But you will admit that whatever the

influence lent to appreciate, or perhaps to magnify, Bacon, in a clearer sky, another name sometimes for better health, you have in Paris a second and more certain influence in what may be termed the *social* atmosphere, and its piquant contrast of thought and manners. There are spots, sings Milton, that brighten light; in the kingdom of the blind, the man with one eye is king; and may not Bacon easily rise into the inspired prince of wisdom amid a people who, as you yourself put it the other day, "seem to have been endowed with reason, as their cooks with the egg, just to demonstrate the infinite perversions of which it is susceptible." I am, however, on sufficiently good terms with myself—the arch-flatterer—to fancy that the concentrated lights which reflect an adventitious brilliancy on the one point of view, have for once not so dazzled my sight as to shut out the essential qualities of the object itself; and admitting all you may ask, even in Paris, for the common sense of Lord Bacon's "Essays," I no more think of praising them for that, than a peasant of thanking God for green fields. Mere common sense, however far carried, be it even profound, if such a quality be possible of such a thing, is still one of the humblest, just as one confesses it to be one of the most necessary, qualifications of a public teacher; and to my mind it is the "damned spot" in the "Essays," which all the "rain in the sweet heavens" will not wash white, nor "all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten," that if they are never less, they are never more than common sense.

THE AUTHOR.—An *ex-cathedrâ* summary of an interesting question, which reminds one of a modern generalissimo ending a campaign in a charge. All you ask is, to retract an opinion that Literature for the first time finds a doubt on. The Essays are "the best fruits," as he says himself so beautifully, "that, by the good increase God gave to his pen and labours, he could yield;" they became, in his own time, "the most current of all his other works;" and already authorised the proud boast—sturdier than even that

of Horace or Ovid—that they “will last as long as books last.” The patron genius of a new era and people, they formed the first or second work that issued from the English press of the other hemisphere, and men of genius of all places and habitudes—D'Alembert, Pope, Dugald Stewart, Brougham, James Macintosh, Johnson Samuel, and Jonson Benjamin—have ever since sung in chorus, that his *mediocrity of common sense* was, in the words of one of them, the “consummation of all wisdom.” Nay, even your incredulity will not deny it to be the unparalleled inspirations of an experience without parallel.

THE WRITER.—Which experience forms nothing more than a main, perhaps a primary, element of the common sense that we are both eulogising, and whose completeness, in a limited sense, I no more deny, than I admit its sufficiency in a large one. I know the abyss of literary heresy he tempts, who speaks with moderation of a volume it has been the wisdom of centuries to laud with intemperance. But just as I find no poetry in the verses in which Pope describes him as the “wisest of mankind,” so I find no truth in the prose in which he* or others deliberately adjudge him at the head of our race. You allege his marvellous experience. Are we sure that it was as extensive as he paints it, or as the world therefore believes it? Who knew better that “he who is only real, needs exceeding parts of virtue;” and that “in the ascents of authorship the flight is slow without some feathers of ostentation?” It is difficult to fancy that there was more of a wise experience in his private counsels to his friend and client, Essex, than in his public prosecution and libelling of him afterwards; and I must be forgiven for demanding strong proof of that vast reach of insight into affairs which could allow a Lord High Chancellor openly to accept bribes from suitors, in the very presence of a parliamentary faction as strong politically, as his insolence and inconsistency had made it hostile personally. The most explicit and favourable witnesses to his experience, these “Essays,” were the work of a life, begun in the magni-

ficent promise of youth, revised and completed when chastening adversity, ending a long career of busy ambition, gave him a few years' repose on the brink of the immortality he knew he had secured; yet to me it seems difficult to read them without feeling that his knowledge of actual life bore no proportion to his learning; that, a scholar from boyhood, he instinctively paid his highest homage to what he calls “*optimi consilarii, mortui*,” and that there was more truth than he perhaps felt, in the modest confession of his early authorship, that he was less fitted for busy life than for “contemplations and studies.”† The truth is (I speak under correction) Bacon was *vi nature* a man of books and reasoning, as much as Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, or Newton; his affections were in a literary philosophy, medical, scholastic, or theological; he was in busy life by ambition, and out of it by feeling and taste; and his last prayer acknowledges, but to my mind with no more clearness than his “Essays,” that if he had not “hidden in a napkin his talent of gifts and graces,” he had at all events “misspent it in purposes for which he was the least fit!”

THE AUTHOR.—The highest minds tend, of course, to the loftiest pursuits, as the eagle makes its home on the tallest cliff; but surely, with such a genius as Bacon's, it is not because there is so much in the more, there should be so little in the less. He is fond of pointing out the demarcations between the practical and the thoughtful; but I do not recollect that he has once insinuated their incompatibility. “There be many,” he says, in his *Essay of Cunning*, “that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well: it is one thing to understand persons and another thing to understand matters, for many are perfect in men's humours that are not *greatly* capable (what a word, that ‘*greatly*!’) of the real part of business which is the constitution of one that hath studied men before books. Such men are more fitted for practice than counsel, and they are good but in their own alley. Turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim.” “Certainly some there are,” he says again, “that know the resorts and falls

* See Spence.

† Dedication to my brother, Mr. Anthony Bacon.

of business that cannot sink into the main of it, like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room; therefore you shall find them fit out pretty looses in the conclusion, but are no way able to examine or debate matters; and yet commonly they take advantage of their inability, and would be thought wits of *discretion*." You observe that he has partly anticipated, as of others, your discovery as of him, and going still further, and disentangling the whole complex skein of capacity, demonstrates that as the greater alone can contain the less, and the universal alone cope with the great, the practical in statemanship is not necessarily the successful, and thus suggests your refutation in advance.

THE WRITER.—May it not be, that the very trouble he takes to dispose of the difficulty, is proof that he felt that it came home to his own business and bosom? History favours the presumption.

THE AUTHOR.—Nay, I cannot go so far with you. That Bacon, at any period of his adult life you can name, was fitted for every sphere of public life, or even most of them, and still less, that he was modelled to extract from them for his *own* uses all their advantages, is what I will not contend for, and which, if I did, his own career, successful as it was for a time, would in some sense belie. The power, and the use of the power, are incidents not necessarily inseparable, as he knew well who wrote—

—"truly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument."

Shallowness, a thing of instincts rather than of mind, alone is capable of, at the same time that it is unequal to, every *role* at short notice; just as the automaton can in a half way be qualified for complex manœuvres, more readily than the most sagacious charger. In early life it fell into the part of Bacon to see more than to do, to reason more than to influence, to rise more by the ascendancy of his genius than the ready skilfulness of his expeditors; but if all this introduced, what I do not admit, an awkwardness in the action of life, it by no means necessitated an ignorance of its characteristics. Nay, as lookers-on see more of the game than the player, and the Stoic can better appraise the follies of love than the lover, Bacon's extraordinary

intuitions into life owe much of their happiness to the very circumstance which at the first shew takes away from their value. For the experience that *does* is *sometimes*—if common-place it is *always*—the experience that is unfitted to teach, for it is the experience which is not for the world, but, as he says, "for an alley;" an experience which never rises to causes, which never looks to relations—which, in one word, never philosophises. It is not in action but thought that new truths are evolved; and if we would burn great verities into the world, we must do little else but observe and talk with Socrates, or pray, and be in the desert, with the Holy One. You shall see one man clever to act, another to originate, a third to appreciate, a fourth even to illustrate; but each or all these qualities fall far away from forming a Bacon, in whom a marvellous experience, a boundless erudition, and an almost divine comprehensiveness of vision, happily combine with a magic power, more wonderful than all, of enriching all he touches, to make him the nonpareil of human thinkers. He stands alone in his *view of life*, just as he stands on the eminence of a genius that is alone in human things. No one idolizes more "the gentle child of fancy," or values at a higher rate the at times infinite affluence carelessly flung to us by Montaigne; but say, on this point, the most for both:—Shakspere knew men and things as they are—Montaigne as they were in himself; Bacon alone rose to the science of them, as they were in both!

THE WRITER.—A very gallant defence, and not the less daring because the "Immortal Will." is brought in to discharge the expense. But is the comparison, well looked at, one to profit your illustrious client? To know men and things as they are, what is it but as an author to interpret to every eye that has learned to see the hidden life of nature and veritable nature of life, and what is that but to exhaust at once both poetry and philosophy, and exercise the highest prerogative of earthly genius? Fortified by such an admission, Shakspere's truth, or even old Montaigne's candour, will prove sadly to discountenance what you call your friend's science—which, when you call a science that Shakspere did not know, you suggest the admission (if you will forgive me)

that Shakspeare's thought was as unshackled by pedantry as his experience was uncharacterised by pretension.

THE AUTHOR.—That, now, is the true symptom of a bad case of Anglo-mania!—in the name of Nature substituting Shakspeare for her and everything else, just as our ignorant Mariolatists over here honour the Son by reserving all their prayers for his mother! None know better than you that the symmetry which graces genius may make it look less gigantesque, but stripe it of no atom of greatness; and even an admirer of the great Bard might admit that the only thing wanting to raise him above a height, superhuman as it is, was that power contemporaneously evidenced by his friend Bacon, of systematising whatever he handled, and so leaving on it the fertilising impress of order and science.

THE WRITER.—For ever system—system!—that refined torture by which modern Procrustes would limit the future to the forms and proportions of the past, and, in a jealous idolatry of contemptible imitations, dwarf, if they cannot annihilate, the infinite of human thought! The thing you dignify as “system,” “order,” and “science”—ever changing yet ever wise—is to thought what the text-book of court ceremonies is to life, and the formula of Chinese training to the human figure unadorned. The truth is, if you will forgive me the frankness, you are not wholly free here from the fault of the people among whom we are living, who, drilled in youth into a sort of classic regimentalism, their judgments *nipped* out for them by college *modists* on good Latin models, are all for graceful forms and symmetrical triflings. Bounded in their estimates of psychological action by certain given rules taught in the standard “repertoires” of orthodox criticism, they have no notion or thought that is not an aphorism, of style, that is not an antithesis, or of genius, that is not a system; and an attentive eye would detect them shuddering at a novelty of fancy, or falling into a syncope at a freedom of passion that stood without a precedent! They are all for the showy in expression, and all for the orderly—which, nine times in ten, is the patty—in construction; and the artless Shakspeare could no more have been a poet for them, than the unpretending Wellington a gene-

ral! To apply this, as the preachers say, and to shew how little what you call system in literature has to do with substantial results, except to dwarf them, compare the teachings of your statesman and scholar with those of the simple poet on what Frenchwomen call “La grande passion,” a passion on which, luckily for us, everybody is an author and everybody a critic. Of all his subjects, coming home to everybody, this came home the nearest; yet for any light of my Lord Bacon, the Essay, “stale, flat and unprofitable,” might have been written by Queen Elizabeth!

THE AUTHOR.—You have singled out the most unfavourable of Lord Bacon's chapters. “The stage,” as he says, “is more beholden to love than the life of man;” and true to the reality of his nature, he gives to the brief episode but about the hundredth part of his book. The noble lawyer, either before or after his marriage, appears to have been no lover, and therefore no exception to his *dicta*, that “great spirits and business do keep out this weak passion,” and that “among all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, ancient or modern, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love.”

THE WRITER.—And thereby he shews himself no better informed on the literature than on the sensibilities of the subject; for passing Lais, or the blindness of Solomon, or the conjugal infatuation of Belisarius, how could he on such a subject have overlooked the madness of Cæsar under the magic of the “*fatale monstrum*” of Egypt? The party of the Senate dispersed, rather than defeated; the son of Pompey at the head of a large fleet and army in Spain; in Africa, the republic, supported by Cato, commanding a vast army and powerful allies; Cæsar, almost as weak in force as in right; yet at such a moment, when all appeared to depend on that celerity of which he was so admirable a master, the Hercules of war gave up nine precious months to the apron-strings of his Egyptian Omphale—Rome meanwhile, agitated by factions, asking in vain where is he?

THE AUTHOR.—The omission is singular, especially as Antony is instanced in the Essay, and the statesman's constant allusions to Cæsar prove that he

had carefully studied that wonderful career. But memory is the child of association and interest, and what is more natural than that Bacon should forget the stray facts of a subject on which he knew little and cared less? Indeed, from the disdainful way in which he despatches the question, he has no wish to conceal that just because it was everybody's weakness it was not his.

THE WRITER.—But instead, the greater weakness of teaching what he never learnt.

THE AUTHOR.—And that granted, and all one would found on it, what discrimination and good sense will yet remain in his lessons, as if his conjectures, even on such a subject, were to be better than the experience of others. Who else has told us so well, if at all, that "the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love;" that "there never was a proud man who thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved;" that "love is ever rewarded with the reciprocal, or with an inward contempt;" that "it hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity or great adversity;" that "if it cheek once with business, it maketh men that they can in no ways be true to their ends;" and that there is "in man a secret inclination towards love of others which, if it be not spent upon some one, doth naturally spread itself towards many, as seems in the friars!" Admit that the pedant owes little to books, even on his most alien subject; if he knew not love, he understood the lover, and if no poet, caught what escapes them!

THE WRITER.—You have precipitated the gold of the essay, and admitting this you will confess in return, that the residue is as commonplace as the little you have extracted is precious. He takes the trouble to confess that "he does not know how it is that martial men are given to love;" assures us "that nuptial love maketh man kind;" and that "wanton love actually corrupteth it;" and infers with solemn emphasis, that because "Appius Claudius was an austere and wise man, love can find an entrance into a heart well fortified;" a great truth, which he is at

pains, however, to qualify by adding: "if watch be not well kept!"

THE AUTHOR.—I confess that we wanted no Lord High Chancellor to rise from the grave to tell us that.

THE WRITER.—Yet one might forgive him much for that brief but happy touch on the "kindling" influence of this "child of folly" in adversity; an influence, as he says, "that hath been less observed," so much less that it passed the notice of a panegyrist active as yourself.

THE AUTHOR.—True. The witness, like his age, of the adversity of so many famous men, it could not have escaped him that the hate of circumstances, and the alienation of the world, is a sort of sombre atmosphere that concentrates the divided affections, the scattered electricity of a man's nature, and makes it more intense as the storm around is darker. The weakness is one of all time and of all degrees of moral and intellectual worth. It is as much a rule for cashiered officers and bankrupt merchants to make honest women of their mistresses, as for desolate gourmands to marry their cooks. The lion-hearted Abd-el-Kadir, in the downfall of his romantic fortunes, preferred Frank captivity, with his harren, to the Arab freedom he loved, without it; Pompey, the idol of a world he had subjugated, becoming the aged fugitive of defeat, tended, like his great opponent Mithridates, but so much nearer to his young wife; and Bonaparte, who knew something of the "tender passion" while a needy half-pay in yonder garret, seemed capable of it again, when, the captive of our insular wilderness, he stood, like Marius, a present ruin perishing amid the ruins of his past—the ruins of all that was great in the century; an injury European civilisation, and especially that of France, will never forgive him. Although such catastrophes by the power of a single person happen but once in a thousand years, if so often—for before the Corsican, Caesar, and perhaps Alexander, stood by themselves in this disastrous aspect:—

"— Velut immisi diversis partibus ignes
Armentis in sylvam et virguta secantia lauro,
Quique suum populatus iter!"

yet Bacon's comprehensive survey

has not overlooked the contingency, and in one pithy sentence, "He that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers is the decay of a whole age," strikes off the gigantic truth.

THE WRITER.—An admirable sentence, for which he is indebted to the poet Lucan, who, standing on the very hearth of the calamity, would fain notice what held such kinship to his own tumid mass:—

"—*impellens quicquid sibi summa potenti
Obstat, gaudensque viam scelus ruit.*"

But your great Lord Chancellor's "meanness," to follow the precise Mr. Pope, is never far from his "greatness," and while he can recommend his "brief notes" as neither "repetitions nor fancies," but as "of a nature whereof a man shall find much in experience and little in books," he is by no means incapable of a literary laziness, though I admit that, wiser in his philosophical than in his legal pedilloes, he is the last man in the world whose sleight-of-hand facilitates detection: I see in his chains of thought traces of Latimer neither few nor far between: the quotations in his essay "On Truth" from Lucretius, and on the "Regimen of Health" from Celsus, show that Montaigne's Essays (from which he avowedly borrowed his "title," and unavowedly extracts an opinion) had not been read by him in vain. And you will admit that the advice, "Be so true to thyself as that thou be not false to others," is close enough to that of Polonius—

"—*To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*"

to show some acquaintance with Shakspeare.

THE AUTHOR.—But it must be owned too, that Shakspeare himself, who in the same speech advises,

"—*neither a lender nor a borrower be,*"

could be as well the one as the other; and if the dates of publication are against me on the passage you compare, it is not so with regard to the nine Essays first published by Bacon, and in which there are morsels to warrant the conjecture, that the bard as often

incurred small obligations to the statesman, as both appear to have done to Montaigne. But these are, after all, suspicions rather than accusations; coincidences which, as the French say of married delinquencies, if known to the parties, most concerned were *peu de chose*, and if unknown *rien*. You have but to bring the great man to any one of the questions of state policy and state rulers your observations recently referred to, to catch overwhelming proof that he could too well dispense with the inconsiderate trifles to be had from his few and well read predecessors, to risk so needless a desecration of his genius—a folly formed to remind one of a child I once saw in Pere la Chaise, with his angel face jaundiced over by a tawdry crown of immortals stolen from the festering dead. Once in the great arena of human action, the work and its competitors alike realising in their worthiness the royal wish of Alexander, "Give me princes for opponents," the all-potent athlete stands confessed. It is no longer his powers or his acquisitions that astound us, but the use of them. All is intellectual alchemy, and of the boundless stores, not to say rubbish, of classic, dogmatical, and physical literature he has at command, you are never reminded, except by the priceless drops of wisdom and experience they furnish when distilled through the magic alembic of his science. We have only to study what he said before 1626, and watch the course of history thenceforward to our own day, to feel that it is only by neglect of him revolutions are possible; for

"—*Quid utile, quid non
Plinius et melius Chrysippo et Cranatore dicit.*"

In his appreciation of motives and characters he equals Tacitus, and may "set the murderous Machiavel to school." How finely, how completely does he lay down the canon to allay sedition, to suppress insurrections, to deal with abuses and dangerous ambitions, to choose ministers, to aggrandise a state;—in short *to govern*! Far above the fears and passions of his time, and the prejudices and even interests of his order, in the reign of our first James and of Buckingham, he tells them, "the wisdom of all these latter

times in princes' affairs is rather fine deliveries and shiftings of dangers and mischief when they are near, than solid and well grounded courses to keep them aloof;" demonstrates that "the multiplying of nobility and other degrees of quality in an over-proportion to the common people doth speedily bring a state to necessity"—"and so doth likewise an overgrown clergy, for they bring nothing to the stock, and make the common subject groan to be a peasant and base swain;" teaches "that the *first* remedy or prevention of sedition is to remove its natural causes, which are want and poverty in the state;" and among a thousand lessons of wisdom you will recall, lays down the striking aphorism, one in itself enough to agitate a people and reform a government, "that the blessing of Judas and Issacher will never meet, that the same people should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between burthens."

THE WRITER.—There is a "*Radicalism*" in the absolutist Lord Chancellor, which left the Pym and Vanes of the rising generation little to learn, and less that they could wish to better.

THE AUTHOR.—But for the happiest elucidation, in briefest space, of Bacon's political wisdom, you must go to his thoughts on "Innovation," which to my judgment—sharpened by some Parisian experience—form the happiest of his "Essays." Suggesting with his customary temperance and discrimination, "that what is settled by time, though it be not good yet at least it is fit;" that "statesmen must beware that it is the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that *pretendeth* the reformation;" (how happy a phrase!) he lays down the sublime truth, "*TIME IS THE GREATEST INNOVATOR*;" asks with an air of triumph—"If time of course alter all things for the worse, and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" (in few plain words what a conclusive generalisation!)—then warns the fearful that "he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils;" that a "froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation;" and sums up a wisdom, that is surely divine, in the one advice worthy of a Socrates, a Thomas a-Kempis, or a greater than either—

"Follow the example of time, which innovateth greatly but quietly!"

THE WRITER.—The sentiment better expressed, for which Canning, two centuries later, won a portion of his cheap celebrity—"Oppose improvement because it is innovation, and you will one day be compelled to accept innovation when it is no longer improvement!" James's Lord Chancellor displayed courage in propounding such axioms.

THE AUTHOR.—Yes; but it seems a law, that we cannot think great truths without hazarding their publication. It requires at times as much power of will to be silent as to speak; and was it not Fox, the first Quaker, who said, "I preach because I cannot help it?" The felt uselessness of her previsions could not silence Cassanova, more than the Inquisition Luther; and when thought takes the shape of conviction, persecutors can no more be indifferent than their victims. Apropos of victims, I am reminded of the highest glory of the "Essays." In an age when persecution was the rule in religion, statecraft, and almost in literature, the war waged upon intolerance by so vigilant a time-server as Bacon is a proud thing in the annals of authorship. With what a noble vehemence does this contemporary of Laud stigmatise "the personation of God," and the blasphemy of "bringing him in like the prince of darkness," and "the making the cause of religion to descend to the cruel and execrable actions of murdering princes, butchery of people, and subversion of states and government." "Surely," he continues, "this is to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of in the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or raven, and to set out of the bark of a Christian Church the flag of a bark of pirates and assassins. Therefore it is most necessary that the Church, by doctrine and decree, princes by the sword, *and all learnings, both Christian and moral, as by their mercury-rod*, do damn and send to hell for ever these facts and opinions tending to the support of the same. Surely in councils concerning religion that counsel of the Apostle would be prefixed, '*Ira hominis non implet justitiam Dei*;' and it was a notable observation of a wise father, and no less ingenuously confessed, that those which held and per-

sued pressure of consciences were commonly interested herein themselves for their own ends."

THE WRITER.—The passage deserves to be prized, the more so, as it is probably the only one through the "Essays" in which he has expressed himself in the tones of earnestness and feeling. But after all, to a man believing less than Plato, and scarcely more than Lucretius, it could not have cost much to blaze out against principles which would have roasted, à la Servetus, the professor of his own; and we are not obliged to forget his later piety to think that, notwithstanding all his clever fencings and "self inquisitorship, that he may say nothing infectious to the state of religion and manners," there was one period of his life at least on which he thought his business done with Religion, when he had estimated her social or directed her political influence. Nay, on going through all his writings, and especially his tract "On Incredulity"—I think that is the title—one might be forgiven for fancying that he was not above trying with one hand an occult advocacy of his indifference, while ostentatiously dealing it a theatrical blow with the other. Not to take you into the question to-day, do you remember the passage: "All that impugn a received religion or superstition are by the adverse part branded with the name of Atheists, but the great Atheists, indeed, are hypocrites which are ever handling holy things but without feeling."†

THE AUTHOR.—You omit the significant addition, "So as they, the Atheists, must needs be cauterised in the end!"

THE WRITER.—That is the "theatrical blow" I spoke of; it is a concession made with an ill grace; a levity peeps out of the solemn equivocal; and he is glad to run from the topic to a formal summary of causes. Whatever, however, his views in faith, his disclaimers of infidelity win little support from his estimates of religious obligations. He may call "Truth the sovereign good of human nature," but his enjoyment of it is that of his own spectator in the Tower, watching the storm in the distance. Contrast is a portion of his pleasure. He reasons on falsehood after the fashion of the

Irish father who punished his son, not for a lie, but a lie in the wrong place, and every phrase from his pen, in more or less affinity with the sentiment of the poet—

"Ereast aulc
Qui vult esse plus,"

seems but an advertisement to the Court that conscience and honour are two sacrifices with him ever in waiting for the service of his country. He teaches that a mixture of falsehood is "like alloy in coin of gold or silver, which may make the metal work the better"—has a feeling of enjoyment for 'the good, shrewd, Spanish proverb,' 'tell a lie, and find a truth;' and contentedly lays down, as the result of his reflections on dissimulation, "the best composition and temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in seasonable use, and a power to feign, if there be no remedy!" In truth, while giving pompous eulogies on Truth—"to make the metal work the better"—he cares no more than he says the world does, for that "naked daylight" which has the disadvantage of shewing "the mummeries of life not half so daintily as candlelight;" and if, as he tells us, the last peal calling the inquest of God shall be the want of faith on earth, he takes care to avouch to us, that it will be no principle of truthfulness in him that shall stay for an hour the vast denouement. As unprincipled and heartless, he is only a less sanguinary and less daring politician than the Cecils and Walsinghams of his youth. Their infernal subtlety and unscrupulousness, qualities of all the advisers of Elizabeth—the crowned instigator and instrument of the school—pervade all he writes. Fond of Machiavelli, he is not the man to designate him "murderous," with Shakspeare, nor to pass him over with the contemptuous reference of Montaigne, "They say, in our times, that he is an authority in some quarters!" Heedless of the charities of life, he tells you—"Account your suspicions true, but bridle them as false"—and advising, in some places, as if mankind were made for princes, he lays down the iron formulae by which worth and eminence shall be crushed to the

* "On Unity of Religion."

† "Of Atheism."

earth before the first breath of royal distrust. With a want of faith in virtue that Mephistopholes reproduces, he asks, "What would you have? Do you expect those you employ will not have their own ends, and not be truer to themselves than to you?" If compelled to admit that "there be that are in nature faithful and sincere, and plain and direct, not crafty nor involved," he brandishes the matter as the discovery of some rare secret, and with no higher purpose than that princes may use such worthy persons, not for their fidelity as friends, but for their integrity as tools, a pestilent advice too literally followed by your Louis Philippes, when they use out the Lafites, the Lafayettes, and the Dupont de L'Eures of their time.

THE AUTHOR.—In your zeal for what should, and what should not be, you are asking a priesthood from Ulysses, and forgetting the purpose, the limited purpose, of the "Essays," which was not to recommend virtue, but to teach the conditions of life. If he name doubtful courses without censure, so does he without praise; and it is the peculiar quality of the great philosopher, that the elevation from which he surveys humanity enables him to appreciate its aspects as unconcerned, as plenary it frees him from its influences.

THE WRITER.—It is of that I complain; surveying, nay, I will admit, penetrating, the involutions of character, from a height like that of Milton's Satan, or of his Archangel Michael, he is without the malignant pride of the one, or the dutiful benevolence of the other, and has actually less of man in him than either. From the throne of his icy stoicism, he discourses as if he had no more affinity with earth than with heaven—cold, impassive, and unimpassioned, he disposes of love as contemptuously as physicians of a vinous headache; discourses of nature and habit in men, as in rabbits; anatomises avarice and ambition, as if they were qualities of the lunar inhabitants; and descants on honour and reputation with as unconcerned a visage as the signpost points to a quarter it never reaches. In one word, sitting in the awful solitude of himself, there is no humanity in him but of the intelligence—the intelligence of an ungenerous philosophy and pitiless heathenism!

THE AUTHOR.—Let us, at all events, pay homage to that impartiality of the heart you condemn, if, whatever its faults, it has enabled him to write with the marvellous precision which you must admit to distinguish him. And surely in that immense agglomeration made up by human activity, that infinite medley of intelligent existence which we call life, never did man more happily reach to the qualities, and even remotest relations, of the entities he adjudges. At his word order starts out of confusion, facts fling themselves into the symmetry of original nature, and the distinctions of all that men have, and all that men do, the good, the useful, the wise, the merely showy, stand registered down to their minutest forms, and in their most inappreciable hues. Just as he breaks down thoughts into their most concentrated dimensions, just so does our English language, even in the days of its Saxon littleness, accommodate itself with a ready subordination to each of his behests. He no more writes than he thinks, in *verba magistri*. He can make old saws tell new truths, and homely words explain rare thoughts. The monarch of language, he has but to use to aggrandise. If he pays the tribute to early teaching and the spirit of his day—of being attached to the sayings and authorities of antiquity—it is an attachment neither slavish nor sterile. It is the charming attachment of the memory; the generous attachment of the affection; the intellect rests in all its freedom. His judgment independent of all influences, in the same proportion as it is enriched by them, he makes the past support the present, fits not argument to practice, but practice to argument, and sees truths not through the prism of authority, but authority through the acromatic medium of truth.

THE WRITER.—And yet with all this array of capacity and wisdom the old doubt remains, whether this masterpiece of talk and policy would not have been—you will pardon me—

THE AUTHOR.—"Most ineffective in action," is it not? It is an old acquaintance of mine that fallacy! You meet it everywhere in England—from the hustings, on the Exchange, at the dinner-table—the "abomination of desolation" hardly keeps out of your churches. It is one of the few extremes in political judgment

into which British good sense ever wanders. As if to pass Greek and Roman greatness, its Pericles, its Scipios, and its Cæsars, the instances of Sully, Temple, the Swede Oxenstern, and twenty others furnished by every century, had not long since belied the blasphemous paradox, that the greater the capacity the less true to its purposes. I distrust as much as you, and God knows we have plenty cause here, the idle pomp of erudition, and the one-sided brilliancy of the mere poet and mere rhetorician. Theirs is an isolated strength purchased by some equipollent weakness, just as blindness secures sharper hearing. The very excess of their peculiar brilliancy, instead of arguing a general power of luminousness, rather implies its absence; and the vessel appears so laden on the side that looks to us, only because it carries nothing on the other. But the genius of common sense, the tutelary deity of Britain, has this ennobling characteristic, that like the

spirit of the universe it pervades all, always, and is all in every part. It is in the centre as in all the surfaces of character, of being, thought, and action, and Shakspeare, Sully, Bacon, Moliere, and Scott, could no more as individuals have not succeeded in life, than in books or closets they could have written or discoursed unwisely. There was more than a practical statesman, even a Richelieu, lost to England in Bacon. I know the rich compensation he made it, or rather the universe, in his "Philosophy," for it is the attribute of this peculiar genius, that, opposed on one side, it turns like an obstructed river with redoubled force to fertilise some other valley; but if the pedantic fool, canonised as the second Solomon, had known how to seek or to appreciate Bacon as Henry IV. did Sully, Charles I. would never have had to expiate parental folly on the scaffold, and England, spared a civil war, would have anticipated in peace almost centuries of constitutional freedom!

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE TOWN-MAJOR OF CASTLEBAR."

I AM at a loss to know whether or not I owe an apology to my reader for turning away from the more immediate object of this memoir of a life, to speak of events which have assumed an historical reputation. It may be thought ill-becoming in one who occupied the subordinate station that I did, to express himself on subjects so very far above both his experience and acquaintance; but I would premise, that in the opinions I may have formed, and the words of praise or censure dropped, I have been but retailing the sentiments of those older and wiser than myself, and by whose guidance I was mainly led to entertain not only the convictions, but the prejudices, of my early years.

Let the reader bear in mind, too, that I was very early in life thrown into the society of men—left self-dependent, in a great measure, and obliged to decide for myself on sub-

jects which usually are determined by older and more mature heads. So much of excuse, then, if I seem presumptuous in saying that I began to conceive a very low opinion generally of popular attempts at independence, and a very high one of the powers of military skill and discipline. A mob, in my estimation, was the very lowest, and an army about the very highest, object I could well conceive. My short residence at Castlebar did not tend to controvert these impressions. The safety of the town and its inhabitants was entirely owing to the handful of French who held it, and who, wearied with guards, picquets, and outpost duty, were a mere fraction of the small force that had landed a few days before.

Our "allies" were now our most difficult charge. Abandoning the hopeless task of drilling and disciplining them, we confined ourselves to the

more practical office of restraining pillage and repressing violence—a measure, be it said, that was not without peril, and of a very serious kind. I remember one incident, which, if not followed by grave consequences, yet appeared at the time of a very serious character.

By the accidental misspelling of a name, a man named Dowall, a notorious ruffian and demagogue, was appointed "Commandant-de-Place," or Town-Major, instead of a most respectable shopkeeper named Downes, and who, although soon made aware of the mistake, from natural timidity, took no steps to undeceive the General. Dowall was haranguing a mob of half-drunken vagabonds, when his commission was put into his hands; and accepting the post as an evidence of the fears the French entertained of his personal influence, became more overbearing and insolent than ever. We had a very gallant officer, the second major of the 12th Regiment of the Line, killed in the attack on Castlebar, and this Dowall at once took possession of poor Delactre's horse, arms, and equipment. His coat and chako, his very boots and gloves, the scoundrel appropriated; and, as if in mockery of us and our poor friend, assumed a habit that he had, when riding fast, to place his sabre between his leg and the saddle, to prevent its striking the horse on the flanks.

I need scarcely say that thoroughly disgusted by the unsightly exhibition, our incessant cares, and the endless round of duty we were engaged in, as well as the critical position we occupied, left us no time to notice the fellow's conduct by any other than a passing sign of anger or contempt—provocations that he certainly gave us back as insolently as we offered them. I do not believe that the General ever saw him, but I know that incessant complaints were daily made to him about the man's rapacity and tyranny, and scarcely a morning passed without a dozen remonstrances being preferred against his overbearing conduct.

Determined to have his own countrymen on his side, he issued the most absurd orders for the billeting of the rabble, the rations and allowances of all kinds. He seized upon one of the best houses for his own quarters, and three fine saddle-horses for his per-

sonal use, besides a number of inferior ones for the ruffian following he called his staff!

It was, indeed, enough to excite laughter, had not indignation been the more powerful emotion, to see this fellow ride forth of a morning—a tawdry scarf of green, with deep gold fringe, thrown over his shoulder, and a saddle-cloth of the same colour, profusely studded with gold shamrocks, on his horse; a drawn sword in his hand, and his head erect, followed by an indiscriminate rabble on foot or horseback—some with muskets, some pikes, some with sword-blades, bayonets, or even knives fastened on sticks, but all alike ferocious-looking and savage.

They affected to march in order, and, with a rude imitation of soldiery, carried something like a knapsack on their shoulders, surmounted by a kettle, or tin cup, or sometimes an iron pot—a grotesque parody on the trim cooking equipment of the French soldier. It was evident, from their step and bearing, that they thought themselves in the very height of discipline; and this very assumption was far more insulting to the real soldier than all the licentious irregularity of the marauder. If to us they were objects of ridicule and derision, to the townspeople they were images of terror and dismay. The miserable shopkeeper who housed one of them lived in continual fear; he knew nothing to be his own, and felt that his property and family were every moment at the dictate of a ruffian gang, who acknowledged no law, nor any rule save their own will and convenience. Dowall's squad were indeed as great a terror in that little town as I had seen the great name of Robespierre in the proud city of Paris.

In my temporary position on General Serazin's staff, I came to hear much of this fellow's conduct. The most grievous stories were told me every day of his rapacity and cruelty; but harassed and overworked, as the General was, with duties that would have been over-much for three or four men, I forebore to trouble him with recitals which could only fret and distress him without affording the slightest chance of relief to others. Perhaps this impunity had rendered him more daring, or, perhaps, the immense number of armed Irish, in comparison with the

small force of disciplined soldiers, emboldened the fellow; but certainly he grew day by day more presumptuous and insolent, and at last so far forgot himself as to countermand one of General Serazin's orders, by which a guard was stationed at the Protestant church to prevent its being molested or injured by the populace.

General Humbert had already refused the Roman Catholic priest his permission to celebrate mass in that building; but Dowall had determined otherwise, and that, too, by a written order, under his own hand. The French sergeant who commanded the guard of course paid little attention to this warrant; and when Father Hennisy wanted to carry the matter with a high hand, he coolly tore up the paper, and threw the fragments at him. Dowall was soon informed of the slight offered to his mandate. He was at supper at the time, entertaining a party of his friends, who all heard the priest's story, and, of course, loudly sympathised with his sorrows, and invoked the powerful leader's aid and protection. Affecting to believe that the sergeant had merely acted in ignorance, and from not being able to read English, Dowall despatched a fellow, whom he called his *aid-de-camp*, a schoolmaster named Lowrie, and who spoke a little bad French, to interpret his command, and to desire the sergeant to withdraw his men, and give up the guard to a party of “the squad.”

Great was the surprise of the supper party, when, after the lapse of half an hour, a country fellow came in to say that he had seen Lowrie led off to prison between two French soldiers. By this time Dowall had drunk himself into a state of utter recklessness; while encouraged by his friend's praises, and the arguments of his own passions, he fancied that he might dispute ascendancy with General Humbert himself. He at once ordered out his horse, and gave a command to assemble the “squad.” As they were all billeted in his immediate vicinity, this was speedily effected, and their numbers swelled by a vast mass of idle and curious, who were eager to see how the matter would end; the whole street was crowded, and when Dowall mounted, his followers amounted to above a thousand people.

If our sergeant, an old soldier of the

“Sambre et Meuse,” had not already enjoyed some experience of our allies, it is more than likely that, seeing their hostile advance, he would have fallen back upon the main guard, then stationed in the market-square. As it was, he simply retired his party within the church, the door of which had already been pierced for the use of musketry. This done, and one of his men being despatched to head-quarters for advice and orders, he waited patiently for the attack.

I happened that night to make one of General Serazin's dinner party, and we were sitting over our wine, when the officer of the guard entered hastily with the tidings of what was going on in the town.

“Is it the Commandant de Place himself is at the head?” exclaimed Serazin, in amazement, such a thought being a direct shock to all his ideas of military discipline.

“Yes, sir,” said the officer; “the soldier knows his appearance well, and can vouch for its being him.”

“As I know something of him, General,” said I, “I may as well mention that nothing is more likely.”

“Who is he—what is he?” asked Serazin hastily.

A very brief account—I need not say not a flattering one—told all that I knew or had ever heard of our worthy “Town Major.” Many of the officers around corroborating, as I went on, all that I said, and interpolating little details of their own about his robberies and exactions.

“And yet I have heard nothing of all this before,” said the General, looking sternly around him on every side.

None ventured on a reply, and what might have followed there is no guessing, when the sharp rattle of musketry cut short all discussion.

“That fire was not given by soldiers,” said Serazin. “Go, Tierney, and bring this fellow before me at once.”

I bowed, and was leaving the room, when an officer, having whispered a few words in Serazin's ear, the General called me back, saying—

“You are not to incur any risk, Tierney; I want no struggle, still less a rescue. You understand me.”

“Perfectly, General; the matter will, I trust, be easy enough!”

And so I left the room, my heart, shall I avow it, bumping and throbbing

in a fashion that gave a very poor corroboration to my words. There were always three or four horses ready saddled for duty at each general's quarters, and taking one of them, I ordered a corporal of dragoons to follow me, and set out. It was a fine night of autumn; the last faint sunlight was yet struggling with the coming darkness, as I rode at a brisk trot down the main street towards the scene of action.

I had not proceeded far when the crowds compelled me to slacken my pace to a walk, and finding that the people pressed in upon me in such a way as to prevent anything like a defence if attacked, still more, any chance of an escape by flight, I sent the corporal forward to clear a passage, and announce my coming to the redoubted "Commandant." It was curious to see how the old dragoon's tactic effected his object, and with what speed the crowd opened and fell back, as with a flank movement of his horse he "passed" up the street, prancing, bounding, and back-leaping, yet all the while perfectly obedient to the hand, and never deviating from the straight line in the very middle of the thoroughfare.

I could catch from the voices around me that the mob had fired a volley at the church-door, but that our men had never returned the fire, and now a great commotion of the crowd, and that swaying, surging motion of the mass, which is so peculiarly indicative of a coming event, told that something more was in preparation; and such was it; for already numbers were hurrying forward with straw-faggots, broken furniture, and other combustible material, which, in the midst of the wildest cries and shouts of triumph, were now being heaped up against the door. Another moment, and I should have been too late—as it was, my loud summons to "halt," and a bold command for the mob to fall back, only came at the very last minute.

"Where's the Commandant?" said I, in an imperious tone. "Who wants him?" responded a deep husky voice, which I well knew to be Dowall's.

"The General in command of the town," said I firmly; "General Serazin."

"May be I'm as good a general as himself," was the answer. "I never called him my superior yet! Did I, boys?"

"Nesen—devil a bit—why would you?" and such like, some shouted from the mob around us, in every accent of drunken defiance.

"You'll not refuse General Serazin's invitation to confer with your Commandant, I hope?" said I, affecting a tone of respectful civility, while I gradually drew nearer and nearer to him, contriving, at the same, by a dexterous plunging of my horse, to force back the by-standers, and thus isolate my friend Dowall.

"Tell him I've work to do here," said he, "and can't come; but if he's fond of a bonfire he may as well step down this far and see one."

By this time, at a gesture of command from me, the corporal had placed himself on the opposite side of Dowall's horse, and by a movement similar to my own, completely drove back the dense mob, so that we had him completely in our power, and could have sabred or shot him at any moment.

"General Serazin only wishes to see you on duty, Commandant," said I, speaking in a voice that could be heard over the entire assemblage; and then dropping it to a whisper, only audible to himself, I added—

"Come along quietly, sir, and without a word. If you speak, if you mutter, or if you lift a finger, I'll run my sabre through your body."

"Forward, way, there," shouted I aloud, and the corporal, holding Dowall's bridle, pricked the horse with the point of his sword, and right through the crowd we went at a pace that defied following, had any the daring to think of it.

So sudden was the act and so imminent the peril, for I held the point of my weapon within a few inches of his back, and would have kept my word most assuredly too, that the fellow never spoke a syllable as we went, nor ventured on even a word of remonstrance till we descended at the General's door. Then, with a voice tremulous with restrained passion, he said—

"If ye think I'll forgive ye this thrick, my fine boy, may the flames and fire be my portion and if I hav'n's my revenge on ye yet my name isn't Mick Dowall."

With a dogged, sulky resolution he mounted the stairs, but as he ascended the room where the General was, and from which his voice could even now

be heard, his courage seemed to fail him; and he looked back as though to me if no chance of escape remained. The attempt would have been hopeless, and he saw it.

"This is the man, General," said I, half pushing him forward into the middle of the room, where he stood with his hat on, and in attitude of mingled defiance and terror.

"Tell him to uncover," said Serazin; but one of the aides-de-camp, more zealous than courteous, stepped forward and knocked the hat off with his hand. Dowall never budged an inch, nor moved a muscle, at this insult; to look at him you could not have said that he was conscious of it.

"Ask him if it was by his orders that the guard was assailed?" said the General.

I put the question in about as many words, but he made no reply.

"Does the man know where he is? does he know who I am?" repeated Serazin passionately.

"He knows both well enough, sir," said I; "this silence is a mere defiance of us."

"Parbleu!" cried an officer, "that is the 'coquin' took poor Delacetre's equipments; the very uniform he has on was his."

"The fellow was never a soldier," said another.

"I know him well," interposed a third, "he is the very terror of the town-folk."

"Who gave him his commission? who appointed him?" asked Serazin.

Apparently the fellow could follow some words of French, for as the General asked this he drew from his pocket a crumpled and soiled paper, which he threw heedlessly upon the table before us.

"Why this is not his name, sir," said I; "this appointment is made out in the name of Nicholas Downer, and our friend here is called Dowall."

"Who knows him? who can identify him?" asked Serazin.

"I can say that his name is Dowall, and that he worked as a porter on the quay in this town when I was a boy," said a young Irishman who was copying letters and papers at a side-table. "Yes, Dowall," said the youth, confronting the look which the other gave him, "I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell you to your face that I know

you well; and who you are, and what you are."

"I'm an officer in the Irish Independent Army now," said Dowall, resolutely. "To the devil I fling the French commission and all that belongs to it. 'Tisn't troops that run and guns that burst we want. Let them go back again the way they came, we're able for the work ourselves."

Before I could translate this rude speech an officer broke into the room, with tidings that the streets had been cleared, and the rioters dispersed; a few prisoners of the squad too were taken, whose muskets bore trace of being recently discharged.

"They fired upon our picquets, General," said the officer, whose excited look and voice betrayed how deeply he felt the outrage.

The men were introduced; three ragged, ill-looking wretches, apparently only roused from intoxication by the terror of their situation, for each was guarded by a soldier with a drawn bayonet in his hand.

"We only obeyed orders, my lord; we only did what the Captain told us;" cried they, in a miserable, whining tone, for the sight of their leader in captivity had sapped all their courage.

"What am I here for? who has any business with me?" said Dowall, assuming before his followers an attempt at his former tone of bully.

"Tell him," said Serazin, "that wherever a French general stands in full command he will neither brook insolence nor insubordination. Let those fellows be turned out of the town, and warned never to approach the quarters of the army under any pretence whatever. As for this scoundrel we'll make an example of him. Order a peloton into the yard, and shoot him."

I rendered this speech into English as the General spoke it, and never shall I forget the wild scream of the wretch as he heard the sentence.

"I'm an officer in the army of Ireland. I don't belong to ye at all. You've no power over me. Oh, Captain, darlin'! oh, gentlemen, speak for me! General, dear; General, honey, don't sintince me! don't for the love of God!" and in grovelling terror the miserable creature threw himself on his knees to beg for mercy.

"Tear off his epaulettes," cried Se-

razin; "never let a French uniform be so disgraced."

The soldiers wrenched off the epaulettes at the command, and not satisfied with this they even tore away the lace from the cuffs of the uniform, which now hung in ragged fragments over his trembling hands.

"Oh, sir! oh, General! oh, gentlemen, have mercy!"

"Away with him," said Scrazin, contemptuously; "it is only the cruel can be such cowards. Give the fellow his fusillade with blank cartridge, and the chances are fear will kill outright."

The scene that ensued is too shocking, too full of abasement to record; there was nothing that fear of death, nothing that abject terror could suggest, that this miserable wretch did not attempt to save his life; he wept—he begged in accents that were unworthy of all manhood—he kissed the very ground at the General's feet in his abject sorrow; and when at last he was dragged from the room his screams were the most terrific and piercing.

Although all my compassion was changed into contempt, I felt that I could never have given the word to

fire upon him, had such been my orders; his fears had placed him below all manhood, but they still formed a barrier of defence around him. I accordingly whispered a few words to the sergeant, as we passed down the stairs, and then affecting to have forgotten something, I stepped back towards the room, where the General and his staff were sitting. The scuffling sound of feet, mingled with the crash of fire-arms, almost drowned the cries of the still struggling wretch; his voice, however, burst forth into a wild cry, and then there came a pause—a pause that at last became insupportable to my anxiety, and I was about to rush down stairs, when a loud yell, a savage howl of derision and hate burst forth from the street; and on looking out I saw a vast crowd before the door, who were shouting after a man, whose speed soon carried him out of reach. This was Dowall, who, thus suffered to escape, was told to fly from the town, and never return to it.

"Thank heaven," muttered I, "we've seen the last of him."

The rejoicing was, however, premature.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE MISSION TO THE NORTH."

I HAVE never yet been able to discover whether General Humbert really did feel the confidence that he assumed at this period, or that he merely affected it, the better to sustain the spirits of those around him. If our success at Castlebar was undeniable, our loss was also great, and far more than proportionate to all the advantages we had acquired. Six officers and two hundred and forty men were either killed or badly wounded, and as our small force had really acquired no reinforcement worth the name, it was evident that another such costly victory would be our ruin.

Not one gentleman of rank or influence had yet joined us, few of the priesthood, and, even among the farmers and peasantry, it was easy to see that our recruits comprised those whose accession could never have conferred honour or profit on any cause.

Our situation was anything but promising. The rumours that reached us, and we had no other or more accurate

information than rumours, told that an army of thirty thousand men, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, was in march against us; that all the insurrectionary movements of the south were completely repressed; that the spirit of the rebels was crushed, and their confidence broken, either by defeat or internal treachery. In a word, that the expedition had already failed, and the sooner we had the means of leaving the land of our disasters the better.

Such were the universal feelings of all my comrades; but Humbert, who often had told us that we were only here to "éclaircir la route" for another and more formidable mission, now pretended to think that we were progressing most favourably towards a perfect success. Perhaps he firmly believed all this, or perhaps he thought that the pretence would give more dignity to the finale of an exploit, which he already saw was nearly played out! I know not which is the true explana-

tion, and am half disposed to think that he was actuated as much by one impulse as the other.

“The Army of the North” was the talisman, which we now heard of for the first time, to repair all our disasters, and ensure complete victory. “The Army of the North,” whose strength varied from twenty to twenty-five, and sometimes reached even thirty thousand men, and was commanded by a distinguished Irish general, was now the centre to which all our hopes turned. Whether it had already landed, and where, of what it consisted, and how officered, not one of us knew anything; but by dint of daily repetition and discussion we had come to believe in its existence as certainly as though we had seen it under arms.

The credulous lent their convictions without any trouble to themselves whatever; the more sceptical studied the map, and fancied twenty different places in which they might have disembarked; and thus the “Army of the North” grew to be a substance and reality, as undoubted as the scenes before our eyes.

Never was such a ready solution of all difficulties discovered as this same “Army of the North.” Were we to be beaten by Cornwallis it was only a momentary check, for the Army of the North would come up within a few days and turn the whole tide of war. If our Irish allies grew insubordinate or disorderly, a little patience and the Army of the North would settle all that. Every movement projected was fancied to be in concert with this redoubted corps, and at last every trooper that rode in from Killala or Ballina was questioned as to whether his despatches did not come from the Army of the North.

Frenchmen will believe anything you like for twenty-four hours. They can be flattered into a credulity of two days, and, by dint of great artifice and much persuasion, will occasionally reach a third; but there, faith has its limit; and if nothing palpable, tangible, and real intervene, scepticism ensues; and what with native sarcasm, ridicule, and irony, they will demolish the card edifice of credit far more rapidly than ever they raised it. For two whole days the “Army of the North” occupied every man amongst us. We toasted it over our wine; we discussed it at our quarters; we debated upon

its whereabouts, its strength, and its probable destination; but on the third morning a terrible shock was given to our feelings by a volatile young Lieutenant of Hussars exclaiming—

“*Ma foi*! I wish I could see this same ‘Army of the North!’”

Now, although nothing was more reasonable than this wish, nor was there any one of us who had not felt a similar desire, this sudden expression of it struck us all most forcibly, and a shrinking sense of doubt spread over every face, and men looked at each other, as though to say—“Is the fellow capable of supposing that such an army does not exist?” It was a very dreadful moment—a terrible interval of struggle between the broad day-light of belief and the black darkness of incredulity; and we turned glances of actual dislike at the man who had so unwarrantably shaken our settled convictions.

“I only said I should like to see them under arms,” stammered he, in the confusion of one who saw himself exposed to public obloquy.

This half apology came too late—the mischief was done! and we shunned each other like men who were afraid to read the accusation of even a shrewd glance. As for myself, I can compare my feelings only to those of the worthy alderman, who broke out into a paroxysm of grief on hearing that “Robinson Crusoe” was a fiction. I believe, on that sudden revulsion of feeling, I could have discredited any and everything. If there was no Army of the North, was I quite sure that there was any expedition at all? Were the generals mere freebooters, the chiefs of a marauding venture? Were the patriots anything but a disorderly rabble, eager for robbery and bloodshed? Was Irish Independence a mere phantom? Such were among the shocking terrors that came across my mind as I sat in my quarters, far too dispirited and depressed to mix among my comrades.

It had been a day of fatiguing duty, and I was not sorry, as night fell, that I might betake myself to bed, to forget, if it might be, the torturing doubts that troubled me. Suddenly I heard a heavy foot upon the stair, and an orderly entered with a command for me to repair to the head-quarters of the General at once. Never did the call of duty summon me less willing, never found me so totally disinclined to

obey. I was weary and fatigued; but worse than this, I was out of temper with myself, the service, and the whole world. Had I heard that the Royal forces were approaching, I was exactly in the humour to have dashed into the thick of them, and sold my life as dearly as I could, out of desperation.

Discipline is a powerful antagonist to a man's caprices, for with all my irritability and discontent, I arose, and resuming my uniform, set out for General Humbert's quarters. I followed "the orderly," as he led the way through many a dark street and crooked alley, till we reached the square. There, too, all was in darkness, save at the mainguard, where, as usual, the five windows of the first story were a blaze of light, and the sounds of mirth and revelry, the nightly orgies of our officers, were ringing out in the stillness of the quiet hour. The wild chorus of a soldier-song, with its "ran-tan-plan" accompaniment of knuckles on the table, echoed through the square, and smote upon my ear with anything but a congenial sense of pleasure.

In my heart I thought them a senseless, soulless crew, that could give themselves to dissipation and excess on the very eve, as it were, of our defeat, and with hasty steps I turned away into the side street, where a large lamp, the only light to be seen, proclaimed General Humbert's quarters.

A bustle and stir, very unusual at this late hour, pervaded the passages and the stairs, and it was some time before I could find one of the staff to announce my arrival, which at last was done somewhat unceremoniously, as an officer hurried me through a large chamber crowded with the staff, into an inner room, where, on a small field-bed, lay General Humbert, without coat or boots, a much-worn scarlet cloak thrown half over him, and a black handkerchief tied round his head. I had scarcely seen him since our landing, and I could with difficulty recognise the burly high-complexioned soldier of a few days back in the worn and haggard features of the sick man before me. An attack of ague, which he had originally contracted in Holland, had relapsed upon him, and he was now suffering all the lassitude and sickness of that most depressing of all maladies.

Maps, books, plans, and sketches of

various kinds scattered the bed, the table, and even the floor around him; but his attitude as I entered betrayed the exhaustion of one who could labour no longer, and whose worn out faculties demanded rest. He lay flat on his back, his arms straight down beside him, and, with half closed eyes, seemed as though falling off to sleep.

His first aide-de-camp, Merochamp, was standing with his back to a small turf fire, and made a sign to us to be still, and make no noise as we came in.

"He's sleeping," said he, "it's the first time he has closed his eyes for ten days."

We stood for a moment uncertain, and were about to retrace our steps, when Humbert said, in a low weak voice—

"No! I'm not asleep, come in."

The officer who presented me now retired, and I advanced towards the bed-side.

"This is Tiernay, General," said Merochamp, stooping down and speaking low, "you wished to see him."

"Yes, I wanted him. Ha! Tiernay, you see me a good deal altered since we parted last; however, I shall be all right in a day or two; it's a mere attack of ague, and will leave when the good weather comes. I wished to ask you about your family, Tiernay; was not your father Irish?"

"No, sir; we were Irish two or three generations back, but since that we have belonged either to Austria or to France."

"Then where were you born?"

"In Paris, sir, I believe, but certainly in France."

"Then I said so, Merochamp; I knew that the boy was French."

"Still I don't think the precaution worthless," replied Merochamp; "Teeling and the others advise it."

"I know they do," said Humbert, peevishly, "and for themselves it may be needful, but this lad's case will be injured not bettered by it. He is not an Irishman; he never was at any time a British subject. Have you any certificate of birth or baptism, Tiernay?"

"None, sir, but I have my 'livret' for the school of Saumur, which sets forth my being a Frenchman by birth."

"Quite sufficient, boy, let me have it."

It was a document which I always carried about with me since I landed,

to enable me any moment, if made prisoner, to prove myself an alien, and thus escape the inculpation of fighting against the flag of my country. Perhaps there was something of reluctance in my manner as I relinquished it, for the General said, “I’ll take good care of it, Tiernay, you shall not fare the worse because it is in my keeping. I may as well tell you that some of our Irish officers have received threatening letters. It is needless to say they are without name, stating that if matters go unfortunately with us in this campaign, they will meet the fate of men taken in open treason; and that their condition of officers in our service will avail them nothing. I do not believe this. I cannot believe that they will be treated in any respect differently from the rest of us. However it is only just that I should tell you, that your name figures amongst those so denounced; for this reason I have sent for you now. You, at least, have nothing to apprehend on this score. You are as much a Frenchman as myself. I know Merochamp thinks differently from me, and that your Irish descent and name will be quite enough to involve you in the fate of others.”

A gesture, half of assent but half of impatience, from the aid-de-camp, here arrested the speaker.

“Why not tell him frankly how he stands?” said Humbert, eagerly, “I see no advantage in any concealment.”

Then addressing me, he went on. “I purpose, Tiernay, to give you the same option I gave the others, but which they have declined to accept. It is this: we are daily expecting to hear of the arrival of a force in the north, under the command of Generals Tandy and Rey.”

“The Army of the North?” asked I, in some anxiety.

“Precisely; the Army of the North. Now I desire to open a communication with them, and at the same time to do so through the means of such officers as, in the event of any disaster here, may have the escape to France open to them; which this army will have, and which, I need not say, we have no longer. Our Irish friends have declined this mission, as being more likely to compromise them if taken; and also as diminishing and not increasing their chance of escape. In my belief that you were placed similarly, I have sent for you here this evening, and at the

same time desire to impress upon you that your acceptance or refusal is purely a matter at your own volition.”

“Am I to regard the matter simply as one of duty, sir? or as an opportunity of consulting my personal safety?”

“What shall I say to this Merochamp?” asked Humbert, bluntly.

“That you are running to the full as many risks of being hanged for going as by staying; such is my opinion,” said the aid-de-camp. “Here as a rebel, there as a spy.”

“I confess, then,” said I, smiling at the cool brevity of the speech, “the choice is somewhat embarrassing! May I ask what you advise me to do, General?”

“I should say go, Tiernay.”

“Go, by all means, lad,” broke in the aid-de-camp, who throughout assumed a tone of dictation and familiarity most remarkable. “If a stand is to be made in this miserable country, it will be with Rey’s force; here the game will not last much longer. There lies the only man capable of conducting such an expedition, and his health cannot stand up against its trials!”

“Not so, Merochamp; I’ll be on horseback to-morrow or the day after, at furthest; and if I never were to take the field again, there are others, yourself amongst the number, well able to supply my place: but to Tiernay—what says he?”

“Make it duty, sir, and I shall go, or remain here with an easy conscience,” said I.

“Then duty be it, boy,” said he; “and Merochamp will tell you everything, for all this discussion has wearied me much, and I cannot endure more talking.”

“Sit down here,” said the aid-de-camp, pointing to a seat at his side, “and five minutes will suffice.”

He opened a large map of Ireland before us on the table, and running his finger along the coast-line of the western side, stopped abruptly at the bay of Lough Swilly.

“There,” said he, “that is the spot. There, too, should have been our own landing! The whole population of the North will be with them—not such allies as these fellows, but men accustomed to the use of arms, able and willing to take the field. They say that five thousand men could hold the passes of those mountains against thirty.”

"Who says this?" said I, for I own it, that I had grown marvellously sceptical as to testimony.

"Napper Tandy, who is a general of division, and one of the leaders of this force;" and he went on: "The utmost we can do will be to hold these towns to the westward till they join us. We may stretch away thus far," and he moved his finger towards the direction of Leitrim, but no further. "You will have to communicate with them; to explain what we have done, where we are, and how we are. Conceal nothing—let them hear fairly, that this patriot force is worth nothing, and that even to garrison the towns we take they are useless. Tell them, too, the sad mistake we made by attempting to organise what never can be disciplined, and let them not arm a population, as we have done, to commit rapine and plunder."

Two letters were already written—one addressed to Rey, the other to Napper Tandy. These I was ordered to destroy if I should happen to become a prisoner; and with the map of Ireland, pen-marked in various directions, by which I might trace my route, and a few lines to Colonel Charost, whom I was to see on passing at Killala, I was dismissed. When I approached the bed-side to take leave of the General, he was sound asleep. The excitement of talking having passed away, he was pale as death, and his lips totally colourless. Poor fellow, he was exhausted-looking and weary, and I could not help thinking, as I looked on him, that he was no bad emblem of the cause he had embarked in!

I was to take my troop-horse as far as Killala, after which I was to proceed either on foot, or by such modes of conveyance as I could find, keeping as nigh the coast as possible, and acquainting myself, so far as I might do, with the temper and disposition of the people as I went. It was a great aid to my sinking courage to know that there really was an "Army of the North," and to feel myself accredited to hold intercourse with the generals commanding it.

Such was my exultation at this happy discovery, that I was dying to burst in amongst my comrades with the tidings, and proclaim, at the same time, my own high mission. Merochamp had strictly enjoined my speedy departure without the slightest inti-

mation to any, whither I was going, or with what object.

A very small cloak-bag held all my effects, and with this slung at my saddle, I rode out of the town just as the church clock was striking twelve. It was a calm, star-light night, and once a short distance from the town, as noiseless and still as possible; a gossoon, one of the numerous scouts we employed in conveying letters or bringing intelligence, trotted along on foot beside me to show the way, for there was a rumour that some of the Royalist cavalry still loitered about the passes to capture our despatch-bearers, or make prisoners of any stragglers from the army.

These "gossoons," picked up by chance, and selected for no other qualification than because they were keen-eyed and swift of foot, were the most faithful and most worthy creatures we met with. In no instance were they ever known to desert to the enemy, and stranger still, they were never seen to mix in the debauchery and excesses so common to all the volunteers of the rebel camp. Their intelligence was considerable, and to such a pitch had emulation stimulated them in the service, that there was no danger they would not incur in their peculiar duties.

My companion on the present occasion was a little fellow of about thirteen years of age, and small and slight even for that; we knew him as "Peter," but whether he had any other name, or what, I was ignorant. He was wounded by a sabre cut across the hand, which nearly severed the fingers from it, at the bridge of Castlebar, but with a strip of linen bound round it now, he trotted along as happy and careless as if nothing ailed him.

I questioned him as we went, and learned that his father had been a herd in the service of a certain Sir Roger Palmer, and his mother a dairy-maid in the same house; but as the patriots had sacked and burned the "Castle," of course they were now upon the world. He was a good deal shocked at my asking what part his father took on the occasion of the attack, but for a very different reason than that which I suspected.

"For the cause, of course!" replied he, almost indignantly, "why wouldn't he stand up for ould Ireland!"

"And your mother—what did she do?"

He hung down his head, and made no answer till I repeated the question.

"Faix," said he, slowly and sadly, "she went and towld the young ladies what was goin' to be done, and if it hadn't been that the 'boys' caught Tim Hynes, the groom, going off to Foxford with a letter, we'd have had the dragoons down upon us in no time! They hanged Tim, but they let the young ladies away, and my mother with them, and off they all went to Dublin."

"And where's your father, now?" I asked.

"He was drowned in the bay of Killala four days ago. He went with a party of others to take oatmeal from a sloop that was wrecked in the bay, and an English cruiser came in at the time and fired on them; at the second discharge the wreck and all upon it went down!"

He told all these things without any touch of sorrow in voice or manner. They seemed to be the ordinary chances of war, and so he took them. He had three brothers and a sister; of the former two were missing, the third was a scout; and the girl—she was but nine years old—was waiting on a canteen, and mighty handy, he said, for she knew a little French already, and understood the soldiers when they asked for a "goutte," or wanted "du feu" for their pipes.

Such, then, was the credit side of the account with Fortune, and, strange enough, the boy seemed satisfied with it; and although a few days had made him an orphan and houseless, he appeared to feel that the great things in store for his country were an ample recompense for all. Was this, then, patriotism? Was it possible that one, untaught and unlettered as he was, could think national freedom cheap at such a cost? If I thought so for a moment, a very little further inquiry undeceived me. Religious rancour, party feuds, the hate of the Saxon—a blind, ill-directed, unthinking hate—were the motives which actuated him. A terrible retribution for something upon somebody, an awful wip-

ing out of old scores, a reversal of the lot of rich and poor, were the main incentives to his actions, and he was satisfied to stand by at the drawing of this great lottery, even without holding a ticket in it!

It was almost the first moment of calm reflective thought I had enjoyed, as I rode along thus in the quiet stillness of the night, and I own that my heart began to misgive me as to the great benefits of our expedition. I will not conceal the fact, that I had been disappointed in every expectation I had formed of Ireland.

The bleak and barren hills of Mayo, the dreary tracts of mountain and morass, were about as unworthy representatives of the boasted beauty and fertility, as were the half-clad wretches who flocked around us of that warlike people of whom we had heard so much. Where were the chivalrous chieftains with their clans behind them? Where the thousands gathering around a national standard? Where that high-souled patriotism, content to risk fortune, station—all, in the conflict for national independence? A rabble led on by a few reckless debauchees, and two or three disreputable or degraded priests, were our only allies; and even these refused to be guided by our councils, or swayed by our authority. I half-suspected Serazin was right when he said—"Let the Directory send thirty thousand men and make it a French province, but let us not fight an enemy to give the victory to the 'sans culottes'."

As we neared the pass of Burnageeragh, I turned one last look on the town of Castlebar, around which, at little intervals of space, the watch-fires of our picquets were blazing; all the rest of the place was in darkness.

It was a strange and a thrilling thought to think that there, hundreds of miles from their home, without one link that could connect them to it, lay a little army in the midst of an enemy's country, calm, self-possessed, and determined. How many, thought I, are destined to leave it? How many will bring back to our dear France the memory of this unhappy struggle?

CHAPTER XXV.

A PASSING VISIT TO KILLALA.

I found a very pleasant party assembled around the Bishop's breakfast-table

at Killala. The bishop and his family were all there, with Charost and his

staff, and some three or four other officers from Ballina. Nothing could be less constrained, more easy, or more agreeable, than the tone of intimacy which in a few days had grown up between them. A cordial good feeling seemed to prevail on every subject, and even the reserve which might be thought natural on the momentous events then happening was exchanged for a most candid and frank discussion of all that was going forward, which I must own astonished as much as it gratified me.

The march on Castlebar, the choice of the mountain-road, which led past the position occupied by the Royalists, the attack and capture of the artillery, had all to be related by me for the edification of such as were not conversant with French; and I could observe that however discomfited by the conduct of the militia, they fully relied on the regiments of the line and the artillery. It was amusing, too, to see with what pleasure they listened to all our disparagement of the Irish volunteers.

Every instance we gave of insubordination or disobedience delighted them, while our own blundering attempts to manage the people, the absurd mistakes we fell into, and the endless misconceptions of their character and habits, actually convulsed them with laughter.

"Of course," said the Bishop to us, "you are prepared to hear that there is no love lost between you, and that they are to the full as dissatisfied with you as you are dissatisfied with them."

"Why, what can they complain of?" asked Charost, smiling; "we gave them the place of honour in the very last engagement!"

"Very true, you did so, and they reaped all the profit of the situation. Monsieur Tiernay has just told the havoc that grape and round shot scattered amongst the poor creatures. However, it is not of this they complain—it is their miserable fare, the raw potatoes, their beds in open fields and highways, while the French, they say, eat of the best and sleep in blankets; they do not understand this inequality, and perhaps it is somewhat hard to comprehend."

"Patriotism ought to be proud of such little sacrifices," said Charost, with an easy laugh; "besides, it is only a passing endurance, a month hence, less, perhaps, will see us divid-

ing the spoils, and revelling in the conquest of Irish independence."

"You think so, Colonel?" asked the Bishop, half-ally.

"Parbleu! to be sure I do, and you?"

"I'm just as sanguine," said the Bishop, "and fancy that about a month hence we shall be talking of all these things as matters of history; and while sorrowing over some of the unavoidable calamities of the event, preserving a grateful memory of some who came as enemies but left us warm friends."

"If such is to be the turn of fortune," said Charost, with more seriousness than before, "I can only say that the kindly feelings will not be one-sided."

And now the conversation became an animated discussion on the chances of success or failure. Each party supported his opinion ably and eagerly, and with a degree of freedom that was not a little singular to the bystanders. At last, when Charost was fairly answered by the Bishop on every point, he asked—

"But what say you to the Army of the North?"

"Simply, that I do not believe in such a force," rejoined the Bishop.

"Not believe it—not believe on what General Humbert relies at this moment, and to which that officer yonder is an accredited messenger! When I tell you that a most distinguished Irishman, Napper Tandy——"

"Napper Tandy!" repeated the Bishop, with a good-humoured smile, "the name is quite enough to relieve one of any fears, if they ever felt them. I am not sufficiently acquainted with your language to give him the epithet he deserves, but if you can conceive an empty, conceited man, as ignorant of war as of politics, rushing into a revolution for the sake of a green uniform, and ready to convulse a kingdom that he may be called a major-general; only enthusiastic in his personal vanity, and wanting even in that heroic daring which occasionally dignifies weak capacities—such is Napper Tandy."

"What in soldier-phrase we call a 'Blaque,'" said Charost, laughing; "I'm sorry for it."

What turn the conversation was about to take I cannot guess, when it was suddenly interrupted by one of the Bishop's servants rushing into the room, with a face bloodless from terror. He made his way up to where the Bishop

sat, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"And how is the wind blowing, Andrew?" asked the Bishop, in a voice that all his self-command could not completely steady.

"From the north, or the north-west, and mighty strong, too, my Lord," said the man, who trembled in every limb.

The affrighted aspect of the messenger, the excited expression of the Bishop's face, and the question as to the "wind," at once suggested to me the idea that a French fleet had arrived in the bay, and that the awful tidings were neither more nor less than the announcement of our reinforcement.

"From the north-west," repeated the Bishop; "then, with God's blessing, we may be spared." And so saying, he arose from the table, and with an effort that showed that the strength to do so had only just returned to him. "Colonel Charost, a word with you!" said he, leading the way into an adjoining room.

"What is it?—what has happened?—what can it be?" was asked by each in turn. And now groups gathered at the windows, which all looked into the court of the building, which was now crowded with people, soldiers, servants, and country-folk, gazing earnestly towards the roof of the castle.

"What's the matter, Terry?" asked one of the Bishop's sons, as he threw open the window.

"'Tis the chimbley on fire, Master Robert," said the man; "the kitchen chimbley, wid those devils of Frinch!"

I cannot describe the burst of laughter that followed the explanation!

So much terror for so small a catastrophe was inconceivable; and whether we thought of Andrew's horrified face, or the worthy Bishop's pious thanksgiving as to the direction of the wind, we could scarcely refrain from another outbreak of mirth. Colonel Charost made his appearance at the instant, and although his step was hurried, and his look severe, there was nothing of agitation or alarm on his features.

"Turn out the guard, Truchet, without arms," said he. "Come with me, Tiernay—an awkward business enough," whispered he, as he led me along. "These fellows have set fire to the kitchen chinney, and we have three hundred barrels of gunpowder in the cave!" Nothing could be more

easy and unaffected than the way he spoke this; and I actually stared at him, to see if his coldness was a mere pretence; but far from it—every gesture and every word showed the most perfect self-possession, with a prompt readiness for action.

When we reached the court, the bustle and confusion had reached its highest; for, as the wind lulled, large masses of inky smoke hung, like a canopy, over head, through which a forked flame darted at intervals, with that peculiar furnace-like roar that accompanies a jet of fire in confined places. At times, too, as the soot ignited, great showers of bright sparks floated upwards, and afterwards fell, like a fiery rain, on every side. The country people, who had flocked in from the neighbourhood, were entirely occupied with these signs, and only intent upon saving the remainder of the house, which they believed in great peril, totally unaware of the greater and more imminent danger close beside them.

Already they had placed ladders against the walls, and, with ropes and buckets, were preparing to ascend, when Truchet marched in with his company, in fatigue-jackets, twenty sappers with shovels accompanying them.

"Clear the court-yard, now," said Charost, "and leave this matter to us."

The order was obeyed somewhat reluctantly, it is true, and at last we stood the sole occupants of the spot, the Bishop being the only civilian present, he having refused to quit the spot, unless compelled by force.

The powder was stored in a long shed adjoining the stables, and originally used as a shelter for farming tools and utensils. A few tarpaulins we had carried with us from the ships were spread over the barrels, and on this now some sparks of fire had fallen, as the burning soot had been carried in by an eddy of wind.

The first order was, to deluge the tarpaulins with water; and while this was being done, the sappers were ordered to dig trenches in the garden, to receive the barrels. Every man knew the terrible peril so near him; each felt that at any instant a frightful death might overtake him, and yet every detail of the duty was carried on with the coldest unconcern; and when

at last the time came to carry away the barrels, on a species of handbarrow, the fellows stepped in time, as if on the march, and moved in measure, a degree of indifference which, to judge from the good Bishop's countenance, evidently inspired as many anxieties for their spiritual welfare, as it suggested astonishment and admiration for their courage. He himself, it must be owned, displayed no sign of trepidation; and in the few words he spoke, or the hints he dropped, exhibited every quality of a brave man.

At moments the peril seemed very imminent indeed. Some timber having caught fire, slender fragments of burning wood fell in masses, covering the men as they went, and falling on the barrels, whence the soldiers brushed them off with cool indifference. The dense, thick smoke, too, obscuring every object a few paces distant, added to the confusion, and occasionally bringing the going and returning parties into collision, a loud shout, or cry, would ensue; and it is difficult to conceive how such a sound thrilled through the heart at such a time. I own that more than once I felt a choking fulness in the throat, as I heard a sudden yell, it seemed so like a signal for destruction. In removing one of the last barrels from the handbarrow, it slipped, and falling to the ground, the hoops gave way, it burst open, and the powder fell out on every side. The moment was critical, for the wind was baffling, now wafting the sparks clear away, now whirling them in eddies around us. It was then that an old sergeant of Grenadiers threw off his upper coat and spread it over the broken cask, while, with all the composure of a man about to rest himself, he lay down on it, while his comrades went to fetch water. Of course his peril was no greater than that of every one around him; but there was an air of quick determination in his act which showed the training of an old soldier. At length the labour was ended, the last barrel was committed to the earth, and the men, formed into line, were ordered to wheel and march. Never shall I forget the Bishop's face as they moved past. The undersized and youthful look of our soldiers had acquired for them a kind of depreciating estimate in comparison with the more mature and manly stature of the British soldier, to whom, indeed, they offered a strong

contrast on parade; but now, as they were seen in a moment of arduous duty, surrounded by danger, the steadiness and courage, the prompt obedience to every command, the alacrity of their movements, and the fearless intrepidity with which they performed every act, impressed the worthy Bishop so forcibly, that he muttered half aloud, "Thank heaven there are but few of them!"

Colonel Charost resisted steadily the Bishop's proffer to afford the men some refreshment; he would not even admit of an extra allowance of brandy to their messes. "If we become too liberal for slight services, we shall never be able to reward real ones," was his answer; and the Bishop was reduced to the expedient of commemorating what he could not reward. This, indeed, he did with the most unqualified praise, relating in the drawing-room all that he had witnessed, and lauding French valour and heroism to the very highest.

The better to conceal my route, and to avoid the chances of being tracked, I sailed that evening in a fishing-boat for Killybegs, a small harbour on the coast of Donegal, having previously exchanged my uniform for the dress of a sailor, so that if apprehended I should pretend to be an Ostend or Antwerp seaman, washed overboard in a gale at sea. Fortunately for me I was not called on to perform this part, for as my nautical experiences were of the very slightest, I should have made a deplorable attempt at the impersonation. Assuredly the fishermen of the smack would not have been among the number of the "imposed upon," for a more sea-sick wretch never masqueraded in a blue jacket than I was.

My only clue, when I touched land, was a certain Father Doogan, who lived at the foot of the Bluerock Mountains, about fifteen miles from the coast, and to whom I brought a few lines from one of the Irish officers, a certain Bourke of Ballina. The road led in this direction, and so little intercourse had the shore folk with the interior, that it was with difficulty any one could be found to act as a guide thither. At last an old fellow was discovered, who used to travel these mountains formerly with smuggled tobacco and tea; and although, from the discontinuance of the smuggling trade, and increased age, he had for some years abandoned the line of business, a liberal offer of pay-

ment induced him to accompany me as guide.

It was not without great misgivings that I looked at the very old, and almost decrepit creature, who was to be my companion through a solitary mountain region.

The few stairs he had to mount in the little inn where I put up seemed a sore trial to his strength and chest; but he assured me that once out of the smoke of the town, and with his foot on the "short grass of the sheep-patch," he'd be like a four-year-old; and his neighbour having corroborated the assertion, I was fain to believe him.

Determined, however, to make his excursion subservient to profit in his old vocation, he provided himself with some pounds of tobacco and a little parcel of silk handkerchiefs, to dispose of amongst the country people, with which, and a little bag of meal slung at his back, and a walking-stick in his

hand, he presented himself at my door just as day was breaking.

"We'll have a wet day I fear, Jerry," said I, looking out.

"Not a bit of it," replied he. "'Tis the spring tides makes it cloudy there beyant; but when the sun gets up it will be a fine mornin'; but I'm thinkin' ye'r strange in them parts;" and this he said with a keen, sharp glance under his eyes.

"Donegal is new to me, I confess," said I, guardedly.

"Yes, and the rest of Ireland, too," said he, with a roguish leer. "But come along, we've a good step before us;" and with these words he led the way down the stairs, holding the balustrade as he went, and exhibiting every sign of age and weakness. Once in the street, however, he stepped out more freely, and before we got clear of the town, walked at a fair pace, and, to all seeming, with perfect ease.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE task of filial duty, undertaken by Mr. Cuthbert Southey, has been completed. The last, being the sixth volume, lies before us; and we can truly say that the duty of arrangement and compilation has been well performed, and the whole life of his distinguished father exhibited with a fullness, and a veracious lucidity, which leaves nothing to be desired.

Had he aimed at more, he might have accomplished less. He could not enter fully into critical dissertations upon the numerous works of his beloved parent, without extending the biography to an inconvenient length; and, possibly, he is not the person best fitted for bestowing upon them a closely critical and impartial examination. That belongs to those who view them not through the medium of so tender a relationship, and cannot be influenced by the endearing ties which bound, as it were, into a common identity, such a father and such a son.

Perhaps we may not weary our readers if we indulge ourselves in a retrospect of some of the poems, which,

when they first appeared, were dealt with harshly and ungenerously by hostile critics, while they well pleased our youthful fancy, and are remembered with pleasure after many years.

"Madoc" was written in very early youth. It was in progress of composition long before the publication of "Thalaba." It is founded upon a portion of Welch history; time, the twelfth century. At the death of Owen Gwyneth his sons dispute the succession. David, the eldest son by a second wife, succeeds by the deposition and death of Hoel, who was illegitimate, in establishing himself as *de facto* sovereign; and, by persecution, banishment, and death, seeks to rid himself of all more legitimate claimants. Madoc, heart-sick from the miseries of his country, gathers a band of devoted followers, and sails with them "to the west, in search of some better resting-place." Having found, in America, a region with which he was well pleased, and having settled some of his people there, he returned with the remainder to bring out a fresh

supply of colonists. The poem opens with his return; and its commencement, although picturesque and simple, is, we think, injudiciously interlarded with a variety of very unpronounceable Welch names; which, although acceptable enough to those who may be "to the manner born," cause the rhythm to halt in the mouths of English readers. But whenever Southey had to touch the secret springs of human tenderness, he always did it with a master-hand.

He is seen, just after his landing, by his old foster-father, Urien, who greets him with an impassioned wel-

come, and informs him of the tyranny of David, who is just about to marry an English princess, to the great disgust of all true Welchmen, and is cruelly persecuting his brethren. Madoc asks for his sister Goervyl, and is told that she is pining in solitude, longing for and yet despairing of his return. He desires immediately to see her, but the old man fears the sudden shock, and proposes to prepare her gradually for his presence, lest the unexpected apparition of her long lost brother should overpower her. The interview and its antecedents are thus described:—

"So Urien sought Goervyl, whom he found
Alone, and gazing on the moonlit sea.
'Oh you are welcome, Urien!' cried the maid.
'There was a ship came sailing hitherward—
I could not see his banner, for the night
Closed in so fast around her; but my heart
Indulged a foolish hope!"

"The old man replied,
With difficult effort keeping down his heart,
'God, in his goodness, may reserve for us
That blessing yet; I have yet life enow
To trust that I shall live to see the day,
Albeit the number of my years well-nigh
Be full.'

"'Ill judging kindness!" said the maid,
'Have I not nursed, for two long wretched years,
That miserable hope, that every day
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,
Yet dearer for its weakness, day by day?
No more shall we see his daring bark;
I knew and felt it in the evil hour,
When forth she fared! I felt it—his last kiss
Was our death parting!"

"And she paused to curb
The agony: anon—"But thou hast been
To learn their tidings, Urien?" He replied,
In half-articulate voice—"They said, my child,
That Madoc lived—that he would soon be here.'
She had received the shock of happiness;
'Urien!' she cried,—'thou art not mocking me!'
Nothing the old man spake, but spread his arms,
Sobbing aloud. Goervyl from their hold
Started, and sunk upon her brother's breast."

In narrating, at his brother's festal board, the motives for his voyage, he is led to mention the fact, that, upon the field of battle where Hoel was slain, and whither he had hastened in the hope of preventing the conflict, but came too late, he met a man, who, seeing that he was a stranger, invited him to the hospitality of his humble dwelling. An old, blind man was its only other inmate. He was the son of

the prince who had preceded Owen upon the Welch throne, but was defrauded of his inheritance and deprived of sight by his uncle, David, Madoc's father. Years had reconciled him to his unhappy lot, and extinguished in his heart all resentment against the cruel author of his wrongs. From some conversation which took place between the guest and his companion, he gathers who Madoc is, and the following

picture of him, as he sits in the sun,
and blesses the offspring of his so bar-

barous tormentor, is very touching and
truthful :—

“ But anon,
The old man's voice and step awakened us,
Each from his thought ; I shall come out, said he,
That I may sit beside the brook, and feel
The comfortable sun. As he came forth,
I could not choose but look upon his face :
Gently on him had gentle nature laid
The weight of years ! all passions that disturb
Were passed away ; the stronger lines of grief
Softened and settled, till they told of grief
By patient hope and piety subdued.
His eyes, which had their hue of brightness left,
Fixed lifelessly, or objectless they rolled,
Nor moved by sense, nor animate with thought.
On a smooth stone, beside the stream, he took
His wonted seat in sunshine. Thou hast lost
A brother, prince, he cried, . . . or the dim ear
Of age deceived me. Peace be with his soul !
And may the curse that lies upon the house
Of Owen turn away ! Wilt thou come hither,
And let me feel thy face ? . . . I wondered at him ;
Yet while his hand pursued my lineaments,
Deep awe and reverence filled me. O my God,
Bless this young man ! he cried ; a perilous state
Is his ; . . . but let not thou his father's sin
Be visited on him !

“ I raised my eyes,
Inquiring, to Cadwallon. Nay, young prince,
Despise not thou the blind man's prayer ! he cried ;
It might have given thy father's dying hour
A hope, that sure he needed. . . . for, know thou,
It is the victim of thy father's crime
Who asks a blessing on thee !”

In these touches of nature Southey excelled. He makes us discover hidden wells of feeling, of which the possessors were altogether unconscious ; veins of precious ore which had lain concealed, and which, by a magic touch of his pen, as though of a divining rod, he reveals, and reveals only to purify, not to make sentiment war against morality, as was too often the case with some of his contemporaries ; but that they might become the true riches, and teach us to cherish in our heart of hearts love to God and love to man.

Through the whole of this original poem the reader, whose temperament is poetical, will proceed as over a moonlit sea. Madoc, its hero, is a grave and gentle personage, inclined to peace rather than war, but brave withal ; and “ when the blast of war blows in his ear,” prepared to meet its most startling emergencies. The characters of the Welch are well brought out ; intensely national, ardent, and choleric ; fust in their friendship, fierce and stern in their hate ;

and the Indians of the newly-discovered world—the red men—are presented in their individuality with a vivid distinctness, which would make the reader almost suppose that he drew not from imagination but from reality, and that they and the poet had been personally acquainted.

The voyage out, although not handled as Byron would have handled it, whose words of fire would have quelled the mutineers, when despair began to supervene upon the hopes which had at first sustained them, and who would have been a laughing demon in the storm, is yet characteristic of the prince by whom it is narrated, and told with the feeling of one whose present hopes or fears were in abeyance to the earnestness with which he looked forward to his ulterior objects. The following words are truly descriptive of the sensations of one for the first time traversing the deep profound, without land-marks to tell of his progress, and unknowing of the immensity by which he is surrounded :—

" Day after day,
 Before the steady gale, we drove along . . .
 Day after day ! The fourth week now had past,
 Still all around was sea—the eternal sea !
 So long that we had voyaged on so fast,
 And still at morning where we were at night,
 And where we were at morn, at nightfall still,
 The centre of a drear circumference,
 Progressive, yet no change ! almost, it seemed,
*As if we passed the mortal bounds of space,
 And speed was toiling in infinity.*"

When the mutinous crew will no longer be kept from their purpose of attempting a return home, a storm comes to his aid. It is well described:—

" As he spoke, I saw
 The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep,
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea ;
 The reef points rattled on the shivering sail ;
 At fits the sudden gust howled ominous ;
 Anon, with unrelenting fury raged ;
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
 Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes !
 Vain all their skill ! . . . We drove before the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not ; to look round, and only see
 The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
 Of lurching waters, o'er the reeling bark—
 O God ! this is, indeed, a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner."

Nor in the following graphic touch, the elements, is there less truth to nature in which he describes the clearing of:—

" Three dreadful nights and days we drove along ;
 The fourth, *the welcome rain came rattling down,*
 The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
Appeared the bright, dilating blue of heaven."

The temper of the hero prince, which was characterized by a subdued sadness, gives a grave, autumnal character to the poem, very different, indeed, from the spirit-stirring incidents in "Joan of Arc," or the "wild and wondrous" imaginings in "Thalaba;" but not less congenial with the object in hand, which was, to describe the contest between fiendish hate, envenomed

by deadly superstition, and a religion of truth, of mercy, and of love.

Into the details we cannot further enter ; but the following description of a single combat, between Madoc, chained to the stone of sacrifice, and Ocelopan, one of the two Indians by whom he had been captured, and who claims the privilege of offering up the victim, is very vigorous and striking:—

" And now opposed

In battle, on the stone of sacrifice,
 Prince Madoc and the Life Destroyer stood.
 This, clad in arms complete, free to advance
 In quick assault, or shun the threatened blow—

Wielding his wonted sword : the other, stript,
 Save of that fragile shield, of all defence—
 His weapon strange and cumbrous—and pinned down,
 Disabled from all onset, all retreat.
 With looks of greedy joy, Ocelopan
 Surveyed his foe, and wondered to behold
 The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs
 Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,
 Dwelt on his foe ; his countenance was calm,
 Something more pale than wonted—like a man
 Prepared to meet his death. The Azteca
 Fiercely began the fight. Now here, now there,
 Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheeled
 The rapid sword. Still Madoc's rapid eye
 Pursued the motion ; and his ready shield,
 In prompt interposition, caught the blow,
 Or turned the edge aside. Nor did the prince
 Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth,
 Another shield to save him, till his hand,
 Familiar with its weight, and shape unopoth,
 Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus stood he,
 Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
 Waxed wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes,
 Reiterate so oft, his bootless strength.
 And now yet more exasperate he grew ;
 For, from the eager multitude was heard,
 Amid the din of undistinguished sounds,
 The Tyger's murmured name, as though they thought
 Had he been on the stone, ere this, be sure,
 The gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
 Now all too long delayed. Then fiercelier,
 And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword ;
 But still the wary prince or met its fall,
 And broke the force, or bent him from the blow.
 And now retiring, and advancing now,
 As one free foot permitted, still provoked,
 And baffled still the savage ; and sometimes,
 With cautious strength, did Madoc aim attack,
 Mastering each moment now with abler sway
 The acquainted sword. But though, as yet unharmed
 In life or limb, more perilous the strife
 Grew momentarily ; for, with repeated strokes,
 Battered and broken now, the shield hung loose ;
 And shouts of triumph from the multitude
 Arose, as, piecemeal, they beheld it fall,
 And saw the prince exposed.

"That welcome sight,
 Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocelopan ;
 He felt each limb new strung. Impatient now
 Of conquest long delayed, with wilder rage
 He drives the weapon. Madoc's lifted sword
 Received its edge, and shivered with the blow.
 A shriek of transport burst from all around ;
 For, lo ! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
 Naked before his foe ! That savage foe,
 Dallying with the delight of victory,
 Drew back a moment to enjoy the sight,
 Then yelled in triumph, and sprang on to give
 The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
 The coming death : he darted up his hand,
 Instinctively, to save, and caught the wrist
 In its mid fall, and drove, with desperate force,
 The splintered truncheon of his broken sword
 Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
 It broke its way, and, where the nasal nerves
 Branch in fine fibrils o'er their mazy seat,
 Burst through, and, slanting upward, in the brain
 Buried its jagged point."

The following is his own estimate of this poem, in which the reader will see that the fondness of the father did not blind him to the defects of his child:—

"Thalaba is faulty in its language. Madoc is not. I am become what they call a Puritan in Portugal, with respect to language, and I dare assert, that there is not a single instance of illegitimate English in the whole poem. The faults are in the management of the story and the conclusion, where the interest is injudiciously transferred from Madoc to Yuhidhithon; it is also another fault, to have rendered *accidents* subservient to the catastrophe. You will see this very accurately stated in the Annual Review: the remark is new, and of exceeding great value. I acknowledge no fault in the execution of any magnitude, except the struggle of the woman with Amalahta, which is all clumsily done, and must be rewritten. Those faults which are inherent in and inseparable from the story, as they could not be helped, so are they to be considered as defects or *wants* rather than faults. I mean the division of the poem into two separate stories and scenes, and the inferior interest of the voyage, though a thing of such consequence. But as for unwarrantable liberties of language—there is not a solitary sin of the kind in the whole 9,000 lines. Let me be understood: I call it an unwarrantable liberty to use a verb dependent, for instance, actively, or to form any compound contrary to the strict analogy of the language—such as *tameless* in Thalaba, applied to the tigress. I do not recollect any coinage in Madoc except the word *decide*; and that such a word exists I have no doubt, though I cannot lay my finger upon any authority, for depend upon it the Jews have been called so a thousand times. That word is unobjectionable. It is in strict analogy—its meaning is immediately obvious, and no other word could have expressed the same meaning. Archaisms are faulty if they are too obsolete. *There's* is the only one I recollect; that also has a peculiar meaning, for which there is no equivalent word. But, in short, so very laboriously was Madoc rewritten and corrected, time after time, that I will pledge myself, if you ask me in any instance why one word stands in the place of another which you, perhaps, may think the better one, to give you a reason (most probably, *euphonia gratiâ*), which will convince you that I had previously weighed both in the balance."

In him, the fancy and the imagination were fully ripe before the judgment was mature, and hence his brilliant success in those picturesque and

flighty originalities which stamp their impress upon "*Thelaba*," and occasionally characterise "*Joan of Arc*" with such graphic vigour. But he had been pelted pitilessly by malignant criticism, which, as one *who wrote for his daily bread*, he could not afford altogether to despise; and "*Madoc*," which was long in gestation, was written, we believe, under the depressing influences of a sense of cruelty and injustice. Hence, while every word was scrupulously weighed, the reader will sometimes feel that it lacks the noble daring which impelled him on other occasions to snatch at graces "beyond the reach of art," while there is not that mastery over the subject, in its details and conduct, which would compensate for the absence of more poetical adornments.

Not so in "*Roderick*," his greatest poem. There he was in the full maturity of all his powers, and has, accordingly, left behind him a product of his genius, which will ever hold a foremost place amongst the highest efforts of the epic muse.

Of this great poem Lord Byron was a passionate admirer. His estimate of it was what Southey himself thought extravagantly high; but, while we could easily point, in other writers, to many passages of finer poetry, we know not that, taken as a whole, we have ever met with a finer poem.

In this the design is finely conceived, and the details and the execution are all perfect. The principal character is strikingly original, and handled with consummate skill. Most of our readers are, we presume, familiar with the story. Roderic has fallen from power, and feels that his own sins have entailed on him this punishment. The violation of Count Julian's daughter had provoked that chieftain to desert the royal standard, abjure the Christian religion, and aid the Moors in their invasion of Spain. The royal forces meet them in battle, and suffer a decisive overthrow, and Roderic feels himself the criminal who has brought upon his wretched country all the evils under which she groaned. Death—a soldier's death—with desperation sought, is not granted to him:—

"The arrows past him by to right and left;
The spear point pierced him not; the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. 'Is the shield of heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me?"

Cried Roderic, and he dropped Orelia's reins,
 And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer.
 'Death is the only mercy that I crave—
 Death soon and short—death and forgetfulness !'
 Aloud he cried. But in his inmost heart
 There answered him a secret voice, that spoke
 Of righteousness and judgment after death,
 And God's redeeming love, which fain would save
 The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
 And yet 'twas hope—a momentary light,
 That flashed through utter darkness on the cross,
 To point salvation ; then left all within
 Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
 Sudden and irresistible as stroke
 Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
 Whether with human impulse, or by heaven
 Struck down, he knew not ; loosened from his wrist
 The sword-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
 Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
 Glued there with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
 His horned helmet, and enamelled mail,
 He cast aside, and taking from the dead
 A peasant's garment, in those weeds envolved,
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field."

The fallen king is plunged into a remorseful penitence that borders on despair. He is found prostrate before a crucifix, by a good monk, the last of his order in the occupancy of his convent, where he remains, after all his brethren have fled, to await the coming of the triumphant Moors, and receive at their hands his martyr's crown. Roderic's condition earnestly engages his Christian solicitude, and he feels that, while such a penitent is to be instructed and edified, his duties on earth are not performed. Under his fostering care the babe in Christ grows to be the strong man, prepared to endure and to perform all that becomes a soldier of the cross ; and he loses his spiritual instructor just at that period when a longer term of tutelage might have suspended his power of self-direction. He is then left alone in utter, utter solitude, which presses upon his energetic spirit with a weight all but insupportable, when a new character is introduced upon the stage, Adosinda, a sort of Spanish personation of Joan of Arc, who, having witnessed the woes and the miseries perpetrated by the unbelievers, feels herself a commissioned minister of heaven in stirring up against them everywhere the hostility of her countrymen, and thus accomplishing a righteous vengeance. In the then state of Roderic's mind, her presence and her exhortations are like those of a messenger from on high. He listens to her recitals with a speechless horror, and drinks in her words as though

they were the words of inspiration. Under her influence all his fruitless thoughts and aimless energies find an appropriate object, namely, the utter extirpation of the Moors from Spain. He, the destroyer of his country, is thus to become its saviour ; and that, not, having triumphed as a conqueror, that he should again resume the reins of empire—all desire of worldly grandeur is cast away—but that, as a cowed and penitent monk, he should select, and promote to the royal office, the worthiest of the Spaniards ;—if happily, through labours, and perils, and sufferings, he might again arouse the spirit of his countrymen, and fire them to another effort for the extirpation of the accursed invaders. The various incidents connected with this mission constitute the business of the poem ; and Southey has not shrunk from exhibiting his hero under trials which would have taxed the very highest powers.

The reader will perceive, from what has been said, that the poet has not contented himself with merely depicting character ; he has shewn us how it grew. Had any one incident in the series anticipated another, there would have been an interruption in the process by which Roderic was gradually raised from despair to penitence, from penitence to hope. Had Adosinda come upon him before the monk had done his work, her fiery eloquence would have flashed upon the raging and dis-tempered elements within him, and madness have been the result. The

tutelage of Romano was absolutely necessary to prepare him for the electric spark which was to fuse into one energetic principle of action, the heroism of the warrior, the devotedness of the patriot, the penitence of the converted sinner, and the sublime faith of the Christian. And so, throughout the entire poem, every incident and character are described and brought forward, just when most required, and when no other could have been so happily conducive to the *denouement* of the story in all its parts; Roderic's self-

controul, and utter abnegation of all earthly desires, keeping pace with the progress which he was making in the arrangements and contrivances for his country's deliverance.

We should not omit to state, that, before Roderic leaves his solitude, he is visited, in his dreams, by a vision of his mother, very finely conceived, and executed in Southey's happiest manner, which is admirably fitted to prepare him for the subsequent interview with Adosinda, upon which so much depended :—

“ He had prayed to hear
A voice of consolation, and in dreams a voice
Of consolation came. Roderic, it said,
Roderic, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,
Jesus have mercy on thee! Not if Heaven
Had opened, and Romano visible
In his beatitude had breathed that prayer;
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With such compunctious visitings, nor given
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish grief,
Counselled, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth, and, lo! his mother stood
Before him in the vision, in those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She followed her dear Lord Thesdofred,
Rnsilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespeaks a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe.”

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“ In his dream,
Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
A Benediction on him. But those hands
Were chained, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderic's arm
Is withered. Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
And thou, Pelayo, thou, our surest hope,
Dost thou, too, sleep? Awake, Pelayo, up!
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer? But with that
She broke her bonds, and, lo! her form was changed!
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody cross
Gleamed on her breast-plate, in her shield displayed
Erect a Lion ramped; her helmed head
Rose like the Beresynthia Goddess, crowned
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword,
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp
Of horsemen and the din of multitudes,
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War cries and tumult, strife, and hate, and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout, and pursuit, and death, and, over all,
The shout of victory—Spain and victory!
Roderic, as the strong vision mastered him,

Rushed to the fight rejoicing—starting then,
 As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
He found himself upon that lonely grave,
In moon-light, and in silence. But the dream
 Wrought in him still : for still he felt his heart
 Pant, and his withered arm was trembling still,
 And still that voice was in his ear which called
 On Jesus for his sake."

To many of our readers these extracts will be new, and to few will they be unwelcome, as specimens of poetic power, if not of the very highest order, at least of an order very high, and deserving of a far different reception from that which they received from the reigning critics when they first appeared. The object of these autocrats was to magnify themselves at the expense of the author ; to appear *above* the subject of their criticism, and avail themselves of any errors or blemishes, "*quas aut incuria fudit, aut parum cavit humana natura,*" to make him appear to disadvantage. In this they but too well succeeded. The jeering acerbity of their tone met a too ready response on the part of many upon whom their plausibility imposed ; and the reputation of the poet was damaged precisely at that time when it was most important to his fortunes that his merits should be known, and when, by a criticism just and generous, a sale of his works might have been caused, which would have set him early at ease with the world. And when we consider his life of drudgery, the willingness with which he laboured for bread, and the eagerness with which he struggled for fame, it is, surely, to be lamented that he should have been prevented, by the "*res angusta domi,*" from the completion of his great intended work, the history of Portugal, to a preparation, for which, from his earlier days, every spare moment of his life had been devoted.

As a prose writer we think he has had his fame. His style is at once elegant and forcible ; unincumbered by pedantry, untainted by affectation, —for, the whimsical peculiarities in which, in "*the Doctor,*" and in various of his epistolary effusions, he indulged, were nothing more than the musings, or the ramblings of a mind set free from all restraint, and finding recreation in a sportiveness which indicated, at the same time, its rich and varied treasures, and the innocent hilarity of his nature. His life of Nelson will be treasured, while our lan-

guage lasts, as a model of biography ; and his history of the Peninsular War, while we cannot put it upon the same level with that of the great military historian, General Napier, whose battles are pictures, and whose magical pen gives to the movements of the contending armies all the vividness of reality ; for copiousness of detail, felicity of narration, and a generous disposition to do justice to the Spaniards, which, undoubtedly, we desiderate in the General, will always command a respectful attention. Indeed those who read the former, should also read the latter, if it were only to correct the bias in favour of the atrocious invaders, in the General's work so undisguisedly manifest, and qualify the aspersions so recklessly cast upon the gallant, but undisciplined and ill-officered Spanish armies, who, contemptible as they may have been as a military force, should always command our respect as an heroic people.

Of his history of Brazil, upon the eve of the publication of the third volume, he thus writes to his friend, Chauncey Townshend, as to its probable reception and ultimate triumph, neither underrating the coldness of the one, nor, as we are well persuaded, over-magnifying the other :—

" The third and last volume of my *Opus Majus* will be published in two or three weeks ; they are printing the index. What effect will it produce ? It may tend to sober the anticipations of a young author to hear the faithful anticipations of an experienced one. None that will be heard of. It will move quietly from the publishers to a certain number of reading societies, and a certain number of private libraries ; enough between them to pay the expenses of the publication. Some twenty persons in England, and some half dozen in Portugal and Brazil will peruse it with avidity and delight. Some fifty, perhaps, will buy the book because of the subject, and ask one another if they have had time to look into it. A few of those who know me and love me will wish that I had employed the time which it has cost in writing poems ; and some of those who do not know me, will marvel that in the ripe season of my mind, and in the summer of reputation,

I should have bestowed so large a portion of life upon a work which could not possibly become either popular or profitable. And is this all? No, Chauncey Townsend, it is not all; and I should deal insincerely with you if I did not add, that ages hence it will be found among those works which are not destined to perish; and secure for me a remembrance in other countries as well as in my own; that it will be read in the heart of S. America, and communicate to the Brazilians, when they shall have become a powerful nation, much of their own history which would otherwise have perished; and be to them what the work of Herodotus is to Europe. You will agree with me on one point at least,—that I am in no danger of feeling disappointment. But you will agree also that *no man can deserve or obtain the applause of after ages, if he is too solicitous about that of his own.*

"God bless you!"

"R. S."

It was during a tour in Holland, in 1826, that he was startled by the intelligence that he had been elected member of Parliament for the borough of Doncaster, of which, at that time, Lord Radnor (the father of the present Earl), a nobleman whom he had never seen, was the patron. Admiration of his principles, and a belief that he could make them felt in the House of Commons, was the disinterested nobleman's only object in selecting him for that high honour; but he felt, instantaneously, that his position was such that he could not accept of it, and that his natural disposition, as well as the habits of his whole life, and even the very stores of knowledge which he had accumulated, unfitted him for acting a useful or distinguished part in an assembly where readiness and fluency of speech are indispensable pre-requisites for success, and pass for so much more than justness of thought or ripeness of wisdom. The following is the letter in which this very gratifying offer was declined:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I heard accidentally at Brussels that I had been returned for the borough of Donaton, and on my arrival here, on Wednesday last, I found a letter, announcing, in the most gratifying and honourable manner, that this distinction had been conferred upon me, through the influence of the writer, whose name had not been affixed; had that, however, been doubtful, the writing was recognised by my old and intimate friend Mr. John May.

"Our first impulses, in matters which involve any question of moral importance, are,

I believe, usually right. Three days allowed for mature consideration have confirmed me in mine. A seat in Parliament is neither consistent with my circumstances, inclinations, habits, or pursuits in life. The return is null, because I hold a pension of £200 a-year during pleasure. And if there were not this obstacle, there would be the want of a qualification. That pension is my only certain income; and the words of the oath (which I have looked at) are too unequivocal for me to take them upon such grounds as are sometimes supplied for such occasions.

"For these reasons, which are and must be conclusive, the course is plain. When Parliament meets a new writ must be moved for, the election as relating to myself being null. I must otherwise have applied for the Chiltern Hundreds.

"It is however, no inconsiderable honour to have been so distinguished. This I shall always feel; and if I do not express immediately to your friend my sense of the obligation he has conferred upon me, it is not from any want of thankfulness, but from a doubt how far it might be proper to reply to an unsigned communication. May I therefore request that you will express this thankfulness for me, and say at the same time, that I trust, in my own station, and in the quiet pursuance of my own scheme of life, by God's blessing, to render better service to those institutions, the welfare of which I have at my heart, than it would be possible for me to do in a public assembly."

Sir Robert Inglis took a most active part in endeavouring to remove his scruples, but without any effect. He remained convinced, notwithstanding all that could be said, that his vocation was not a parliamentary life; and he wisely declined a call which, while it would have deranged his literary projects, and disturbed his domestic peace, would have materially diminished his public usefulness.

He had now begun to feel a growing disinclination to poetical composition. The ardour of youth had passed; the power of imagination had subsided; and his success in the sale of his works had not been such as to encourage any factitious devotion to a pursuit which would have required so large a drawback upon his time. Sufficient had been done to secure for him a permanent place amongst the masters of British song; and not only was it his impression that he would do more present good by his prose labours, in which he took increasing delight, but his employment in that line was the only mode by which he could provide for his current expenses.

The severity with which he judged himself, in his poetical compositions, strikingly appears in the following extract from a letter to his friend, Grovesnor Bedford, to whom he had communicated "*Kehama*" in manuscript, while it was in progress. It is in answer to one in which the latter speaks of the passage in the Tenth Canto, commencing—

"They sin who tell us love can die," &c.,

with rapturous admiration:—

"Ah, Grosvenor! the very way in which you admire that passage in *Kehama* convinces me that it ought not to be there. Did I not tell you it was clap-trappish? you are clapping as hard as you can to prove the truth of my opinion. That it grew there naturally is certain, but does it suit with the poem? Is it of a piece or colour with the whole? Is not the poet speaking in himself, whereas the whole character of the poem requires that he should be out of himself! I know very well that three parts of the public will agree with you in calling it the best thing in the poem; but my poem ought to have no things which do not necessarily belong to it. There will be a great deal to do to it, and a good deal is already done in the preceding parts."

The following is both curious and characteristic:—

"Kewick, Jan. 26, 1821.

"MY DEAR GROSVENOR, — Yesterday evening I received '*Roderick, Dernier Roi des Goths, Poème traduit de l'Anglais de Robert Southey, Esq., Poète Laureat, par M. le Chevalier . . .*' Printed at Versailles, and published at Paris by Galignani. It was accompanied by a modest and handsome letter from the translator, M. Chevalier de Sagrie, and by another from Madame St. Anne Holmes, the lady to whom it is dedicated. This lady has formerly favoured me with some letters, and with a tragedy of hers printed at Angers. She is a very clever woman, and writes almost as beautiful a hand as Miss Ponsonby of Llangollen. She is rich, and has lived in high life, and writes a great deal about Sheridan, as having been very intimate with him in his latter years. Me, Mr. Bedford, unworthy as I am, this lady has chosen for her *poète favori*, and by her persuasions the Chevalier has translated *Roderick* into French. This is not all: there is a part of the business which is so truly booksellerish in general, and French in particular, that it would be a sin to withhold it from you, and you shall have it in the very words of my correspondent St. Anne.

"There is one part of the business I cannot pass over in silence: it has shocked me

much, and calls for an apology; which is—The life of Robert Southey, Esq., P.L. It never could have entered my mind to be guilty of, or even to sanction, such an impertinence. But the fact is this, the printer and publisher, Mr. Le Bel, of the Royal Printing-office Press in Versailles (printers, by-the-by, are men of much greater importance here than they are in England), insisted upon having the Life. He said the French know nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the work sell, it must be managed to interest them for the author. To get rid of his importunities we said we were not acquainted with the life of Mr. Southey. Would you believe it? this was verbatim his answer:—"*N'importe! écrivez toujours, brodez! brodez-la un peu, que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien: qui prendra la peine de s'informer?*" Terrified lest this ridiculous man should succeed in his point, I at last yielded, and sent to London to procure *all the Lives*; and from them, and what I had heard from my dear departed friend Richard Brinsley Sheridan, we drew up the memoir."

"Grosvenor, whoever writes my Life, when the subject has an end as well as a beginning, and does not insert this biographical anecdote in it, may certainly expect that I will pull his ears in a true dream, and call him a jackass.

"The Notice sur M. Southey, which has been thus compounded, has scarcely one single point accurately stated, as you may suppose, and not a few which are ridiculously false. *N'importe*, as M. Le Bel says, I have laughed heartily at the whole transaction, and bear the translation with a magnanimity which would excite the astonishment and envy of Wordsworth if he were here to witness it. I have even gone beyond the Quaker principle of bearing injuries meekly, I have written to thank the inflictor. Happily it is in prose, and the Chevalier has intended to be faithful, and has, I believe, actually abstained from any interpolations. But did you ever hear me mention a fact worthy of notice, which I observed myself,—that wherever a breed of peacocks is spoiled by mixture with a white one, birds that escape the degeneracy in every other part of their plumage show it in the *eye* of the feather? the fact is very curious; where the perfection of nature's work is required there it fails. This affords an excellent illustration for the version now before me; every where the eye of the feather is defective. It would be impossible more fully to exemplify how completely a man may understand the general meaning of a passage, and totally miss its peculiar force and character. The name of M. Bedford appears in the *Notice*, with the error that he was one of my *College* friends, and the fact that Joan of Arc was written at his house."

Of the "Vision of Judgment," which called forth such a torrent of

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abuse, the Editor thus discreetly writes:—

"The Editor hopes he will not be thought chargeable with any want of filial respect, if he thinks it right here to express his own regret that such a subject should have been chosen, as, however solemnly treated, it can hardly be said to be clear from the charge of being an injudicious attempt to fathom mysteries too deep for human comprehension; and it must be allowed, that to speculate upon the condition of the departed, especially when under the influence of strong political feelings, is a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking.

"My father adopted, as we have seen, his leading thoughts from Dante's great poem; not reflecting that Dante himself, if it were not for the halo thrown around him by his antiquity and the established fame of his transcendent genius combined, would in these days be very offensive to many sincerely religious minds."

But the parties whose religious feelings might have been offended were not those by whom the outcry was raised. They were, in fact, the most reckless and profligate of the literary community; men whose powers had been prostituted to the vilest of purposes, and whom Southey aptly designated as the Satanic school, and the manufacturers of furniture for the brothel. For once, Satan was divided against himself. These writers suddenly became transformed into saints, and were open-mouthed upon him for his profaneness. In truth, they owed him no obligation, for he had never spared them. In the *Quarterly Review* they had often experienced the severity of his chastisement; and they were but too happy to take advantage of the opening which now presented itself, and to shower upon him their poisoned arrows. His indiscretion availed them not. His life was his protection.

But he had a heavier drawback to contend against than the abuse of the abandoned. The poem was written in hexameters, to which, after much endeavour to like them, we never could be wholly reconciled, and which we conceive to be essentially alien from the genius of our language. Occasional felicities there are, which sometimes present a gleam of hope that, when thoroughly cultivated, they might be naturalised; but read for a continuance, the hope vanishes, and we feel as if the movement of the verse was stilted and unnatural; in fact, the image

which it has ordinarily presented to us is that of an ordinary sized man attempting to walk with the stride of a giant. In the Latin language the words composing the line are comparatively few, owing to the infrequent uses of the auxiliary verb, and to the fact that their casual and verbal significancy is entirely determined by their terminations. This gives a facility to the poet for combining them in metrical harmony, which we do not possess, and renders them "winged words" in a sense very different from that which applies to our own, dependent as they are upon monosyllabic particles for conveying their full meaning. Take, for instance, the following lines. The first is the first line in the "Vision of Judgment;" the second, the first line in the *Eclogues* of Virgil:—

"Twas at that silent hour, when the light of the day was receding."

"Tytyre, tu, patula recubans sub tegmine fagi."

In the first, we have thirteen words employed to make up the same number of feet which, in the second, are completed in seven. Surely every reader must feel the smoothness of the one, and the roughness of the other. In the one case there is heavy motion, which drags along; in the other, easy flight, which scarcely requires effort; and all this arising out of the peculiarities of the respective languages to which we have above alluded.

The following advice to a young author is excellent; and is, indeed, nothing more than an expansion of Horace's pithy rule—

"Rem bene prolebam, verba haud invita sequuntur."

"The rules for composition appear to me very simple; inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated, or, in other words, caught. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins, Sir T. Brown, Gibbon, and Johnson among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson!

For an Englishman there is no single historical work with which it can be so necessary for him to be well and thoroughly acquainted as with Clarendon. I feel at this time perfectly assured that if that book had been put into my hands in youth it would have preserved me from all the political errors which I have outgrown."

But times of trouble were at hand. The state of public affairs was, to a man like Southey, very unsatisfactory. Principles seemed to be gaining an ascendancy, from which he portended much evil. The late Sir Robert Peel had succeeded Lord Sidmouth in the Home-office, and was but a bad substitute for his sound-hearted predecessor, as an antagonist to "the Catholic claims," the concession of which the poet believed to be fraught with great evils. The following summary of his judgment upon that much-vexed question, written in 1823, may now be read with an interest which it could not then claim from the violent but honest partisans of that measure, who believed that his fears were delusions:—

"The arguments lie in a nutshell. The restraints which exclude the Catholics from political power are not the cause of the perpetual disorder in Ireland; their removal, therefore, cannot be the cure. Suppose the question carried, two others grow from it, like two heads from the hydra's neck, when one is amputated:—a Catholic establishment for Ireland, at which Irish Catholics *must* aim, and which those who desire rebellion and separation will promote,—a rebellion must be the sure consequence of agitating this. The people of Ireland care nothing for emancipation,—why should they? but make it a question for restoring the Catholic church, and they will enter into it as zealously as ever our ancestors did into a crusade.

"The other question arises at home, and brings with it worse consequences than anything which can happen among the potatoes. The repeal of the Test Act will be demanded, and must be granted. Immediately the Dissenters will get into the corporations everywhere. *Their* members will be returned; men as hostile to the Church and to the monarchy as ever were the Puritans of Charles's age. The church property will be attacked in Parliament, as it is now at mob-meetings, and in radical newspapers; reform in Parliament will be carried; and then farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness.

"Our constitution consists of Church and State, and it is an absurdity in politics to give those persons power in the *State*, whose duty it is to subvert the *Church*. This argument is unanswerable. I am in good hopes that my Book of the Church will do yeoman's service upon the question. God bless you!

"R. S."

The concession of emancipation, which struck at the principle of a Church Establishment, was soon followed by the reform in parliament,

which struck at the pillars of the State. The whole body of society was disordered; "the whole head was sick, and the whole heart was faint." It is not our business to enter into these matters at present, further than to say, that this state of public affairs greatly interfered with the profits of literary men. For writings of a stimulating character, which grappled with the agitating topics of the day, there was, indeed, too much demand. But for those refined productions, which are addressed to the higher part of our nature, and aim at the ennobling and purifying of our common humanity, the demand had sunk very low; and Southey would have actually starved, had he been dependent for support upon the profits of his best productions—those which ensure for him lasting fame. We extract the following from a letter to his friend and relative, John May, written in the February of 1832:—

"No man can care much about public affairs when his own troubles are pressing heavily upon his heart and mind. But I greatly fear that the time is hastening on when public concerns will affect the vital interests of every individual. Wordsworth is made positively unhappy by this thought. I should be so, if my mind were not constantly occupied, for I see most surely that nothing but the special mercy of Providence can save us from a revolution; and I feel also that we have much more reason to fear the Almighty's justice, than to rely upon his mercy, in this case; yet I rely upon it, and keep my heart firm in that reliance."

The following incident is of historical value, and if true, which we cannot doubt, proves that the ordinances of Charles the Tenth were rather the occasion than the cause of the French Revolution of 1830:—

"A curious circumstance has come to my knowledge, showing that the Liberals were ready to strike a blow before the Ordinances gave a good colour to their cause. A Frenchman employed in Child's banking-house in their foreign correspondence, at £170 a year, asked leave (before the Ordinances were fixed) to go to Paris, and was refused: he said he *must* go; they said, if so, they must fill up his place. He then told them that he was one of the national guard; that he was bound, as such, by a secret oath to repair to Paris whenever he might be summoned, and wherever he might be, disregarding all other objects; the summons had reached him, and go he must. He went accordingly, and would arrive just in time for the struggle."

With diminished means, and increasing necessity for mental labour, domestic calamity now fell heavily upon him. His wife, the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows for nearly forty years, over-wrought by the anxieties incident to her position, became deranged. How one of his domestic heart and poetic sensibility must have felt this, the reader may conceive; but not the less did he manfully address himself to every duty which he could be expected to perform, until it was determined that her removal to York Lunatic Asylum was absolutely necessary to afford to the invalid a chance of restoration. Here she remained for some time, and so far improved as to warrant her re-conveyance home, where nothing which a wise affection could suggest was left untried to comfort or relieve her; but reason never resumed its sway; and, to the survivors, the bitterness of death was past before the summons came which called her to a better world.

It was during this season of severe suffering that a gleam of royal sunshine was cast upon the Laureat, by which, for a moment, his heart was revived. It was during the late Sir Robert Peel's short ministry in 1835, and is best explained in the right hon. baronet's own words:—

"Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq."

"Whitehall Gardens, Feb. 1, 1835."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have offered a recommendation to the King (the first of the kind which I have offered), which, although it concerns you personally, concerns also high public interests, so important as to dispense with the necessity on my part of that previous reference to individual feelings and wishes, which, in an ordinary case, I should have been bound to make. I have advised the King to adorn the distinction of Baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honour which literature alone can never confer.

"The King has most cordially approved of my proposal to his Majesty; and I do hope that, however indifferent you may be personally to a compliment of this kind, however trifling it is when compared with the real titles to fame which you have established; I do hope that you will permit a mark of royal favour to be conferred in your person upon the illustrious community of which you are the head.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, with the sincerest esteem,

"Most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"This was accompanied with another letter marked *private*.

"Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq."

"Whitehall, Feb. 1, 1835."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure when there can be no doubt as to the purity of the motive and intention, there can be no reason for seeking indirect channels of communication in preference to direct ones. Will you tell me, without reserve, whether the possession of power puts within my reach the means of doing anything which can be serviceable or acceptable to you; and whether you will allow me to find some compensation for the many heavy sacrifices which office imposes upon me in the opportunity of marking my gratitude as a public man, for the eminent services you have rendered, not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion?

"I write hastily, and perhaps abruptly, but I write to one to whom I feel it would be almost unbecoming to address elaborate and ceremonious expressions, and who will prefer to receive the declaration of friendly intentions in the simplest language.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, with true respect,

"Most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"P.S.—I believe your daughter is married to a clergyman of great worth, and, perhaps, I cannot more effectually promote the object of this letter than by attempting to improve his professional situation. You cannot gratify me more than by writing to me with the same unreserve with which I have written to you."

Nothing could be more handsome. The poet's reply was full of gratitude; but he did not hesitate one moment in declining a dignity which his means did not enable him adequately to sustain. When his reply was finished, he called his son, the present editor, into his study, and read it for him. *He* thus writes:—

"Young as I then was, I could not, without tears, hear him read, with his deep and faltering voice, his wise refusal and touching expression of those feelings and fears he had never before given utterance to, to any of his own family. And if any feelings of regret occasionally come over my mind that he did not accept the proffered honour, which, so acquired and so conferred, any man might justly be proud to have inherited, the remembrance at what a time and under what circumstances it was offered, and the feeling what a mockery honours of that kind would have been to a family so afflicted, and, I may add, how unsuitable they would be to my own position and very straitened means, make me quickly feel how justly he judged, and how prudently he acted."

But Sir Robert's kindness did not end here. The letter declining the baronetcy was received by him on the 4th of February, and the following, bearing date the 4th of April, was received by the poet in reply :—

"Sir Robert Peel to R. Southey, Esq.

"Whitehall, April 4, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have resolved to apply the miserable pittance at the disposal of the Crown, on the Civil List Pension Fund, altogether to the reward and encouragement of literary exertions. I do this on public grounds; and much more with the view of establishing a principle, than in the hope, with such limited means, of being enabled to confer any benefit upon those whom I shall name to the Crown—worthy of the Crown, or commensurate with their claims.

"I have just had the satisfaction of attaching my name to a warrant which will add £300 annually to the amount of your existing pension. You will see in the position of public affairs a sufficient reason for my having done this without delay, and without previous communication with you."

We think this whole transaction highly creditable to the late Sir Robert; and feel a gratification in thus putting it on record, corresponding to the pain we felt in our strictures upon him in a former number. The truth is, he was a good-hearted man, but utterly unfit, from constitution and temperament, for the responsible position in which he was placed, and in which he had no principle to sustain him. But he is now gone to his account; and we trust that when his errors as a politician are forgotten, his good deeds will be remembered.

Southey now felt, for the first time in his life, at his ease in the world. But, alas! the seat of life had been undermined, and the gleam of prosperity which fell upon him was like sunshine on a blighted tree. His long and anxious attendance upon his wife had now begun to tell upon him. While she lived, and as long as a necessity for exertion was felt, he was sustained by a sense of duty and affection. But, when all was over, the reaction was very great, and all who saw him felt that he was an altered man.

His children were now, one by one, becoming settled in the world; and it is not strange that he should think of a second marriage as a solace for his bereavement, especially when he found

in Miss Bowles a lady of high genius, of a suitable age, and with opinions in all things corresponding to his own. His son is delicately, and, we are persuaded, judiciously abstemious of any observation upon his union, which soon followed, with that accomplished lady, and we shall follow his example.

His second marriage took place on the 5th of June, 1839, and a friend who saw him in London that same year thus writes :—

"I have just come from a visit which affected me deeply. . . . It was to Southey, who arrived in town to-day from Hampshire with his wife. . . . He is (I fear) much altered. The animation and peculiar clearness of his mind quite gone, except a gleam or two now and then. What he said was much in the spirit of his former mind, as far as the matter and meaning went, but the tone of strength and elasticity was wanting. The appearance was that of a placid languor, sometimes approaching to torpor, but not otherwise than cheerful. He is thin and shrunk in person, and that extraordinary face of his has no longer the fire and strength it used to have, though the singular cast of the features and the habitual expressions make it still a most remarkable phenomenon. Upon the whole I came away with a troubled heart."

A softening of the brain, which gradually progressed until a total insensibility supervened, soon put an end to all hope, "and," in the words of his affectionate biographer, "after a short attack of fever, the scene closed on the 21st of March, 1843, and a second time had we cause to feel deeply thankful when the change from life to death, or more truly speaking, from death to life took place."

Our task is done. The reader who has followed us through these brief and hurried notices, will not need our estimate of the merits and services of this extraordinary man, whose reputation will grow even as that of more popular writers will decline, and whose comparative neglect by his cotemporaries will be richly repaid by the praises of an admiring posterity.

He and Wordsworth have been constantly classed together: but, except in the general purity of their sentiments, the moral ends at which they aimed, and their determination not to be fettered by vulgar conventionalities, they were probably more unlike than any two other men. The one lived in abstraction, and "was of imagination

all compact," brooding over the mysteries of our being until thought was enkindled into inspiration; the other shed a rain-bow radiance over ordinary life, taking man, as he is, with his good and his evil, eliminating the pure gold from the dross, vindicating the Providence by which we are placed in this state of trial, looking habitually to a world beyond the grave, and furnishing the motive and suggesting the means by which we might arrive at a happy immortality. If Wordsworth's was a life of more exalted, Southey's was one of more strenuous virtue. Upon all important subjects there was an almost identity of opinion between them. No little jealousies ever disturbed their perfect friendship, or

marred for a moment that ennobling sympathy which made them regard as a common property their common fame. In rising above the mists of faction and prejudice, both had to experience the same obstructions, and to both it was given to survive the efforts of cankered criticism and party spite, until they saw the effects of their writings upon the literature of their age, and felt, in the growing admiration which they experienced in their maturer years, an abundant compensation for their early trials, and a foretaste of those future honours which will gather around their monuments when the names of their defamers shall have been consigned to a cold oblivion.

DAIMONIC POSSESSION, ORACLES, AND MEDICAL TRAUMATURGY IN INDIA.*

AN Essay entitled *Bhut Nibandh*, or "The Destroyer of Superstitions regarding *Daimons*," was written last year, in the Guzerattee language, by Triwadi Dulpuram Daya, a Shrimali Brahmin of Jalawar, and obtained the prize of the Guzerat Vernacular Society for 1849. An English translation of this work, from the pen of Mr. Alexander Kinloch Forbes, of the Bombay Civil Service, which faithfully preserves all the simplicity of the original, has since been published at the "Bombay Gazette" Press, and is probably in the hands of many of our Indian readers. It enters into very curious details regarding daimonology and popular superstitions among the Hindoos of Guzerat; and this subject, however apparently insignificant and undeserving of attention it may seem to those who merely skim the surface of things, or read only for amusement, will, by more thoughtful minds, be admitted to be one of very deep importance. Every additional fact that can be obtained on the subject of daimonology, —not that daimonology which has become a mere poetical machinery, to

complicate the mystery and enhance the horrors of the old romance, or to add the zest of a pleasing terror to the tale which charms the winter fireside, but that which is recorded or witnessed as operating upon the belief and actions of living men, and affecting the current of actual life,—is an addition to the stores of our knowledge on one of the most obscure and profound problems which has presented itself for solution to the human mind. To those who may not at once look into the deep heart of things, and see at a glance the manifold connexions which link daimonological phenomena and theories with many of the highest intellectual, the deepest spiritual, the sternest practical questions which man has to encounter, and, if he can, to unravel, in his painful pilgrimage through time, we shall here suggest a few of the aspects under which the real importance of this branch of research may be appreciated.

1st. To the physician, as connected with a very extensive department of human suffering, daimonic possession and bewitchment, whatever and how-

* This paper, written in illustration of a subject already treated in this Magazine, has just appeared in an Indian periodical which is inaccessible to parties in this country. With the permission of the writer, we are enabled to make it available to those among our European and American readers who have taken an interest in the former Warren papers.

ever deep their spiritual cause, being always practically exhibited in the external man, in connexion with various degrees of madness, convulsion, loss, or morbid exaltation of the natural, muscular, and mental powers, and general suffering of body as well as mind.

2nd. To the jurist and philanthropist, as dealing with the very same class of facts for which thousands have been, in ages not very remotely past, and for which thousands may again, in ages not very remotely future, be consigned to death, should an unenlightened and therefore blind, a slavish and therefore cruel religious sentiment again become predominant in the world,—a faith divorced from reason, and discarding and dreading science; a frame of religious feeling which may be accurately characterised by the epithet applied by St. Paul to the Athenians, *δίδει δαίμονιστον*, or over-daimon-fearing, into which that perfect love which casteth out fear entereth not; but in which a fetish terror sits enshrined alone, and calls aloud for human suffering, to propitiate and still the pangs of remorse or dread within itself. For, whether the sacrifice be consummated by the axe, and the idol of Kallee be bathed in the blood of the human victims, as of old in Phœnicia and Carthage, or he be offered up to Doorga by the brief and skilful twist of the Thug's short handkerchief; or an ermined judge consign the doomed one to his fate under a royal law or parliamentary statute against witchcraft; or an inquisitor with mitred front, or with Geneva bands,—the difference is little—hand him over to the tender mercies of the secular powers,—in all one single principle is equally dominant,—fanaticism, that disease of man's noblest power—his religious faculty, which knoweth not the filial and loving spirit of the sons of God; which shrieks if science but attempt to unbind its brow, and let in the daylight from God's own heaven, or love seek to arrest its arm and plead for humanity, or point to the example of Him who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.*

3rd. To the psychologist and philosopher, as tending to throw additional light on some of the most strange and perplexing phenomena that have been witnessed and recorded in the history of our race, exhibiting a new and wonderful phase of the relations between body and mind, and suggesting thoughts that reach down to the very depth of mystery, regarding the nature of the soul, and the intrusion into the sphere of man's natural, healthy being, of some strange, disturbing, and oppressing power of evil.

4th. To the divine and the Christian in general, as affording abundant confirmation of the facts recorded in the evangelical narratives, exactly paralleling them by similar objective manifestations in the present day, and affording fresh data from which either to confirm or to review and enlarge their interpretation of the spiritual phenomena, and subjective psychological experiences underlying these external facts, and the objective expressions of the possessed.

The publication, therefore, of the *Bhut Nibandh*, as a work containing a considerable amount of unquestionable data on this subject, has rendered, we think, a valuable service to the cause of truth and humanity, and is well deserving a perusal. The periodical in English and Mahratta, entitled the *Duyanodaya*, has also, from time to time, published very interesting details on particular branches of superstitious practice among the Hindoos, many of them connected with daimonology; and we think a small volume, exhibiting in a compact form, accessible to immediate reference, the scattered notices and narratives of this character to be found in that publication, would form a creditable specimen of our Indian periodical literature, and a desirable addition to our daimonological data.*

Previously to the appearance of the *Bhut Nibandh*, a series of papers was commenced in this Magazine, and has since been continued, though unfortunately at intervals too wide apart for the unity of the subject, on *WAREN*, a term used among the Mahrattas to

* The "Oriental Christian Spectator" also, among much novel information given from time to time on matters connected with Hindooism, has incidentally contributed some valuable hints on this subject; as, for example, in its account of the celebrated impostor child Narsyan Bawa.

† Ranging from March, 1848, to April, 1850.

comprehend the whole field of pneumatology—*Waren* literally corresponding with *πνεύμα*—under the spiritual machinery of a dual possession, possession malignant and demoniac, possession beneficent and divine; though this apparent duality the writer maintains to be merely on the surface, and to indicate rather two stages of human culture; whether these different stages succeed each other at different periods, as regards the whole mass of society, or co-exist in its various component parts at one time, producing on the mass at different epochs, or on different classes of men at one and the same epoch, two very divergent spiritual impressions, from the same physical and psychological phenomena. The *Bhut Nibandh* affords ample confirmation of the facts alleged in these papers on *Waren*, which were at first received with some degree of surprise, if not of incredulity, among European readers living far alike from the scene of such occurrences, and from that epoch of civilization in which alone they could have place, and who from education had been accustomed to a view of daimoniac possession, not perhaps in its inmost significance materially different from that taken by the writer, but extremely so as to the mode, the order, and the immediate instruments of the spiritual agency or influence—(the dominion of that Murderer from the beginning, who hath the power of death, and goeth about *sicut leo rugiens*, scourging and oppressing man under every form of permitted physical evil)—which all alike acknowledge to be exerted in these manifestations.

Among the Cingalese the same beliefs and nearly the same processes obtain as among the Mahrattas and the people of Guzerat. An English clergyman resident in Ceylon, who had long observed, with wonder and interest, the prevalence and influence of these singular ideas among the surrounding population, recognized, in the descriptions of *Waren*, the very phenomena which had so often attracted his attention in his own locality, and bore testimony to a traveller, whose letter is now before us, to the identity of the two systems.

They are not, however, even at this day, wholly limited to India. The performances of the fasting chiefs of the Native American tribes, and of the Siberian magicians, as described by re-

cent travellers, bear a considerable resemblance to those attributed to the Bhukts who court and attain to *Waren*.

But perhaps the most singular and complete analogy to the Hindoo system of Bhoots or Bhuts, as the followers of the popular and the classical schools of orthography respectively write the word, is to be found in a quarter where we should have been little prepared to meet it in the nineteenth century. In the course of last year, two or three long papers appeared in this Magazine on the Popular Superstitions of the Irish; and the details there given regarding the class of fairies called *Sinns*, or earth-deities, and their power over human bodies, exhibit a wonderful correspondence, not only in the general train of popular thought, but sometimes even in the most minute and singular particulars—especially the possession of women, alienated consciousness, fevers, and other obstinate or anomalous disease—with those described in the *Waren* papers and the *Bhut Nibandh*. It is both curious and satisfactory to see the facts stated in the first attempt to portray the daimonology of India, many of them of a very singular character, confirmed by parallelisms in places so remote from each other. We might indeed have expected, *à priori*, that the daimonological creed, and manifestations witnessed in the villages of the Deccan and Conkan, should have their correlatives in those of Bramhinal Guzerat, and even in Buddhistical Ceylon; we might not have been violently surprised to discover analogous effects produced by violent religious or rather fanatical self-excitement among the sublime forests and cataracts which are the home of the Indian savage, or on the dreary steppes of Siberia, among races whom no ray of divine knowledge, or diviner love, has ever visited; but it is truly astonishing to find the very same beliefs prevailing, though under a supernatural drapery slightly different, in a Christian island, so remote from Hindosthan,

“—partita del mundo, ultima Irlanda.”

We think it not unlikely that the papers on *Waren* may have first elicited those on the Irish superstitions, the writer of which must have been forcibly struck by the family likeness between the Bhoots and his own *Sinns*,

and by the general similitude between the popular notions of two people so far removed from each other in space, in social habits, and in creed. And thus it ever is in the sphere of ideas as well as of positive science. Light kindles light; knowledge draweth out knowledge; and every first conquest made in the domain of intelligence, however small, renders future and more important conquests in the same direction more easy, by the path which it opens up—perhaps through tangled thicket, or rugged precipice, or dismal swamp, or trackless desert—to more fortunate comers after; and the incentive which its example holds out to other minds, to shake off their ignominious repose, and press on for the glorious sun-lit mountains, and shady spring-fed valleys of the land of knowledge.

With this appreciation of the general importance of the subject we have been treating, and of the value of every contribution, however devoid of other interest, which can enlarge the data for a full and just solution of the problems involved in popular daimonic phenomena and belief, we propose in the present, and, if leisure and opportunity permit, in future numbers, to bring before our readers a few additional notes on *Waren* and its adjuncts, which shall not repeat, but be supplementary to those already published on the same subject. We have used and shall continue to use this orthography of *Daimon* and *daimonic* in preference to *Demon* and *demoniac*, because the latter have come by long use—owing to the translation of two very distinct Greek words by a single equivalent in the English and other versions of the New Testament—to be considered as synonymous with *Diabolus* and *diabolical* (i. e. Devil and devilish)—words conveying originally a very different idea.

Secondly, because the Greek word *δαίμων* and its derivatives denote a superhuman intelligence which may be either good or evil, and is therefore in exact harmony with the Hindoo system of pneumatology, which embraces a divine as well as a malignant possession—a duality in the moral interpretation of phenomena, which is incompatible with the use of the words *demon* and *demoniac*, as now generally understood among Christians, but which it is important to preserve when contemplating the relations of possession and exorcism to the phenomena of disease and cure. A third reason for our preferring this orthography is, that the word *Demon*, as well as *Devil*, more especially when used by spiritual writers of the Continent, as may be seen in the Spanish letters and autobiography of St. Theresa, as well as in the French translations, always suggests the idea of Satan, the great fallen archangel, who is the adversary of God and the tempter and enemy of man, the father of lies and a murderer from the beginning. Now, although a strong counterpart to this wicked one is to be found in the Ahriman of the Zoroastrian system, such a spiritual arch-enemy of God and man has no existence whatever in the Hindoo mind. To Hindoos—and it is with Hindoo daimonology that we are concerned—the Bhoot, or evil daimon, is simply the spirit of a wicked or discontented man or woman deceased—a human ghost, in fact—still unhappily entangled in human passions, desires, or anxieties:

“Alas! poor Ghost!”

and seeking to inflict pain, to practise delusion, or to enjoy pleasure, through the instrumentality of a living human body of which it takes temporary possession.

CONTAGIOUS CHARACTER OF *WAREN*.

As a general rule, it is only those who are directly operated upon by the Bhukts, or disciples who have been at some former period initiated or subject to the influence, that are seized by *Waren* in those assemblages which collect at the Muths of Kanoba, or other *manina*, for pneumatic operations, or which walk forth in procession from the shrines. Yet in these public exhibitions, as in the case of the con-

vulsionaries of Europe, the force of example sometimes draws passing beholders into the vortex of the agitation, in spite of themselves; and even in the more secret meetings in the Muths, and in private houses, instances sometimes occur of persons who are merely casual spectators, but who may have perhaps some previous bodily or mental predisposition, being suddenly seized with the *Waren*, carried out of themselves,

and cast into convulsions, trance, or waking ecstasy. From that day, these involuntary inspirati are as subject to Warren, on the appliance of the usual means, as any of the disciples.

The following two cases, which are of comparatively recent occurrence, will serve to illustrate this force of contagion :—

The first occurred at Mudhee, near Ahmednuggur, where, as has been stated, there is a famous Muth of Kanoba. The brother of the narrator, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, went out of mere idle curiosity to one of these Muths, on the night of Junm-Ashtumee, to witness the exhibition, or, as he expressed himself, "*koutook paha-yas*," "to see the fun." In the course of the proceedings, one of the old disciples was thrown into Warren. In this state he leaped about the floor, playing all manner of fantastic tricks, and laughing violently. The fancy of the boy was tickled; he began to laugh, and then to mimic some of his tricks. But before long, it had ceased to be imitation; he had been irresistibly seized with the Warren himself, and soon exhibited all its most decided symptoms. That night he did not return home, but remained with the disciples till they had concluded the next day's procession and performances.

Some days after, this lad, being in his house, on merely hearing the drum beaten from the Muth, where they were then carrying on the process, was cast into Warren, and began to leap about and bellow. His family asked him what was the matter? He replied, "I, God, am come to him!" "What God?" "The God Waghoba!" "No," said his friends, "you are pretending; or you are only a Bhoot (daimon) come to deceive us." So saying, they got a bamboo, and flogged him with it for some minutes; but as it had no effect whatever upon him, they were satisfied, and desisted. Since that time he has been esteemed a Devu-sthan, or living tabernacle of deity; and on a particular day in the week the WARREN visits him, and he prophesies. But these visits of the afflatus in his case, as in many others that we have heard of, must be *courted*, by sitting in a pure place, carpeted with a coating of fresh cow-dung, whence all impure substances and bad smells are removed; by offering a tray

of flowers to the *numen*, male or female, which is accustomed to visit him; burning camphor and incense, and invoking the divine afflatus. This invocation is sometimes performed by singing a low song to the sound of a small drum; sometimes, by merely closing the eyes, meditating, and mentally adorning the desired presence.

The second instance, which occurred in Bombay, was that of a young married girl. She was suddenly attacked, while in her own house, with some of those fits which the natives consider to proceed from daimoniatic possession. Her uncle, who has himself a hereditary Warren, took her to Kanoba's Muth, to have her exorcised; but there, according to his statement, although the Bhukt exhausted all his art, he could not get the evil spirit out of her. To use his own words—"there she lay, rigid and motionless as a corpse [*moorda-cha-moorda*], and the Bhukt struck her with his korada or scourge in vain; he might as well have flogged so much clay." The uncle then carried her home, and being desirous of consulting his own pythonic spirit on her case, he made the necessary preparations, spread out the flowers, burned the incense, and invoked the goddess who was in the habit of possessing him, telling her he desired her to come and direct him what to do with his niece. The Warren came on; the father of the girl was present, in order to question the goddess when she entered into her human tabernacle; for the tabernacle himself would, when in Warren, be quite unconscious of the previous purpose of his human existence, his identity being then in fact in abeyance, and superseded by that of DEVEE. Before the father had time to put any questions, the young woman, who was there sitting by in a rational interval, was suddenly seized with a shaking of the head, precisely like that of her uncle the tabernacle, and soon began to dance about and prophesy. She declared SHE WAS DEVEE, and that SHE had driven out the evil spirit which before had possessed "THAT GIRL," meaning herself! The girl has never from that day had fits or Warren of any kind. In proof of her perfect recovery, her uncle stated that she has since become a mother.

This case illustrates the power of contagion or imitation, on parties already predisposed to the influence,

even where only one person was seen in the state of Waren. The proof adduced of the girl's cure points perhaps to the real nature of her original fits, which were probably some form of

chorea, epileptic hysteria, or other nervous derangement dependent on an abnormal state of the feminine economy, and terminating when that was removed.

AMBULATORY ORACLES.

Out of the two main systems of Waren, namely, the hereditary and that artificially infused at the shrines, has sprung up a third, that of the ambulatory professors of Waren. These are parties who make a regular living by going about with some individual who is or pretends to be under the influence of Waren, either hereditary or derived from initiation, and thus gifted with oracular powers. To this person they invite all who are desirous of obtaining information on hidden, future, or distant matters, to propound their questions, and they sell his or her replies for money. This seems to be precisely the same sort of thing as we read of in Acts, xvi., of a certain girl having a pythical spirit, who brought her master much gain by divining. The following is a specimen of the ordinary form in which the questions are put:—"Is a certain relation of mine, in such and such a place, well?" "Will the thing now in my mind have a favourable issue?" Sometimes they are clearer, such as—"Will my complaint be ended?" "Will my lawsuit, &c., be successful?" "Shall I have a son?" The answers, as may be imagined, are sometimes verified, and sometimes the contrary; they are sometimes indistinct, as oracles have ever been. It is indeed generally allowed that these ambulatory oracles, though occasionally genuine, are very much mixed up with imposture; and those who repose the greatest faith in the family Waren, which supervenes suddenly and spontaneously, without the desire or prevision of the possessed, and in that of the shrines, which is brought on by a regular process of exciting mystic rites, are somewhat sceptical regarding the reality of a Waren which these parties sometimes appear to assume at will, whenever money may be forthcoming. It must, they say, at least often be simulated. In like manner, we have seen the Waren of Devee simulated on the Dusura festival. In these simulated cases there seems to be nothing beyond

a voluntary self-excitement, sufficiently under the party's own control, and terminable at will. In the case of genuine Waren, both that which is hereditary and that produced by the artificial process at the Muths—even allowing that the former is imputable to physical disease, and the latter originally brought on by affecting the nerves and exciting the imagination—a point is reached where self-control and self-consciousness really cease. And this balance once lost, by whatever cause, both body and mind are, to all intents and purposes, for a time under the impelling dominion of an extraneous power. The following memorandum on this subject, from the pen of the late Professor Bal Gungadthur Shas tree, will be read with interest:—

"Very little faith is placed in the ambulatory Waren. The most remarkable instance of this occurred about twenty-two years ago, in the district of Vizladrooga, where communities of Mahrattas and Mahars gave it out that they were possessed by the spirits of Wittoba, Rasee, Rukhmae, Poon-dulik, Namdevu, Dnyanoba, Tookaram, Chokamela, and many other deities and saints revered at Pundhurpoor. This was called Wittoba's Waren, and troops of the inspirati moved from one place to another, receiving the homage and offerings of the lower classes of the community. Almost every village set up its Wittoba and his attendants. The exhibitions and processions were continued for a month or two in some places, and for a year or more in others; when the Brahmins, particularly some in authority, combining together, flogged the Wittobas of one or two villages, and this put an end to the imposture.

"Similar attempts were made to make the people believe that Narayun Bawa and his disciples appeared, after his death, in the persons of different parties in the Sattara territories. I myself saw a procession of this kind in 1832 near Oomruju: I believe it was not until the late Raja made a free use of the lash that the chiefs of these parties desisted from further imposing upon the credulous.

"Though there is a good deal of deceit practised in these shows, yet there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that a number of such exhibitioners are actually under some

kind of *afflatus*, brought about in the first instance by the usual means of exciting the imagination. When two or three are once in the state of the *Waren* of *Wittoba*, &c., it is possible that others, predisposed by the peculiarity of their constitutions to be possessed, may imagine themselves as attendant spirits. For instance, the wife of a man calling himself *Wittoba*, and showing all the symptoms of possession, such as tremor, the rolling of eyes, change of voice, &c., may be affected similarly, and conceive herself to be *Rae* or *Rukhmsee*."

As, on the one hand, *Waren* has sometimes spontaneously led to political results, as shown in the history of the family of *Sattara*, it is, on the

other hand, sometimes designedly made use of for this purpose. A Civil Servant who some years ago had charge of the British interests at the Court of *Savunt Wadee*, found all his measures thwarted by the *Raja's* refusing to take any step without consulting the god, *i. e.* the seer of the *Raja*, a man who had a permanent *Waren*, was attached to a temple, and maintained by the State. The Resident at length conveyed a private intimation to the god, that he would stop his allowance if he thus continued to oppose his measures, and thenceforth the oracle *PHILIPPIZED*! This fact we had from the Resident himself.

EXALTATION OF THE MENTAL POWERS IN WARREN.

The following very curious memorandum is also from the pen of *Bal Shastree*: we leave it to speak for itself:

"There is one feature in the lucidity of persons under the influence of *Waren* which does not seem to be noticed [in the papers on *Waren*].—I mean their speaking in a language unknown to them in their natural state, as well as women and carkoons [business men] repeating passages from the *Vedas*, which they never study. I have not seen this phenomenon myself, but it has been reported to me by many credible eye-witnesses: supposing it real, I think there is no great difficulty in accounting for it. If I recollect rightly, I have read of something similar to the first case happening in the mesmeric experiments of *Baron Du Potet* or *Dr.*

Elliottson. It is perfectly possible that the minds of people are not able, in their ordinary state, to recollect phrases which they have heard at some particular time, in an unknown tongue; yet, when under the influence of an *afflatus*, the lucidity of their mental powers may be sufficiently great to recall to memory those impressions which are otherwise too faint or indistinct. Our women and carkoons, being constantly in the habit of hearing the *Vedas* repeated, may be able, when under the influence of *Waren*, to recite certain passages to which they never pay much attention while engaged in the usual occupations of their lives. This effect is but similar to the poetical and musical turn of persons labouring under mental derangement, which is noticed among the analogies of *Waren* with disease," &c.

MEDICAL THAUMATURGY.

The chief and peculiar object of the process practised at the *Muths* of *Kanoba*, and by the *Bhukts* of these *Muths* when summoned abroad, is either direct exorcism, or the gradual subduing, by repeated communications of the beneficent *afflatus* to their patients, of that daimoniatic influence from which insanity, epilepsy, and other forms of phrenetic, hysteric, or other anomalous or obstinate forms of disease are supposed to proceed. But besides this strictly exorcist practice, which is more specially professed by the *Bhukts* and disciples of *Kanoba's* *Muths*, there is a more general system of thaumaturgic cure practised indiscriminately by all parties possessed by *Waren* of whatever kind. It is probable that in *Bombay*, *Puetun*, *Mudhee*, and other places where the *Muths*

of *Kanoba* exist, this art is mainly monopolized by them, especially in regard to patients of the wealthier classes; but in many towns where this system has not been established, and throughout the *Mahratta* villages generally, parties possessing *Warens* of *Khundoba*, *Waghoba*, *Bhuiroba*, or any of the thousand different *Warens* of *Devee*, whose name is truly *Legion*, habitually profess and exercise the thaumaturgic mode of treatment. This practice, to which some allusion is made in the account given in the *Waren* papers of hereditary pythonic spirits and village oracles, extends to almost all diversities of disease, and would seem to rest upon a belief that every form of physical ailment is the result of a personal supernatural agency. Yet this may be only its formal

and external support. It may possibly be based upon some deeper principles in our very nature, some intuitive conviction, rather than philosophical theory, that all bodily disorders originate from mental disturbance, instead of the converse material theory, and are best cured by operating upon the mind. To this principle the popular superstition may only serve as a machinery, through the medium of which the mental impressions are conveyed. This intuition will assume a profounder significance, if we substitute psychical for mental; if the soul of man, rather than his body or his mind, be regarded as that dominant portion of his compound being, on the internal harmony or discord of which depends the health of both bodily and mental functions. And under this view, the theory of a spiritual cause and agency, underlying and producing *all* physical suffering, would seem to be a deep truth, although the personal character of that agency—as exercised by individual evil spirits, entering and oppressing the sufferer—may be a debateable question; and the whole nomenclature of such supposed spirits is undoubtedly false, drawn as it is, among different races and sects, from the daimonic mythology of each.

In all these cases there are two stages of procedure. In the first or oracular, the seer, either being beforehand involuntarily in Waren, or being cast into that state by others, or, having brought it on by some regular process himself, proceeds to announce the cause of illness, and direct the means of cure. In the second or practical stage, on some subsequent day, he and his assistants lend their aid to carry the indicated remedies into effect. We find so little difference in the general principles of this system, whether practised in towns or villages, and whether the directing Waren be hereditary, local, casual, or artificial, that one or two examples will serve to illustrate the whole. It must be borne in mind, however, that as the daimonic nomenclature is almost as manifold as the symptoms of physical suffering, and as each evil influence is laid by a different procedure, having generally some symbolical signification referring to popular belief, the details of cure will be proportionately numerous, and cannot be

all exhibited here. A general idea of their nature, however, will be gathered from these examples. We select them as having occurred in Bombay, within our own knowledge, and to parties with whom we are well acquainted.

The first case is that of a patient who was suffering from obstinate fever, attended with severe lancinating pains in the intestines, which bent him down, and had reduced him to great extremity. After trying several medicines without effect, he sent for a Bhukt, or, as he expressed himself, for the god. This Bhukt, who was one of the initiated at Kanoba's Muths, was by caste a gardener; and, besides his thaumaturgic profession, was in the regular employ of a European gentleman. On his arrival he bathed, loosed his hair, and, sitting down, burned some camphor and incense, and was soon in Waren. According to our informant, he was so insensible that neither beating nor burning affected him, and all was satisfied of the reality of his possession: this test, it is to be observed, is often applied as a guard against imposition.

The possessed stated that he was the Waren of Khundoba; told the patient that, when passing a certain creek, a *Khuvees*, i. e. the spirit of a deceased Mahomedan, had come across and entered him, and caused his disease: for his cure he directed that he should sacrifice a black cock with reversed feathers, and foretold his recovery upon doing so.

On the day appointed for the sacrifice, the Bhukt and some attendants came to the house, where the black cock was in readiness. Taking the bird in his hands, the Bhukt passed it down the body of the patient with some words; and then he and two of his assistants carried it out of doors, being careful not to look behind, which would have enabled the Khuvees daimon to return to the frame of the patient. As soon as they had crossed the threshold, one of the party, left behind for the purpose, cast down a broom across the doorway to prevent for ever the re-ingress of the daimon. This is a general precaution, to which is sometimes added the nailing of a horse-shoe on the threshold. The Bhukt and his companions carried the cock to the sea beach, where they proceeded to sacrifice it by cutting its throat, and then, having plucked, cleaned, and dressed

it on a wood fire in the open air, sat down and feasted upon it. They then returned to the patient's house, which they were careful to re-enter by stepping over the broom: had they not adopted this precaution, the daimon might have returned with them. The Bhukt now assured his patient he would rapidly recover, and received in return the promise of a turban. His recovery in fact did take place in a few days, and he has since continued in perfect health.

The next example we shall give is that of a young married woman, who was taken with a sudden ailment, the symptoms of which were violent pains and swelling of the stomach, retchings, giddiness, and temporary loss of sense, during which she moved about restlessly, or lay down and cried out like one out of her mind. A European physician would probably set down these symptoms to colic, hysteria, or some other complaint well known to every-day medical experience. Her family, however, like other Hindoos in such cases, looked upon it as daimonic, and sent for the Bhukt. Having gone through the usual process for inducing the state of *Waren*, he stated, that one day when she was out, and passing a lonely place in the road, the *Jhupaten* or blast of a female daimon had entered her. He then stated what must be done to dispossess and heal her, which was accordingly put in practice on the next day in the following manner:—

An earthen dish was provided. On this were placed some grains of rice; some red pigment made of powdered turmeric, such as is used by women for marking their foreheads; a *nar-pooree*, or coloured paper containing a powder used in food-offerings to idols, consisting of ginger, sugar, &c.; a match covered with frankincense; a glass bead like that worn on the neck by married women; a round wooden box for holding the forehead powder; a bit of looking-glass; a comb; and a pair of glass bangles. The Bhukt drew this dish with certain words along the body of the woman, from the head to the feet, and carried it out of the house with the same precautions as the cock in the former example; and, arriving at a desert place on the sea-side, laid it down there as an offering to the female daimon. The broom was, as in the former case, cast down at the thresh-

old, and the woman was from that day cured.

The curious assemblage of articles in the dish looks so like the *bocus-pocus* employed in negro magic and the old popular witchcraft of Europe, that it may at first seem to be, like them, a mere random selection of odds and ends. But this is far from being the case. They are on the contrary employed upon system, and have a very curious signification. All these identical articles are used on the festival which occurs in the month of *Kartik* called *Toolsee-Vivahu*, when the Hindoos perform the ceremony of marrying the *Toolsee*, or sacred basil, to the god *Vishnoo*; they are offered to that plant as the implements which it becomes a married woman to possess, and are emblematic of her state. The glass bangles and neckbead are worn by married women only, and are broken on widowhood. The same with the red pigment for the forehead, and the box which holds it: the phrase *choode-mundit*, or "bracelet-girt," is the common epithet used in legal documents to distinguish a married woman from a widow; nay, *chooda*, a bracelet or bangle, is constantly used for the married state itself; and, in like manner, *soubhagyu*, literally "good fortune," denotes at once the blessed state of wifehood, and the red pigment on the forehead, the use of which distinguishes that condition. The looking-glass, and comb, in like manner, denote the personal tidiness and self-adornment which befit the married woman; and the grains of rice the presidency with which she is invested over the household economy. The stick of frankincense and food-offering to the idol are common to all Hindoo religious rites, and imply the religious sanction which binds and hallows the marriage state. Now the *Hedulees* or female daimons are generally supposed, as stated in the *Waren* papers, to be the spirits of unhappy women who were unfortunate in their conjugal relations, namely—either girls who [their betrothed husbands having died before they came together] were by the rules of caste debarred a second marriage, and thus passed their lives in a state of forced celibacy—at once virgins and widows—or first wives who, dying young, have the unhappiness of witnessing, from the spiritual world, their wives occupying their place in this, and monopolizing

the affections of their husbands. These, therefore, are most appropriately propitiated by investing them, symbolically, with all the rites of married women: and hence the nature of the offering in this instance.

In the case of complaints supposed to proceed from possession by a spirit called *Geera*, or the soul of an unhappy Bramhin, the offering cast away consists of an old shoe, a stick with a few iron rings attached, and a small crooked knife; and, capricious as these seem, they have a strict reference to the requisites of a Brahmin mendicant, or religious ascetic, namely, the pilgrim's shoon and staff, with rings attached to make a jingling noise, and frighten away wild beasts in the jungle where he takes up his solitary abode—and the curved knife to cut the *Dhurba*, or sacred grass on which he sits to practise contemplation,—and the leaves of the plantain or other trees, from off which alone he can take his repast. There can be little doubt that all the paraphernalia used in other complaints supposed to arise from other kinds of daimons, and through the whole of this system of magical medicine, have an equal symbolical significance.

It is singular that customs apparently capricious, and devoid of meaning, traditionally prevalent among the magical and superstitious practices of other nations, can thus be traced back to Hindooism, and there alone are found devised on system and replete with signification. The same holds true of the gibberish which has been employed in sorcery in all countries and in all ages down to the nursery *Fee-Fa-Fum!* In a scene of magical incantation to Hecate, described in the *Travels of Anacharsis*, vol. iii. page 307, is the following passage on this subject:—

“The incantations which I have been describing were accompanied with certain mysterious forms, pronounced at intervals by *Mycale*; but these are not deserving of repetition, since they consisted only of barbarous or disfigured words, without either connexion or meaning.”

Now it is remarkable that not only the whole *Muntru-Shaster*, or science of sacred incantations of the Hindoos, but many of their most ordinary religious rites, abound in the use of mystic and apparently meaningless verbal

forms, exactly corresponding with the above description,—such as *Om! Hram! Hrim! Klim! Gloum! Hoom! Gum! Hroum! Phut! Swaha!* and hundreds of others. Yet these are neither used capriciously, nor are they, as they may at first appear, an unconnected and meaningless jargon. They are constructed and used according to a system possessing almost scientific regularity, and have not only their several spiritual senses and powers, but, below all these, a profounder meaning common to them all, based upon the belief (a belief remarkable to find in India), that *WORD* was the first thing which broke primeval silence, spoke the being of a God, and created all things; its own utterance, or going forth from the everlasting and the infinite into time and space, necessitating, in the very act, the creation of *AKASHU*—ether or ethereal space—the first of things, without which sound and substance are alike impossible.

With this same doctrine of a primordial *WORD*, originating all things, comprehending all things,—which is *Alpha* and *Omega*, the first and the last—is connected the profound mystery and veneration attached to the syllable *Om*, which is the hieroglyphic or divine utterance of that *Word*. In the account of the creation contained in the *Moolu-Stumbhu* this is plainly stated:—

“This wind, water, ether, earth, sun and moon were not.
The heavens, the infernal regions, the congregated clouds,
The stars had no place.
All was void in the formless.
The seas, the mountains were not; even *Brumha*,
Vishnoo and *Roodru* were not.
In the thus formless void was the one utterance
‘*Om!*’
In THAT I beheld the three form-partaking worlds.”

In the Song of the Illuminated, a mystic lyric by *Ununt Rishee*, is the following passage referring to this opinion, or rather conviction:—

“Hark! in *WORD* a four-fold voice
Through the four *Verdus* thunders
One MIGHTY UTTERANCE of truth;
‘TIS I THAT AM—THIS ALL IS I.”

The term *SHUBDU-BRUMHU*, the *WORD-GOD*, occurs in *Dnyaneshwur* and many other mystic authors. Grammarians use the terms *NADU-BRUMHU*, the *SOUND-GOD*.

The *MUHAWAKYU*, i. e. *GREAT UTTERANCE*, or *GREAT WORD*, referred to in the above quotation, is defined in

another piece of Ununt Rishce's, in Sanscrit, as *UHM-UMI*, i. e., *I AM*, and in other writers as *UHM-BRUMH-ASMI*, *I AM BRUMHU*, which in the above Mahratta lyric is paraphrased "This all is I," or "I am all that is." This appears to confound God with the universe, while the Hebrew *I AM THAT I AM* represents him as distinct from his work. In the Vivek Sindhoo and Deep Rutnakur [the 3rd chapters in both works], the first cause of duality and creation is represented to be Egoity in Brumhu, which Egoity was manifested by the Great Word or utterance "*I AM BRUMHU*." This corresponds very exactly with the definition which Fleury gives in his historical catechism of that Divine Word, which was in the beginning with God, and was God. He says the Word is the self-consciousness in God. But the Hindoo works last named, belonging to the Vedantic or idealistic class, representing the universe itself to be only Maya or Illusion, call this first active cause Muha Maya or the Great Illusion, thus as it were denying its real eternal distinct being, and pronouncing it only as a temporary illusive mode or antiphrasis—a mirage, in fact, in God — *Brumhu-Vivurtu*. Yet it should not be forgotten that the word Maya signifies "love" as well as "illusion," and that we read in reference to the Divine Word, that his coings FORTH were from of old, from everlasting: and that the time appears indicated when, having subdued all enemies and redeemed all the sons of God, and delivered all nature from its present groaning and graving, he shall again be subject to the Father, and God shall once more be ALL in ALL.

It is satisfactory to find the central truth of Christian theology coinciding with the highest results to which the abstractions and contemplations of the loftiest minds have been able to arrive in India as well as in Greece. It is no less instructive to mark the decadence into fruitless speculations, into lifeless mysticism—into a vain all-permitting and therefore all-destroying pantheism—or into the bottomless abyss so nearly bordering on atheism, in which the Divine nature is contemplated as *SHOONYU*, or an infinite Nothing, which resulted, both in Greece and India, from a want of that other cardinal truth, outflowing from

the first, but to which the human intellect alone could never reach—the mystery of the Word made flesh, and dwelling amongst us a living reality. Of this Greece never dreamt in its full significance; for her sages, before they attained to this lofty speculation of truth, had lost all belief in those childish, and capricious, and wanton gods, whom the poets had painted as born and appearing on earth, and who were little else than deified men and women, or the far-off echoes of Egyptian, Phrygian, or Indian speculation or worship. And the only one of the Avatars, or divine manifestations, in the Hindoo system, in which the idea of a full revelation of the whole Deity in the human form is even pretended, namely, that of Krishnu, fails of realizing it to the heart or understanding, from moral as well as historical incompatibility.

The stories of the Fish, the Tortoise, and Boar, are clearly cosmal allegories, which either all refer to the Deluge, or denote the order of creation advancing from the molusca to the amphibia, and the viviparous quadrupeds; and the Man-Lion and the Dwarf, if they do not symbolize two further stages in the same process—the links, perhaps, between the quadruped and the human race, and man himself in the first dwarfish stage of civilization—if they do not belong to this allegorical class, are but momentary manifestations of the Divinity, descending for a single act of retributive justice. In Purashooram, Ram, and Krishnu we have deified heroes, representatives perhaps—like Charlemagne and Napoleon—of three successive periods of human progress, of great social or political movements, or of the predominance of the worship paid respectively to each.

The Boudhyu Avatar symbolizes the dominancy for a time of the Buddhist system in India; or, as others ingeniously interpret it, it signifies the dumb or silent Avatar, i. e. the manifestation of the Deity under the form of dumb idols, as now worshipped.

In Krishnu alone is supposed to inherr the fulness of Deity; but this characteristic is manifestly of a late origin, subsequent, as Sir Wm. Jones conjectures, and as many reasons concur to suggest, to the Christian era; and what is more important, the whole character of his human actions, as exhibited in the Muhabharut itself, is

utterly incompatible with this divine idea, and wholly at variance with the sublime doctrines which he himself is made to teach in the Bhugwut Geeta. The latter is but an episode in the main poem, and, like many other of the philosophical episodes, was unquestionably written long after the heroic parts of the epochs, which give Krishnu's true character as a human adventurer, lover, and warrior, characters which could never realise to the soul of man the Divine Word made flesh, and, as such, influence his life.

On this belief in the primordial existence and omnipotence of Word is founded the whole system of *Murtus*, or mystic words of power, which are not limited to their magic art alone, but interlace the whole of their religious rites, and constitute Hindooism, in all its internal essentials, a magical religion, the effect of these words not depending on any corresponding disposition in the worshipper or priest, nor on the foregone promises of Deity to which they make an appeal, nor on the expressed sanction of civil society, of which they may be regarded as the type and seal, but on a power inherent in the sounds themselves, and consequently *opus operatum* in the most transcendent sense.

This is particularly exemplified in the rites termed *NYASU* and *PRANU-PRUTISHTHA*: *NYASU* literally means the act of *depositing*. This ceremony is performed every morning by all the higher and middle orders: it consists of touching successively with the thumb the several joints of the three fingers, and afterwards the head, arms, and breast, pronouncing at each touch certain words and certain mystic syllables by which Deity, or perhaps rather deific and mystic virtue, is deposited in those parts. It appears to us to correspond very closely, though it is far longer and more complicated, with the blessing and signing with the cross practised by the Christians in the third century, and still by Roman Catholics. We have in our own mind no doubt whatever, so close is the resemblance in the motion of the thumb and hand, and the design, that the ceremony, like so many others, was borrowed, or rather converted from the use of Paganism to that of Christianity. And here let us not be misunderstood as participating in an error very prevalent in the present day, namely, that of condemn-

ing a practice as Pagan, because its external parallel is to be found in use among Pagans. On such a principle every act of Egyptian worship or magical practice which Moses preserved, as to form, but consecrated, by a signification wholly new, to the worship of the one God, might be condemned as idolatrous and heathen. For Moses spoiled the Egyptians, not of their jewels of gold and jewels of silver only, but of the most precious productions of their orderly, meditative, and symbolising intellect. He took under Divine guidance some portion of their social institutes, of their ritual order, of their religious festivals and ceremonies, of their sacred symbols, rejecting many others; but into this outward body of forms, devoid of life, or instinct with the corrupt vitality of polytheism, he breathed a new and living spirit, and hallowed all to the worship of the one true and living God, and made this sublime worship not the privilege of a caste, but the duty and the glory of a whole people.

PRANU-PRUTISHTHA literally signifies "fixation or instalment of life"—the ceremony of deific consecration, by which life is brought into the image of an idol, and the clay or metal becomes changed into a god, and fitted to be adored. It consists of a great repetition of *NYASUS*, i. e., blessings, or deposits of virtue in the several parts, invocations to the *Pranu* or vital spirit, and *Jeenu* or soul of the Deity whose presence is desired, and an oft-repeated utterance of the mystic sounds Om! Shrim! Hrim! Gloom! Hoom! Pum! Jum! &c. referred to in the text; word or articulate sound being considered if not life itself, yet the first and chief manifestation of the vital breath with which life is identical: the changes are rung on almost all the possible articulate monosyllabic sounds, which have accordingly been arranged in series, and a cabalistic meaning connected with the various personages of the mythology affixed to each, disguising the single and philosophical origin of the system.

But with this belief in the inherent omnipotence of Word is joined, in practice, the invariable adoption of certain *VIDHES*, or ceremonial acts and forms, the chief end of which seems to be, at least in many cases, to affect the mind of the parties operated on; to invest established in-

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stitutions and rites of worship with greater reverence, prohibitions with greater terror, obligations with a deeper solemnity, sanctions with a fuller confidence, assurance with more implicit certainty—in a word, to beget and maintain FAITH. And if, for this end, the spoken words be strengthened by acted forms in all the religious ceremonies of their most learned, still more so in the medical thaumaturgy intended to affect the popular mind. This will account, perhaps, for most of the forms above described. But there are some still more curious ones, which we shall now add, that seem to require a different explanation. These, though belonging to the general system of thaumaturgic medicine practised by the Warren Bhukts, are occasionally resorted to by other parties.

In some cases metallic rings are drawn along the body and limbs, for the purpose of relieving pain.

A medical gentleman who attended the patients in the Bombay Native Dispensary in 1842, observed a woman with a sick child, whose sufferings she endeavoured to alleviate by drawing the points of her fingers up and down in front of its body. He could not imagine her object at the time, but happening to read soon after an account of the Baron Du Potet's Magnetic Séances, the identity of the process immediately struck him.

In particular kinds of colic or indigestion called *Ræch*, and other pains supposed to arise from the falling of the evil eye, or the intrusion of the impure foot during the time of eating food, they place at the feet of the patient a shallow metal dish filled with water; upon this they reverse a small narrow-mouthed metal pot containing fire, which sucks up all the water from the dish. The operator then takes a broom, and placing its point within a few inches of the affected part, draws it down repeatedly in raking passes towards the dish, making the motion of sweeping, into which he at length succeeds (so it is asserted) in sweeping the pain.

A lady informs us she has seen the same process adopted at Nuggur with perfect success, in the case of a man who had been stung by a scorpion. The pain, at first intense, was in a few moments completely alleviated.

In all these cases there appear distinct traces of mesmerism. In others,

the operator performs a remarkable rite which is called *mantru-dene*, or "administering the spell." This consists in taking a knife, holding it opposite the part of the stomach where the pain is felt, and while he pronounces some mystic words (whence the name of the process), passing it backwards and forwards from and towards the stomach, as in stabbing, or moving it down in front of it, as in cutting. The external action of the knife, by the virtue of the mystic words, extends into the stomach, cuts the supposed knot in the intestines, and removes the pain! How curiously blended in this operation are the practice of mesmerism with the magical or rather symbolical theory of India! The process and the effect are exactly the same as those of Mesmer, and those who, like him, at first made use of metallic tractors. But the Hindoo adds an incantation to give the process a magical character, while his own explanation of the manner in which the process takes effect would show the latter to be an action purely symbolical, invented for the purpose of affecting the imagination, and producing that unstaggering faith, which, where it exists, a wiser than Solomon has told us, is able to move mountains.

In jaundice an equally singular process is adopted. The operator, after placing a metal cup containing some water at the feet of the patient, takes two needles, one in each hand, and, pointing them one at each eye, passes them slowly down before his face for about an hour or half an hour. He then throws the needles into the water in the metal cup, and leaves them there. In the morning the water, which has by this time become quite yellow, is shown to the patient, who is sometimes cured in a few days. Here again is a process seemingly mesmeric, frequently operating an undoubted cure; yet the yellow water must make us hesitate whether we should class this among mesmeric or among symbolical processes; it seems to combine both. The water, it is to be remarked, does not turn yellow at the time, but next morning,—something is doubtless put in to make it yellow,—seeing which, the patient believes the jaundice is departing, and is cured perhaps by faith.

The practice of sweeping disease down from the head to the feet, whe-

ther with a broom, with the hand, with metallic rings, or needles, or with a tray containing offerings to a daimon, combines the conditions of the mesmeric and the symbolico-magical.

The same may be said of the process called *phookne-ku-muntra*, or the *blowing spell*, which some among the Purdies practise for the purpose of alleviating headache and producing sleep. It consists in repeating a *muntra*, and breathing or blowing softly on the forehead.

The following extract from Hallam's "Literature of Europe," vol. iv. p. 70, will not be foreign to the subject of this paper, and with it we will conclude:—

"The mystical medicine of Paracelsus

continued to have many advocates in Germany. A new class of enthusiasts, sprung from the same school, and calling themselves Rosicrucians, pretended to cure diseases by faith and imagination. A true Rosicrucian, they held, had only to *look on a patient* to cure him. The analogy of magnetism, revived in the last and present age, was commonly employed. Of this school the most eminent was Van Helmont, who combined the Paracelsian superstitions with some original ideas of his own. His general idea of medicine was, that its business was to regulate the Archæus, an immaterial principle of life and health, to which, like Paracelsus, he attributed a mysterious being and efficacy. The seat of the Archæus is in the stomach, and it is to be affected either by a scheme of diet, or through the imagination. Sprengel praises Van Helmont for overthrowing many current errors, and for announcing principles since pursued."

POSTSCRIPT.

The large intermixture of imposture in the oracular and daimonic systems has been noticed. Since the foregoing was written, a trial has taken place in the Supreme Court of Bombay, which affords a singular example of the prevalence of these beliefs among the Hindoo population, and the use which is sometimes made of them to defraud the over credulous. The case is thus noticed in the *Bombay Telegraph and Courier* of 3d Oct.:—

"The proceedings in the Supreme Court during the present week have afforded the Bombay community a striking proof of the prevalence of that credulity in the native population which has been so well illustrated by the learned author of the papers on *Waren* published in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and by Mr. Kinloch Forbes, in his translation of the *Bhut Nibandh*. The belief in supernatural agencies which is shown in the case of the two prisoners, Namdeo Dhondeba, and Wittoo Mahdoo, who were tried on Tuesday last before Sir Erskine Perry, is not a matter for any very great degree of wonder. But the mode in which those two expert *chevaliers d'industrie* utilised their knowledge of the superstitions of their countrymen, is certainly worthy of especial note, as illustrative of the mixture of knavery with jiggling which always accompanies these juggling exhibitions. The victim in the present instance was himself a Bhut, and his having been taken in is all the more remarkable on that account."

The following report of the trial appears in the *Bombay Gazette* of 2nd

October—the trial itself took place on the 1st October:—

"The following contains a narrative, as given by the principal party concerned, of one of the most remarkable deceptions that we ever heard practised even in this land of darkness and idolatrous superstition:—

"HOW TO LAY AN EVIL SPIRIT.—*Namdeo Dhondeba*, and *Wittoo Mahdoo* (Case No. 28), pleaded *Not Guilty* to an indictment charging them with the larceny of the property of one *Crustnaje Purushram*, a Brahman Priest.

"The prosecutor having been duly sworn deposed as follows:—I am a Brahmin, and know the prisoners at the bar. *Namdeo* came to me one day in the month of March last, and said he knew a Potter who had found a crock of gold Mohurs while digging in a paddy field on the flats near Byculla. He asked me to come to the Potter's house to perform some ceremony before the pot could be taken from the place where it was found, because it was guarded by an evil spirit in the shape of a Caffree. On asking him for the particulars as to how the pot had been discovered, *Namdeo* replied that the Potter (the prisoner *Wittoo Mahdoo*) had found it while digging up the earth with a crowbar, and that a hole had been made in the side of the pot through which the gold Mohurs were to be seen. I accompanied *Namdeo* to the Potter's hut, which was situated behind the Theatre, on the Grant Road. The Potter then informed me that the 'crock of gold' originally belonged to a Portuguese of the name of Doming, and that it would be necessary to perform some incantations and offer up a gold cross of the weight of twenty or twenty-five tolas, which should be laid in the hole in

the ground from which the crock was to be removed. The Potter then became inspired, and said that the spirit of the deceased Doming had entered into him and must be appeased. The Devil he said had appeared to him in the shape of a Caffree who called himself Doming. I did not think the story at all improbable. For performing the necessary ceremonies my share was to be one-fifth of the contents of the pot, and the agreement between myself and Wittoo the Potter was, that Namdeo and I were to furnish the gold necessary for making the cross. On the first day that I went to the Potter's hut I took nothing with me. The Potter gave me some rice and made me take an oath of secrecy. I told him I would inform Government of what occurred, because they have a right to all treasure-trove. When I next went to the Potter's hut, which was next day, I was again accompanied by Namdeo. We then all went to the place where the pot was deposited, which was situated about 200 paces from the hut. Namdeo and Wittoo shewed me the pot. This was in the night, and by means of a light Wittoo shewed me something in the hole in the side of it which looked like gold Mohurs. I was going to take out the Mohurs, when the Potter suddenly became inspired, and told me not to touch it. He did not allow me to touch the Mohurs, but seized hold of my hand and asked why I was in such a hurry. He said I must first bring him all that was wanted for the purpose of allaying the Caffree, or evil spirit of the defunct owner of the property. He then gave me a list of articles required for the first day's incantations, which came to Rupees 16. 4as. Amongst other articles enumerated were two pyles of bread, some butter and some brandy, besides Rs. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in cash. On the second day, I had to provide 12 bottles of brandy. Subsequently I gave him a bank note of 100 Rs. and 150 Rupees worth of gold ornaments belonging to my wife and daughter. It was decided, as much time would be lost in making the gold cross, that the ornaments, &c. should be buried in the hole where the pot was lying and that it should be at once removed. When we next went near the pot in pursuance of this decision, I gave all the articles I have enumerated to Namdeo, who added to it some gold ornaments of his own of the value of 150 Rupees. All the ornaments were placed together in a bag. The pot was then taken up, and the bag containing the ornaments was carefully placed in the hole in the ground from whence the pot was removed. The pot was placed on Wittoo's (the second prisoner) shoulders, and I and my son, who had accompanied me, walked behind muttering the incantations usual on such occasions. Namdeo, the first prisoner, remained behind at the hole, and on my calling to him he said he was filling it up, and would make the ground even, so that it might not attract observation. Having walked on about two hundred paces

from where the pot had been removed, a short fat man, of a dark complexion, ran towards us from the East. His head was tied up in a handkerchief, after the fashion of the Malabar people. On passing me he gave me a push, passed on to the Potter who was walking in front of us, and threw him down and took away the pot with which he ran back to the spot from whence it had been taken. I saw the black man reach the spot and instantly disappear. I thought he was a devil and had passed into the ground. Namdeo, who had come up at this time to where I was standing overcome with amazement and fear, said, let us go back to the hole, the devil will now appear in the body of one of us. He immediately appeared in the body of Wittoo, the inspired Potter, and addressed us, saying, that the sweetmeats and the brandy had become impure in consequence of Wittoo having tasted them. This had made the devil very angry, and caused him to bring back the pot of gold. Namdeo calls himself a Mahratta, which is a higher caste than a Potter, but I have learned since this affair took place that the Potter's daughter has been given in marriage to the son of Namdeo. The devil, still speaking through Wittoo, said in reply to a question I put to him, that he was of no caste. He said he was a Christian Padre. He also said that Caffree devils were very cunning, and not to be put off with impure spirits in the shape of bad brandy. He, however, assured me that the pot was all right in its old place, and on stooping down I felt the edge of it, and became confident that I had made some mistake in my incantations. The devil then informed me that I could not expect to make myself master of the pot unless I increased the quantity of brandy and sweetmeats, and recommended that I should not trust the Potter again, but make the offering with my own hands. We then all went away, and next day I purchased more brandy and sweetmeats, when Wittoo the Potter became again inspired, and pointed out another spot at some distance from where the Pot of Gold was buried, and desired me to make my offering there. The demon Caffree, who had again entered into the inspired Potter, told me that as Namdeo would be impure for twelve days owing to his sister having been confined of a daughter, we should all now go away and return again after the lapse of that period. I did as the evil spirit bid me, and on proceeding to the spot on the thirteenth day I found only Namdeo there, but no sign whatever of the inspired Potter and the pot of gold. I was put off in this sort of way from day to day for two months and a quarter, and after losing by the prisoners the sum of Rs. 266. 4 as. in bank notes, gold ornaments, brandy, and sweetmeats, in a vain endeavour to make myself master of the property so carefully guarded by the Caffree, I at last began to think the whole thing a deception, particularly as, when I remonstrated with Namdeo,

he told me he did not care if I complained to the Police. This convinced me that I had been defrauded, because at first they had bound me by an oath of secrecy not to divulge what was to happen.

"In reply to a question from the Judge, the prosecutor said that although it was true that he belonged to the learned and intelligent caste of Brahmins, and the prisoners to the low and ignominious caste of Potters, who are mere grubbers of the soil, he could not satisfactorily account for being thus brought into companionship with them. It was he said a fact, that he had been de-

frauded as he described, and this had probably happened to him as a punishment for sins committed by him in a former life.

"Much of the testimony of the prosecutor was corroborated by other witnesses, and it appeared that the prisoners had made a false charge of assault against him at the Mazagon Police Office, which had been dismissed by the magistrate, thinking probably to deter him from prosecuting them for the robbery.

"The jury found both the prisoners guilty, and they were each sentenced to be imprisoned for *twelve months* in the House of Correction with hard labour."

PROGRESS AND RETROGRESSION.—THE WORKS OF LAING AND KAY.*

THE works of Mr. Laing and of Mr. Kay are already numbered amongst the most successful of the past year; and they owe this high distinction, not alone to their native vigour, or to the industry which they attest, but very materially to that deep interest which the public takes in what is, in fact, their common subject—the social condition of Europe, as compared to that of England. It may be regarded as fortunate that they have, as the phrase is, come out together. In examining their leading topics, these intrepid writers have had to deal with questions which are, perhaps, the most vexed and perplexed of our stormy day. These are, by both, discussed with such obvious earnestness, so clearly, and with such a skilful array of what are called facts, that either would, were his work alone, go far towards impressing the public with his own convictions. But, happily, philosophers, as well as doctors, differ; and these gentlemen are, to a great extent, at variance on almost every matter of moment to which they refer. Mr. Kay, for example, views only the advantages of the Landwehr system, while Mr. Laing points out its oppressive working and injurious effects. The former sees the Continental systems of national education all *colour de rose*. The latter, admit-

ting their partial good, maintains that their results are far from satisfactory; that there is no millennium of moral and social improvement; that it is more than ever evident that knowledge is not mental power; that this school-room training don't do; and that free trade in education, as well as in political opinion, is the best for every people, and the safest for every government. Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay concur in estimating the beneficial attributes of the peasant proprietor, or small estate system, as developed in many parts of the Continent; but the latter dwells solely on its attendant good—sees in it only Arcadian innocence and primitive content, while its imperfections, failures, and resulting evil, as well as its unsuitability to the condition of England, are forcibly put forward by Mr. Laing. It is, therefore, as we conceive, fortunate that these authors have come before the public at the same moment. The reader who avails himself of their mutual aid, may profit by their disagreement, while disenthralled from all separate influence, and seeing their strong opinions in striking contrast, he the more easily decides between them.

We shall first open Mr. Laing's work, as being the more popular of the two, and, before we close it, shall have many

* "Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People, in 1848-1849." By Samuel Laing, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1850.

"The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe." By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law. 2 Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1850.

opportunities of noticing Mr. Kay's longer volumes.

The distinctive features of these able "Notes" are originality and good sense; and the originality, as may be inferred from the safe company in which we find it, has nothing of that ambitious straining for effect which has brought such just discredit on German neology, but is the simple result of honest observation. Chiefly, and above anything, we prize this book because we derive from it a well-founded assurance that England is the most free, the most virtuous, and the least taxed of all the countries of Europe. The last of this triad of averments may strike the reader as being somewhat too boldly made, but let him read the book and he will admit it to be well made out. Highly, however, as we deem of Mr. Laing, he is, in our minds, no pope in politics, no infallible authority in religion, morals, or æsthetics. His leanings are democratic, he has a proclivity to paradox, and he is less suggestive of remedies than of defects. He is a steady opponent to the union of Church and State. He is heretical on the subject of church music and psalmody, and holds questionable views on the nature of capital punishments. On these and on other grounds many may differ from him, but the ripe, right, and vigorous judgment exhibited in all his works, and in this more fully than in any of its predecessors, must secure to him a high rank amongst the sound thinkers of his day.

Before discussing the agencies which are catalogued by Mr. Laing, we may observe that no one of them, and none, perhaps, of recent times, has been so influential as steam. This, more than dynastic change or political revolution, has tended and is tending to regenerate the nations of Europe. The intercommunication of ideas and of tastes, of mental and material wants, is now becoming so rapid and so well established, that, notwithstanding some serious impediments to present progress, every nation must advance, and all are tending towards the common goal of a higher civilisation. In connexion with this view, we transcribe the opening passage of Mr. Laing's book. It is also one of the few samples which we can afford to give of his skill in sketching by the way, and livelier manner.

"What a world of passengers in our steamer! Princes, dukes, gentlemen, ladies,

tailors, milliners, people of every rank and calling, all jumbled together. The power of steam is not confined to material objects. Its influences extend over the social and moral arrangements of mankind. Steam is the great democratic power of the age, annihilating the conventional distinctions, differences, and social distance between man and man, as well as the natural distances between place and place. Observe that high and mighty exclusive, sitting all by himself on the bench of the steamer's quarterdeck, wrapped up in his own self-importance, and his blue travelling-cloak lined with white, and casting his looks of superiority around him. He is an English gentleman, no doubt, of family and fortune. What a great personage this I-by-myself-I traveller would have been in the days of post-chaises-and-four, and sailing packets! Now, in the steamboat, not a soul, not even the ship-dog, takes the least notice of his touch-me-not dignity. He looks grand, he looks my lord in vain. Worse than want of respect is this want of notice at all, the being absolutely overlooked. The dinner-bell rings, and down must this great personage scramble with the rest of us; must eat, and drink, and carve, and ask and help, or be helped; and talk, listen, and live with the other passengers, or go without dinner, and starve; and nobody cares, or puts himself out of the way for him. His grocer's clerk, perhaps, or his tailor's heir-apparent, outshines him; or it may be puts down, in a cavalier tone, his assumption of superiority, in the hail-fellow-well-met circle of passengers, who are whisked along by this democratic power of steam, at equal pace, and equal price, with equal rights and equal consideration. It is not the English nobility and gentry only who are cut down, by the steam demon, to the dimensions of ordinary mortals. The German potentate, who at home sits in whiskered magnificence at the window of his schloes, and may count every sheet laid on the green to bleach within the circle of his hereditary dominions and territorial sway, condescends, in these days of speed and economy, to save his state revenues, and travel by steam, to visit his crowned cousins. Seated in the saloon of a Rhine steamboat, he stares over his tawny moustachios, like an owl in a withered beech-hedge, at the free-and-easy crowd of passengers, of all ranks and countries, who seem quite insensible of their proximity to so much grandeur. He discovers, perhaps, in his all-engrossing talkative *vis-à-vis* neighbour, at dinner, whom the waiters fly to serve, the thriving draper of his own village-metropolis, returning from Manchester, with a fresh stock of goods and assurance, with which he feels quite at his ease, and sits altogether unannihilated by the sublime presence. Nay, horror of horrors, the fellow calls for a bottle of higher-priced wine than his Serene Highness is drinking; nods, actually nods to the

thrice illustrious Herr; tells him they must have seen each other somewhere before, and proposes a glass to their better acquaintance! Where will the influences of steam power end? They began with the physical, and are extending over the social, political, and moral world."—pp. 1-3.

The new and distinctive elements in the social condition of Continental Europe, since the period of the French revolution, are these. The general distribution of the land into small estates of peasant proprietors; the consequent extinction or diminution of the importance of aristocracy, and the substitution of another system, functionarism, as an aid to monarchy; the conscription or Landwehr institution, by which all the male population, fit for arms, are trained, and obliged to serve for three years in the ranks of a regiment of the line, and are afterwards counted as part of the military force of the country. To these must be added a fourth element, which, in most of the countries of Europe, is now exhibiting as marked an influence as any of the others: that is, a national system of education, compulsory, and under the management of Government. These topics are all treated of by Mr. Laing; and all, but the second, by Mr. Kay. In Mr. Laing's book they are intermingled with many others; in Mr. Kay's they form, except as we have said, the second, the sole staple of his work. We shall endeavour to examine this array of questions in as popular a manner as we easily can, and as rapidly as, because of the limits of a single notice, we must. Their interest and importance may be estimated by the emphatic observation of Mr. Laing, that, in consequence of the absence of these features from our own institutions, we are, in our social life and arrangements, much more distinct and widely apart from the Continental people, since the peace and settlement of Europe in 1815, than we ever were at any former part of our history. "The philanthropists," he adds, "who are flattering themselves that a peace of thirty years, and an unexampled extension of commercial affairs and personal relations between individuals of different countries, are rapidly assimilating all nations to one common type of civilization, and are bringing on a happy period when war will cease, conventional differences will no longer

divide nations, and all disputes between countries will be settled by arbitration at a Peace Congress, are not looking at the different demands of society which have been growing up on the Continent since the last peace—elements sown in war, and which are only adapted to and preparative of war, and a military organization and spirit of society. We are in reality now, in the nineteenth century, more the *toto divisi orbe Britannia* than we were in the fourth or fourteenth. The spirit and principle of our social institutions are more different now than they were, from those of the Continental people.

The first then of those new elements in the social condition of the Continent which we have to examine, is that of the distribution of land into small estates of working peasant-proprietors; and there is not, we believe, within the range of the political topics of our time, any question of deeper interest or greater importance. This distribution of the land among the mass of the population is, as Mr. Laing observes, the greatest of the social revolutions in Europe since the establishment of the feudal system. "The overthrow of dynasties and governments, the rise and fall of kings, and the revolutions of states, in the course of these last eventful fifty years, will be considered, by the future historian, as but secondary events—consequences, not causes—compared to this great and radical change in the spirit and elements of society itself." This change has, for the last half-century, been silently but steadily progressing in every country in Europe except our own, and is in fact the great revolution of modern Europe. We shall endeavour to point out succinctly the undeniable advantages of this small estate system in the countries to which it is adapted; we shall next exhibit its attendant defects; and shall close our observations on the subject by showing the unsuitability of such a system to our social condition; its impracticability in a manufacturing empire, which must mainly depend for its prosperity on its home market.

The advantages of the small estate system are, as may be expected, most apparent in those countries where it has been of old established, and where the modes of life and the industry of the people have become adjusted to it.

The great deal that can be said in its favour is, accordingly, nowhere more visible than in Norway and Sweden, in Flanders, Belgium, Holland, Friesland, and Holstein. The more perfect husbandry is, in all these countries, obvious to every traveller. "The whole expanse," says Mr. Laing, speaking of Flanders, "is like a carpet divided into small compartments of different shades and hues of green, according to the different crops, of which each farmer has a different patch on his little estate. Two different kinds of crop may often be seen on one ridge or bed; and five or six acres together under one kind of crop are not uncommon. There being no hedges or inclosures, no grass fields for pasture, and no uncultivated corners or patches, the whole country looks like one vast bleach-field, covered with long webs of various colours and shades." The ordinary size of these properties is from ten to twelve acres; the soil is not better than the average good soils of England and Scotland, the climate is similar, and the agricultural products nearly the same. The comparisons therefore, between the garden culture of Flanders, and our large farm system, in regard to agricultural improvement and productiveness, may be fairly made, and must be, as Mr. Laing states, in favour of the former:—

"Will any Scotch farmer of capital and skill, from the Lothians, venture to say that he has his farm of 200 or 300 acres, in such good heart, in such a clear garden-like condition, so free from weeds, and carrying, all over it, such luxuriant crops, and producing so much food per acre for man and beast, as an equal number of acres now before me in this tract of country? Has any farmer in Scotland or England such crops of red clover, lucerne, and other green succession-crops, as are now in spring; being cut, in succession, on these small patches of farms for the summer stall-feeding of cattle in the house? There are no cattle in the fields, and no pasture for them, in the ordinary course of husbandry, on these small estates. All are kept indoors, in summer as well as in winter; and all the land, not in grain crops, is under green crops for their support. The fodder is cut and carried to the cattle fresh twice a day, and the cutting and carrying employs the whole family. The stall-feeding of cattle all summer indoors, and the saving thereby of the manure, which is the object of it, during six months of the year in which the manure is positively thrown away by our system of pasturage in fields of permanent, or of second, or third year's

sown grass, is a husbandry scarcely known among our large farmers. It may indeed be reasonably doubted if it would be practicable on a large farm. To cut and carry green fodder for half a dozen cattle is an operation very different in expense from hiring labourers to cut and carry the whole summer-fodder of the cattle stock of a large farm. In gardening and husbandry, and even in trade and manufactures, there are operations which are practicable and profitable on a small scale, but which would not be so on a great scale; and many answer well on a great scale, which would not answer at all in a small way. It will not be denied that this summer stall-feeding, whether practicable or not on a great scale, produces more manure from the land than if the land were given up to pasture every fourth or fifth year, or oftener, according to the rotation of crops on the farm. Except the portion of its grass made into hay for winter fodder, none of the produce of the pasture-land of a large farm is converted into manure that is profitable; for the manure dropped about by cattle grazing over a field, is altogether lost and unprofitable for the land. On every large farm, under what is called a good rotation of crops, one-fourth or one-fifth of its arable land is out of cultivation every year for want of manure, and yet is producing none. Manure, abundance of manure, is allowed by all to be the basis of agricultural prosperity, either to the individual farm or to the country; and although lime, bone-dust, or guano, may raise great crops, unless the crops so raised produce manure, additional manure to the dung-hill and the fields, the land of a farm, or of a garden, or of a country, cannot be kept in heart, and these expensive applications turn out a short-lived delusion. If the farmer were to apply bone-dust or guano to raise a turnip crop, and instead of converting his fine turnip crop into manure for his farm, by keeping a suitable winter stock of cattle to consume it, if he were to cast one-fourth of his turnips into the sea, would not his neighbours pronounce the man mad? Yet in what is he more mad than the farmer who has one-fourth of his farm every year under grass, and instead of turning the whole of the produce of this area of land into manure, by stall-feeding cattle with the green crops which might be raised in succession upon it, throws away one-half, or two-thirds of its surface by pasturing cattle over it all the summer? Excepting the portion of it cut for hay, as the first year's sown grass, the whole produce of the rest, that is of the fields in second and third years' grass, might as well be carted into the sea, as far as regards the production of manure for the farm. It may be practically true that the sowing of a succession of green crops for summer fodder for cattle in the stall, the cutting, carrying, tending, cleaning, may not be profitable, nor even possible, unless we are talking of a cow-feeder's stock of half a

dozen cattle and sheep; and may be utter nonsense if applied to the fields and farm-stock of a large farm of two or three hundred acres. But if the whole area of a country, its whole arable surface, be occupied and cultivated in such garden beds, and the whole kept in garden farms producing such garden crops, and returning manure sufficient to keep such garden farms perpetually in heart, and full bearing, this agricultural system is surely more favourable to national wealth and well-being, as far as these are connected with agriculture, than that of large farms occupying the face of the country; and one-fourth of the land that is arable, and only cultivated in its turn, lying waste and useless as far as regards the production of manure, and consequently of food for more, and merely grazed over from the want of manure to keep it, like a garden in a state of constant productiveness."—(pp. 21-23).

Mr. Laing awards to this garden system the praise of being favourable "to national wealth and well-being," but with, it must be observed, the qualification of this doubtful phrase—"as far as these are connected with agriculture." He subsequently shows that these advantages are only to be hoped for amongst an agricultural people, where the small estate system has been long fixed, and where the modes of life are all stereotyped, and that they are never so happily developed in a manufacturing country whose main characteristic must be progress. He further makes a distinction between national well-being and national wealth, conceiving that, although in a nation where the peasant-proprietor system is established, there may possibly be a better tone of morals, and to that most important extent more of "well-being;" yet in a manufacturing country the division of labour, which is the basis of extensive and cheap production, must ever tend most to the promotion of national wealth. We are not disposed to admit that the tone of morals is, on the whole, higher amongst an agricultural people; and if an abundant and cheap supply of those articles which minister to the comforts and refinements of life is an element in material well-being, it is, we think, sufficiently clear that there must be more of it in a nation where manufactures are a main source of industry. Our immediate purpose, however, is not to discuss that question, but only to exhibit the advantages of the peasant-proprietor system. The most obvious and captivating

of these advantages is, that the peasant proprietor pays no rent, that his land is his savings' bank, and that he may give to it all his labour and that of his family. Hence, too, those agricultural results, which are not to be hoped for from an occupying tenant. This, however, supposes a condition of things, which would not endure in a commercial and manufacturing state, where large fortunes are made, and land must be purchased and let out to others.

Another and a very important advantage arising from the small-estate system is, the sense of property. This feeling is found, by long experience, to have a powerful influence on mind and conduct. Hence it is, that in Flanders, Switzerland, and Norway, the land is not frittered down into portions too small for subsistence. Hence, too, those habits and that foresight which form the most effective check upon improvident marriages and wasteful habits in every form. These feelings would appear to be the incidents of property of every kind; but their beneficial tendencies are undoubtedly more obvious in these countries where the system to which we have been referring is long established, and where the training to which it leads has been for ages prevalent. In these latter countries, the aggregation of land, consequent on sales, marriages, or inheritance from collateral relatives, is found to counterbalance its divisions on deaths.

"There is a strong conservative principle, also, in the social condition of a body of small landowners of old standings, which cannot exist in a body of small tenants removable at each term, and with no right of property in their farms. The owner of six acres of land is under the same moral influence as the owner of six hundred. He has a social position to maintain, a feeling of being obliged to live as respectably as his equals; a customary standard in his house, furniture, clothing, food, to support; a repugnance to derogate from what ancient custom has established as suitable to his station, and an equal repugnance to be thought imprudent or extravagant by exceeding it. There are few positions in life in which men live under such powerful restraints as in the class of peasant-proprietors. Their house, furniture, clothing, diet, utensils, and even modes of working are fixed and regulated by ancient custom, from which no individual can derogate, without, in a manner, losing caste. The traveller often comes into a district in

which all the inhabitants are clothed in one peculiar, distinct costume, often of very antique fashion, and generally of home-made materials. He may always conclude, that the district is one in which the occupancy of land by small peasant-proprietors is predominant. These local costumes on the Continent are very interesting to the antiquary. They represent, frequently, the very dress, both in fashion and material, worn by the higher classes in the early part of the middle ages, before silks and fine cloths, or stuffs from Lombardy or Flanders were generally diffused, and had driven the home-made materials of clothing, and the fashion of garments they were applied to, from the upper to the lower ranks of the people. The costume, in some parts of the Continent, is the same, at the present day, as the garb of nobles, and dames, and knights, represented on ancient tombstones, or in carvings, tapestry, and missals. The flower-girls at Hamburgh, from the Vieslander, on the Elbe, and the females of the Probestel, a district on the Baltic coast, between Kiel and Lubeck, with their bunchy jupes, or petticoats like a highlander's philibeg, scarcely reaching below the knee, but with a profusion of folds and plaits, making up, in the ample latitude of this indispensable garment, for the alarming deficiency in its longitude, are the very figures on the brasses and sculptured monuments in ancient cathedrals. These local costumes have an interest, also, for the social economist: they are a standard of clothing which regulates in these several districts the expense, preparation, and labour to be bestowed upon the apparel of every individual of a class which comprehends almost the whole population. The costume is the same for all in materials, pattern, and colour, whatever may be the diversity in the wealth of individuals. The Dutch boor, in North-Holland, who possesses shares in East Indiamen, is not distinguishable in dress from one who has only his house and his piece of land. Costume is not confined to dress: it extends to the furniture, the household goods, the housekeeping, the diet, the farm-work. A sameness and equality are deemed necessary for respectability; nor is the common standard in dress very low; ornaments of silver, such as buckles, clasps, and dangling rows of buttons to some value, are worn in some districts by all respectable peasants. Gold earrings, lace, amber necklaces, enter into the common female attire in others. In Holland, and from Groningen to Embden, and northward to the Elbe and Eyder, in the Frisian branch of the population, every girl, to be respectably dressed, even in the station of a servant-maid, must have a frontlet or thin clasp of gold across her forehead. These are checks which society forms for itself upon improvidence in marriage, or extravagance in living. A man who cannot afford these articles, deemed respectable and necessary in his station, cannot marry without visible imprudence, or find a woman to marry him.

To be without these would be a manifest derogation, as inexorable custom requires them in his or her social position, and to attain them depends upon ordinary industry; as the clothing materials are principally home-made, the fashion is common to all; and the trinkets, as gold or silver ornaments, are of known value, suited to what the earnings of a young couple ought to afford, if they can afford to marry."—*Laing*, pp. 88-5.

The apparent permanence of every usage in regard to clothing, lodging, food, in the countries just referred to by Mr. Laing, certainly indicates that there is no deterioration in the condition of the people. Poverty there no doubt is, but the number of those who are in actual want of food and the other necessities of life must, as our author observes, be smaller where every individual is connected by relationship with proprietors, who, although they have no money to spare, have always food in abundance. Mr. Laing further holds, that the intellectual as well as the moral condition of a people must be higher where small estates prevail, than where a co-operative or factory system is established; and this on the ground that "the exercise of the faculties by the application of the mind to a variety of operations; the invention, the ingenuity, the judgment called forth, the resources to be found for want of skill, tools, and co-operative aid, make the production of an article by single-handed or family work, much more intellectual and improving, although the article produced be very much inferior, and more costly, than if it had been produced by factory work. We have already intimated our impression that moral feeling is, on the whole, in a higher state amongst an advanced manufacturing people than amongst the farming nations which Mr. Laing has been observing; and without entering into a discussion of his very plausible view, we must add our undoubted conviction, that there is more of intelligence diffused amongst the artisans and operatives of London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Paisley, than any philosopher could find, latent or patent, in the boors of Friesland or Holstein.

The advantages of the small estate system, as seen in those countries to which, from length of time and their peculiar circumstances, it has become adapted, and as now put forward by Mr. Laing, may be classed under the

following heads:—Higher culture of the land; a sense of property with its attendant checks; more of physical and moral well-being; and greater intelligence. We have next to turn to his *per contra* state of the account, and see what he says of its disadvantages. The first is, that under the small estate system society, after reaching to a certain small amount of well-being, becomes stationary; that it is in a state of finality. But in the moral, intellectual, and social affairs and interests of mankind, the law of nature is to advance and improve. Finality is altogether a false and conventional principle.

"Now this social state is not and cannot be progressive. It admits of no advance in the means or ways of living, acting, or thinking beyond a certain fixed, hereditary standard; and one generation cannot afford to acquire or to gratify any higher tastes or wants than those of the generation preceding it. In the countries or districts in which this social state has been established for ages, as in Switzerland and the Tyrol, Norway, Flanders, the man of the nineteenth century is the man of the fourteenth. His way of living, his way of thinking, his diet, dwelling, dress, his tastes, wants, and enjoyments, his ideas, his civilisation are stereotyped. Co-operative industry, science, invention, judgment, applied to the ornamental or useful arts, commerce, manufactures, the tastes for, and enjoyment of, the objects of civilised life, are dormant to a great degree in a social state which affords no markets, no consumption, no demand for the productions of the ingenuity, skill, and enterprise of other people. All are producers of almost all they consume, and no class is wealthy enough to set to work a class of producers of objects required for their gratification. The having enough for the most simple wants and tastes of a working agricultural life, the contentedness of a whole population with this enough, and the legal impediment, from the equal division of property among children, to any class in the community attaining permanently more than this enough, may be a very happy social state, and altogether in accordance with the spirit and precepts of ancient philosophers; but it is a philosophy of barbarism, not of civilisation; a social state of routine and stagnation, not of activity and progress. A nation is composed of families; but when these component parts are not united by common interests, and are merely distinct dots upon the face of a country, joined together by no want of each other, no common requirements supplied by co-operative labour, but simply by juxta-position on the land, and a common inhabitation under a common government, the population can scarcely be

called a nation. The material interests binding people together into one social and political body are too few in this social state. There can be little interchange of industry for industry, for all are employed equally in producing what they consume. There can be no important home markets for agricultural products, and none for the many products for which great combination of capital, skill, machinery, and co-operative labour of body and mind, are required, and which are the enjoyments and the tastes of civilised life. Where manufactures have been established, as in Switzerland, Belgium, and on the Rhine, it is upon the foreign market, not upon any consumption at home, that they depend. In the social state of Britain it is the reverse. Our export trade, immense as it is, appears but a trifle compared to our home consumption, in our own families, of all that labour, skill, ingenuity, and capital produce for the gratification of the tastes and wants of civilised life among our own population. The interchange of industry for industry among the individual producers in our social state, is a perpetual animating principle, like the circulation of the blood in the human frame. But this interchange, this living by each other, and dependence upon each other, is necessarily inconsiderable in the other social state. Each family is a self-supporting, isolated unit, living a kind of Robinson Crusoe life on its own patch of land, producing in a rough way all its wants, and going without what it cannot produce. The tastes for the habits, comforts, gratifications, and refinements of a higher state of civilisation are wanting, because the means to form those tastes are wanting, and the classes in the social body who can afford to indulge in them, and to pay for them, are wanting."—*Laing*, pp. 98-5.

The main elements of all progress, time, labour, and capital, are in this condition of society all engaged in endeavouring to maintain the one customary standard of being, beyond which they cannot pass. Hereditary wealth is rare, and the exceptional individual who possesses it cannot venture to live much better than his neighbours, both because he would be in a position of invidious singularity, and because the equal succession of his children must, as he knows, at his death, reduce their incomes to the ordinary standard. "The want, then," as Mr. Laing observes, "in this social state of a class with more than the bare means of living, and with the leisure to apply to higher material and intellectual objects than the supplying of their own household wants by their own household work, is not favourable to the progress of society. The material ob-

jects and interests, and these of the lowest kind, must predominate over the intellectual and moral. There are intellectual and moral influences and objects, which dignify man, as motives of his action; but these must remain almost dormant in society if there be no class free from the cares of daily subsistence, and with the education and leisure which an opulent class only can command, to cultivate and act on them." The mere acquirements of reading and writing, and of needful elements, may be universally diffused, and yet education be uninfluential. It may, as Mr. Laing remarks, "lose in depth what it gains in breadth." There may, as he adds, "be few in a situation to enter into those higher studies and sciences, which not only elevate the individual to a high pitch of mind, but give society itself the language, ideas, and spirit of a higher intellectual condition."

The law of equal succession amongst the children of peasant proprietors does not, as might be expected, directly operate in subdividing the estate into portions which are too small. If the portions would be too minute to afford the means of erecting a house and offices, and of living, the cottiers sell their shares, and one of them, generally the eldest, takes the whole—house, land, and stock—paying either a sum of money or an annuity to the others. There is the moral check on an ultra-division of land, arising from the standard of living amongst peasant proprietors, and there is an economical check caused by the expense required for the construction of dwellings. But although the land itself may not be over-much divided; its value is, and its burthens prove oppressive, and injurious to progress. The value of each share becomes a charge upon the land. Hence it is that almost every estate of every peasant proprietor in France, although free from debt in the generation only preceding the present, when they were acquired at the sales of the national domains and confiscated estates, is at this moment sunk deep in debt. "In less than half a century," says Mr. Laing, "the second generation from the original proprietors of small estates, who had them free of debt, are now overwhelmed with mortgages." To show the extent of this indebtedness, Mr. Laing cites a passage in the *Times* newspaper of Janu-

ary 18th, 1850. From our experience of the ignorance and dogmatic presumption of the *Times* newspaper in regard to almost every Irish topic, we should not venture to cite it as an authority on this or any other subject, did it not refer to French statistics of better reputation:—

"The amount of registered mortgages is stated, on the authority of M. Audiffret, and M. Raudot, to have been 11½ milliards of livres, or 450 millions of pounds sterling at the 1st of July, 1832, and in 1840, the amount was 12½ milliards, or 500 millions of pounds sterling; and at the same rate of progress it is estimated that the amount of debts on the land of the peasant proprietors in France would not be less, in 1849, than 560 millions of pounds sterling."

Thus it appears that there is a sum of thirty millions of pounds sterling payable yearly by peasant proprietors of France, as interest on debt charged on their land:—

"The great art of this universal indebtedness is, that the actual cultivator, although he may have the same extent of land as his predecessor, has not the same means to live, and expend something on the comforts and conveniences of a civilised condition. He can make but a poor subsistence out of the estate for himself and his family, after paying the annuities or interest of the principal sum with which he bought out the other co-heirs. It is estimated, by the authorities quoted above, that after paying the interest of his debt, and the government taxes and rates, the peasant proprietor in France has not, on an average, above three-eighths of the yearly produce of his estate left for his own subsistence. On his death the burden on the estate is increased by an additional set of co-heirs. This is a retrograde, not an advancing condition of the agricultural population, which is the great mass of the social body. Each generation is worse off than the preceding one, although the land is neither less, nor more divided, nor more cultivated. The ostensible owner is more and more burdened with debt in each generation, can afford to buy less, and not more, of the comforts and conveniences of life; and consequently the home market for the products of the useful arts, and the taste and habit of enjoying them, are diminishing along with the means of the great mass of the population to indulge in them."—*Laing's Notes*, pp. 99, 100.

One of the many evils arising from this state of things in France is, that the class of workmen in the ordinary crafts, who ought to find a good living in supplying the agriculturists with the

objects of the useful arts, are, from the inability of the latter to purchase, thrown upon a greater production in the ornamental arts than the markets can absorb. Hence there is in every town a congregated mass of turbulent operatives for whom there is no employment.

There is, in the condition of society produced by the small estate system, another political defect—the want of an intermediate element between the governing and the governed. Be the form of the government what it may, this third element between the power of the State and the physical force of the people, is needful for its security. “It prevents,” as Mr. Laing says, “direct collision, like the buffers and ballast-waggons in a railway train, between the State and the people; and without it there is no security against tyranny on the one hand, or anarchy on the other.” The aristocracy, and the clergy of the Church of Rome, formed this third element in the middle ages, but both are, as Mr. Laing thinks, now *effete* on the Continent:—

“With us the class of capitalists, of men of high intellectual and moral character, displayed in situations of importance, and the strong *prestige* in favour of birth, fortune, manners, and of what we call nobility and gentry—a class very different from the feudal aristocracy of the Continent, and depending for social influence entirely on popular esteem, not on royal favour, constitute this third element in our social structure. But no equivalent class, with social influence to stand between the aristocratic and the democratic elements in the social body, has formed itself on the Continent, where the property of land, which is almost the only kind of property, is universally distributed in small, and almost equal portions. A class with the social influence of great opulence, high education, and extensive action in objects important and useful to the community, is necessarily of very slow growth in a social state, in which almost every family produces what it consumes, and few have means to indulge in these acquired tastes for luxuries, or comforts, which employ commerce or manufactures. Where all are equal, or nearly equal in property, no pre-eminent social influence is accorded to property; and the only influence remaining in the social body is that of military or civil authority, held under or from the Crown, or the executive power. The people have no independent representatives, no leaders or defenders of importance and weight, either with their own body or with their rulers; no influential organs of public opinion; nothing, in short, to oppose

to misgovernment and oppression but physical force. This is a social state much nearer to a military despotism than to a free constitution. If we sit down and try to sketch that social condition which, practically, must be, of all others, the least favourable to the establishment and permanence of free institutions, and to the liberty of a people, we come, unaffectedly and unwillingly, to the conclusion, that it is the social condition which approaches nearest to a perfect equality. Liberty and equality! these are two elements which cannot co-exist in society. Liberty and property! the old cry of the English mob, was practically, and theoretically, a more true and philosophical combination of ideas; for liberty would have no protection, guidance, or defence, without a class having, by their superior stake of property, the confidence of the people. The United States of America began with such a class, at their disruption from England—a class of gentry of old standing in the country, and possessing all the influence and *prestige* that superior education, fortune, and station in life, could give. Washington, and almost all the leaders in the struggle for American independence, were of this class; were in every respect the equivalent class to the English gentry or nobility. But such a class of independent proprietors, with a considerable stake, and a proportionable influence in the country, has not formed itself on the European Continent by the breaking up of the estates of the feudal aristocracy, and of the Crown and Church domains. A very near approach to equality of condition has been made—nearer, by far, than in the American republic, because their commerce, capital, and industrious enterprise are widening, every day, the difference of the condition between the different classes; but this equality on the continent of Europe, which extends to education as well as property, seems to be no nearer approach to liberty. A republic cannot be formed out of a mob, equal, each man to his neighbour, in right pretensions, claims to support, and to public confidence—equal in fortune, education, influence, and clamour. This can only be an anarchy, in which nothing is influential, stable, and secure. A limited monarchy, with no limiting element of power and influence standing in the social body between the monarch and the people, keeping each in its place, can only be a constitution on paper, and not a working reality. A military aristocracy is the only government applicable, or, perhaps, possible, in this social state of agrarian equality.”—pp. 101-103.

We have given Mr. Laing's strong view upon this subject at some length, because of its importance, and of, as it seems to us, its obvious truth. In addition to this near and ever-impending danger of collision between the

State and the people, the small estate system bears within itself another element of ruin; that is, the necessity of military service to a large proportion of the population, and a consequent craving for war. This fatal malady is not, perhaps, exhibited in every country where small estate occupancy prevails. Norway and some minor states may, from their peculiar circumstances, seem to be exceptions; but that it is a disease inherent in the system, and one which bodes disaster to society, is, we think, abundantly evidenced by the recent history and present condition of Germany and France. Mr. Laing is, on this topic, directly opposed to Mr. Cobden and his allies of the Peace Congress. They conceive that war can never be the choice of those who have property, because property, and more especially landed property, which cannot be removed, suffers in times of war from the double danger of devastation and taxes. This, we might observe, is, as applied to the peasant proprietor system, but a plausible sophism. The great mass of the people, under such a system, having in fact no property, and no sufficient means of maintenance, except through military service. If the amiable members of the Peace Congress would, as Mr. Laing wishes them to do, direct their attention to the practical working of the small-estate system in France, which they so rashly praise, they would find that "in almost every peasant-proprietor's family there are one or two grown-up young men, the sons and heirs of the labouring proprietor, who have no employment at home until the small estate becomes vacant by the death of their parents. Their additional labour is not required for its cultivation while the parent is able to work, and it cannot afford them bread, after they are grown up, for labour not required." There are in France 10,282,946 landed proprietors, and allowing one-third of these to be heads of families, with sons in the condition we have described—grown up, while the parent is able to work—how vast must be the numbers of young men whose habits and whose wants make them eager for war! There is no manufacturing industry to absorb them. In their condition of society, the great body of landed proprietors supply their small wants with home-made goods—have little to buy, or little to buy with. Their grown-up

sons have neither the opportunities nor the tastes which might lead them to apply to steady industry, and yet they are not without the prospect of some means of future subsistence. To persons so circumstanced, military service is an obvious resource; and while it supplies their present wants, it affords them, also, the excitement which idlers, more than others, are likely to crave. "War," says Mr. Laing, "is a necessary consequence of the state of those countries in which landed property is generally, and almost equally distributed." But it may occur to many that Switzerland is a long-tried and well-established instance of the contrary, a model-country of peasant-proprietorship, industry, peace, and plenty. Switzerland has long been in an exceptional condition. Her youth are scattered over every land of Europe, and in almost every region of America, in employments of all descriptions—servants, inn-keepers, traders. "Except the Jews," says Mr. Laing, "no people are so generally dispersed over the civilised world as the Swiss." Switzerland, as he adds, also manufactures, to a considerable extent, for the foreign markets. Yet, with all this, she supplies whole regiments to Naples, Rome, and other states, maintaining, at the same time, at home, a very considerable standing army in proportion to her population. "Military service," adds our good observer, "is so suitable and congenial to the social state of her population of small landholders, that the ranks of these regiments, although serving abroad, are always replenished with ease; and there remains, always, a surplus of unquiet spirits at home, ready, from want of other employment, to engage in tumult and war when the cantons quarrel amongst themselves or with the federal government." Switzerland, then, although her social organisation has been long adjusted to this system, is no example of its peaceful tendencies. Her position is, however, as we have seen, in many respects exceptional; and it is in France and Germany that this unquiet spirit, as well as the other dangers incident to small-estate occupancy, are most palpably exhibited. Mr. Laing closes his view of this phase of his subject with the following able paragraph:—

"This prodigious development of an element of warfare in the new social state

Europe, may well make the observer of the spirit of our times pause before he admits its advantages, or assents to Mr. Cobden's conclusion—that universal and perpetual peace is a necessary result of an universal diffusion of landed property. A more warlike construction of society could scarcely be devised than one which keeps all the agricultural youth of the country *mobile*, and independent of steady employment for their future subsistence, and renders military service the most desirable occupation they can adopt, and the most consistent with their ultimate position in life. This social element, the youth of a country living in present idleness yet in certainty of future subsistence, has, in every age and nation, and even in every family, impeded industry and application to the useful and peaceful arts, and engendered a spirit for temporary exertion, and a wild craving for excitement, which warfare only can gratify. It filled the Roman legions; and, on the decay of the Roman empire, it covered the seas with squadrons of Saxon and Danish freebooters. Thrice it conquered England, by the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Wielded by Bonaparte, it conquered Europe; and, after the almost total annihilation of his army of half-a-million of soldiers on the retreat from Moscow, it replaced that army in a few months, and enabled him to struggle once more for the mastery of the world on the field of Waterloo. If Mr. Cobden be right in considering the universal diffusion of landed property a pacific element in society, all history must be wrong. It is this social element that is agitating and convulsing Germany, France, and Italy, and filling all the continental cities with unemployed young men—idle, half-educated enthusiasts, incapable of steady application to any handicraft, because they have a living to look to at least, independent of present industry. This class of the unemployed, and, in truth, the unemployable, furnishes those bands of Socialists, Communists, Red Republicans, Clabblers, Students, vagabonds who are wandering as military adventurers over Europe, from the Tyber to the Eyder, and, like the *condottieri* of the middle ages, are ready to engage in any tumult or warfare.”—*Laing*, pp. 107-8.

We have now endeavoured to follow Mr. Laing, in his calm and equal examination of this absorbing topic. We cannot accord to Mr. Kay the same praise for impartiality. The subject of the small-estate system occupies the whole of his first well-filled volume, and he enters into its advantages at greater length and in more detail than Mr. Laing; but of its disadvantages he says not one single word; on that part of the question he is silent as the grave. He never hints an imperfec-

tion; and of the many writers who have discussed the system, every authority which he cites is in its favour. One-sidedness is the great, almost the only failing of Mr. Kay; and were it not for this, his researches would be of a higher value and wider interest.

The next of the distinctive features in modern Europe which we have to notice is, that of functionaryism. This is a result of the virtual abolition of aristocratic influence, consequent on the general distribution of land. On the settlement of Europe, in 1816, the Continental sovereigns felt that the power of the nobility was no more; that some barrier was required between their thrones and the people; and they sought in a new functionary system a substitute for aristocracy. A civil army of functionaries was organised; every department, every branch of every business, public or private, was, in some form, applied to the employment of functionaries; was centralised, licensed, inspected, reported on, interfered with, by a salaried class, all under a semi-military discipline. “In Bavaria,” says Mr. Laing, “the superior civil functionary can place his inferior functionary under house arrest; and in Wurtemberg the functionary cannot marry without leave from his superior.” Voltaire remarks that “the art of government is to make two-thirds of a nation pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third.” This, as our author shows, is exemplified in Germany. “The functionaries are not there for the benefit of people, but the people for the benefit of the functionaries.” All this machinery was formed to raise and establish a third class, which, while attached by its interests to the throne, should be closely connected with the people by its duties and interference with their affairs. “The *Beamtenstand*, or functionary class, was to be the equivalent to the class of nobility, gentry, capitalists, and men of larger landed property than the peasant proprietors, and was to make up in numbers for the want of individual weight and influence.” In France, at the period of the expulsion of Louis Philippe, the functionaries numbered 807,030; thus making a civil army double that of the military. In Germany, from some peculiarities in their institutions, the functionaries are still more numerous in proportion to the

population. In every state there must be functionaries; the conduct of the public departments, and the collection of the revenue, demand them; but on the Continent their numbers are excessive, and they are regarded as a separate and influential order, and not, as with us, merged in their natural classes. In Germany, and especially in Prussia, after the division of Europe by the Congress of Vienna in 1816, the extension of this class became a pressing necessity. By the arbitrary arrangements then made, provinces which had belonged to Saxony, Sweden, or to France, were handed over to Prussia, Bavaria, or Baden. The masses which formed the population of Prussia, for instance, could only be held together as a nation by functionary government. These masses were, however, as Mr. Laing observes, not naturalised, but only functionalised:—

"The Prussian subjects are not a nation, but a lot of fourteen millions of people, torn from other nationalities in 1816, and held together in the shape of a nation only by functionary government, civil and military duties, and discipline. They are the most superintended, the most interfered with, the most destitute of civil freedom and political rights; in a word, the most enslaved people in Western Europe, and the most educated. It would be an imputation on the German character, and a proof that the people of Germany are incapable of any nationality or freedom at all, if it were true that the great mass of Prussian subjects who were born or bred under, or accustomed to consider as their right, the Code Napoleon, trial by jury, open courts of justice, and freedom of religion, had become, in a single generation, nationalised and amalgamated with the population of old Prussia, and enthusiastic in loyalty to an autocratic sovereign, who had broken his promises of a constitution, and to a government in which law, civil and criminal, is derived from and administered, as we see in the trial of Waldeck, in November, 1849, in the spirit of the middle ages, and is far behind the law and administration they had enjoyed before their annexation to the Prussian crown."—*Laing*, pp. 188-9.

In Prussia the functionary system was extended, with the double object of maintaining a bond and semblance of national union, and of acting as a substitute for the aristocracy, whose influence had dwindled to a span. In France it was not needed for the former purpose; but ever since that greatest act of the Revolution, the division of land into small estates, every ruler, from

Napoleon down to the present President, has instinctively resorted to the functionary system as the only remaining barrier between the government and the people. That it is not like aristocracy, the true intermediate element, has been abundantly shown by the events of 1848. False and feeble, it has failed as a support to every ruler in his day of trial. "It betrayed Bonaparte; it deserted Louis Philippe. The functionaries had no influence with the people: they are justly considered as dependent pensioners." The functionary system is itself one of the main causes of popular dissatisfaction, and is not likely to last long even as a temporary support to the Continental governments:—

"The Continental man now visits other countries at a small expense of money or time, and finds people there managing for themselves those offices and interests which occupy a crowd of paid functionaries at home, and sees them free individually to move about, to settle where they please, to engage in what they please, in trade, manufactures, or other industrial pursuits, without restriction, superintendence, leave, or licence from any official of government. This civil liberty will be one of the great moral effects produced in the social state of Europe by steam power, and will be its greatest triumph. The lesson received abroad by German and French travellers will not be lost at home, and the reduction of functionaryism to its proper limits of the collection of taxes, the administration of law, and the other legitimate objects of government, instead of the present system of meddling with all social or private action which can be centralised, superintended, and turned into employment for functionaries, will be the first and most important result of the movement of 1848 on the social state of Germany. The vexatious interference and intrusion of functionaryism into the domestic affairs and arrangements of individuals, by the landwehr system, the educational system, the passport system, the class taxes, the licences to trade, or exercise any handicraft, have reduced civil liberty, or the freedom of the individual to act on his own judgment, in his own affairs, to as low a pitch as in the middle ages."—*Laing*, p. 191.

This glance at the functionary system may lead us to suspect that we have not so much reason to envy the condition of our Continental neighbours as some ardent travellers would have us to suppose. For a more full development of its noxious workings, we refer to the pages of Mr. Laing. Before, however, leaving the subject, we must

remark, that it is indeed true that in America the functionary system is very much extended, and that it does not interfere with the liberties of the people. It is by no means so extensive in America as on the Continent, but the main difference is that it is not so interfering. In America, too, it is not a permanent and a separate class—not a bureaucracy: a large portion of the functionary force changes with the President, and sinks again into the people. Another most important difference is that, in America, government is less centralised than in any of the great countries of Europe. In a vast number of cases the appointments are made by local bodies, and by election.

The next of the distinctive features in Continental polity is the Landwehr system. Of this remarkable institution Mr. Kay takes only the picturesque view; while Mr. Laing exhibits its oppressive working and its utter inconsistency with our notions of liberty. The Landwehr institution is a revival and modification of that feudal organisation which, in the olden time, formed the main military force of Europe. All crown vassals, with their immediate vassals, and their sub-vassals, together with their peasants and serfs, were all liable to be called out for military service by their sovereign; and the general levy was, in the German states, named the *Landwehr* or *Landsturm*. The use of fire-arms, demanding more of skill, led to the preference of hired soldiers—to the substitute of a tax for personal service, and to the introduction of standing armies. The esteem in which these were for a long time held, suffered, from many causes, a great decline in Germany. In Prussia—being a great military school—a martinet system, and a minute attention to trifles, brought the regular service into disrepute with the people, and the failure of these merely machine-made soldiers before the revolutionary armies of France caused many of the German states to distrust their standing armies, and to wish again for the Landwehr arrangement. By the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, Prussia was reduced to a second-rate power, and her army fell from a nominal strength of 239,000 men to that of 30,000. She was destitute of the resources to augment her forces, and, had she been free from any difficulty of this sort, the fear of offend-

ing France would have deterred her from attempting it. Under these circumstances, and not uninfluenced by a liking for her ancient system, she began without observation to re-organise her Landwehr institutions, and thereby to have every male above the age of seventeen years, and capable of bearing arms, at her service. In March of 1813—the happiest moment she could have chosen for the trial—the modern Landwehr force was first called out. The French army was on its retreat from Moscow, and the Prussians were eager for revenge. The Landwehr movement and our English gold enabled Prussia to take the field with an army of 200,000 men, and in every operation, from the battle of Leipsic to the occupation of Paris, this proved to be an efficient force. This brilliant success very naturally established it in the favour of the Prussian government, and, indeed, for a length of time, in that of the people. But very little can be inferred as to the comparative merits of a Landwehr and standing army, from the successes of 1813 and 1814. National enthusiasm was the moving power of the Prussians, and, as Mr. Laing observes, “wars of enthusiasm are among the rarest in history—not half a dozen in Europe since the first crusade.” Let us, however, learn from Mr. Laing what is the precise Landwehr system as at present existing in Prussia, and as adopted, with some small difference in details, by the other German states:—

“The Prussian army consists of regiments of the line or standing troops. This is considered the formation school of the military force, or army of the whole population of the country. Every male, without exception, in the whole population, is bound to serve three years, between his twentieth and twenty-fifth years, as a private in the rank of a regiment of the line. The only exceptions are cases of bodily infirmity, and the clergy, schoolmasters, only sons of widows, and a few others; and the liability to serve is rather suspended than altogether abandoned by government in these exceptions. Property, rank, occupation, business, give no claim to exemption, and no substitutes or *replacements* are accepted of, as in the French conscription system. Every man must serve as a private in the ranks of a regiment of the line, whatever be his social position. The only allowance made is that young men of property, or of the higher classes and professions, who provide their own clothing, arms, and equipment at their own expense, may be

permitted to serve in certain rifle or chasseur corps for one year only, instead of three, or a petition with sufficient reasons given for the indulgence required. After the three years' service in the line the young man is turned over to his district Landwehr regiment of the *erster aufgeböth*, or, as we would call it, first for service. This division of the Landwehr force is considered the proper army, the troops of the line being its formation-school. It is liable, like the standing army, to serve in or out of the country, but in time of peace, to save expense, it is only embodied for manoeuvre and exercise for a few weeks yearly. Its staff only is in constant pay. The division of the second *aufgeböth*, or second for service, consists of all who have served their three years in the line, and their two years in the Landwehr of the first *aufgeböth*, and are under forty years of age. These are considered trained soldiers, and men settled in occupations, and are, therefore, in time of peace, only assembled in small divisions, and in their own localities, for a few days' exercise. The Landsturm consists of all not in the service, or discharged from it by the completion of their terms of service in the other divisions; and it is mustered and organised as well as the other divisions of the Landwehr force. The principle of the system is that every Prussian subject, without exception, shall pass through a military service of three years, in the ranks of a regiment of the line, and shall then be available, during his whole life, as a trained soldier, in one or other of the divisions of the Landwehr force, according to his age or fitness for any military duty. A whole nation, with scarcely the exception of a single able-bodied man, and without exemption of class or station, passing through a military training of three years in the ranks of regiments of the line, and then formed into regiments, from which, when engaged in civil occupations, the men are only, as it were, on furlough, or like soldiers in cantonments, and are called together, mustered, and exercised for several weeks in field manoeuvres, gives an imposing impression of this military force. The perfection, also, of the vast arrangement of this vast and complicated system, and the general fairness, impartiality, and economy with which it is worked, must raise the admiration of every traveller who inquires about the Landwehr. But is it a good military system? Is it a good social system?"—*Laing*, pp. 289-41.

The latter question must be first determined, for if it impeaches industry, and thus diminishes national wealth, it cannot prove an effective military system; money being, as is well known, the sinews of war. Now,

in the first place, it detracts three years of time and labour from the industry of the country, and by about so much must the country be a loser. Each individual, too, loses directly about one-tenth of the productive period of his life—indirectly he loses very much more. Few can turn at once from the habits of the camp to the steady industry of civil life. The trade learned before the commencement of a three years' military service is forgotten at its close, and the soldier can hardly hope to be a good workman in any branch. But in addition to the three years' service at the prime of life, which is the most important to the habits of men, the soldier artisan is for ever after to have his time and habits interfered with by a six or eight weeks' service in his Landwehr regiment. All this must be injurious to individuals, and, consequently, a loss to the state; we therefore arrive at the conclusion that the Landwehr system cannot work well, either as a military or a social arrangement, and are quite prepared to believe that "the Landwehr system is," as stated by Mr. Laing, "an incubus on the prosperity, liberty, and morality of the German people." Mr. Kay remarks, in reference to the Landwehr soldier, that "the tastes for respectable clothing and cleanliness, which they thus gain, remain during their after-lives."* Perhaps they may, and this is no doubt a good result; but it is a small compensation to the men themselves, for lost opportunities of advancing their condition, and but little consolation to the public for the spirit of insubordination which it is sure to create:—

"It is," says Mr. Laing, "fortunate for the liberty and civilisation of Europe that the attempt to turn the whole population of a country into an army has proved abortive. Military organisation extended beyond a class in the community, carried over the whole population, and making social and civil duties of secondary importance to military service for the support of government, has ended, as it deserved to end, in making them dangerous subjects, without making them good soldiers. The people trained to be an army are a people with wrong to redress, and in a position of disciplined armed antagonism to their autocratic governments. The Landwehr system was in reality a backward step both in policy and in civil-

* Kay's "Social Condition and Education of the People," vol. i. p. 225.

ization, replacing society in the nineteenth century on the ground on which it had stood in the middle ages. It is for the common man a return to the *Liebeigen* state. He was not more *adscriptus glebæ* in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, under his feudal baron or superior, than he is in the nineteenth, by the *Landwehr* system, under his civil and military superiors. His time and labour are taken from him, his trade or means of living broken up by military service, not, as in the feudal ages, for a service of forty days, but for three years together, and for forty days or more every year afterwards, and with the vexatious consideration, that his time and labour are taken from him to be expended in useless parades, reviews, and sham-battles, in time of profound peace. And for this end he cannot go on his own affairs from place to place, he cannot be absent, however urgent his business, from his musters and drills in his *Landwehr* regiment, without leave and passport, and his return made sure to his military and civil superintendents, or he is liable to punishment as a deserter. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when feudal serfage was in most vigour, the serf could at least bargain with his lord, as he can now in Russia, for his exemption from personal service for a time, or for perpetuity. In France he can provide a substitute for his military service if he is drawn as a conscript. But in Germany the state functionary is his feudal lord, yet without the power to exempt the serf from his military servitude. The common man cannot remove in search of work, or on his private affairs, from the locality in which he is enrolled, without examinations, certificates, passports, and transfer of his military service still due to the regiment of his new locality. He is subject to the will and caprice of the civil and military officials; who have the charge of such business in the *Landwehr* system, and who have no interest but to save themselves trouble, and may grant or refuse him the liberty of removing even to the next village. He is literally *adscriptus glebæ*, written down in the muster-roll as belonging to the soil, and enjoys less freedom of action, less civil right, and less self-government, than the man of the feudal ages."—*Laing*, pp. 251, 2.

It is at once amusing and instructive to observe how differently this *landwehr* system is regarded by the writers before us. It may enjoy the enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Kay, but must bear the hearty anathema of Mr. Laing. "After the most careful attention to this subject," says the former,* "the results of the military sys-

tems of Germany and Switzerland appeared to me to be admirable." On the other hand Mr. Laing† conceives that "the demoralisation of the youth of a nation, by three years' service in the ranks of a regiment of the line, is one of the greatest evils of the system. Think of a father and mother, in some country village, who have brought up a son in moral and religious habits, in innocence of evil and in ideas suitable to their station, and to the humble trade he is to live by, being compelled to send him for three years, at his outset in life, to join a regiment of the line in a large dissipated city like Berlin or Cologne, and to associate with such companions. The moral tyranny of the system exceeds whatever was exercised before by any European government, and may well excuse the discontent of the Prussian subjects." Indeed the revelations made to us by Mr. Laing on the functionary and *Landwehr* questions, derive an additional and a peculiar interest at the present moment, from the light which they throw upon the late revolutions in Germany and France. They exhibit the actual causes of these convulsive movements. Socialism, Communism, Red Republicanism, find no favour in a healthy condition of society. These are but symptoms of disease. The real malady is that pervading spirit of discontent, which, caused by State interference with national well-being and individual liberty, remains still unchained, and threatens, as we fear, new disasters.

We have yet to notice another marked characteristic in the modern continental polity: that is, the compulsory system of national education. This subject occupies the second of Mr. Kay's closely printed and rather thick octavos, while Mr. Laing disposes of it in the fraction of a chapter. The former, one-sided, as we have described him, would represent it as all-perfect and thoroughly successful; the latter sees at a glance its failing points, and, in harmony with his pugilistic tendencies, strikes at them some telling blows. The people of the Continent have had for many years a most extended system of national education, which, by a compulsory process, brings the whole of the population through

* Kay, vol. i. p. 80.

† Laing, p. 24.

government schools and seminaries adapted to every age and station. The masters are trained in normal schools, examined, licensed, and appointed by the government and its educational functionaries; and no person unqualified, or without a licence, is permitted to open a school. Every child, moreover, is, at the proper age, compelled to attend at school. This is making education a national and an earnest work, and, so far, commands our admiration. Such efforts would appear to promise a golden age of virtue and of social happiness; and, by the joint acclaim of all observers, it has done much that is fascinating. It has, as Mr. Laing admits, dispelled gross ignorance, and diffused the pleasures of knowledge and of cultivated tastes to a degree unknown, not merely to our labouring, "but perhaps even to a large proportion of our wealthier classes." But the education of a nation is a most grave and serious undertaking, and its main object ought to be not the advancement of taste, but the formation of character. It may be very interesting to behold, as Mr. Kay assures us he has done, an aged woman, working on the road, who reads her "Walter Scott" in German; or to see a pensive cabman pining o'er a sonnet. But if the characters of both are not improved, if the woman is not happier, and the man a more useful member of society, education has failed in its most important object, and it may be at least doubtful whether it has not injured rather than served them. It is not, however, our purpose or our province to discuss this matter, but rather to see what Mr. Laing says upon it. This school-room training does not, as he conceives, add to the energy of the scholars, or to those powers which make the upright and useful man:—

"The mind is not formed in schools, but in free, social action with affairs, interests, and temptations, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, moral restraint, and right principle. The continental man may know more of geography, history, and all the branches of education included in what is called useful knowledge, than our ignorant man in the same station; but his mental powers, his judgment, his good sense, his acuteness in his own business, his industrial habits, his domestic habits, his sense of what is due to himself and others, his sense of right and wrong, his religious sense, are not so well educated."—*Laing*, pp. 580-1.

With all our great deficiencies we have, as Mr. Laing thinks, a higher school than any Prussian gymnasium, "the school of life in a free society, in which every man may manage his own interests according to his own judgment."

We exceedingly regret that Mr. Laing has not given more attention to this topic, and that we do not possess the advantage of his more careful consideration of it. The education for life is, as he remarks, no doubt, better in these countries than on the Continent, and the fact that mere school-room education won't do, may, under the foreign systems of perfect drill, be more prominently brought out. The same fact is, however, lamentably established, by a wide experience, in England and Ireland, and the common results in these kingdoms, and on the Continent, point to causes beyond those noticed by Mr. Laing. On the Continent, as in England, the little things are attended to and the great neglected. Habits of industry, truthfulness, and the fear of God are the great things, in comparison with which mere knowledge, however desirable in itself, is of very small importance.

"The distinguishing features of criminals in general," says the Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, in his official Report as Chaplain of the Pentonville Penitentiary, "are not, I am confident, their deficiencies in intellect, or attainment in mere knowledge of the elementary subjects, arithmetic, geography, or history, nor even in the Bible itself, as a book, but their terrible want of moral and religious principle, being destitute of the fear of God, and of true religion." This extract indicates, as we are persuaded, the true direction in which the main causes of the failure of education systems are now to be found.

Another objection made by Mr. Laing to the Continental system of education is, that it throws the formation of the public mind and opinion into the hands of a junta of professors, bred in the same philosophy and in the same views of social polity:—

"All men, from the peasant-boy to the prince, are trained in the same visionary schemes and theories. All who have minds to be moved by intellectual influences are moved, not by their own minds, but by theories and views in which they have been indoctrinated by their functionary teachers. These, from the teachers of the alphabet in

the primary schools, up to the professor in the university, have all been trained in one set of opinions—are disciples of the same doctrine in philosophy and social economy. The sovereign may change his ministers or his functionaries, but he only changes the men, not the measures of his government, for all are imbued with the same principles and spirit. In one social state in which education is a free trade, and mind and opinion are free, the erroneous doctrines or views of one school of political or philosophical opinions are neutralised by those of another. Our free press, and education in the real affairs of life, sit and fling away all visionary theories in practical government, and form the public mind to judge truly and, in general, correctly, on all public interests. The Continental government expected, by seizing the reins of education, and appointing all teachers, from the highest to the lowest, in all national schools and universities, to regulate the public mind and opinion in a way conducive to their own power and stability. But the teachers are the disciples of those who taught them, and they are a body of academic philosophers, imbued with political doctrines and theories, which, by the machinery of licensed teachers, examined and qualified by them, are universally diffused, are inoculated into the youth in every stage of education, and form the public mind. These doctrines and propositions, however true as abstract opinions, are not practically applicable to the existing governments in Germany, by any reform short of revolution; and national education in government schools, under exclusively privileged teachers, has proved not merely a failure, but a powerful lever, overturning the government which established it as a support. In France, we see it declared, that all the teachers of the primary schools, in every extensive district, are Socialists. Those who taught, qualified, and licensed them must be Socialists, too; and, tracing back to the fountain-head the theories of Communism and Socialism, and the fanaticism for impracticable objects, which have seized on the public mind in Germany and France, it is evident that a few dreaming philosophers, in the chairs of the universities, may infuse, through this educational machinery, a poison into the public mind, which these educating governments have no means to counteract.”—*Laing*, pp. 531-3.

We have now accomplished the task which we had proposed to ourselves at the commencement of this paper; that is, an examination of the four best-marked features in the modern Continental polity: and in doing so we have

been more desirous of exhibiting the views of others than of making known our own. That the functionary and Landwehr systems afford proofs of retrogression rather than indications of progress, no one who has not, like Mr. Kay, written a book upon a particular view of the subject, could venture to deny. In regard to the small-estate occupancy, and the Continental system of national education, there is, and there will be, a wide difference of opinion. Our convictions coincide with those recorded by Mr. Laing. The great difference between the land systems of England and those of the Continent lies in the fact, that the former is based on the principle of primogeniture, which is unknown to the others. That is, that on the death of a proprietor his estate would in England go to the eldest son, while on the Continent it would be divided among his wife and children. There can be no doubt that it is more easy to purchase a small estate on the Continent than in England, but in ascribing this circumstance altogether to the better working of the Continental system, Mr. Kay forgets that at least one important cause of the greater difficulty of acquiring land in England arises from our commercial prosperity, from the fact of the closer competition for it by the many who are every year making fortunes in trade and investing them in land. There are, however, impediments to the transfer of land which we should be very glad to see removed, and these act most injuriously against the middle and the working classes. Numbers in these classes are desirous of investing their savings in land or in securities on land. This was shown a few years ago by the success of Mr. Feargus O'Connor's land scheme. The wish to acquire land for farming purposes has indeed greatly diminished since the repeal of the Corn Laws, but the desire to purchase land for building, or of investing on securities in houses or lands is still general amongst the classes we have named, and tends strongly to the promotion of good habits. Mr. Bowley, himself a working man, says, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, “That the pre-

* “Fifth Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Investments for the Working and Middle Classes, 1950.”

sent state of the law tends to prevent the working classes from saving their money, because they have no proper way of investing it. . . . My experience of them," he adds, "is, that they have very a great desire to get possession of lands and houses." The difficulties which impede the transfer of land arise, mainly, from the cost of investigation of title, and the costs of conveyance; or, to speak more particularly, from the complexities of title, the retrospective deduction of it, the preparation of the abstract, its verification, and the stamp duties. These expenses are, in most cases, reiterated on the occasion of every new transfer, and of every fresh incumbrance. These difficulties may, perhaps, be lessened or removed by the adoption of some of the suggestions which are now before the public in legal pamphlets and parliamentary reports. Mr. Hancock* advises a general registry of all land, periodical sales in each county, the application of the doctrine of *market overt* to land, and the transfer of incumbrances affecting land to the fund arising from its sale. Mr. Sewell† recommends a general registration, with the addition of a judicial registrar, that is, a judge who shall definitively decide on all questions respecting title. Mr. Frend‡ conceives that neither registry, shortened conveyances, nor diminished stamp duties would do, if there be not, besides, a Board or Court of Commissioners constituted by Act of Parliament, and sworn to secrecy, whose duty it should be to examine into such titles as are brought under their notice. One of the good provisions of this plan is, that it is not intended to be compulsory. Mr. James Stewart, an eminent conveyancer, suggests a general registry, and that the registrar should be empowered to give a title good against all the world, excepting claimants whose rights appear upon the registry; and Mr. Christie, another eminent conveyancer, would, in addition to a similar plan, transfer the rights affecting land to the money pro-

duced by the sale of it, which, as he proposes, is to be paid into the Court of Chancery. These various plans have all the common feature of a general registration, and this suggestion will, we hardly doubt, be soon adopted; but whether it may be advisable to superadd the principle of *market overt*, the judicial registrar, or the secret Board, are grave questions which, we trust, will meet with the cool consideration which they deserve. We much distrust the competency of any official examination to arrive at a perfect knowledge of the state of titles to land. The working of the Incumbered Estates' Commission in this country is appealed to as proof of the success of such a mode of proceeding. The policy of this new tribunal could not, we believe, be more efficiently carried out than by the able men who are at the head of it, but we very much doubt if it is giving satisfaction to many of the numerous classes which are brought within its vortex, except the purchasers; and great and unquestioned should be the public gain to justify the gift of the power of disposal of the landed property of the country to three men without appeal, or, what is the same thing, without appeal, except by their own consent. In regard, however, to the competency of this tribunal to arrive at a perfect knowledge of titles, we may observe that it has been but a year in operation, and that this question is exactly one which can only be tested by a long experience. Besides, its titles, whatever they may be, are, by the Act under which it is constituted, made infeasible. Supposing, however, that some one of the plans we have enumerated might be advantageously resorted to, and that it was adopted, and proved successful, the transfer of land would be more rapid, and the making of incumbrances more easy; but would even this bring us to the Continental standard of small estates? We believe not, and that nothing but the abolition of the law of primogeniture would effect that disastrous object. The question then

* "Legal Impediments to the Transfer of Land." By W. Neilson Hancock, LL.B., Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin; first printed in that valuable miscellany, the *Quarterly Journal of Irish Agriculture*, and since published in a separate form.

† "Letter to the Earl of Yarborough on the Burthens affecting Real Property." By Henry Sewell, Esq. Second Edition. 1850.

‡ "Outlines of a Plan for insuring the Stability and investigating Titles to Landed Property." By Henry Tyrwhit Frend, Barrister-at-Law. 1850.

remains, is such a step desirable? Mr. Kay, and those who love his glowing pictures, may think that it is; we, as we have already intimated, hold with Mr. Laing to the opposite convictions, and are moreover persuaded that agrarian equality is impracticable in a manufacturing empire; that we could only attain to it by abandoning factories, and going back to the Robinson Crusoe plan of every family manufacturing for itself, and this, we hope, is now impossible. Mr. Kay paints well the fair side of the small-estate question, but he never mentions anything of our English law, except its faults. He would seem not to have known that whosoever buys an estate in these countries may dispose of it, and morsel it out, living, or dying, as he pleases; while in France, Switzerland, and the Rhine provinces, so extolled for better tenures and more liberal law, a proprietor may indeed give away his estate during his own life-time, which not many in any country choose to do,

but he is prohibited by law from disposing of it by will. Again, Mr. Kay appears to have forgotten that the powers which proprietors, or tenants for life, have, under our system, of charging the land for the benefit of younger children, is in effect a very considerable approximation to the Continental system.

We are satisfied that we have fairly represented Mr. Laing's book, although our disquisitions fail to give a due impression of the variety of its topics, or of the liveliness with which he treats them. Of Mr. Kay we have been obliged to speak in what may appear to be a disparaging tone. Although, however, we differ from him in many of his views, we regard his work as of great value, and should be happy to avail ourselves of another opportunity of doing it more perfect justice, by exhibiting the great mass of information which he has collected in his second volume, and the clearness with which he has arranged it.

GHOST STORIES OF CHAPELIZED.

TAKE my word for it there is no such thing as an ancient village, especially if it has seen better days, unillustrated by its legends of terror. You might as well expect to find a decayed cheese without mites, or an old house without rats, as an antique and dilapidated town without an authentic population of goblins. Now, although this class of inhabitants are in nowise amenable to the police authorities, yet as their demeanour directly affects the comforts of her Majesty's subjects, I cannot but regard it as a grave omission that the public have hitherto been left without any statistical returns of their numbers, activity, &c., &c. And I am persuaded that a Commission to inquire into and report upon the numerical strength, habits, haunts, &c., &c., of supernatural agents resident in Ireland, would be a great deal more innocent and entertaining than half the Commissions for which the country pays, and at least as instructive. This I say, more from a sense of duty, and to deliver my mind of a grave truth, than with any hope of seeing the suggestion adopted. But, I am sure, my readers will deplore with me that the comprehensive powers of belief, and apparently illimitable leisure, possessed by parliamentary commissions of inquiry, should never have been applied to the subject I have named, and that the collection of that species of information should be confided to the gratuitous and desultory labours of individuals, who, like myself, have other occupations to attend to. This, however, by the way.

Among the village outposts of Dublin, Chapelized once held a considerable, if not a foremost rank. Without mentioning its connexion with the history of the great Kilmainham Preceptory of the Knights of St. John, it will be enough to remind the reader of its ancient and celebrated Castle, not one vestige of which now remains, and of the fact that it was for, we believe, some centuries, the summer residence of the Viceroy of Ireland. The circumstance of its being up, we believe, to the period at which that corps was disbanded, the head-quarters of the Royal Irish Artillery, gave it also a consequence of an humbler, but not less substantial kind. With these advantages in its favour, it is not wonderful that the

town exhibited at one time an air of substantial and semi-aristocratic prosperity unknown to Irish villages in modern times.

A broad street, with a well-paved foot-path, and houses as lofty as were at that time to be found in the fashionable streets of Dublin; a goodly stone-fronted barrack; an ancient church, vaulted beneath, and with a tower clothed from its summit to its base with the richest ivy; an humble Roman Catholic chapel; a steep bridge spanning the Liffey, and a great old mill at the near end of it, were the principal features of the town. These, or at least most of them, remain, but still the greater part in a very changed and forlorn condition. Some of them indeed superseded, though not obliterated by modern erections, such as the bridge, the chapel, and the church in part; the rest forsaken by the order who originally raised them, and delivered up to poverty, and in some cases to absolute decay.

The village lies in the lap of the rich and wooded Valley of the Liffey, and is overlooked by the high grounds of the beautiful Phoenix Park on the one side, and by the ridge of the Palmerstown hills on the other. Its situation, therefore, is eminently picturesque; and factory-fronts and chimneys notwithstanding, it has, I think, even in its decay, a sort of melancholy picturesqueness of its own. Be that as it may, I mean to relate two or three stories of that sort which may be read with very good effect by a blazing fire on a shrewd winter's night, and are all directly connected with the altered and somewhat melancholy little town I have named. The first I shall relate concerns

THE VILLAGE BULLY.

ABOUT thirty years ago there lived in the town of Chapelizod an ill-conditioned fellow of herculean strength, well known throughout the neighbourhood by the title of Bully Larkin. In addition to his remarkable physical superiority, this fellow had acquired a degree of skill as a pugilist which alone would have made him formidable. As it was, he was the autocrat of the village, and carried not the sceptre in vain. Conscious of his superiority, and perfectly secure of impunity, he lorded it over his fellows in a spirit of cowardly and brutal insolence, which made him hated even more profoundly than he was feared.

Upon more than one occasion he had deliberately forced quarrels upon men whom he had singled out for the exhibition of his savage prowess; and in every encounter his over-matched antagonist had received an amount of "punishment" which edified and appalled the spectators, and in some instances left ineffaceable scars and lasting injuries after it.

Bully Larkin's pluck had never been fairly tried. For, owing to his prodigious superiority in weight, strength, and skill, his victories had always been certain and easy; and in proportion to the facility with which he uniformly smashed an antagonist, his pugnacity and insolence were inflamed. He thus became an odious nuisance in the neighbourhood, and the terror of every

mother who had a son, and of every wife who had a husband who possessed a spirit to resent insult, or the smallest confidence in his own pugilistic capabilities.

Now it happened that there was a young fellow named Ned Moran—better known by the *soubriquet* of "Long Ned," from his slender, lathy proportions—at that time living in the town. He was, in truth, a mere lad, nineteen years of age, and fully twelve years younger than the stalwart bully. This, however, as the reader will see, secured for him no exemption from the dastardly provocations of the ill-conditioned pugilist. Long Ned, in an evil hour, had thrown eyes of affection upon a certain buxom damsel, who, notwithstanding Bully Larkin's amorous rivalry, inclined to reciprocate them.

I need not say how easily the spark of jealousy, once kindled, is blown into a flame, and how naturally, in a coarse and ungoverned nature, it explodes in acts of violence and outrage.

"The bully" watched his opportunity, and contrived to provoke Ned Moran, while drinking in a public-house with a party of friends, into an altercation, in the course of which he failed not to put such insults upon his rival as manhood could not tolerate. Long Ned, though a simple, good-natured sort of fellow, was by no means deficient in spirit, and retorted in a

tone of defiance which edified the more timid, and gave his opponent the opportunity he secretly coveted.

Bully Larkin challenged the heroic youth, whose pretty face he had privately consigned to the mangling and bloody discipline he was himself so capable of administering. The quarrel, which he had himself contrived to get up, to a certain degree covered the ill blood and malignant premeditation which inspired his proceedings, and Long Ned, being full of generous ire and whiskey punch, accepted the gauge of battle on the instant. The whole party, accompanied by a mob of idle men and boys, and in short by all who could snatch a moment from the calls of business, proceeded in slow procession through the old gate into the Phoenix Park, and mounting the hill overlooking the town, selected near its summit a level spot on which to decide the quarrel.

The combatants stripped, and a child might have seen in the contrast presented by the slight, lank form and limbs of the lad, and the muscular and massive build of his veteran antagonist, how desperate was the chance of poor Ned Moran.

"Seconds" and "bottle-holders"—selected of course for their love of the game—were appointed, and "the fight" commenced.

I will not shock my readers with a description of the cool-blooded butchery that followed. [The result of the combat was what anybody might have predicted. At the eleventh round, poor Ned refused to "give in;" the brawny pugilist, unhurt, in good wind, and pale with concentrated and as yet unslaked revenge, had the gratification of seeing his opponent seated upon his second's knee, unable to hold up his head, his left arm disabled; his face a bloody, swollen, and shapeless mass; his breast scarred and bloody, and his whole body panting and quivering with rage and exhaustion.

"Give in Ned, my boy," cried more than one of the by-standers.

"Never, never," shrieked he, with a voice hoarse and choking.

Time being "up," his second placed him on his feet again. Blinded with his own blood, panting and staggering, he presented but a helpless mark for the blows of his stalwarth opponent. It was plain that a touch would have been sufficient to throw him to the earth.

But Larkin had no notion of letting him off so easily. He closed with him without striking a blow (the effect of which, prematurely dealt, would have been to bring him at once to the ground, and so put an end to the combat), and getting his battered and almost senseless head under his arm, fast in that peculiar "fix" known to the fancy pleasantly by the name of "chancery," he held him firmly, while with monotonous and brutal strokes he beat his fist, as it seemed, almost into his face. A cry of "shame" broke from the crowd, for it was plain that the beaten man was now insensible, and supported only by the herculean arm of the bully. The round and the fight ended by his hurling him upon the ground, falling upon him at the same time with his knee upon his chest.

The bully rose, wiping the perspiration from his white face with his blood-stained hands, but Ned lay stretched and motionless upon the grass. It was impossible to get him upon his legs for another round. So he was carried down, just as he was, to the pond which then lay close to the old Park gate, and his head and body were washed beside it. Contrary to the belief of all he was not dead. He was carried home, and after some months to a certain extent recovered. But he never held up his head again, and before the year was over he had died of consumption. Nobody could doubt how the disease had been induced, but there was no actual proof to connect the cause and effect, and the ruffian Larkin escaped the vengeance of the law. A strange retribution, however, awaited him.

After the death of Long Ned, he became less quarrelsome than before, but more sullen and reserved. Some said "he took it to heart," and others, that his conscience was not at ease about it. Be this as it may, however, his health did not suffer by reason of his presumed agitations, nor was his worldly prosperity marred by the blasting curses with which poor Moran's enraged mother pursued him; on the contrary, he had rather risen in the world, and obtained regular and well-remunerated employment from the Chief Secretary's gardener, at the other side of the Park. He still lived in Chapelizod, whither, on the close of his day's work, he used to return across the Fifteen Acres.

It was about three years after the catastrophe we have mentioned, and

late in the autumn, when, one night, contrary to his habit, he did not appear at the house where he lodged, neither had he been seen anywhere, during the evening, in the village. His hours of return had been so very regular, that his absence excited considerable surprise, though, of course, no actual alarm; and, at the usual hour, the house was closed for the night, and the absent lodger consigned to the mercy of the elements, and the care of his presiding star. Early in the morning, however, he was found lying in a state of utter helplessness upon the slope immediately overlooking the Chapelizod gate. He had been smitten with a paralytic stroke: his right side was dead; and it was many weeks before he had recovered his speech sufficiently to make himself at all understood.

He then made the following relation:—He had been detained, it appeared, later than usual, and darkness had closed before he commenced his homeward walk across the Park. It was a moonlit night, but masses of ragged clouds were slowly drifting across the heavens. He had not encountered a human figure, and no sounds but the softened rush of the wind sweeping through bushes and hollows met his ear. These wild and monotonous sounds, and the utter solitude which surrounded him, did not, however, excite any of those uneasy sensations which are ascribed to superstition, although he said he did feel depressed, or, in his own phraseology, "lonesome." Just as he crossed the brow of the hill which shelters the town of Chapelizod, the moon shone out for some moments with unclouded lustre, and his eye, which happened to wander by the shadowy enclosures which lay at the foot of the slope, was arrested by the sight of a human figure climbing, with all the haste of one pursued, over the church-yard wall, and running up the steep ascent directly towards him. Stories of "resurrectionists" crossed his recollection, as he observed this suspicious-looking figure. But he began, momentarily, to be aware, with a sort of fearful instinct which he could not explain, that the running figure was directing his steps, with a sinister purpose, towards himself.

The form was that of a man with a loose coat about him, which, as he ran, he disengaged, and as well as Larkin could see, for the moon was again wading in clouds, threw from him. The

figure thus advanced until within some two score yards of him; it arrested its speed, and approached with a loose, swaggering gait. The moon again shone out bright and clear, and, gracious God! what was the spectacle before him? He saw as distinctly as if he had been presented there in the flesh, Ned Moran, himself, stripped naked from the waist upward, as if for pugilistic combat, and drawing towards him in silence. Larkin would have shouted, prayed, cursed, fled across the Park, but he was absolutely powerless; the apparition stopped within a few steps, and leered on him with a ghastly mimicry of the defiant stare with which pugilists strive to cow one another before combat. For a time, which he could not so much as conjecture, he was held in the fascination of that unearthly gaze, and at last the thing, whatever it was, on a sudden swaggered close up to him with extended palms. With an impulse of horror, Larkin put out his hand to keep the figure off, and their palms touched—at least, so he believed—for a thrill of unspeakable agony, running through his arm, pervaded his entire frame, and he fell senseless to the earth.

Though Larkin lived for many years after, his punishment was terrible. He was incurably maimed; and being unable to work, he was forced, for existence, to beg alms of those who had once feared and flattered him. He suffered, too, increasingly, under his own horrible interpretation of the preternatural encounter which was the beginning of all his miseries. It was vain to endeavour to shake his faith in the reality of the apparition, and equally vain, as some compassionately did, to try to persuade him that the greeting with which his vision closed was intended, while inflicting a temporary trial, to signify a compensating reconciliation.

"No, no," he used to say, "all won't do. I know the meaning of it well enough; it is a challenge to meet him in the other world—in Hell, where I am going—that's what it means, and nothing else."

And so, miserable and refusing comfort, he lived on for some years, and then died, and was buried in the same narrow church-yard which contains the remains of his victim.

I need hardly say how absolute was the faith of the honest inhabitants, at the time when I heard the story, in the

reality of the preternatural summons which, through the portals of terror, sickness, and misery, had summoned Bully Larkin to his long, last home,

and that, too, upon the very ground on which he had signalised the guiltiest triumph of his violent and vindictive career.

I recollect another story of the preternatural sort, which made no small sensation, some five-and-thirty years ago, among the good gossips of the town; and, with your leave, courteous reader, I shall relate it.

THE SEXTON'S ADVENTURE.

THOSE who remember Chapelized a quarter of a century ago, or more, may possibly recollect the parish sexton. Bob Martin was held much in awe by truant boys who sauntered into the church-yard on Sundays, to read the tomb-stones, or play leap frog over them, or climb the ivy in search of bats or sparrows' nests, or peep into the mysterious aperture under the eastern window, which opened a dim perspective of descending steps losing themselves among profounder darkness, where lidless coffins gaped horribly among tattered velvet, bones, and dust, which time and mortality had strewn there. Of such horribly curious, and otherwise enterprising juveniles, Bob was, of course, the special scourge and terror. But terrible as was the official aspect of the sexton, and repugnant as his lank form, clothed in rusty, sable vesture, his small, frosty visage, suspicious, grey eyes, and rusty, brown scratch-wig, might appear to all notions of genial frailty; it was yet true, that Bob Martin's severe morality sometimes nodded, and that Bacchus did not always solicit him in vain.

Bob had a curious mind, a memory well stored with "merry tales," and tales of terror. His profession familiarised him with graves and goblins, and his tastes with weddings, wassail, and sly frolics of all sorts. And as his personal recollections ran back nearly three score years into the perspective of the village history, his fund of local anecdote was copious, accurate, and edifying.

As his ecclesiastical revenues were by no means considerable, he was not unfrequently obliged, for the indulgence of his tastes, to arts which were, at the best, undignified.

He frequently invited himself when his entertainers had forgotten to do so; he dropped in accidentally upon small drinking-parties of his acquaintance in public houses, and entertained them with stories, queer or terrible,

from his inexhaustible reservoir, never scrupling to accept an acknowledgment in the shape of hot whiskey-punch, or whatever else was going.

There was at that time a certain atrabilious publican, called Philip Slaney, established in a shop nearly opposite the old turnpike. This man was not, when left to himself, immoderately given to drinking; but being naturally of a saturnine complexion, and his spirits constantly requiring a fillip, he acquired a prodigious liking for Bob Martin's company. The sexton's society, in fact, gradually became the solace of his existence, and he seemed to lose his constitutional melancholy in the fascination of his sly jokes and marvellous stories.

This intimacy did not redound to the prosperity or reputation of the convivial allies. Bob Martin drank a good deal more punch than was good for his health, or consistent with the character of an ecclesiastical functionary. Philip Slaney, too, was drawn into similar indulgences, for it was hard to resist the genial seductions of his gifted companion; and as he was obliged to pay for both, his purse was believed to have suffered even more than his head and liver.

Be this as it may, Bob Martin had the credit of having made a drunkard of "black Phil Slaney"—for by this cognomen was he distinguished; and Phil Slaney had also the reputation of having made the sexton, if possible, a "bigger bliggard" than ever. Under these circumstances, the accounts of the concern opposite the turnpike became somewhat entangled; and it came to pass one drowsy summer morning, the weather being at once sultry and cloudy, that Phil Slaney went into a small back parlour, where he kept his books, and which commanded, though its dirty window-panes, a full view of a dead wall, and having bolted the door, he took a loaded pistol, and clapping the muzzle in his mouth, blew

the upper part of his skull through the ceiling.

This horrid catastrophe shocked Bob Martin extremely; and partly on this account, and partly because having been, on several late occasions, found at night in a state of abstraction, bordering on insensibility, upon the high road, he had been threatened with dismissal; and, as some said, partly also because of the difficulty of finding anybody to "treat" him as poor Phil Slaney used to do, he for a time forswore alcohol in all its combinations, and became an eminent example of temperance and sobriety.

Bob observed his good resolutions, greatly to the comfort of his wife, and the edification of the neighbourhood, with tolerable punctuality. He was seldom tipsy, and never drunk, and was greeted by the better part of society with all the honours of the prodigal son.

Now it happened, about a year after the grisly event we have mentioned, that the curate having received, by the post, due notice of a funeral to be consummated in the churchyard of Chapelizod, with certain instructions respecting the site of the grave, despatched a summons for Bob Martin, with a view to communicate to that functionary these official details.

It was a lowering autumn night: piles of lurid thunder-clouds, slowly rising from the earth, had loaded the sky with a solemn and boding canopy of storm. The growl of the distant thunder was heard afar off upon the dull, still air, and all nature seemed, as it were, hushed and cowering under the oppressive influence of the approaching tempest.

It was past nine o'clock when Bob, putting on his official coat of seedy black, prepared to attend his professional superior.

"Bobby, darlin'," said his wife, before she delivered the hat she held in her hand to his keeping, "sure you won't, Bobby, darlin'—you won't—you know what."

"I *don't* know what," he retorted, smartly, grasping at his hat.

"You won't be throwing up the little finger, Bobby, acushla?" she said, evading his grasp.

"Arrah, why would I, woman? there, give me my hat, will you?"

"But won't you promise me, Bobby darlin'—won't you, alanna?"

"Ay, ay, to be sure I will—why not?—there, give me my hat, and let me go."

"Ay, but you're not promisin', Bobby, mavourneen; you're not promisin' all the time."

"Well, divil carry me if I drink a drop till I come back again," said the sexton, angrily; will that do you? And *now* will you give me my hat?"

"Here it is, darlin'," she said, "and God send you safe back."

And with this parting blessing she closed the door upon his retreating figure, for it was now quite dark, and resumed her knitting till his return, very much relieved; for she thought he had of late been oftener tipsy than was consistent with his thorough reformation, and feared the allurements of the half dozen "publics" which he had at that time to pass on his way to the other end of the town.

They were still open, and exhaled a delicious reek of whiskey, as Bob glided wistfully by them; but he stuck his hands in his pockets and looked the other way, whistling resolutely, and filling his mind with the image of the curate and anticipations of his coming fee. Thus he steered his morality safely through these rocks of offence, and reached the curate's lodging in safety.

He had, however, an unexpected sick call to attend, and was not at home, so that Bob Martin had to sit in the hall and amuse himself with the devil's tattoo until his return. This, unfortunately, was very long delayed, and it must have been fully twelve o'clock when Bob Martin set out upon his homeward way. By this time the storm had gathered to a pitchy darkness, the bellowing thunder was heard among the rocks and hollows of the Dublin mountains, and the pale, blue lightning shone upon the staring fronts of the houses.

By this time, too, every door was closed; but as Bob trudged homeward, his eye mechanically sought the public-house which had once belonged to Phil Slaney. A faint light was making its way through the shutters and the glass panes over the door-way, which made a sort of dull, foggy halo about the front of the house.

As Bob's eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity by this time, the light in question was quite sufficient to enable him to see a man in

sort of loose riding-coat seated upon a bench which, at that time, was fixed under the window of the house. He wore his hat very much over his eyes, and was smoking a long pipe. The outline of a glass and a quart bottle were also dimly traceable beside him; and a large horse saddled, but faintly discernible, was patiently awaiting his master's leisure.

There was something odd, no doubt, in the appearance of a traveller refreshing himself at such an hour in the open street; but the sexton accounted for it easily by supposing that, on the closing of the house for the night, he had taken what remained of his refec-tion to the place where he was now discussing it *al fresco*.

At another time Bob might have saluted the stranger as he passed with a friendly "good night;" but, somehow, he was out of humour and in no genial mood, and was about passing without any courtesy of the sort, when the stranger, without taking the pipe from his mouth, raised the bottle, and with it beckoned him familiarly, while, with a sort of lurch of the head and shoulders, and at the same time shifting his seat to the end of the bench, he pantomimically invited him to share his seat and his cheer. There was a divine fragrance of whiskey about the spot, and Bob half relented; but he remembered his promise just as he began to waver, and said—

"No, I thank you, sir, I can't stop to-night."

The stranger beckoned with vehement welcome, and pointed to the vacant space on the seat beside him.

"I thank you for your polite offer," said Bob, "but it's what I'm too late as it is, and haven't time to spare, so I wish you a good night."

The traveller jingled the glass against the neck of the bottle, as if to intimate that he might at least swallow a dram without losing time. Bob was mentally quite of the same opinion; but, though his mouth watered, he remembered his promise, and shaking his head with incorruptible resolution, walked on.

The stranger, pipe in mouth, rose from his bench, the bottle in one hand, and the glass in the other, and followed at the Sexton's heels, his dusky horse keeping close in his wake.

There was something suspicious and unaccountable in this importunity.

Bob quickened his pace, but the stranger followed close. The sexton began to feel queer, and turned about. His pursuer was behind, and still inviting him with impatient gestures to taste his liquor.

"I told you before," said Bob, who was both angry and frightened, "that I would not taste it, and that's enough. I don't want to have anything to say to you or your bottle; and in God's name," he added, more vehemently, observing that he was approaching still closer, "fall back and don't be tormenting me this way."

These words, as it seemed, incensed the stranger, for he shook the bottle with violent menace at Bob Martin; but, notwithstanding this gesture of defiance, he suffered the distance between them to increase. Bob, however, beheld him dogging him still in the distance, for his pipe shed a wonderful red glow, which dusky illuminated his entire figure like a lurid atmosphere of meteor.

"I wish the devil had his own, my boy," muttered the excited sexton, "and I know well enough where you'd be."

The next time he looked over his shoulder, to his dismay he observed the importunate stranger as close as ever upon his track.

"Confound you," cried the man of skulls and shovels, almost beside himself with rage and horror, "what is it you want of me?"

The stranger appeared more confident, and kept wagging his head and extending both glass and bottle toward him as he drew near, and Bob Martin heard the horse snorting as it followed in the dark.

"Keep it to yourself, whatever it is, for there is neither grace nor luck about you," cried Bob Martin, freezing with terror; "leave me alone, will you."

And he fumbled in vain among the seething confusion of his ideas for a prayer or an exorcism. He quickened his pace almost to a run; he was now close to his own door, under the impending bank by the river side.

"Let me in, let me in, for God's sake; Molly, open the door," he cried, as he ran to the threshold, and leant his back against the plank. His pursuer confronted him upon the road; the pipe was no longer in his mouth, but the dusky red glow sti

lingered round him. He uttered some inarticulate cavernous sounds, which were wolfish and indescribable, while he seemed employed in pouring out a glass from the bottle.

The sexton kicked with all his force against the door, and cried at the same time with a despairing voice,

"In the name of God Almighty, once for all, leave me alone."

His pursuer furiously flung the contents of the bottle at Bob Martin; but instead of fluid it issued out in a stream of flame, which expanded and whirled round them, and for a moment they were both enveloped in a faint blaze; at the same instant a sudden gust whisked off the stranger's hat, and the sexton beheld that his skull was roofless. For an instant he beheld the gaping aperture, black and shattered, and then he fell senseless into his own

doorway, which his affrighted wife had just unbarred.

I need hardly give my reader the key to this most intelligible and authentic narrative. The traveller was acknowledged by all to have been the spectre of the suicide, called up by the Evil One to tempt the convivial sexton into a violation of his promise, sealed, as it was, by an imprecation. Had he succeeded, no doubt the dusky steed, which Bob had seen saddled in attendance, was destined to have carried back a double burden to the place from whence he came.

As an attestation of the reality of this visitation, the old thorn tree which overhung the doorway was found in the morning to have been blasted with the infernal fires which had issued from the bottle, just as if a thunder-bolt had scorched it.

The moral of the above tale is upon the surface, apparent, and, so to speak, *self-acting*—a circumstance which happily obviates the necessity of our discussing it together. Taking our leave, therefore, of honest Bob Martin, who now sleeps soundly in the same solemn dormitory where, in his day, he made so many beds for others, I come to a legend of the Royal Irish Artillery, whose head-quarters were for so long a time in the town of Chapelizod. I don't mean to say that I cannot tell a great many more stories, equally authentic and marvellous, touching this old town; but as I may possibly have to perform a like office for other localities, and as Anthony Poplar is known, like Atropos, to carry a shears, wherewith to snip across all "yarns" which exceed reasonable bounds, I consider it, on the whole, safer to despatch the traditions of Chapelizod with one tale more.

Let me, however, first give it a name; for an author can no more despatch a tale without a title, than an apothecary can deliver his physic without a label. We shall, therefore, call it—

THE SPECTRE LOVERS.

THERE lived some fifteen years since in a small and ruinous house, little better than a hovel, an old woman who was reported to have considerably exceeded her eightieth year, and who rejoiced in the name of Alice, or popularly, Ally Moran. Her society was not much courted, for she was neither rich, nor, as the reader may suppose, beautiful. In addition to a lean cur and a cat she had one human companion, her grandson, Peter Brien, whom, with laudable goodnature, she had supported from the period of his orphanage down to that of my story, which finds him in his twentieth year. Peter was a goodnatured slob of a fellow, much more addicted to wrestling, dancing, and love-making, than to hard work, and fonder of whiskey punch than good advice. His grandmother had a

high opinion of his accomplishments, which indeed was but natural, and also of his genius, for Peter had of late years begun to apply his mind to politics; and as it was plain that he had a mortal hatred of honest labour, his grandmother predicted, like a true fortune-teller, that he was born to marry an heiress, and Peter himself (who had no mind to forego his freedom even on such terms) that he was destined to find a pot of gold. Upon one point both were agreed, that being unfitted by the peculiar bias of his genius for work, he was to acquire the immense fortune to which his merits entitled him by means of a pure run of good luck. This solution of Peter's future had the double effect of reconciling both himself and his grandmother to his idle courses, and also of main-

taining that even flow of hilarious spirits which made him everywhere welcome, and which was in truth the natural result of his consciousness of approaching affluence.

It happened one night that Peter had enjoyed himself to a very late hour with two or three choice spirits near Palmerstown. They had talked politics and love, sung songs, and told stories, and, above all, had swallowed, in the chastened disguise of punch, at least a pint of good whiskey, every man.

It was considerably past one o'clock when Peter bid his companions good-bye, with a sigh and a hiccough, and lighting his pipe set forth on his solitary homeward way.

The bridge of Chapelizod was pretty nearly the midway point of his night march, and from one cause or another his progress was rather slow, and it was past two o'clock by the time he found himself leaning over its old battlements, and looking up the river, over whose winding current and wooded banks the soft moonlight was falling.

The cold breeze that blew lightly down the stream was grateful to him. It cooled his throbbing head, and he drank it in at his hot lips. The scene, too, had, without his being well sensible of it, a secret fascination. The village was sunk in the profoundest slumber, not a mortal stirring, not a sound afloat, a soft haze covered it all, and the fairy moonlight hovered over the entire landscape.

In a state between rumination and rapture, Peter continued to lean over the battlements of the old bridge, and as he did so he saw, or fancied he saw, emerging one after another along the river bank in the little gardens and enclosures in the rear of the street of Chapelizod, the queerest little white-washed huts and cabins he had ever seen there before. They had not been there that evening when he passed the bridge on the way to his merry tryst. But the most remarkable thing about it was the odd way in which these quaint little cabins showed themselves. First he saw one or two of them just with the corner of his eye, and when he looked full at them, strange to say, they faded away and disappeared. Then another and another came in view, but all in the same coy way, just appearing and gone again before he could well fix his gaze upon them; in a little while, however, they began

to bear a fuller gaze, and he found, as it seemed to himself, that he was able by an effort of attention to fix the vision for a longer and a longer time, and when they waxed faint and nearly vanished, he had the power of recalling them into light and substance, until at last their vacillating indistinctness became less and less, and they assumed a permanent place in the moonlit landscape.

"Be the hokey," said Peter, lost in amazement, and dropping his pipe into the river unconsciously, "them is the quarist bits iv mud cabins I ever seen, growing up like musharoons in the dew of an evening, and poppin' up here and down again there, and up again in another place, like so many white rabbits in a warren; and there they stand at last as firm and fast as if they were there from the Deluge; be dad it's enough to make a man a'most believe in the fairies."

This latter was a large concession from Peter, who was a bit of a free-thinker, and spoke contemptuously in his ordinary conversation of that class of agencies.

Having treated himself to a long last stare at these mysterious fabrics, Peter prepared to pursue his homeward way; having crossed the bridge and passed the mill, he arrived at the corner of the main-street of the little town, and casting a careless look up the Dublin road, his eye was arrested by a most unexpected spectacle.

This was no other than a column of foot-soldiers, marching with perfect regularity towards the village, and headed by an officer on horseback. They were at the far side of the turn-pike, which was closed; but much to his perplexity he perceived that they marched on through it without appearing to sustain the least check from that barrier.

On they came at a slow march; and what was most singular in the matter was, that they were drawing several cannons along with them; some held ropes, others spoked the wheels, and others again marched in front of the guns and behind them, with muskets shouldered, giving a stately character of parade and regularity to this, as it seemed to Peter, most unmilitary procedure.

It was owing either to some temporary defect in Peter's vision, or to some illusion attendant upon mist and moon-

light, or perhaps to some other cause, that the whole procession had a certain waving and vapoury character which perplexed and tasked his eyes not a little. It was like the pictured pageant of a phantasmagoria reflected upon smoke. It was as if every breath disturbed it; sometimes it was blurred, sometimes obliterated; now here, now there. Sometimes, while the upper part was quite distinct, the legs of the column would nearly fade away or vanish outright, and then again they would come out into clear relief, marching on with measured tread, while the cocked hats and shoulders grew, as it were, transparent, and all but disappeared.

Notwithstanding these strange optical fluctuations, however, the column continued steadily to advance. Peter crossed the street from the corner near the old bridge, running on tip-toe, and with his body stooped to avoid observation, and took up a position upon the raised foot-path in the shadow of the houses, where, as the soldiers kept the middle of the road, he calculated that he might, himself undetected, see them distinctly enough as they passed.

"What the div—, what on airth," he muttered, checking the irreligious ejaculation with which he was about to start, for certain queer misgivings were hovering about his heart, notwithstanding the factitious courage of the whiskey bottle. "What on airth is the manin' of all this? is it the French that's landed at last to give us a hand and help us in earnest to this blessed repale? If it is not them, I simply ask who the div—, I mane who on airth are they, for such sogers as them I never seen before in my born days?"

By this time the foremost of them were quite near, and truth to say they were the queerest soldiers he had ever seen in the course of his life. They wore long gaiters and leather breeches, three-cornered hats, bound with silver lace, long blue coats, with scarlet facings and linings, which latter were shewn by a fastening which held together the two opposite corners of the skirt behind; and in front the breasts were in like manner connected at a single point, where and below which they sloped back, disclosing a long-flaped waistcoat of snowy whiteness; they had very large, long cross-belts, and wore enormous pouches of white

leather hung extraordinarily low, and on each of which a little silver star was glittering. But what struck him as most grotesque and outlandish in their costume was their extraordinary display of shirt-frill in front, and of ruffle about their wrists, and the strange manner in which their hair was frizzed out and powdered under their hats, and clubbed up into great rolls behind. But one of the party was mounted. He rode a tall white horse, with high action and arching neck; he had a snow-white feather in his three-cornered hat, and his coat was shimmering all over with a profusion of silver lace. From these circumstances Peter concluded that he must be the commander of the detachment, and examined him as he passed attentively. He was a slight, tall man, whose legs did not half fill his leather breeches, and he appeared to be at the wrong side of sixty. He had a shrunken, weather-beaten, mulberry-coloured face, carried a large black patch over one eye, and turned neither to the right nor to the left, but rode right on at the head of his men, with a grim, military inflexibility.

The countenances of these soldiers, officers as well as men, seemed all full of trouble, and, so to speak, scared and wild. He watched in vain for a single contented or comely face. They had, one and all, a melancholy and hang-dog look; and as they passed by, Peter fancied that the air grew cold and thrilling.

He had seated himself upon a stone bench, from which, staring with all his might, he gazed upon the grotesque and noiseless procession as it filed by him. Noiseless it was; he could neither hear the jingle of accoutrements, the tread of feet, nor the rumble of the wheels; and when the old colonel turned his horse a little, and made as though he were giving the word of command, and a trumpeter, with a swollen blue nose and white feather fringe round his hat, who was walking beside him, turned about and put his bugle to his lips, still Peter heard nothing, although it was plain the sound had reached the soldiers, for they instantly changed their front to three abreast.

"Botheration!" muttered Peter, "is it deaf I'm growing?"

But that could not be, for he heard the sighing of the breeze and the

rush of the neighbouring Lifsey plain enough.

"Well," said he, in the same cautious key, "by the piper, this bangs Banagher fairly! It's either the Frinch army that's in it, come to take the town iv Chapelized by surprise, an' makin' no noise for feard iv wakenin' the inhabitants; or else it's—it's—what it's—somethin' else. But, tundher-an-ouns, what's gone wid Fitzpatrick's shop across the way?"

The brown, dingy stone building at the opposite side of the street looked newer and cleaner than he had been used to see it; the front door of it stood open, and a sentry, in the same grotesque uniform, with shouldered musket, was pacing noiselessly to and fro before it. At the angle of this building, in like manner, a wide gate (of which Peter had no recollection whatever) stood open, before which, also, a similar sentry was gliding, and into this gateway the whole column gradually passed, and Peter finally lost sight of it.

"I'm not asleep; I'm not dhram-in'," said he, rubbing his eyes, and stamping slightly on the pavement, to assure himself that he was wide awake. "It is a quare business, whatever it is; an' it's not alone that, but everything about the town looks strange to me. There's Tresham's house new painted, bedad, an' them flowers in the windies! An' Delany's house, too, that had not a whole pane of glass in it this morning, and scarce a slate on the roof of it! It is not possible it's what it's dhruunk I am. Sure there's the big tree, and not a leaf of it changed since I passed, and the stars overhead, all right. I don't think it is in my eyes it is."

And so looking about him, and every moment finding or fancying new food for wonder, he walked along the pavement, intending, without further delay, to make his way home.

But his adventures for the night were not concluded. He had nearly reached the angle of the short lane that leads up to the church, when for the first time he perceived that an officer, in the uniform he had just seen, was walking before, only a few yards in advance of him.

The officer was walking along an easy, swinging gait, and carried his sword under his arm, and was looking

down on the pavement with an air of reverie.

In the very fact that he seemed unconscious of Peter's presence, and disposed to keep his reflections to himself, there was something reassuring. Besides, the reader must please to remember that our hero had a *quantum sufficit* of good punch before his adventure commenced, and was thus fortified against those qualms and terrors under which, in a more reasonable state of mind, he might not impossibly have sunk.

The idea of the French invasion revived in full power in Peter's fuddled imagination, as he pursued the nonchalant swagger of the officer.

"Be the powers iv Moll Kelly, I'll ax him what it is," said Peter, with a sudden accession of rashness. "He may tell me or not, as he plases, but he can't be offinded, anyhow."

With this reflection having inspired himself, Peter cleared his voice and began—

"Captain!" said he, "I ax your pardon, captain, an' maybe you'd be so condescindin' to my ignorance as to tell me, if it's plasin' to yer honour, whether your honour is not a Frinchman, if it's plasin' to you."

This he asked, not thinking that, had it been as he suspected, not one word of his question in all probability would have been intelligible to the person he addressed. He was, however, understood, for the officer answered him in English, at the same time slackening his pace and moving a little to the side of the pathway, as if to invite his interrogator to take his place beside him.

"No; I am an Irishman," he answered.

"I humbly thank your honour," said Peter, drawing nearer—for the affability and the nativity of the officer encouraged him—"but maybe your honour is in the *sarrvice* of the King of France?"

"I serve the same King as you do," he answered, with a sorrowful significance which Peter did not comprehend at the time; and, interrogating in turn, he asked, "But what calls you forth at this hour of the day?"

"The *day*, your honour!—the night, you mane."

"It was always our way to turn night into day, and we keep to it still," remarked the soldier. "But, no matter, come up here to my house; I have

a job for you, if you wish to earn some money easily. I live here."

As he said this, he beckoned authoritatively to Peter, who followed almost mechanically at his heels, and they turned up a little lane near the old Roman Catholic chapel, at the end of which stood, in Peter's time, the ruins of a tall, stone-built house.

Like everything else in the town, it had suffered a metamorphosis. The stained and ragged walls were now erect, perfect, and covered with pebble-dash; window-panes glittered coldly in every window; the green hall-door had a bright brass knocker on it. Peter did not know whether to believe his previous or his present impressions; seeing is believing, and Peter could not dispute the reality of the scene. All the records of his memory seemed but the images of a tipsy dream. In a trance of astonishment and perplexity, therefore, he submitted himself to the chances of his adventure.

The door opened, the officer beckoned with a melancholy air of authority to Peter, and entered. Our hero followed him into a sort of hall, which was very dark, but he was guided by the steps of the soldier, and, in silence, they ascended the stairs. The moonlight, which shone in at the lobbies, showed an old, dark wainscotting, and a heavy, oak bannister. They passed by closed doors at different landing-places, but all was dark and silent as, indeed, became that late hour of the night.

Now they ascended to the topmost floor. The captain paused for a minute at the nearest door, and, with a heavy groan, pushing it open, entered the room. Peter remained at the threshold. A slight female form in a sort of loose, white robe, and with a great deal of dark hair hanging loosely about her, was standing in the middle of the floor, with her back towards them.

The soldier stopped short before he reached her, and said, in a voice of great anguish, "Still the same, sweet bird—sweet bird! still the same." Whereupon, she turned suddenly, and threw her arms about the neck of the officer, with a gesture of fondness and despair, and her frame was agitated as if by a burst of sobs. He held her close to his breast in silence; and honest Peter felt a strange terror creep over him, as he witnessed these mysterious sorrows and endearments.

"To-night, to-night—and then ten years more—ten long years—another ten years."

The officer and the lady seemed to speak these words together; her voice mingled with his in a musical and fearful wail, like a distant summer wind, in the dead hour of night, wandering through ruins. Then he heard the officer say, alone, in a voice of anguish—

"Upon me be it all, for ever, sweet birdie, upon me."

And again they seemed to mourn together in the same soft and desolate wail, like sounds of grief heard from a great distance.

Peter was thrilled with horror, but he was also under a strange fascination; and an intense and dreadful curiosity held him fast.

The moon was shining obliquely into the room, and through the window Peter saw the familiar slopes of the Park, sleeping mistily under its shimmer. He could also see the furniture of the room with tolerable distinctness—the old balloon-backed chairs, a four-post bed in a sort of recess, and a rack against the wall, from which hung some military clothes and accoutrements; and the sight of all these homely objects reassured him somewhat, and he could not help feeling unspeakably curious to see the face of the girl whose long hair was streaming over the officer's epaulet.

Peter, accordingly, coughed, at first slightly, and afterward more loudly, to recal her from her reverie of grief; and, apparently, he succeeded; for she turned round, as did her companion, and both, standing hand in hand, looked upon him fixedly. He thought he had never seen such large, strange eyes in all his life; and their gaze seemed to chill the very air around him, and arrest the pulses of his heart. An eternity of misery and remorse was in the shadowy faces that looked upon him.

If Peter had taken less whiskey by a single thimbleful, it is probable that he would have lost heart altogether before these figures, which seemed every moment to assume a more marked and fearful, though hardly definable, contrast to ordinary human shapes.

"What is it you want with me?" he stammered.

"To bring my lost treasure to the churchyard," replied the lady, in a sil-

very voice of more than mortal desolation.

The word "treasure" revived the resolution of Peter, although a cold sweat was covering him, and his hair was bristling with horror; he believed, however, that he was on the brink of fortune, if he could but command nerve to brave the interview to its close.

"And where," he gasped, "is it hid—where will I find it?"

They both pointed to the sill of the window, through which the moon was shining at the far end of the room, and the soldier said—

"Under that stone."

Peter drew a long breath, and wiped the cold dew from his face, preparatory to passing to the window, where he expected to secure the reward of his protracted terrors. But looking steadfastly at the window, he saw the faint image of a new-born child sitting upon the sill in the moonlight, with its little arms stretched toward him, and a smile so heavenly as he never beheld before.

At sight of this, strange to say, his heart entirely failed him, he looked on the figures that stood near, and beheld them gazing on the infantine form with a smile so guilty and distorted, that he felt as if he were entering alive among the scenery of hell, and shuddering, he cried in an irrepressible agony of horror—

"I'll have nothing to say with you, and nothing to do with you; I don't know what yez are or what yez want iv me, but let me go this minute, every one of yez, in the name of God."

With these words there came a strange rumbling and sighing about Peter's ears; he lost sight of everything, and felt that peculiar and not unpleasant sensation of falling softly, that sometimes supervenes in sleep, ending in a dull shock. After that he had neither dream nor consciousness till he wakened, chill and stiff, stretched between two piles of old rubbish, among the black and roofless walls of the ruined house.

We need hardly mention that the village had put on its wonted air of neglect and decay, or that Peter looked around him in vain for traces of those novelties which had so puzzled and distracted him upon the previous night.

"Ay, ay," said his old mother, removing her pipe, as he ended his description of the view from the bridge,

"sure enough I remember myself, when I was a slip of a girl, these little white cabins among the gardens by the river side. The artillery sogers that was married, or had not room in the barracks, used to be in them, but they're all gone long ago."

"The Lord be merciful to us!" she resumed, when he had described the military procession, "it's often I seen the regiment marchin' into the town, jist as you saw it last night, acushla. Oh, voh, but it makes my heart sore to think iv them days; they were pleasant times, sure enough; but is not it terrible, avick, to think its what it was the ghost of the rigiment you seen? The Lord betune us an' harm, for it was nothing else, as sure as I'm sittin' here."

When he mentioned the peculiar physiognomy and figure of the old officer who rode at the head of the regiment—

"That," said the old crone, dogmatically, "was ould Colonel Grimshaw, the Lord presarve us! he's buried in the churchyard iv Chapelizod, and well I remember him, when I was a young thing, an' a cross ould floggin' fellow he was wid the men, an' a devil's boy among the girls—rest his soul!"

"Amen!" said Peter; "it's often I read his tomb-stone myself; but he's a long time dead."

"Sure, I tell you he died when I was no more nor a slip iv a girl—the Lord betune us and harm!"

"I'm afeard it is what I'm not long for this world myself, afther seeing such a sight as that," said Peter, fearfully.

"Nonsinse, avourneen," retorted his grandmother, indignantly, though she had herself misgivings on the subject; "sure there was Phil Doolan, the ferryman, that seen black Ann Scanlan in his own boat, and what harm ever kem of it?"

Peter proceeded with his narrative, but when he came to the description of the house, in which his adventure had had so sinister a conclusion, the old woman was at fault.

"I know the house and the ould walls well, an' I can remember the time there was a roof on it, and the doors an' windows in it, but it had a bad name about being haunted, but by who, or for what, I forget intirely."

"Did you ever hear was there goold or silver there?" he inquired.

"No, no, avick, don't be thinking

about the likes; take a fool's advice, and never go next or near them ugly black walls again the longest day you have to live; an' I'd take my davy, it's what it's the same word the priest himself I'd be afther sayin' to you if you wor to ax his reverence consarnin' it, for it's plain to be seen it was nothing good you seen there, and there's neither luck nor grace about it."

Peter's adventure made no little noise in the neighbourhood, as the reader may well suppose; and a few evenings after it, being on an errand to old Major Vandeleur, who lived in a snug old-fashioned house, close by the river, under a perfect bower of ancient trees, he was called on to relate the story in the parlour.

The Major was, as I have said, an old man; he was small, lean, and upright, with a mahogany complexion, and a wooden inflexibility of face; he was a man, besides, of few words, and if *he* was old, it follows plainly that his mother was older still. Nobody could guess or tell *how* old, but it was admitted that her own generation had long passed away, and that she had not a competitor left. She had French blood in her veins, and although she did not retain her charms quite so well as Ninon de l'Enclos, she was in full possession of all her mental activity, and talked quite enough for herself and the Major.

"So, Peter," she said, "you have seen the dear, old Royal Irish again in the streets of Chapelizod. Make him a tumbler of punch, Frank; and Peter, sit down, and while you take it let us have the story."

Peter accordingly, seated near the door, with a tumbler of the nectarian stimulant steaming beside him, proceeded with marvellous courage, con-

sidering they had no light but the uncertain glare of the fire, to relate with minute particularity his awful adventure. The old lady listened at first with a smile of goodnatured incredulity; her cross-examination touching the drinking-hout at Palmerstown had been teasing, but as the narrative proceeded she became attentive, and at length absorbed, and once or twice she uttered ejaculations of pity or awe. When it was over, the old lady looked with a somewhat sad and stern abstraction on the table, patting her cat assiduously meanwhile, and then suddenly looking upon her son, the Major, she said—

"Frank, as sure as I live he has seen the wicked Captain Devereux."

The Major uttered an inarticulate expression of wonder.

"The house was precisely that he has described. I have told you the story often, as I heard it from your dear grandmother, about the poor young lady he ruined, and the dreadful suspicion about the little baby. *She*, poor thing, died in that house heart-broken, and you know he was shot shortly after in a duel."

This was the only light that Peter ever received respecting his adventure. It was supposed, however, that he still clung to the hope that treasure of some sort was hidden about the old house, for he was often seen lurking about its walls, and at last his fate overtook him, poor fellow, in the pursuit; for climbing near the summit one day, his holding gave way, and he fell upon the hard uneven ground, fracturing a leg and a rib, and after a short interval died, and he, like the other heroes of these true tales, lies buried in the little churchyard of Chapelizod.

THE NEW NATION.

WHEN we look abroad upon the world of nature and of man, we find both full of diversities and ever changing. Night and day are not more dissimilar than land and sea. The ever-burning Tropics, and the eternal ice of the Poles, seem to belong to different planets. The barren sands of Cobi, the stony deserts of Arabia, are appalling contrasts to the gigantic luxuriance of the impenetrable forest-wildernesses of Southern America; the level waterless plains of the Steppes of Tartary, or the Pampas of Brazil, resemble in nothing the cloud-capt snowy peaks of the Himalayas and Andes. So, also, in the endless diversities of mankind, we seem rather to behold differences of origin than modifications of the same human family. Cross but the mountain-chain that girdles your native land, and you may find yourself among the Babel-voices of an unknown tongue; where your God is a mystery and your religion contemned; where diversity of interest, antagonism of temperament, make your countrymen hated as enemies; in fine, where all the associations of life, all the external habits, all the internal emotions, which constitute the *individuality* of men or nations, find no counterpart. Embark on the stormy Atlantic, that laves the rich homes of the fair-skinned sons of Japhet, and you may land among the jetty woolly-haired children of Ham, poor and naked as the sands whereon they dwell. Embark on the Pacific—pass from the thinly-peopled regions of Western America and Australia, where the old population is dying out, and the new one is pregnant with the energy and fervid aspirations of youth—and you may land in the densely-peopled Empire of China, where the natives have lived on unchanged since the Flood, under institutions that have grown grey beneath the flight of four thousand years; where age has not yet induced decay, and where the phenomenon appears of a nation at once the youngest and the oldest that imagination can conceive.

Variety in nature is at once pleasing and profitable; but where, it may be

asked, is the advantage of variety in man? Does it not sow dissension, impede communication, and arrest the genial efforts of philanthropy? Yes; but these evils will die out ere the grand cycle of the world be closed. These diversities may impede for a while the march of civilisation, but they will be swallowed up in its triumph, and increase the splendour of its reign. If we look back on the history of our race, this diversity, seemingly obstructive of human progress, will be seen to be in truth its greatest promoter. Truth, indeed, is one; but mankind have never reached it save through the thousand paths of error. And as each nation forms civil, religious, and political institutions for itself, a hundred-fold more experiments in the Art of Life are thus originated than if the only kingdoms had been continents, and the only nations races. In the Mongolian world, for instance, where only one empire has existed from the beginning, and one path in civilisation has alone been tried—there, unexcited by rivalry with other nations, and untaught by their experience, the human mind has slumbered on at mediocrity, and has never attained the perfection which has sprung up among the particular kingdoms of Europe. Moreover, dwelling in separate and diverse countries, each tribe of the human family acquires physical and moral qualities in some measure peculiar to itself; and thus are prepared prerequisites for the intercommunication of varied knowledge, and the elements of that mingling of race and blood which in all ages has produced the noblest nations. The Greeks, the Romans, the English—these are the powers which have most widely and most durably influenced the world's history; which have fixed on themselves the gaze of the philosopher, the poet, the politician, to the end of time; and it is precisely in these nations that the ethnographer discovers the greatest concourse of tribes, the greatest mingling of blood. Compare the pure Celt of Western Ireland and the Hebrides with the lively gallant Parisian, in whose veins mingles the

blood of the Gaul and the Roman, of the Burgundian, the Frank, and the Northman, and say how mighty the difference between the indolent half-savage of our western districts, and the polished Celt who, seated at Paris, rules with his opinions the best half of Europe.

When we look upon some nations, sunk in the indolence and ignorance of barbarism, or debased by the selfishness and corruptions of an erroneous civilisation, we are tempted to find fault with a system which seems to condemn a portion of the human race to a career of marked inferiority or of positive degradation. But how infinitely worse if the reverse of all this were established; if all nations were alike timid and inoffensive as the Hindoos, or cruel and devastating like the Tartar—warlike as the Romans or peaceful as the Chinese—innovating like the Frank or conservative as the Asiatic—colonising like the Teuton, or sedentary as the Celt. It is this diversity which accelerates the progress of humanity. The hundred different nations of the earth cause mankind to live a hundred times faster. They are the steeds which hurry on the car of civilisation; they are a hundred searchers the more after the *mirror* of truth. Enlightened by knowledge from all quarters of the globe, man looks abroad as from a high tower, and beholds his brethren toiling at a thousand experiments in the art of life. Here he sees them in travail with some grand idea, working it out for the immediate benefit of themselves, but for the permanent benefit of all;—there, convulsed and agonised in the grasp of suffering, or emerging wiser and better from the ruins of error; now, grasping firmly some long-sought and hard-won truth, now painfully retracing their steps from the pursuit of some alluring phantom. By their success he learns where to venture—by their failure, when to forbear. They are buoys on an untried sea, beacons on an unknown shore, warning mankind of the dangers which beset their path, or lighting them in safety to the distant haven.

But, as if to prove the ephemeracy of human things, even these self-propagating agents of civilisation cannot escape the doom of mortality. Nations themselves, of all sublunary things the most enduring—which the flight

of centuries should only render more powerful, and time itself only make more populous—perish at times utterly, or sink for ever from the world's history. Not to mention the extinction of savage tribes before the march of civilisation, and passing over the old empires of America—the powerful kingdom of the Aztecs in Mexico, and the golden prosperity of the Incas of Peru, which, like beautiful myths, perished the moment the light of history was let in upon them—the chronicles of the Old World sufficiently illustrate the sad tale of national extinction or decline. Where are the old nations of the Orient, among whom civilisation and the arts sprang up while earth was yet moist from the Deluge—those mighty nations who left their name as a byword in the world for wealth and splendour, whose science seemed to succeeding ages a mystery too deep to be revealed, and who, though the spider has woven its web in their palaces for three thousand years, have left in their ruins monuments which all the marvels of modern science can hardly rival, and which the present inhabitants of the land behold aghast as the works of deities and genii? The myriads of Nineveh and Egypt have perished utterly; the divine race of Hellas, diminished in numbers and extinct in fame, are now mere cumberers of the ground which their ancestors made beautiful and glorious. The old Romans are extinct, and the second era of Italian glory was due to the mixed offspring of barbaric invasion. Thus, not seldom, in the hour of a nation's dissolution, a successor emerges phoenix-like from its ashes: the same wise Providence, which ordained the separation of mankind at Babel, originates new nations from time to time, to supply the place of the effete or the destroyed. But it is only at long intervals that a *nation* is born into the world; still more rarely can we discern in the embryo the signs of a gigantic maturity. Since the time when the hordes of Mahomet II. poured through the breaches of Byzantium, and from the thousands of the female captives, and from the daughters of Greece and the Caucasus who ever since then have filled the harems of the conquerors, the present Turco-European race grew up between the Ionian and Ægean seas, there has been no hymen of the nations, and no

new people has appeared on the globe. The American variety of the Anglo-Saxon race, although exhibiting peculiarities unknown among its brethren in the Old World, is the result of transplanting, rather than of any extensive mingling of blood. But now, after the lapse of six centuries, a New Nation is growing up under our eyes, with a rapidity that has no parallel, amidst extraordinary circumstances which have riveted universal attention, and with a future in store for it in which the novelty of the national career can only be equalled by its importance.

The region of California, in which the New Nation is taking root, seems the last in the world that would be peopled by civilised man. Of all spots on the globe, it has been the furthest removed from the highways of enterprise. Not a road to it was to be found on the map of the traveller, not a route to it laid down on charts of the mariner; the deserts and woods and mountain-passes by land—the rocks and shoals and currents by sea, were known to not one in a million of earth's inhabitants. The vast Pacific Ocean rolled between it and Asia. The snow-capt chain of the Rocky Mountains, impassable save in one or two places, and these only at certain seasons—and the pathless wastes of the prairies, traversed only by hostile tribes of Indians, cut it off from communication with the thinly-peopled States of America. Yet the love of gold peo-

pled the solitude—the sparkle of precious ores effected what no other inducement could. The *auri sacra fames*—now, even more than in ancient times, the great lever for moving mankind—so often the bane of the species, has here become subservient to its greatest good. It is making “the rough places smooth”—it is guiding man into the seats of his future glory, and is placing him on the throne of a new world.* What an assemblage it has gathered, there! People from all quarters of the globe, of every kindred and tongue, of every hue and dress and feature, came flocking to the Californian strand. Emigrants from every nation of Europe—English, Irish, Scotch, German, Swiss, Pole, French, Spaniard—worked side by side with the Indians and Anglo-Saxons of Northern America, and with the native Chilians and half-breeds of its Southern regions. The Australian joined then from his Antarctic continent, the Malay and Polynesian from the isles of the Pacific; while the Chinaman came forth like an anchorite from his cell, to join in this varied mass of golden speculators. Such a concourse of human tribes the world never before beheld. The New Nation is an assembly of all the others—it is the world's parliament, presided over by the best specimen of our race, the first in freedom, in enterprise, in colonisation—the Anglo-Saxon. The novelty of its elements and of its situation presages the novelty of its future career.†

* It is not a little remarkable that a similar process is at present going on, though on a smaller scale, in the heart of Central Asia. Gold has recently been found, in considerable quantities, in the solitudes of Siberia; men have flocked in numbers to the spot, a town has risen into importance, and prices there almost equal those of California in exorbitance, and the luxury and extravagance of the miners present a similar parallel. Still more: geological science informs us that some of the mountain-ranges in Australia belong to the class of rocks generally found to be auriferous; and almost ere the announcement is uttered, news comes from that distant region that gold has actually been found there, though we cannot as yet say to what extent. Thus at three nearly equi-distant spots on the globe has the ever-coveted gold ore been contemporaneously discovered; and those spots are precisely the ones furthest removed from the existing seats of civilised population, and from the ordinary route of emigration. Gold is drawing man into the wildernesses of nature.

† Even before gold was discovered, and the great immigration commenced, California seems to have possessed a strangely mixed population for so out-of-the-way a place. “Among the two hundred souls who inhabit Monterey,” wrote Dupetit-Thouars in 1848, “there are Creoles sprung from Spaniards and the native women; strangers from all points of the globe—Scotch, Irish, American, French, who have taken wives from the half-breeds of whites; and those races are now crossed in such a way that the fusion is complete. The women of this class are of middle height, of a brownish complexion, have beautiful teeth, and magnificent black hair. They have adopted in their costume the European modes, modified by the Spanish taste. The men have in general an air of distinction [the artist, Ryan, corroborates this, and says they are the finest-looking men he ever saw], and they

The influence of blood on the character and career of a nation has at times been undervalued by those who dogmatise on the assumptions of theory, instead of generalising from the evidences of history; but the influence of circumstances, and of local peculiarities, has only been raised thereby into additional importance. What is taken from blood must be given to circumstances; what is denied to the power of circumstances must be ascribed to the influence of blood. Blood is the influence of the Past—circumstances of the Present. In calculating the future career of California, it is difficult to say to which of these influences most importance is to be attached. We have already seen the extraordinary human medley which is giving birth to the New Nation; but, if possible, the circumstances amidst which the nation is cradled are more extraordinary still. In a district stretching some five hundred miles along the shores of the Pacific, and sloping from the margin of the sea to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, a few stragglers were the only signs of human life that appeared amid a primeval solitude.* All at once, gold is discovered—gold in abundance, gold everywhere. In the beds of the rivers, in the sands of the hill-torrents, in the seams of the rock, in the bowels of the earth, the precious ore appeared—nay, the very soil seemed impregnated with the glittering dust; and forthwith settlers came hurtling thither like clouds of locusts. Every wind of heaven seemed to blow them to the golden land. Within eighteen months, a hundred thousand men arrived from the United States; nine thousand wag-

gons, bearing five times that number of persons, came through the passes of the Rocky Mountains; and four thousand immigrants rode on horseback through the same route. Crowds poured in breathless haste across the Darien Isthmus; and others made a sea-voyage of 17,000 miles round Cape Horn, intrusting themselves, during this stormy passage, to leaky and shattered barks, resembling that in which Columbus made his last voyage from the New World to Spain. From the ships they beheld a land without fruits, without cities, almost without inhabitants; but gold was in the blue mountains that rose in the distance—and heedless of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, raiment and lodging, they plunged fearlessly into solitudes where the wolf and the buffalo, the squirrel and the bear, had reigned since the Deluge. Population poured in thousands to its shores, and ships came in fleets to its ports. But the towns on the coast were almost wholly forsaken; vessels in the harbour were deserted;† the harvest was at first unreaped, and the industry of the country stopped, as if struck by an universal paralysis, while the flood of population poured ceaselessly into the valley of the Sacramento. Along the borders of the rivers, and in the ravines of the wild hilly country, camps were formed, and tents, bowers, mud huts, and rudely-erected sheds, multiplied and covered the ground; while hundreds had to sleep in the open air, and these hundreds swelled to thousands as each mail carried abroad more glowing accounts of the gold.

Yet this vast, toiling, striving multi-

possess that regularity of features which belongs to the Spanish type." Then come the Indians, converted and unconverted—"These have repulsive figures, sooty complexion, hair black and sleek, prominent cheek-bones, and enormous mouths; and in regard to intelligence they are little above the brutes."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

* Some eight years ago, when the French frigate, *Venus* (in the course of its voyage round the world), put into the port of Monterey, then the capital of California, they found the place "composed of forty or fifty whitewashed houses, veritable huts, covered with rushes and branches of trees. The frigate was in want of biscuit, and the country had to be laid under contribution: they went even to distant farms in search of flour, and after all could only procure an imperfect revictualment."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1848. This miserable state of things continued up to 1848.

† One ship from the Sandwich Islands was left with no one but its captain on board; from another, the captain started with all his crew—replying to an observation on his flagrant conduct, that the cables and anchors would wear well till his return, and that as every one was too busy to think of plundering, he ran no risk by deserting his duty. The *Star* and *Californian* newspapers, published at San Francisco, ceased appearing, as the whole staff, from the editor to the errand-boy, had started for the "diggings;" and among the most active workers in the valley was the Attorney-General to the King of the Sandwich Islands!

tude, who had thus planted themselves apart from mankind amid the wildernesses of nature, were destitute of everything. All the necessities of life had to be brought from distances as great as they themselves had passed. Even building materials for their towns and cities were a-wanting; and houses were imported from China, Chili, and the States on the Atlantic! Everything was to make, and little to make it with. Every man had to do for himself. From combats with the natives and combats with their fellows, to the feller attacks of agues and dysenteries, each one had to struggle through as he best could. Courage became a necessity; and amidst extravagant opulence, grew up (rare union!) the fearless energy of the desert. The individual energy and self-reliance thus generated are incalculable: no man in a civilised country can form an adequate conception of it, nothing in the history of colonisation can parallel it. Men had no time to spend on the ordinary precautions of settlers: in all they did, it was neck or nothing—it was an absorbing, panting, furious race for gold. To all their difficulties was added want of time. A thousand things had to be done, and yet not a moment to spare from the search for wealth. Haste breathless, haste unparalleled, was everywhere. He who paused to rest was left behind; he who looked around had the gold picked up from under his hands. Yet the men were equal to the emergency. Order was established in the midst of the most chaotic society that the world ever witnessed. Property was rendered secure, where thousands were needy and greedy, and hundreds loaded with gold. Without a government or laws, with neither a civil nor a military force, without even locks or bolts, nearly as much security to life and property was quickly obtained as in any part of the Union.* Never was the energy of a people, and their capacity for self-government, so remarkably exemplified. And no wonder; for its elements were all drafted from states already highly civilised; and a larger proportion of its members had been trained to the pursuits of

science, literature, and commerce, than in any other modern colony ever planted.

There is no such thing as Chance in the world; and the Supreme Wisdom which directs our destinies is apparent in the whole history of the New World, from the discovery of its shores by Columbus to the present revelation of the gold of California. Civilisation can only grow up in a land of large cities and dense population; and as Europe was destined to be the seed-bed from which civilisation was to be transplanted to the world's wildernesses, it behoved that the seas which girdled it should for long be impassable by its nations. But as soon as this ripening process was sufficiently advanced, and when commerce was crying for more gold and silver, and piety for a refuge from persecution, the heaven-sent dreams of Columbus opened up a new world which supplied both, and which offered a field where civilisation might by-and-by spring up weeded from the corruptions which had grown with its growth in the old world. Ever since then, America has taken off the surplus and overboilings of European society, until of late emigration was beginning to raise a barrier against itself—even as the influx of a river into the sea raises a sandbar at its mouth to check its force. The States on the shores of the Atlantic became fully stocked, they required no more emigrants; and population had spread so far into the land that it now needed as much money to take one through the settled country to the backwoods as to convey them across the Atlantic. This obstacle was yearly increasing, when appalling famine and misery in our own land, and universal and horrible convulsions on the Continent, drove hundreds of thousands from their homes. America seemed barred against them: whither were they to flee? But lo! contemporaneously with all this misery in Europe, gold in unheard-of quantities is discovered on the shores of the Pacific, and thousands of the exiles and myriads from Eastern America flock eagerly and instantaneously to the golden land. And it is no passing passion,

* Their greatest evil at present is the weakness of the executive power, but the organisation of a civil force will soon render the central government sufficiently strong to preserve order and to enforce its commands.

no empty delusion, which thus hurries them from their homes. At this moment the flood of emigration is still pouring westward to the land of promise: fivethousand persons are weekly crossing the Isthmus of Darien. And thus Providence is rearing a new kingdom on the desert shores of the Pacific, and making room in the Atlantic States for the overflows of Europe. For it is to be remembered that the gold fever was felt even more in New York and the highly-civilised cities of the coast than in the interior; and a deficiency of men is now being felt in the Atlantic townships, while a want of the gentler sex is the great evil on the shores of the Pacific.

All the colonies which the world has yet seen have commenced with agriculture and pasturage. The soil has been their first fountain of riches: the ground had to be long tilled, or herds innumerable covered the plains, ere wealth began to accumulate. In them money was scarce, as well as labour. A dollar goes further in the Bush than a guinea in London. Hence their advance in the scale of nations has been comparatively slow, especially as the widely-scattered population of an agricultural state is unfavourable to rapidity of social progress. But in California the reverse of all this has existed from the beginning. From the first hour of its existence as a civilised colony, money has been more plentiful there than in the oldest states in the world, and the wages of labour seem to belong rather to the tales of the Genii than to the sober chronicles of truth.* Hence the greatest desideratum of a young colony is superabundantly supplied, and undertakings of every kind, plans of every magnitude, can be freely entered upon for the public good. The New Nation has been commercial from its birth. Its necessities and its gold have brought vessels from all countries to its shores; and the intelligence and restless activity of commercial men have supplanted the ordinary somnolence of agricultural settlers, and have marvellously accele-

rated the progress of a society which all circumstances are combining rapidly to mature. Two years have scarcely elapsed since tidings of the new Eldorado reached the Old World, but half a century seems to have rolled away in the interval. Then the land was a solitude; the noble bay of San Francisco lay untracked by a keel; the sound of its waters breaking on their lonely shores was nearly all it had heard of the world of man. Now an actual metropolis is reflected on its waters. Street after street of well-built houses, filled with an active and enterprising people, and exhibiting every mark of commercial prosperity, stretch to the summit of the surrounding hills, follow the windings of the shore from headland to headland, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, builds its warehouses at the Golden Gate,† fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Lofty hotels, gay with verandahs and balconies, are seen in all quarters, replete with luxuries of high civilisation; while the fashionable restaurants present daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian cuisine. Scarcely a day passes but some cluster of sails take their way through the Golden Gate, bound to all quarters of the world. "Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of the spectators, San Francisco seems to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

The greatest characteristic of the inferior tribes of mankind is a want of vital energy—an inability to develop their powers, or advance in the career of civilisation: they adhere to their habits and their homes with the lifeless tenacity of the limpet to its native rock. Just in proportion to the vital energy of a people will be its eminence in the world's history. Although inferior to us in some of the generous emotions, and confining their views too much to material interests, the Anglo-Saxons in America surpass in restless energy even the far-famed energy of the British; but now the New

* It is to be recollected, however, that the high wages in California are not to be taken as a decisive proof of the people's prosperity, for it does not proceed from the mere plentifulness of money, but it is rendered necessary by the distance from which all the necessities of life have to be brought, and the consequent expense attending their importation.

† The entrance to the harbour of San Francisco.

Nation promises to outdo them in turn, to excel them in the very qualities where in they themselves have excelled. It would be premature at present, when their society is still in a chaotic state, to pronounce sentence on the moral character of the future nation. It is to be hoped that when the awful hunger for gold shall have subsided, and a healthy calm shall have succeeded the present feverish passion for wealth and enjoyment, society, like a calming sea, will begin to reflect more of the image of Heaven; yet there is only too much reason to fear that human reason will predominate over the higher quality of faith, and that the wisdom of man will supplant the inspired dictates of Revelation. But in all the human qualities of our nature, they have already exhibited an energy and ability such as the world has never beheld. The wild chaotic elements of the nation have shown a remarkable affinity among themselves, and the people an aptitude unparalleled for becoming an organised state. Endurance and daring, shrewdness and versatility, will be the birth-right of the future nation, for blood and circumstances have stamped those qualities on their fathers. A new world and a new ocean are open to its career; and both the configuration of the world around it, and the qualities of the men within it, seem to presage a brilliant destiny for the Empire of the West.

It is an astonishing progress that of the human race. The nations do not advance abreast, nor is the progress of each continuous. In early times we find one far ahead of the rest—the sole fountain of knowledge and civilisation—drawing all others to its light, or conquering them by its arms. Nineveh and Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, rose in turn to the zenith; and as each “universal empire” arose, its predecessors were not only eclipsed, but they commenced a downward progress, which had degradation or barbarism for its terminus. Since the fall of ancient Rome, we have seen Italy under the Popes, Spain under the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, rise into the ascendant, and again fall back into apathy and impotence. After a long struggle, in which all civilised nations took part, we have recently seen England emerge first, and France second, from the strife for supremacy; but in the latter nation the national effor-

escence seems already past, and in her brave but pleasure-seeking multitudes, the seeds of decay are paving the way for her successor, which may already be seen rising into colossal size amid the mists and snows of the North. The supremacy of France has ever been on land, and so also will be its successor's: the sea, the isles, and the New World are for ever the heritage of the Anglo-Saxons. The firmest, the most glorious of empires cannot win for itself immortality. Long-continued prosperity in nations, as in individuals, saps the foundations of the higher qualities of our nature, and renders them no longer fit to be the leaders of human progress and civilisation. It was this that utterly destroyed Babylonia, Persia, and Egypt; it was this that prostrated the giant power of Rome; it is this that will ever cause the leadership of nations to pass from one people to another to the end of time. It is a strange yet instructive subject of reflection, this rise and fall of empires. There is no mystery about it—no Fate, as the old Greeks or the modern Atheists would say. Here, as in everything else, men are free agents, and reap the fruits of their actions. As long as a nation's religious principles can withstand the corrupting influence of long-continued success and artificial civilisation, she has nothing to fear—the Shekinah will surround her still; but to do so immortally, alas! would be more than human. The black drop which Mahomet's good angel squeezed from his heart must first be expressed from those of the whole species.

It is a singular circumstance in the world's history, that, up to the present times, no great maritime or colonising empire has ever existed on the shores of the Pacific. Possessing a length of seaboard far surpassing that of the Atlantic, and gemmed with isles of remarkable fertility, suitable alike for colonies or for entrepôts—the nations that people its shores, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Icy Sea, from the Straits of Behring to Cape Horn, have never carried the torch of knowledge to other isles or countries, never embarked an army on its waters. Never, even for the gains of commerce, spread their sails out of sight of land; never, either from the ports of China and Hindostan, where powerful empires have existed from the dawn of history—nor from Arabia, where, un-

der Islamism, the most warlike and daring empire grew up that the world ever saw—nor from the opposite shores of Africa and America, where humanity, at least within the records of history, seems ever to have stagnated, has a nation sent forth its colonies to cultivate the isles, or an emperor sent his squadrons to capture them. The Isles of the Indian Archipelago, teeming with fruits and blossoms, floating like baskets of flowers amid the azure waters of the Pacific—a labyrinth of beauty, where the very tides die away in the coloured shadows of gorgeous woods and sunlit mountain-peaks, and the waves languish away in the embrace of those lovely brides of the sea—those gorgeous islands where Cybele still sits crowned in the solitude, have never yet yielded their riches to civilised man. But the hand of Providence is bringing a new race to the shores of that solitary sea. England, the Queen of the Seas, the great coloniser of the earth, has within the last century built up an empire in Hindostan, as wonderful as if it had been the work of Eastern genii; still more recently it has poured the benefits of civilisation and the gigantic powers of the Anglo-Saxon race into the Australian world, and within half the lifetime of man has reared a British empire at the Antipodes. But yesterday the enterprise of an individual has penetrated the wilderness of Borneo, cleared its seas of their infesting pirates, placed himself on the throne of Sarawak, and reared in the very heart of Paganism a temple to the God of the Christians. These are glorious exploits for England; no other nation can parallel them even in miniature: they have given immortality to her renown, and she will be honoured as parent by half the world to the end of time. What a destiny! It seems to crown her with a glory higher than earth could bestow.

But if from the realms of Australia we turn our eyes to the north, the curtain is seen rising upon a new nation; and from the shores of California the

Anglo-Saxon race is already spreading out to meet its brethren from the south. How sublime that meeting in the heart of the Pacific! Setting out from a little island in the German Ocean, the children of England have fought their way through wilderness and over mountain, through hordes of savage men, and across the tempests of ocean; they have spanned the world in their march; they have travelled from the lands of the rising to the home of the setting sun; and now, in triumph and in joy, reunite amid the solitude of the Indian seas. What a theme for the poet! Since the dispersion of Babel, no such meeting has earth witnessed. It is the *denouement* of an epic—of an epic recounting the war between Man and Nature, and ending with seating him in her last asylum.

The country in which the New Nation is growing up is a region extending at present* for 500 miles along the shores of the Pacific, and stretching 150 miles inland, from the sea to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The ground of the maritime district slopes gradually up to a chain of mountains called the Coast Range, which run from north to south, dividing the region into two nearly equal parts. Between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada lies a long valley some fifty miles in width. Through the upper part of this valley flows the Sacramento river, which, taking its rise in the northern extremity of California, flows southward for 250 miles, and forms a junction with the San Joaquin, which flows an equal distance from the opposite quarter; and thus united, they force a passage through the Coast Range to the sea. This vast valley has evidently been at some remote period the bed of a lake. Its soil is very rich, and permeated by numerous streams from the Sierra; and with a proper system of draining and embankment, it would undoubtedly be capable of producing every crop, except sugarcane, now cultivated in the Atlantic States of the Union, and will by-and-by support a numerous population.

* We say at *present*, because ere long their territory will be enlarged. As soon as all the "placers" are occupied, and the quantity of gold diminishes, the fresh comers from the Old States will, in defiance of all authority, foray southwards—the more especially as the Spanish half of California is also thought to be rich in mines. "From the accounts of Lieutenant Buffam," says Sir R. Murchison, "it seems probable that the mountains of the lower province will prove as conspicuously rich in silver and copper as those of Upper California have been in gold."

Its climate, as well as its soil, is the best in California. To the east of this valley rise the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, which are some twenty miles in breadth, and stretch away to the base of the great Snowy chain. These foot-hills are the Gold Region. It is in the ravines and water-courses which intersect them that 100,000 men are now eagerly engaged in the hunt for gold. The maritime district, the land between the Coast Range and the sea, possesses good soil, but is at present almost barren for want of water.

From the amenity and beauty of its climate, California has been styled the "New Italy." "Stretching along the mild coast of the Pacific," says Colonel Fremont, in his report to Congress, "with a general elevation of its plains and valleys of only a few feet above the level of the sea, and backed by the long and lofty wall of the Sierra, mildness and geniality may be assumed to be the characteristic of its climate. The inhabitants of the corresponding latitudes on the Atlantic side of the Continent can with difficulty imagine the soft air and southern productions under the same latitudes in the maritime region of Upper California. The singular beauty and purity of the sky in the south of this region, is characterised by Humboldt as a rare phenomenon, and all travellers realise the truth of the description." Complaints of the climate are sometimes made by emigrants, but it is its novelty, not its inferiority, that discontents them. "It is so unlike that from which they come," says Mr. Taylor, "that they cannot readily appreciate its advantages, or become reconciled to its extremes of dry and wet." A Californian would be as much surprised, he adds, that people could live through the winter of New England "as any immigrant ever has been at what he has seen or felt in California."

In one respect California, like all the rest of the region lying to the west of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, differs widely from the country to the eastward of them. When the first emigrants landed on the Atlantic shores of America they found the whole country overspread with luxuriant forests, and the soil covered with rich mould, the accumulation of decaying foliage through untold centuries. But in California forests are a-wanting, fire-wood is scarce, and the timber for

houses, &c., is all imported;† while the unprotected soil, though of good fertility, is alternately baked by the sun-heat, or washed away by the hurricanes and deluging rains of the wet season. "West of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, the forests of California are limited to some scattering groves of oak in the valleys and along the borders of the streams, and of red wood on the ridges and in the gorges of the hills, sometimes extending into the plains. Some of the hills are covered with dwarf shrubs, which may be used as fuel; but with these exceptions, the whole territory presents a surface without trees or shrubbery." This deficiency of wood in California, as well as that on the Eastern Prairies, has been ingeniously enough ascribed to the growth of long dry grass which overspreads the country, and which, easily taking fire, would envelope the woods with flame, and thus destroy them. But the effect is rather to be attributed to some primary disposition of nature, aided by the constant havoc made by the Indians in procuring fuel and logs for their huts; for if forests had been there, the prairie-grass could not.

Let us endeavour now to form, from scattered passages in Mr. Taylor's work, some idea of the social condition of the New Nation, and to present some characteristic scenes from the every-day life of the people. When the first influx of population took place, he says—

"Society was for the time cast into new forms, or rather deprived of any fixed form. A man, on coming to California, could no more expect to retain his old nature unchanged, than he could retain in his lungs the air he had inhaled on the Atlantic shore. The most immoderate and striking change which came upon the immigrants was an increase of activity, and proportionately, of reckless and daring spirit. . . . Men were not troubled with the ups and downs of business, when it was so easy for one of any enterprise to recover his foothold. If a person lost his all, he was perfectly indifferent; two weeks of hard work gave him enough to start on, and two months, with the usual luck, quite reinstated him. . . . There was something exceedingly hearty, cordial, and encouraging in the character of social intercourse. . . . The most common excesses into which Californians run are drinking and gambling. . . . To give the gambling community their due, their conduct was much more orderly and respectable than it is wont

to be in other countries.(?) This, however, is not so much a merit of their own possessing, as the effect of a strong public sentiment in favour of preserving order. . . . There were hundreds of monte and faro tables, which were crowded nightly till a late hour, and where the most inveterate excesses of gaming might be witnessed; and this at a time when the population of San Francisco was only "estimated at fifteen thousand! Hundreds of instances might be adduced to show that the worst passions of our nature were speedily developed in the air of California; but the one grand lesson of the settlement and organisation of the country is of a character that ennobles the race. . . . After what has been said it will appear natural that California should be the most democratic country in the world. A man who would consider his fellow beneath him, on account of his appearance or occupation, would have some difficulty in living peaceably in California. The security of the country is owing, in no small degree, to the plain, practical development of what the French reverence as an abstraction under the name of *Fraternité*. To sum up all in three words—**LABOUR IS RESPECTABLE.**"

The almost total absence of females in California has proved, and will prove for some years to come, very injurious to society, and to individual morality. *Home*—that bundle of sweet ties, so deservedly dear to all mankind—is a word unknown in its true sense in California. Home there, as yet, has no attraction; the purifying and restraining ties of the family circle have no existence. The roof-tree covers no hallowed precincts: the house is a needful but unloved shelter from the storm, or a depot for merchandise; and its male inmate spends all his leisure in places of public resort. Moreover, the innocent or humanising amusements of old countries are yet in their infancy, or altogether unknown; and as men *will* have relaxation of some kind, the Californians seek it in the saloons of the hotels, or in the noisome heated atmosphere and motley groups that surround the faro-table, in drinking and gambling. No greater blessing to the morals, as well as to the comforts of the rising state could be desired, than the introduction into that male nation of an adequate proportion of the gentler sex. The New Nation, in regard to their social ties, are in the rough unsettled state of the Romans under Romulus, and no second Rape of the Sabines is possible to relieve them from their dilemma:—

LIFE AT THE MINES.—"It would have been an interesting study for a philosopher to note the different effects which sudden enrichment produced upon different persons, especially those whose lives had previously been passed in the midst of poverty and privation. The most profound scholar in human nature might here have learned something which all his previous wisdom and experience could never teach. It was not precisely the development of new qualities in the man, but the exhibition of changes and contrasts of character, unexpected and almost unaccountable. The world-old moral of gold was completely falsified(?). Those who were unused to labour, whose daily ounce or two seemed a poor recompense for weary muscles and flagging spirits, might carefully hoard their gains; but those whose hardy fibre grappled with the tough earth as naturally as if it knew no fitter play, and made the coarse gravel and rocky strata yield up their precious grains, were as profuse as princes, and as open-hearted as philanthropists. Weather-beaten tars, wiry delving Irishmen, and stalwart foresters from the wilds of Missouri, became a race of Sybarites and Epicureans. Secure in possessing the *Open Sesame* to the exhaustless treasury under their feet, they gave free rein to every whim or impulse which could possibly be gratified. . . . It was frequently remarked that the Oregonians, though accustomed all their lives to the most simple, solid, and temperate fare, went beyond every other class of miners in their fondness for champagne, and all kinds of cordials and choice liquors."

We do not know what "world-old moral of gold" Mr. Taylor refers to; but certainly that pretty ancient one, beginning "Set a beggar on horseback," receives remarkable corroboration from his narrative. The *only* class who were provident of their gains, as he tells us, were those "unused to labour"—that is to say, persons who had formerly been in good circumstances, and who had therein learned self-restraint. The Indian savage, to whom luxury in any shape is a stranger, will drink himself to death beside a broached barrel of "fire-water;" while a gentleman, whose cellar is stocked with the choicest wines, would feel himself degraded by the slightest excess:—

"At the mines," he says (and the sentence which we have italicised is worthy of attention, as it points out the main cause of the New Nation's ability in forming itself into an organised state), "I found plenty of men who were not outwardly distinguishable from the inveterate trapper or mountaineer, but who, a year before, had been patientless physicians, briefless lawyers, and half-starved

editors. *It was this infusion of intelligence which gave the gold-hunting communities, notwithstanding their barbaric exterior and mode of life, an order and individual security which at first sight seemed little less than marvellous.*"

Strange characters and adventures were to be met with there :—

"One of the most amusing cases I saw was that of a company of Englishmen from New South Wales, who had been on the Mokelumne about a week at the time of my visit. They had only landed in California two weeks previous, and this was their first experience of gold-digging. One of them, a tall strong-limbed fellow, who had served seven years as a private of cavalry, was unceasing in his exclamations of wonder and delight. 'This is a great country!' he would exclaim. 'Here a man can dig up as much goold in a day as he ever saw in all his life. Haven't I got already more than I know what to do with, an' I've only been here a week? An' to think 'at I come with never a single farthing in my pocket! An' the Frenchman down the hill there, him 'at sells wittles, he wouldn't trust me for a piece of bread—the devil take him! 'If ye've no money, go an' dig some,' says he; 'people dig here o' Sundays all the same.' 'I'll dig o' Sundays for no man, ye bloody villain!' says I; 'I'll starve first.' An' I didn't—an' I had a hungry belly too. But o' Monday I dug nineteen dollars, an' o' Tuesday twenty-three, an' o' Friday two hundred an' eighty-two dollars, in one lump as big as your fist; an' all for not working on Sundays. Was there ever such a country in the world!'"

The simple-hearted fellow "repeated his story from morning to night," says Mr. Taylor, "and in the fulness of his heart, communicated it to every new face he saw." We fear his tale would be told to deaf ears. In California "men dig on Sundays all the same." In their greed for the gains and the pleasures of the world, they have no time to give to heaven. They take their blessings as if they owed them to no one but their own right hand. It is a pitiful wisdom, it is a short-sighted reason that does this. There is nothing either in heaven or on earth that human scepticism will not cavil at, and we are all too prone to disbelieve whatever goes against our desires. But though men may differ as to what day of the week the Sabbath should be held on, or as to the exact degree of strictness with which it should be kept—that its observance is decreed in the words of Revelation was never for a moment doubt-

ful to any one who was willing to give one day in seven to the service of his Maker, and the preparation for the life to come. In the many works published on California, we have been unable to discover any mention of a respect for the Sabbath among its people; and although San Francisco contained some fifty thousand inhabitants last spring, the building of a church (so far as we can discover) has never been thought of.

We have already alluded to the energy of the people, and the remarkable growth of San Francisco, and we now quote from Mr. Taylor's remarks on this subject :—

"Every new comer in San Francisco," says he, "is overtaken with a sense of complete bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nothing, and casting all its faculties into action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, and into shapes of which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the Dissolving Views, there is a period when the scene wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion, so one knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing satisfactorily to my own senses the reality of what I saw and heard.

"Verily the place was in itself a marvel!" he exclaims three weeks later. "To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable, after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labour was ten dollars a-day (and in a town with only twenty thousand inhabitants) is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterwards, a row of storehouses, staring him in the face, intercept the view."

In December, 1849, he tells us in another place, a fire broke out in San Francisco by which—

"Twenty-five houses were burnt, and nearly an acre of ground laid bare. In a week after, such was the extraordinary energy of the

sufferers, that the site was already half covered with houses built and building. While the fire was still burning, one of the parties, who had lost most heavily by the conflagration, bargained for and purchased lumber to rebuild his house; and before six o'clock the same evening, he had concluded and signed a contract with a builder to reconstruct his house in sixteen days under a penalty."

The gold region of California embraces the extensive range of hills which rise on the eastern side of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and which extend inland to the base of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada. They are intersected by rivers, running from east to west, at irregular distances of from twenty to thirty miles apart; and it is in the beds of some of these streams, and in the dry ravines (or 'gulches') of the mountains that the gold has hitherto been found. There the precious ore exists in flakes or spangles, infinitely more abundant than in any other known gold tract in the world. And as if to facilitate the collection of her golden treasures, Nature has placed, almost in close vicinity, mines of quicksilver. In order to show the value of this metal as a collector of the golden dust, we may mention that a heap of refuse earth left by the common *rocker* (i. e., machine for washing gold from the soil), after ten thousand dollars had been washed from it, yielded another thousand to a rocker in which quicksilver was used. When the quicksilver mines are once in full operation, the present high price of this metal will be much reduced, its use will become universal at the "diggings," and the annual golden harvest be greatly increased.

Many writers have not hesitated to predict, from the seemingly enormous mass of gold which California contains, a complete revolution in the present monetary system of the world; but such views, if not altogether groundless, are at least very much exaggerated. There are two opinions generally entertained in regard to the future produce of this gold region, which, however well-founded they may appear to the public in general, receive no countenance from men of science. The first of these is, that as all (?) the rivers of the district furnish gold, therefore the whole mountainous district through which these rivers flow (some four hundred or five hundred miles in

length) is equally rich in the precious ore:—

"We must protest against the inference," says an able geologist, in noticing Mr. Lyman's opinion on this subject, "that all these 'many hundreds of miles' are as richly auriferous as the tract which he really explored and ably describes. As well might we take the northernmost of the works on the eastern flank of the Ural beyond Petropavloak, and the southernmost on the Tashlan, and say, that throughout a mountainous region having a width varying from two to three degrees of longitude, and a length of nine degrees of latitude, gold was actively worked; the truth being, that gold has only been found to be worth the cost of extraction at about ten very limited localities in all that Uralian chain, six hundred miles in length."

The more enthusiastic speculators on this subject suffer themselves, at times, to lose sight of the reality. In the words of one of Ryan's comrades, "they forget how far they may go before they come to what we miners call a *likely place*." Moreover, Mr. Lyman himself, in attempting to trace the gold to its native rocks, found plenty of quartz vein-stones, but could detect little or no gold in them. In fact the whole chain of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, from north to south, is essentially composed of the same rocks, yet it is *only at intervals*, few and far between, that the detritus on its flanks is found to be auriferous.

The next opinion is, that upon the introduction of science into California, and the formation of companies, deep mines will be opened in all directions, and an inexhaustible store of gold thus opened up. Now, in the whole history of gold-seeking, *no deep mines have ever succeeded*; and the result of the Spaniards' experiments in the solid rock has been handed down to us in their proverb, that "he who mines for gold will be ruined." Gold—which, in the form of lumps, threads, and flakes, is found chiefly in veins of quartz intersecting the Primary or Palæozoic group of rocks—is always most abundant near the surface. Unlike all other ores, it has been found to diminish in quantity as the veins recede from the surface; or to be diffused in such minute and separate threads in the hard rocks, as to render its extraction well nigh, if not quite ruinous. The whole history of gold mining, whether practised by Spanish, English, or Rus-

sian companies, proves this remarkable fact beyond a doubt. This peculiar distribution of the ore explains why the greatest quantities of gold dust, and the largest lumps of gold should be constantly found in rubbish, gravel, sand, or clayey beds; for as the *cream* of the ore is contained in the upper portions of rocks, and as all the earth's surface has undergone great abrasion and wearing away, so the greatest quantity of the gold cannot now be found in its native rock, but in the alluvial drift or debris derived from the former surfaces of the auriferous vein-stones. Deep mines, we repeat, have never succeeded. So hard is the rock in which gold is originally imbedded, and so minute and so diffused are the filaments of the ore, that it is only by means of this gradual abrasion, or when Providence, through the grand operations of nature, shatters the masses of auriferous mountains, that the precious metal becomes available to the use of man. This was strongly exemplified some two centuries ago, among the Andes of Bolivia, where "the lightning, having struck the projecting point of a great quartz-vein, and shivered the mountain-side into fragments, spread out in the detritus a considerable local supply of gold, which all man's engineering capacity would never have enabled him to obtain except with enormous loss."

A natural but important effect of this superficial distribution of gold is apparent in history; for while the gold tracts worked by the ancients in the Spanish Peninsula, and the many other places in the Old World once known to be auriferous, are long since exhausted, the old silver mines of Spain, being re-opened at greater depths, and with increased skill, are at this moment eminently productive. And in like manner the silver mines of South America, says Humboldt, so far from being exhausted, are likely to prove more productive than ever, if ordinary skill were applied to them. California certainly contains gold in greater quantity than any other place with which we are acquainted; and as the whole powers of modern science will be applied to the extraction of the ore, it is probable that *mining* may succeed there better than it had done elsewhere; but it is equally certain that the ravines and water-courses will ever continue to supply the ore in the greatest abundance

and most profitably. It must, moreover, be remembered, that if California be the richest of all known gold regions, it is also the most numerous and energetically worked; and there cannot be a doubt that, though the country may long continue to yield gold in small quantities, the precious metal will soon be so much exhausted as to offer no inducement for continued immigration, and the great mass of the people must by-and-by have recourse, as in other countries, to the pursuits of commerce and of agriculture. The Age of Gold will be a short one in California, as it has been everywhere else; but it will not pass away until its mission is accomplished. And that mission is, to overcome the obstacles of nature, to assemble an energetic and remarkable people on the distant shores of the Pacific, and to found, in a locality of all others most advantageous for it, an Anglo-Saxon Empire of the West.

If, from the absence of wood, the soil of California be too much exposed to the great heats of the dry, and to the hurricanes of the wet season, it has at least this advantage, that the labour required in most of the old States to fell the forests and clear the ground for seed, is here unnecessary: and as soon as the diggings cease to be very productive, and prices in consequence fall, the more fertile districts will begin to be cultivated. But the spirit of the people (though singularly versatile) is not agricultural: too much restlessness, it seems to us, mingles with their energy to let them settle quietly down to the culture of the soil. Look at them in the mines of the mountains—at the *monté* and *faro* tables in the towns. They would leap at wealth with a bound; they will endure anything, risk anything, to be rich at once. They would rather stake their all on a dashing venture than make success certain by a slow and cautious advance. This is the spirit of commerce, with its risks and prizes—not of agriculture. Look at their love of speculation, and the shrewdness with which they speculate—at the rapidity and boldness of their calculations, and the vigour with which they carry them into effect. There is not a man in the country but what is a knowing hand at a bargain, and a ready-reckoner of chances. All this shrewdness and bold enterprise would be lost in the calm pursuits of agricul-

ture. The spirit of the people is in unison with the natural destinies of the country: both the men and the circumstances show that the career of California will be eminently commercial. In agriculture she will be surpassed by many states, which possess not only a superior soil, but in which, from the comparative scarcity of money, the labours of culture can be had far more cheaply. The rich alluvial flats of the basin of the Mississippi will for long pour their cereal stores across the Isthmus of Panama into the Californian ports; until by-and-by the thousand isles of the Pacific—if possible, still more prolific, where land is still cheaper, and whence the transit to the Golden Land is shorter and easier—will render all such supplies from eastern America superfluous. Yes; whatever may be the fertility of California, her career will be commercial. The prolificness of the Libyan plains, the granary of the ancient world, could not tempt Carthage from her destiny, though it wonderfully assisted her in her glorious career. And here a mightier destiny is awaiting the New Nation than ever the sons of Hanno dreamt of; a prospect before which the glories of Tyre and of Carthage sink into insignificance. Not even the magnificent harbour of the Golden Horn, in which security, depth, and expanse are combined, can rival the peerless landlocked Bay of San Francisco. How shall we describe it? You are sailing along the high coast of California, when suddenly a gap is seen, as if the rocks had been rent asunder; you leave the open ocean and enter the strait. The mountains tower so high on either hand that it seems but a stone's throw from your vessel to the shore, though in reality it is a mile. Slowly advancing, an hour's sail brings you to where the strait grows still narrower; and lo! before you, rising from the very middle of the waters, a steep rock towers aloft like a giant warder of the strait. Were that rock but fortified, not all the fleets in the world could force the passage. You gaze back on the grim rock as you emerge from its shadows; and so landlocked does the scene appear, that you could fancy the mountains had fallen in since you passed, and blocked up for ever your path to the ocean. You turn to look ahead, and lo! a scene as wonderful again lies before you. You are in an

inland sea!—you are in Francisco Bay. To your right lies the Golden City—at a distance in front rise the steep shores, and all round you an expanse of water—a lake for calmness, a sea for extent—in which the fleets of the world might ride at anchor. San Francisco will be the entrepôt of nations, the emporium of the East and West. High prices, and the absorption of the people in gold-seeking, will long cause it to import everything, and the deficiency of wood and the want of coal will impede anything like manufactures; even her ships will for long be built in the harbours of the Atlantic. But her merchants will be the brokers, her halls the exchange of the Pacific. Turn to the map, and you will see the rare advantages of her position. The whole Pacific, with its countless isles, lies open to her enterprise; the Australian continent and the realms of Hindostan will reciprocate her commerce; and the Golden Gate fronts the harbour of Canton and the mouth of the Yangtze-Kiang, the great artery of Chinese traffic. Instead of the tedious route by the Cape of Good Hope, steam-vessels from California will carry the produce of China, India, and the Isles to the Isthmus of Darien, and shorten by a half the voyage to Europe and Eastern America. The very winds and currents combine to favour the new region, and a vessel from Cape Horn, says Mr. King, by keeping well out to sea, will arrive sooner at San Francisco than at the intermediate ports on the South American coast.

This is no common fortune for the New Nation. Even in ancient times the traffic of the East, the caravan which struggled through the Syrian Deserts, was able to raise princely cities in its path. In the heart of the desert, amid the solitudes of a sandy sea, it reared the mighty structures, the beautiful columns and palaces of queenly Palmyra—and built at the now deserted fountain-heads of the Leontes, as a halting-place for caravans between the rocky chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the still wonderful edifices of ruined Balbek. Egypt, Byzantium, Venice, since then have grown rich upon the commerce of the East; and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, tedious and perilous though that periphus be, for long poured wealth into the coffers of the Dutch, and made the merchants of Amsterdam the bank-

ers of the world. Almost in our own day, a partial monopoly of that trade has raised a company of English merchants to be the lords of Hindostan. In less than a century they have fought their way to supreme dominion, and now rule paramount from the Himalayas to the sea. They have done their mission quickly, energetically, like men who feel they have an arduous task to accomplish in a short day. They have not slumbered a moment, and events now show that they had not a moment to slumber. They have placed themselves erect on the throne of Hindostan, and now are able to stand there alone. It is well; for a new power, as energetic, destined to be far more numerous, is now settling on the opposite shore of the Pacific—a power which will traffic with the strong, but supplant the weak and indolent. It is well; for the trade of China is passing from their hands. It is well; for the navy of England, their nurse and guardian, will ere long be overmatched in the Eastern seas. The commerce of China and the Isles will flow across the Isthmus of Darien; part of the Australian trade, and nearly all that of India which cannot find its way through Egypt, will follow the same track. The merchantmen of California will transport the goods to Panama, and the navy of America and England will convey them from the Isthmus to the shores of Europe.

It is a restless race that is growing up in California; and again we say it is well that the English colonies in the Pacific can now stand alone. The course of nature must ere long alter their political relations to their mother-country; but let not the tie of blood, of old associations, of a common heritage of glory, be dissevered among themselves. Let them stand together. Let India hold fast by Chusan and Sarawak; let New Zealand and Australia be twins in heart as they are in position, and stretch out the hand of fellowship to their brethren in the north, and no power on land or sea can prevail against them. It is not in war that their brotherhood need be tested. Let them work into each other's hands in peace—let a fraternal spirit and a community of interest prevail amongst them, and that is enough. It is no great warlike power that is arising in California. It will be a strong state,

jealous of its rights, and making itself everywhere respected; but it will be no fighter. It will be a second Carthage, without another Rome. The commercial spirit is ever averse to war; it is impatient of taxation, and never fights but for profits. But let us say more than this. Whatever be the cause—whether from its thin population and its distance from the contagion of European strife, or from a view to its worldly interests, or from a calm wisdom in its people, or what you will—it cannot be denied that a pacific policy predominates in the northern half of the New World. Europe, with its dense and heterogeneous population, has been the great seat of warlike ambition, where civilised states have been clashing against each other for two thousand years; but the wide Atlantic severs that camp from the Anglo-Saxons in America; and now, still more, the lofty chain of the Cordilleras rises like a rampart of peace, to shut out from the Pacific shores the sounds and turmoil of a warring world. Peaceful at heart, no military rival will force it into the career of arms. Yet it will crush without compunction all loiterers in its path: as it grows, it will absorb or push out the few tribes, Indian or Spanish, who lie dozing in its way. Yet this will not disturb its pacific pursuits: itself so great, the scattered tribes so few and so feeble, there is no room for a contest between them. The advance is unavoidable, and we believe that it will be made in a worthy spirit. Whether their neighbours be effete Europeans, half-breeds, or the untutored savage of the forest and the isles, moderation, we doubt not, will characterise the expansion of the Californians. They will take without scruple unoccupied lands, they will grasp with avidity at the hitherto unopened mines; but they will wring no plunder from individuals—the natives may still sit in peace beneath their vine and their fig-tree. Such, we hopefully believe, will be the advance of the new nation, and such an advance is unavoidable. The elephant lifts the slumbering child from its path, yet thousands of insects he unknowingly crushes beneath his tread, unknowingly and unavoidably. The horse, made for motion, cannot stand still till every emmet has passed by, till every tiny worm has hid itself from his hoofs. He must go on, even though creatures with life as good as he are trodden into

dust. This is not the wanton cruelty of strength—it is the order of nature: the mission of the inferior must give way before his superior. Far from us be the palliation of inhumanity! In our teaching, as in our heart, we would uphold the spirit of fraternal love to all, and proclaim in the politics of nations, as in the affairs of private life, that all men are equal before God, and that we should “do to others as we would be done by.” But the laws of Providence must be overturned ere indolence can keep its ground before industry, ere barbarism can permanently impede the path of civilisation. Had the forest and the swamp remained unreclaimed, in order that the Indian or the Hottentot might continue to hunt the buffalo or bask their lazy carcasses in the sun, many a now fertile and peopled region would still have been a wilderness, and civilisation might have shared the fate of the overscrupulous Brahmin, who died of thirst, lest by drinking he should destroy the animalcular life which the microscope revealed to him.

When Vasco Nunez de Balboa reached for the first time the lone summit of the Cordilleras, and looked, as it were, over the world's edge upon the circumambient waters, he seemed in truth to have reached the final barrier to the journeyings of humanity. He little thought that over those blue depths would come barks from a thousand isles in that new-found ocean; and that the fairhaired sons of England, after girdling the earth in their course, would return over those wide waters to their island-home; and that the shores of that *Finisterre* would echo with the joyful sounds of the homeward-bound. He little thought that the pathless jungle and the primeval forest that towered overhead would one day become the highway of nations; that there, as at a half-way house, would meet the nations of the East and West, and that the bustle of commerce and the roar of the steam-engine would arise where he heard only the scream of the wild forest-bird. Yet such, in reality, will soon be the case. Railroads and canals will speedily unite the Atlantic to the Pacific,* and a few

hours' journey will supersede the tedious voyage by the southern capes.

Before concluding, we would advert for a moment to an error in our colonial policy, which now more than ever it behoves us to redeem. The aspect of the future tells us that we have but a few years—a *very* few years, in which remedy will be possible. If half the world's commerce is to flow across the Isthmus of Panama and through the Mexican Gulf, as most assuredly it soon will, of what immense value will our West Indian islands be! They lie in the very highway of the world's commerce, and their possessors will intercept, not in war but in peace, a percentage of the wealth that flows past them. No nation but the Americans will ever permanently hold possession of the Isthmus; a foreign power would be crushed out of it, if not by valour, at least by the force of numbers. But our islands in the Gulf we can hold against the world, as long as we maintain our maritime supremacy. A sudden descent might indeed wrest some one from us, but with a peerless navy we could recover it in six weeks, though the whole shores of the Gulf, from Cape Florida to the mouths of the Orinoco, were bristling with bayonets. These islands we have, and these islands we can hold; and we doubt if their value be much inferior to that of the Isthmus itself. The eastern harbours of the Isthmus, either open to the sea, too shallow for ocean-ships, or rendered incommodious and dangerous by bars at their entrance,—what are they, either in number or quality, to the noble havens of the adjoining islands? When we consider this, and the many advantages which these islands possess for shelter and refitting, who can doubt that of the princely argosies engaged in the Darien trade, a large portion will rendezvous in their harbours? Look at Jamaica—in the very van of the islands—moored directly opposite the entrance to the future Nicaragua Canal, as if it had risen from the deep on purpose to supplement the deficiencies of the mainland. The Isthmus is at present little better than a desert; and however rapid may be its rise—and rapid it

* If we do not enter here upon the important point as to the manner in which these two oceans would most advantageously be united, it is because the question has already been discussed in a late number of this Magazine. No. 206, February, 1850.

will be, under the impetus of Californian gold—still the islands have far the start of it. Their ports and quays, docks and warehouses, are ready—those on the Isthmus are all to make; their fields are cultivated, their soil productive—the Isthmus is a mountain, and its sides a wilderness.

Such, briefly, are the advantages of our West Indian islands; and what, for the last eighteen years, have we been doing with them? Ruining them. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*," is the sole explanation of our conduct. There was once a time when, amidst a Titanic war, when Britain stood alone against the world in arms, every colony stood fast by our side, and even the hostile settlements sighed for the flag of England; but now-a-days ruin has come upon them in the bosom of peace, and male them speak in very bitterness of heart of separation from the empire that nursed them. Amid a thousand cries of distress and reproach from our colonies, once the very pride of the empire, and which must ever be the mainstay of its supremacy, ministers sit unheeding—or, if pushed to the wall, give the sufferers—what? *Constitutions*! As well give to a dying man, for sole medicine, a treatise on gymnastics! Brethren are suffering, and we will not hear them; a jewel is in our hands, and we fling it away. That the immense future importance of these islands is already apparent to the sharp-witted Americans, is beyond a doubt; and it is at this, the very turning-point of their fortunes, that the first grasp at them has been made. Spain is powerless, and, but for the power of Britain and the dread of her navy, Cuba would probably have fallen ere now beneath the stealthy attacks of American brigands. Commercial nations, like the Americans, we say again, are not fighters, but they are intensely greedy. There is a constant craving in that people for "annexation;" and the toast of the three C's* comes from the very heart of the nation. They will not touch a

state that can defend itself, for that would be outlay without profits; but woe to those who have much to lose, and little to defend it with! The effete and the sluggard are in an especial manner the objects of their aggression; for they contain such as cumberers of a soil that industry could make prolific, and of kingdoms that energy and civilisation could make great. The harbours and the fertility of the West Indian islands are already sorely trying the national honesty, and from year to year the temptation will increase. The Spanish States on the mainland are crumbling before them; they are rushing from all quarters to the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and ere long they will plunge from its banks to reach the pearls amid its waters. England and America united could dare the whole world in arms from the coasts of China to the Straits of Gibraltar. With her noble navy joined to ours, not a foc-man could set foot on our shores; nay, we could sweep all other flags from the ocean. Of all political relations, our amity with America is the most earnestly to be desired; and, believe us, no course of conduct will be more preservative of peace, than just our taking care of our own possessions, and giving no temptation to our allies' cupidity.

Such are some of the reflections which have suggested themselves to us while contemplating the birth of the Californian nation. Not unacquainted with the past history of empires, we have endeavoured, after a careful scrutiny of its present signs, to look with however feeble an eye into the future, and to exhibit in their embryo the seeds of future greatness; and have sought to place broadly and simply before our readers the main features of our subject. It is a subject interesting alike to the philosopher and to the politician—to the man of the world, and to the student in his closet; and we regret that our space and our talents are not more fitted to do justice to so important a theme.

* The Three C's, viz.—Canada, Cuba, and California.

THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

THIS is the somewhat startling title of a book lately published, and which has excited considerable attention. Some books are read from the *ad captandum* nature of the title-page, others from the truth and value of the information they convey, and not a few from the extreme absurdity of the positions they endeavour to establish. Outrageous paradoxes often obtain more converts than clearly demonstrated theorems. All these separate ingredients are blended together with some ingenuity in the volume before us, and they sufficiently account for the ephemeral popularity it has obtained. The work is dedicated to the women of England, and very well calculated to terrify elderly ladies of both sexes, whose nervous temperaments are easily acted on. But we are sorely puzzled to discover what motive can have induced the worthy baronet to "fright the isle from its propriety," with such an alarm bell, at a time when we are at profound peace with all the world—when, as Lord Grizzle says in Tom Thumb, "we have no enemy to fight withal," and no "saucy foreigners" are threatening to disturb us. Four years ago, indeed, when the Prince de Joinville put forth his pamphlet, and the Duke of Wellington wrote his memorable letter, the situation of affairs was widely different. Louis Philippe was then firmly seated on his throne, the "Ulysses of Modern Europe," as he was called, and to all appearance one of the most powerful and richest monarchs in the world. He had a well-replenished treasury, with a numerous army anxious to be employed in anything or against anybody, and which he would for his own personal convenience have very willingly indulged in their laudable desire. But round went the circling wheel of human events, guided by the inscrutable hand of Providence; all this was changed as suddenly as the scenes are shifted in a dramatic spectacle, the smouldering volcano burst forth when least expect-

ed, and France has enough on her hands in home legislation, and in keeping down intestine feuds, for the next ten years at least, without dreaming of foreign conquest, or unprovoked aggression. At first, we took the whole matter as a joke, and thought Sir Francis was quizzing us in a sort of preliminary Christmas Carol, although we are "free to confess" (to use a parliamentary phrase) we think the subject too grave for merriment. We had nearly read the volume through before we felt convinced that the author was in earnest; just as it requires two readings at least of Gibbon's celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, to detect the latent sneer against Christianity, in what, at the first glance, has very much the aspect of an orthodox vindication.

Sir Francis Head is a retired major, formerly in the Royal Engineers; in his rank, an officer of fair military experience, and a reasonably good authority on subjects of war, more especially as regards the branch of the service to which he belonged. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada (as many may remember) in troublous times, and about matters connected with his government he wrote a book, now nearly forgotten—the usual fate of *ex parte* political statements, which are seldom received as authentic, or regarded by the public as sterling evidence, when the mere momentary excitement of the subject under discussion has passed away. But his claims to literary consideration rest on much higher and more enduring grounds, as being the writer of "Rough Notes during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas," "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," and "Stokers and Pokers," three of the most sparkling and agreeable volumes in a lighter class, which modern authorship presents us with; admirable companions in a cabinet library, and to be read once and again with increasing zest and satisfaction.

* "The Defenceless State of Great Britain." By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1850.

The first idea which suggested itself, after the perusal of this work, was a repetition of the query put by the Cardinal Ippolito D'Este to Ariosto, on reading his brilliant, but rather incomprehensible, poem. "Dove, diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliato tante coglionerie?" Where the devil, Master Ludovico, did you scrape together this farrago of nonsense? Whence on earth did Sir Francis Head conjure up all these imaginary dangers? The next question we asked ourselves was, *cui bono*? What advantage will it lead to? "And what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin to his grandfather, as touching the great victory of Blenheim. If the alarmists are right, the sooner the eyes of the government and the public are opened the better; but if they should happen to be mistaken, and to be making "much-ado about nothing," it is quite as well to pause and think a little before we rush into measures, which the same monitors tell us with the same breath will be unavailing, as no time will be allowed us to profit by any precautions. When Lord Chancellor Thurlow was in office, a timid colleague broke one morning into his cabinet, and with ghastly looks and quivering knees informed him there was an insurrection in the Isle of Man. "Pooh! pooh!" cried the Chancellor, smiling gruffly, "a storm in a wash-hand basin!" A *bona fide* invasion by a foreign army of 200,000 men is certainly not to be laughed down like an outbreak in the ancient sovereignty of the Dukes of Athol, but we must be convinced that such an incident is in preparation before we set seriously to work to counteract it. That the best way of maintaining peace is to be ready for war, is a sound axiom; but to be perpetually dreaming of a host of dangers, because they are possible, without any outward or visible sign that they are coming, is to live in a state of unhappy excitement and ruinous expense. No constitution either of individual or nation can endure this. Misplaced economy, and needless waste of public money, are extremes to be equally avoided.

The Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne is quoted again, and again, and appealed to as a tremendous notice, the handwriting on the wall, in all its fearful distinctness! No doubt the authority is of the ut-

most weight, and the opinion of the great Captain is therein expressed clearly and decidedly: but the letter was not intended for publication, nor has it ever been said that his Grace was particularly pleased with the use to which it was applied. It may be classed with the battle of Navarino, as rather "an untoward event." Some alarm has been the consequence, with but little advance by the ruling authorities on the proposed road to amendment.

If, then, the nation and its legislators have remained "deaf as adders" to the awful thunder of the Duke of Wellington, what chance is there that they will shake off their culpable apathy, or rouse from their fatal slumbers, at the comparatively "small voice" of Sir F. B. Head?

Again,—supposing that we *are* as utterly defenceless as we see here represented, and that our annihilation in three months by the first invading enemy is proved to a *quod erat demonstrandum*,—although it may be quite right to whisper this to ourselves, and awaken our government if possible, yet, we cannot for our lives discover either the wisdom or the patriotism of taking a brazen trumpet to proclaim the humiliating fact to the world at large.

All the arguments set forward by Sir F. Head are founded on premises he assumes to be true—a very liberal application of the *petitio principii*. This mode of reasoning is very short and simple, and leads to rapid deductions when admitted; but when questioned, the arguer is placed in the predicament of the notorious Spinoza, who exclaimed in despair: "Give me my premises, or I shall never arrive at a conclusion." Now, in the case before us, we are neither convinced of the premises, nor disposed to grant the conclusions.

After telling us that in his opinion, and that of several other naval and military officers of experience, England is totally helpless, Sir F. Head premises as follows:—

"In any other country but England such corroborating opinions would instantly have been deemed worthy of investigation; but our statesmen of all parties had two insuperable difficulties to contend with. First—*They were perfectly sensible that as they did not understand the subject it would be extremely hazardous for them to undertake*

to explain it; and second—That even if by great application they could succeed in doing so, the whole nation was so totally unacquainted with even the rudiments of the art of protecting a great empire, that as it would be practically impossible to obtain the remedy proposed, namely, *money*—the less said about the *disease* the better."

So then, in this vast and populous country of twenty-eight millions, Sir F. Head and half a dozen officers are the only individuals capable of understanding and explaining a national question of vital importance. What superhuman penetration they must be gifted with! Equally miraculous as the courage and strength of mind of a former Lord Abercorn, of whom, when at college, we heard a legend recorded, that he could tell a ghost-story, so appalling in its details, that no one was ever found brave enough to endure the recital.

At page 42, we are told "that prior to the year 1808, whenever the British soldier came into action, he has had usually to perform not only his own duty, but by courage unknown to any other army, and which our opponents have only accounted for by declaring that 'English troops never know when they are beaten,' he has *almost invariably* had to make up for the inexperience of his general."

Before the period named, it is quite certain we had fallen into some disrepute as a military nation, from the failure of many of our continental expeditions. They were undertaken with inadequate means, ill supported by the government, often too late, and sometimes feebly commanded. On all occasions, the indomitable courage of the soldier carried him through, while the nation gained no advantages and little credit; but the bad generals form the exceptions rather than the rule. Wolfe at Quebec, Elliott at Gibraltar, Clive at Plassey, Abercrombie in Egypt, Stuart at Maida, with Wellesley at Assaye and Vimiera, and others we could readily enumerate, will suffice to redeem our commanders from this sweeping sentence; while the treachery or incompetence of Mack

at Ulm, the blunders of Koutousoff at Austerlitz, the helpless imbecility of the Prussian generals in the campaign of Jena, the surprise of Girard at Arroyo de Molinos, the defeat and surrender of Dupont at Baylen, are all on record, to prove that defective generalship was no indigenous peculiarity in the British service.

The disaster of Baylen, Napoleon invariably designated as the *Caudine Forks* of the French army. A want of confidence in themselves, a dread of responsibility, with an overweening estimate of the abilities of their opponents, have cramped the energies of many able English commanders. The Duke of Wellington himself, and the great historian, Sir W. Napier, have often commented on these damaging propensities.

Of Nelson we are surprised to be told, in page 133, "it was the plain bull-dog policy as well as practice of Nelson, without evolutions or circumvolutions, to run straight at his inexperienced enemy;" thus leading us to suppose that he despised all idea of tactics, and "went in to win," as they say in the ring—hitting right and left without skill or judgment. Nothing can be more erroneous. Nelson was one of the most scientific of admirals. He fought fiercely and wickedly when he once began, but all his preliminary movements were profoundly sagacious, and calculated with artistic nicety. During his pursuit of Buonaparte, which ended at Aboukir, he had deeply considered every possible situation in which he might come up with his enemy, and the mode of attack applicable to each. In the battle, he doubled on the French fleet by a most skilful manœuvre, and crushed them in detail. From the very commencement of the action, they had no chance of successful resistance, notwithstanding their acknowledged gallantry. At Trafalgar, by an original conception, he separated the van, centre, and rear of the enemy, choosing his own point of attack, and rendering a combined opposition impossible. With two-thirds of an inferior fleet,† he annihilated his

* The French and Spanish sailors who fought against Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar, were anything but inexperienced.

† The failure of the wind prevented several of the British ships from taking an active part in the battle. The trifling lists of killed and wounded, and the small damage to the vessels, show how slightly they were engaged.

opponents. At Copenhagen, everything was pre-arranged with the deepest forethought. That his plans were not entirely carried out, arose from the accident of some of the large vessels taking ground, leaving frigates to cope with batteries too powerful for them, but which the heavy-seventy-fours would have silenced in half an hour. Nelson's battles were not mere defeats, they were extinguishing conquests, and quite as much the result of skill as of hard fighting. He adopted in naval tactics the well-known military principle of bringing the greater force to bear upon the weaker at the critical moment, which has been technically designated the oblique order of battle. Invented by Epaminondas at Leuctra and Mantinea, this mode of attack was revived in modern times by Gustavus Adolphus at Leipzig and Lutzen, practised by Frederic the Great with brilliant success in nearly all his battles, and invariably acted on by Napoleon, who had deeply studied its advantages and overwhelming power.

Sir F. Head says in a note, that Nelson was not considered by naval men to have been so good a practical seaman as either Collingwood or Lord Exmouth. If by this is meant the mere working of a single ship, many a sailing-master in the service may have excelled them all, as any drill-serjeant will train up a recruit better than either Marlborough or Wellington could. But neither Collingwood nor Lord Exmouth, although first-rate officers, ever had the opportunities afforded to Nelson. It would therefore be idle to speculate on what they might have done with them. Suffice it, that he finished his work in a style no other British admiral has ever equalled. We have been a little minute on this point, as it is observed that the Nelsonian system of fighting will not answer again. We should be sorry to see it exchanged for any other.

Sir F. Head asks this question more than once, "Because we have beaten our enemies before, is that any reason why we should beat them now?" We answer, yes; it is a very good *prima facie* reason, as the lawyers would call it; and we should certainly prefer, next time, having the prestige of former success to begin upon, than the remembrance of defeat. "But," says he, "your chances are diminished, for the power of steam neutralizes both courage and skill; the French weight of

metal is far heavier than yours, while their gunnery is more accurate." To this we reply, as Roderigo says to Iago, "It hath not appeared." Our firing at Acre was rapid and effective, while the bombardment of Tangiers and some other towns on the coast of Morocco, by the Prince de Joinville, had nothing in it particularly astounding. It even gave rise to some uncourteous jokes by waggish midshipmen, which had nearly involved us in a serious scrape. Had we been invaded then, as the Prince threatened, and swept from the map of Europe, as Sir F. Head apprehends, we should have added a memorable instance to the list which the page of history presents, of nations who have paid dearly for an ill-timed witticism. The details in Sir F. Head's volume, of the enormous standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, including the formidable power of Belgium, we pass rapidly over, as not particularly important to us. Our near and *dangerous* neighbour, France, as she is called, is the only quarter from whence serious peril may come. Austria and Prussia appear to be fully occupied in looking after their little domestic arrangements, each fearing and watching for the aggression of his neighbour. Italy and Hungary are evidently on the *qui rise* for another bout, at the earliest opportunity. Belgium is in imminent danger of being snuffed out in the first general explosion, while Russia hangs on the flanks of all, with one eye on Constantinople and the other looking round the Baltic, ready to join with any party, or pounce on either, as her own interests may suggest. He who runs may read, and all this is as clear as the sun. Russia is a mighty power on the map, with an enormous territory, and some fifty millions of subjects; but they are thinly scattered over an unlimited space, and not naturally quick of motion. In the complicated operations of war, they have been invariably slow. In France, in 1815, during the great reviews (at some of which Sir F. Head may probably have been present), the grand Russian army was assembled with long notice, on the plains of Vertus, for a show parade. It took three days to place them on the ground, when all the operations consisted in marching past in review order, performing worship according to the rites of the Greek Church, and marching back again. Soon after this,

the Duke of Wellington proposed to the allied Sovereigns, or they suggested to him, to show them the British army with all its contingent allies in British pay, amounting to nearly 90,000 men, *quorum pars minima fuimus*. A representation of the manœuvres of Salamanca, as nearly as the ground permitted, was said to constitute the programme for the day. There was no previous preparation. At nine at night the orders were sent round to the different brigades, and by eight on the following morning, the entire force was drawn up in two lines, the left resting on Mont Martre, and the right on the Seine towards St. Denis. They were instantly put in motion; the whole day was occupied in a series of rapid movements; and, at seven in the evening, all marched past the assembled potentates, and filed off to their respective cantonments. The quickness and precision of the evolutions, the exact discipline of the troops, and especially, the equipments of the artillery, excited the loudest approbation. It was a proud day for Britain, as showing a solid exhibition of her power. Thousands now live who will recollect the impression it produced, and the reminiscence will not incline them to join the ranks of alarm. We have not, at this exact moment, the same numerical amount of men, for we do not require them, but we possess a substantial *nucleus* of similar materials, which we can readily increase when necessity demands.

During the great coalitions against Napoleon, the Russian armies could not have moved at all without the English subsidies. They were as innocent of commissariat mysteries, and a military chest, as of the hieroglyphics lately discovered by Layard, at Nineveh, or by Stephens, in the ruined cities of Yucatan. Neither does it appear that they have much improved since then. It took them two years to cross the Balkan, and bring Turkey to terms, in spite of Navarino, which destroyed Sultan Mahmoud's fleet, and the treacherous surrender of Varna, which deprived him of his strongest flank fortress. It has

taken them more than double that time to keep their ground against the mountain princes of Circassia, where, at this moment, they hold little beyond the space their army stands on. This is not stated in the spirit of empty vaunting, but we see no reason to be frightened by a bugbear, or a gigantic shadow without any real substance.* It is not mere numerical population, or widely extended territory, which gives actual strength. It is, on the contrary, condensed population, with concentrated internal resources, mineral wealth in coal and iron,† and money from the exhaustless springs of commerce. These are the arteries which give power in attack and defence, and render nations formidable. We, under the blessing of Providence, possess all these ingredients within our comparatively small circumference. They have helped us to the advantages we have already obtained, and will enable us to preserve them under any future emergency. The population of France was scarcely greater than ours is at present, and her resources were less, when Frederick the Great declared, if he were sovereign of that country he would not allow a gun to be fired in Europe without his permission. Sir Francis B. Head says, on the authority of the Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.N., "It is a fact as surprising as discreditable to England, that Russia could send *thirty* sail of the line to sea, before England could send *three*." On this point we take leave to be *rather* incredulous.

Some few years ago, we recollect reading in the opposition journals of the day, that if Russia was to send a fleet up the Mersey, which she could whenever she pleased, there was nothing to prevent her laying Liverpool under contribution, and seizing all the merchant shipping in the river. Not much that we know of certainly, supposing they could get there without notice, except only the Mersey itself, and the westerly gales, which "blow when they list," and no man can calculate whence or wherefore. Take up

* Mr. Cobden may further enlighten the sceptical on this subject.

† There is more coal and iron in England, than in all the nations of the European continent put together; and in this country they always lie contiguously, which increases their respective value at least ten-fold. In France, the coal and iron are not adjacent, but scattered. These are important considerations in the employment of steam. The next war will be a war of steam, and that party will win which can command the greatest supply of money, coal, and iron, to supply the demand for steam. See tables in "Ansted's Geology," vol. ii.

the buoys, leaving marks known only to yourselves by which you can replace them, remove the three light ships, and the fee-simple of the Russian fleet that should attempt to reach Liverpool, would scarcely be worth sixpence. We shall of course be told of treacherous pilots bought over by money, but the treacherous pilots would think twice, and rub their backs in pleasant anticipations of the knout, before they attempted to take a fleet of strangers through one of the most intricate river navigations in Europe, without the usual beacons to guide them. The same objection applies to the mouth of the Thames, which is well studded with similar difficulties, not forgetting the Goodwin Sands, where "many a good tall ship lies buried," including more than one steamer. These are some of our "coast fortifications," or natural outposts, and tolerably formidable ones they are, costing nothing to keep them in repair. Notwithstanding Sir F. Head, we do not believe we can be run over on some dark night without knowing it; unless, indeed, to use a powerful metaphor attributed to the late Lord Londonderry, we choose to "stand like crocodiles with their hands in their breeches' pockets," while the agreeable operation is in progress.

It is astonishing what minute trifles in the shape of accidents by flood and field, or miscalculation of time, will suffice to mar the most important operations in naval or military warfare. The fate of nations sometimes hangs on the turn of a straw. History supplies evidences of this in almost every page. Voltaire mentions somewhere, that the attack of an overwhelming army was once delayed for three quarters of an hour by a flea in the nether integuments of the commander-in-chief, which gave the opposing host time and opportunity to escape. He does not name the instance, but from our personal knowledge of fleas, we believe the fact to be quite within the bounds of probability.

Passing over then Russia, Austria, Prussia, and even Belgium, from none of which we have anything to fear, we must endeavour to deal with the tremendous military power of France, by which we are to be annihilated whenever it pleases Louis Napoleon, or the sovereign for the time being to give the word. Cherbourg is the point from whence this death-storm is to be

launched against us. Cherbourg is scarcely seventy miles distant, standing exactly opposite to our coast; and as the French have lately expended large sums on the fortifications, arsenals, dock-yard, and harbour of Cherbourg, it follows, as a matter of course, that all this is done for the self-evident object of a descent on England, whenever they may consider it desirable. We cannot see the exact logic of this reasoning. The French choose to form a great central depot on the north-western coast of their territory, much nearer to their capital than Brest, and more convenient in other respects. Quite as available in case of a squabble with Russia, Spain, or America, as for an attack on England. If we were suddenly to lay out a few extra millions on additional citadels and dock-yards at Portsmouth or Plymouth, it would no more follow that we were meditating a descent on France than that the stupendous works at Cherbourg imply the threatened invasion of Great Britain. We have no idea of attacking Cherbourg, and as we are quite satisfied Cherbourg cannot come to attack us, we are not greatly alarmed at its proximity. It is true, the force of terror sometimes acts on the faculties of the timid to such an extent, that a few days since, an individual Solomon seriously inquired of us, whether Cherbourg would cross the Channe with the French army to cover their landing. He evidently had a confused idea that Cherbourg was a floating battery; a huge Leviathan of destruction, resembling, perhaps, the Sea Serpent of the modern ocean, or the Iguanodon of ancient geology. People of average intellects on common topics make odd mistakes when military questions are propounded to them. Many years since, "in our young days, when George the Third was King," the writer of this article was employed in one of the islands of the Adriatic, then lately taken, to erect, among other defensive works, a Martello Tower. A relative at home, to whom an account of this was written, asked a retired officer at a large party (he was not a regular but a Company's man) what a Martello Tower was? When he, without hesitation, declared it to be a moveable structure of timber, which went on wheels. He was less reserved than the old half-pay General in Roderic Random, who was always talking

of an *epaulement*, but refused to explain the mystery when called upon, until the King should give him the command of an army.

It appears that at present we have about 60,000 *regular* troops in the United Kingdom, without including militia, pensioners, yeomanry, constabulary, and other descriptions of *irregulars*, well trained and armed, and fully effective when mixed with experienced soldiers. That in a long campaign, or a series of protracted operations, one tried soldier is worth two recruits is certain; but in an impromptu battle, or for immediate action, novices, when well officered, have ere now done good service. At Talavera the English contingent were outnumbered by the French beyond the estimate of two to one, and many of them so lately draughted from the militia, that, according to Sir W. Napier, they were still their militia accoutrements. But their hearts were in the right place, and they beat the veterans of the Imperial Guard, to whom they were introduced for the first time. We could, therefore, move fifty thousand good soldiers in a compact body to any given point within a few hours, in a country intersected with railroads like a gridiron, and with unlimited command of steam. Nearly the whole of the fine army in Ireland are available at a moment's notice. Two or three regiments for the garrison duty of Dublin, with the metropolitan police,* the constabulary, and the pensioners, are all that are required there for the public safety at present. Ireland is essentially loyal, and at this moment much more disposed to look for improvement in peace and harmony than in political agitation. A few uneasy persons, for their own objects, may say and write differently, but no thinking man believes them. The unimpeded progress of education will rectify all these mistakes. Ireland has no more desire to become a dependency of France, or an outpost of Russia, than either England or Scotland has. Let the moment of necessity arrive; send out recruiting parties with the war bounty, and in a

few days as many thousands as may be wanting will spring forward, active, daring spirits, ready to be employed, and willing to carry the blended glory of the nation, as on former occasions, to the ends of the world.† It is certain we can command what number of men we please, when they are called for, and everybody knows the materials they are composed of. A soldier is not made in a day, and a British soldier, from his early habits, requires more time in the formation than a continental one, but he gets on very quickly when mixed up with veterans. Fifty thousand men in a compact body is a good manageable force; mere numbers are not the best security for triumph, and frequently encumber and puzzle their own generals more than they do the enemy. The history of the world has often proved this to be the fact. Many of the most decisive battles have been won by small armies, and at the critical moment, the greatest military nation has not always brought the largest force into the field. Miltiades at Marathon routed the countless host of Persia with 10,000 Athenians, and Pausanias finished them at Platæa with 38,000 heavy armed infantry and no cavalry. Alexander won Granicus, Issus, and Arbela with 30,000 Macedonians; Cæsar gained Pharsalia with 25,000 men; Belisarius conquered the Vandals in Africa, and the Goths in Italy, with 10,000 Greek-Romans. Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, are memorable instances of small armies defeating large ones; Charles XII. won Narva with 8,000 Swedes; Frederic the Great obtained his great victories of Rosbach and Lissa with very inferior forces; Napoleon, in his early Italian campaigns, often defeated double his numbers; he began Marengo with little more than 20,000 men, and finished with less than 40,000. Marlborough never commanded 35,000 purely British troops; the Duke of Wellington had only 29,000 on the great day of Waterloo, and at the conclusion of the Peninsular war, the British portion of the army, with which he proudly said he could have

* The finest body of men, physically speaking, in Europe, and, from their tried loyalty and discipline, equal to anything. Colonel Browne may justly be proud of them.

† Very lately the "Connaught Rangers" obtained in less than a week treble the number of men they required.

gone anywhere, and have done anything, fell below 45,000. But still, 50,000 men, although they may do great things, when well commanded, can scarcely achieve miracles. They cannot be in three places at once, and it would be scarcely fair to expect them to beat three times their number of such excellent troops as the French undoubtedly are, in a pitched battle. We do not think they will be called upon to attempt either of these feats.

Sir F. Head states the amount of our present available force fairly enough; but, in our opinion, his leading errors are, an exaggerated estimate of the force which can be employed against us, with the very short time it would require to assemble them, and a most mistaken notion of the energy of England in case of attack. That foreigners should fall into lamentable errors regarding us, and all our doings, we have long been convinced of; but that a fellow-countryman and soldier should deliberately tell the world that with us the days of chivalry have fled; that patriotism is at its *minimum* point; that the spirit displayed in 1803, on the threat of invasion, would be replaced in 1851 by degenerate apathy; that England is, in short, incapable of, and absolutely indisposed to resistance! that all our victories, from Vimiera to Waterloo were "disasters which befel our enemies under *unfavourable circumstances*;" these, and other similar proclamations, hounding on, as it may be called, the inferior beasts of prey to trample on the prostrate lion, would form mournful subjects of contemplation, but that their very extravagance renders them innocuous. Whether the French really entertain against us the unrelenting hatred attributed to them, the deadly thirst of revenge, the longing after plunder and massacre, with the conviction that we lie entirely at their mercy, we know not; but this at least is clear, our own writers are labouring hard to put such notions into their heads, to foment them if they are already there, and to bring the mischief to maturity, should it be actually brewing.

The present standing army of France amounts to rather more than 400,000

—an enormous aggregate; but they have more to do with it in proportion than we with our 128,000. The national guards are required entirely for the home department, and are tolerably well occupied in watching the Socialists, changing dynasties, and superintending revolutions. The military occupation of Algiers, the garrisons of Paris,* Lyons, Toulon, and other large towns, employ nearly half of the army; while, in the unsettled state of Europe, a large force is indispensable along the eastern frontier, in case of troubles in Austria, Prussia, Poland, Hungary, or Italy. And yet, according to Sir Francis Head, they can despatch, to invade England, tomorrow, 150,000 men; and should they be all made away with, in less than a month the dose could be repeated. Verily we cannot tell by what process, unless on the principle recommended by Captain Bobadil, to destroy, on the one hand, with a revival of the dragon's teeth of Cadmus to create, on the other.

But supposing this overwhelming armament ready, they could not be collected together at a given point of rendezvous in the short space of time so loosely stated, and without our hearing something of such vast preparations. The mere crossing the Channel is the shortest and easiest part of the affair, always supposing we have no ships in the way. Then as an attacking enemy takes the initiative, they can select their place of landing, and can land beyond a doubt. All history attests this; but to disembark on a foreign coast, at one point, such an enormous army, which *may* be overtaken *flagrante delicto* by our fleet, and opposed to some extent, at least, on shore, with all the accompanying *materiel*, horses, artillery, commissariat stores, so as to move forward to plunder London, in one overwhelming column, is more than difficult, and would be pronounced by an experienced quartermaster-general as nearly impossible. Certainly the whole operation, from the first rumour of collecting to the moment of decisive action, would require, not days or weeks, but *several months* at least, during which we are expected or required to be fast asleep,

* Nearly 70,000 regular troops. A strange necessity! What would people think if London required such a garrison to keep the Cockneys in order!

or paralyzed into inactivity, with no power or inclination to strike a blow, or by means of money or influence to establish a single co-operating alliance, which might force our adversary to employ some of his spare troops in another quarter. This is, in fact, to suppose an union of every possible contingency against us, and not one chance in our favour: a calculation of odds never yet borne out by any event.

But the ponderous machine is nothing without the master-spring to put it in motion. The mighty mass is there, but where is the commanding genius to direct its energies? We shall be told that circumstances produce men to meet them. Not always. Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Frederic, Napoleon, Wellington: here are half a dozen commanders in the lapse of many centuries, capable of such a task, and the ransacked volumes of history might supply three or four more of similar calibre. But Changarnier, Lamoriciere, Oudinot, and Cavaignac, from anything we know of their past achievements, are not to be added to the account. A campaign in Algeria, a *razzia* against a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, or an unmolested march from Civita Vecchia to Rome, are very different affairs from the Conquest of England. Napoleon shrank from it in the plenitude of his power. Notwithstanding all he said at St. Helena, we do not think he ever seriously intended it, and his parting words on breaking up the camp at Boulogne are well worth remembering:—“*It is too doubtful a chance. I will not risk it. I will not hazard on such a throw the fate of France.*”

Having laid before us the danger, Sir F. Head at once proceeds to name the cure, proving himself a more encouraging physician than the usual members of the faculty, who, when called in to attend a dying patient, feel his pulse, shake their heads, and advise him to settle his worldly affairs, as all is over with him. But, admitting the necessity, are the remedies proposed in this case practicable? This is the leading one:—“An increase for our colonies and for home service of 100,000 infantry troops, efficiently armed and equipped!” The expense is estimated as follows:—“The *whole* cost of *maintaining* 100,000 men, including officers, would, *exclusive* of recruiting, barracks, arms and equipments,

amount per annum to about 3,670,000 pounds. No items are supplied to verify this statement, and the *exclusive* clause alone would more than double the “tottle of the whole,” whatever that might actually be found to amount to. This is rather a loose way of dealing with figures, which Mr. Joseph Hume and the disciples of his school of arithmetic would castigate mercilessly, when the subject came under their discussion. We are also assured that this money, and more if required, could be raised by “a small defensive tax upon the property of the whole country, amounting to about one-sixth per cent. of the average rates voluntarily paid by the community for the insurance of nine hundred millions sterling.” Moreover, that they would become anxious for the additional burden, and would willingly submit to it if the matter were fully explained to them. Possibly; but that explanation would be a very difficult one. The public pay gladly to ensure their houses and moveables from fire, because they see fires every day, and feel the advantage of such precautions; but they are not so clear on the subject of foreign invasion, of which they have no practical experience, and which (erroneously or not) they believe they have the power of resisting, without plunging their hands too deeply into their breeches pockets.

The estimate of expense, too, appears terribly below the mark. We have always understood from the most experienced authorities, that the British soldier is rather a costly article, and that he draws on the country at an average of about £100 per man, before he is fully trained and effective for service; a work of time and complicated expense. With an addition to our standing army of 100,000 men, and such men as we could obtain if we wanted them, we should become as pretty a military nation as the world might wish to look on in a summer's day, ready for anything either at home or abroad. But the cost of this single item, on our calculation, would amount to £10,000,000. Then there are the officers, the addition to the artillery, the new fortifications, and the naval augmentations (all included in Sir F. Head's remedies), which would swell the amount of cash required to something more like *thirty millions*, than *three millions and-a-half*; a sum suffi-

cient to drain even the resources of England, which are supposed to be replenished, like artificial fountains, from their own overflows; and the bare mention of which, in the shape of an additional impost, would throw John Bull into a cold sweat, make each "particular hair" on his head

"To stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

and give him a chronic dyspepsia for the remainder of his days. But even if we found the money and the men, we have no officers to handle them, as Sir F. Head quotes from the "highest authority," that "there are not five generals in our service who, if you put 70,000 men into Hyde Park, could get them out again!" If this be so, an attempt to double the number could only multiply disaster, and produce "confusion worse confounded." We had better reserve the cash, and try to purchase the safety we are incapable of fighting for.

Nevertheless we have a strong wish to see the subject fully discussed. If there is danger, not a moment should be lost; we therefore hope that at an early day after the opening of parliament, the questions suggested by Sir F. Head, will be distinctly put to the proper authorities, and the sense of the legislature, as well as of the nation, taken on the matter. Bull is a taxable animal, made for the purpose; accustomed to the operation, and tolerably patient under its process when convinced of the necessity. We love a soldier, too, from early associations, and have no objection to see the genus multiplied. He is a being of a higher order than your mere clown, and both his physical and mental condition are improved by transmutation.

With the concluding article of Sir F. Head's string of remedies we concur to the utmost, and think there is so much safety in the measure, that we should rejoice to see it carried into effect without delay:—"That the minister, or Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's naval forces, be invariably an officer of distinction in Her Majesty's navy." It seems a strange anomaly that any other should ever be selected.

In the meantime we recommend our

fair countrywomen, the objects of Sir F. Head's laudable solicitude, not to be more frightened than they can help, to enjoy the Christmas festivities, and to sleep peaceably in their beds, without dreaming that in every gust of wind they hear the ominous sounds of "Ca Ira," or "La Marseilloise," played by French bands marching in hostile array down Regent-street; or that Sir Denis Le Marchant has been interrupted in his official duties at the House of Commons by "three loud knocks at the door, which on being opened will disclose to view the glittering helmet and dazzling uniform of the French general in possession of London," demanding rations and quarters for his men, with an instant contribution to save the city from pillage. Such an unexpected visitant would be even more appalling than the ghost of Cromwell, "in his habit as he lived," giving them notice to quit unless they consent to let him have a statue. But this can scarcely occur, except the French should come up to town after the mode adopted by the troops in "The Rehearsal," when they called on the two Kings of Brentford to suggest the settlement of their arrears:—

"The army at the door and in disguise
Entreat a word with both your Majesties."

Much stress is laid by Sir F. Head on what he calls the "morale," or rather the total absence of "morale" in the French army generally, not much purified or refined by sundry Algerine campaigns; and the agreeable consequences of their self-invited visit to London. When the respectable Elfi Bey sojourned among us some fifty years since, he exclaimed with devotion, on seeing, among other wonders, the riches of Rundell and Bridge's, "Allah! what would all this be for a plunder!"* The idiosyncrasy of a French grenadier may incline him somewhat to the same train of thought on the same temptation, and his notions of *meum* and *tuum* might become confused accordingly; but it is a sad libel to suppose the mass of that gay and gallant nation have any such feelings towards us. They are thinking much more of sending contributions to the peace-exhibition in Hyde-Park than of

* This has been also fathered on our old friend *Soult*, but we believe we have given the right parentage.

sounding the tocsin of war in the straits of Dover. While with one hand they are pouring in the choicest and most costly specimens of their arts and manufactures to our crystal palace of concord, it is not likely that with the other they should be forging a thunderbolt to shiver it in pieces. That very building, the purpose for which it is erecting, the voice of Europe responding to the call, are evidences of general confidence in the stability and security of our position and institutions, more agreeable, and far more convincing than a fleet of war steamers, or an army of bristling bayonets. Let us proceed on steadily, cultivating the arts of peace, not seek-

ing for war, but ready to meet it should such an alternative be forced on us. Above all, let us rely on the same protecting shield which has covered us under far more formidable circumstances of alarm; on the justice of a good cause and honest intentions, and neither waste our time nor our money in idle speculations on very unlikely events. France and England stand at the head of the civilised world. Their common interest is friendship, not hostility. That a blow struck by either at the prosperity of the other, would be a false step we firmly believe to be felt and understood by all well-regulated minds, and influential classes in both countries.

THE ROMAN CIVIL LAW.*

IN the late improvements in the arrangement of legal studies, it seems to have been judiciously considered, that the ROMAN CIVIL LAW formed a connecting link between mere professional and general education. Indispensable, on the one side, to the lawyer, it attaches itself, on the other, to all that is most valuable for the accomplishment of a cultivated mind. It is not only a system of jurisprudence, avowedly adopted in some, and influencing to some extent the practice of almost all our courts, but it is a science and a literature, noble, rich, and large, whose roots strike deep in the soil of philosophy, and whose branches are covered with the fruits and foliage of classic and of modern history. In the University of Edinburgh, indeed, Roman Antiquities and general History form, together with Civil Law, the province of one chair; and the subjects are so intimately united as to make the distribution not so unsuitable as might appear at first sight. History is chiefly valuable as the record of manners, and law moulds, and is moulded by, the manners of the nation. We con-

gratulate, then, the University of Dublin on their good fortune in possessing a Professor of the Civil Law so well able as Dr. Anster to appreciate himself, and teach others to appreciate, the importance of this ennobling study. We draw a happy augury from the lecture before us; and doubt not that, under instruction such as this, the minds of his class—formed to the large principles and pure taste of the jurists of the Republic and the Empire—will bear the impress of that liberal character which is too often wanting in the mere technical practitioner. Those who value law merely as a means of making guineas, will, of course, deem nothing valuable but what directly subserves such an end; but those who (in the words of one too soon taken from us) regard the advocate as “the servant of his fellow-men for the attainment of justice,”† will esteem nothing unprofitable which may tend to elevate and enlarge the intellect. Woe be to the profession and the commonwealth, where the meaner view prevails universally! Then shall PRINCIPLES, moral and scientific, be

* “The Roman Civil Law. Introductory Lecture.” By John Anster, LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges and Smith; Longman and Co., London. 8vo. 1850.

† “The Lawyer.” By the late Edward O’Brien. To praise him who has gained already a higher reward than any man’s praise can bestow, is a superfluous thing: yet—

“His solum acculum donis, et fangar inani
Nupere.”

alike forgotten; the practice of the law shall become a mere pettifogging dispensation of just so much precedent as a temporary occasion requires, the demand regulating the supply, and eternally fresh legislation make up, by new laws, for the defects of those who have not learned to *apply* the old ones. From what peculiar causes the connexion (*there* far more intimate than in our own) between ethics and law arose in the system of Roman jurisprudence, has been happily shown by Dr. Anster in the following passage:—

“The peculiar circumstances of Rome, with its ancient laws, framed for a small community, written in a language that had become antiquated, and incumbered, in their practical application, with forms understood by few,—with numbers too of that small community having no rights whatever capable of being enforced, except in the name and by the means of others,—created a body of men of high rank, many of them of great wealth and of abundant leisure, who made the study of the laws the business of their lives; men, for the most part, wholly distinct from the class occupied in the bustle of forensic business. The youth and manhood of every Roman was past in the public service in one form or another; and, youth and manhood thus past, it was impossible that age should be suffered to rust out in idleness. There were, in the better days of the Republic at least, active habits, which found delight in the indulgence of natural and cheerful tastes. In the Roman poets there are everywhere proofs of the enjoyment of country life,—‘*divini gloria ruris*.’ I speak not of passages of formal description, but of those fragments of pictures, exhibited in single happy words, which prove how lively and how true their feeling of natural beauty was. In Pliny and in Cicero we have descriptions of the villas in which they were fond of living. Numbers of these men made the Civil Law their study. It was the subject of their constant thought and constant conversations. The scenery amid which Cicero represents imagined speakers of his own day, and of days before his own, discussing subjects of philosophy or rhetoric, or of oratory, is little else than a picture of the very scenes taken on the spot, where they conversed pretty much as they are described as conversing. The dialogues themselves have very much the air of recollected conversations. Amid such scenes the Roman nobility, ‘*amplissimus quisque et clarissimus vir*,’ meditated and read, and communed with each other; and when the season of business brought them to Rome, they were consulted, in every case of doubt, on the subject of their constant speculations. With our habits, it is not easy to imagine

how the opinions of private men could be clothed with the kind of authority which their's possessed; but here was a people satisfied to conduct their business,—as it was at one time conducted in this country, and is still in many parts of Europe,—by laws rather than by legislation. There was among the Romans a superstitious regard for their early laws, and for the forms required by these laws to give their acts legal validity. Even with our unresting machinery of legislation there is the necessity of a continuing and almost contemporaneous exposition of every law that is enacted, in decisions of judges interpreting its language, not without reference to the usages, and habits, and feelings of the society, whose sovereign will is expressed in their laws. That it would be wrong to call this judge-made law,—as a popular phrase, which involves, and well embodies, and happily exemplifies a very general mistake, calls it,—is exhibited by the fact, that any mistake of the judicial interpreter is at once corrected on fuller consideration. The publicity of our administration of the laws calls instant attention to such mistake; and as has been exceedingly well shown by Doctor Longfield in a late lecture, the consequence to the whole community of any error compels its instant correction. It can scarcely prevail so as to cause material inconvenience even in a particular case. At worst the mistaken decision is overruled. If, as frequently happens, the language of legislation, which shares the fault of all human language, in being necessarily imperfect, has been also inaccurate, a new Act of the Legislature will remove,—perhaps only vary the difficulty. If, however, with us contemporaneous interpretation of our Acts of Parliament is almost indispensable, how much more necessary was some such assistance when the written laws were written in the fewest possible words, were of ancient date, were in antiquated language? If neither of the class of corrections which we have indicated occurs, and the exposition which the judge has given of the law is quietly submitted to, it is scarcely possible to imagine stronger evidence to prove that the interpretation—the contemporaneous interpretation as it most often is—has been true to the meaning of the law; in other words, that the interpretation is the law. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the fact is certain, that there were in Rome a body of men who made the law their study,—educated, admired, revered for their learning, and of irreproachable integrity. In their severe logic they did not allow law to be called a science. With them it was ethics; it was philosophy. Their thought was not of an external coercive power, binding society together by a will which was not the will of him from whom obedience was exacted. Law, taught in the schools as science, affirms, and for certain purposes, and in certain respects, rightly

asserts for herself a domain separate from that of ethics. But the position of the Roman juriconsults was, you must remember, that of persons giving replies to those who consulted them on questions affecting conduct in the ordinary relations of life,—relations, every one of them influenced, as all our actions are, by the institutions and regulations of the municipal society of which we are citizens, or in which we live. The questions were not always, perhaps they were not often, questions of doubtful law, or of litigated rights. Even the extracts given by Justinian from the answers may show us that the questions were just as often about rules of conduct. In answering such inquiries, there could be nothing to lead them to consider the divisions and distinctions that occupy the jurists of a later day. The distinction between law and ethics, founded as it is on just grounds, and which we shall have occasion hereafter to examine, was one which, as far as the question of the conduct of the individual consulting the *jurisperitus* was concerned, it was natural and fitting that his instructor should not introduce; and accordingly, the division, though just, is scarcely adverted to in any of the '*Responsa Prudentum*,' in what are properly the books of the Roman law."

It is a consequence of these deep foundations of the Roman law—which arose not, like ours, from the pleading of hired advocates,* but from the counsel of independent patrons—that it took cognizance of actions, not merely as subject to civil positive law, nor even merely as coming under the larger survey of the "*jus gentium*"—but also as falling under the still more abstract law of the "*jus naturale*." The distinction is well illustrated in the lecture before us:—

"A few instances will, perhaps, be useful to illustrate what is meant. The instinct which unites the sexes is a primary law of nature. The institution of marriage, depending on that original law which it regulates and controls, is referred to the *Jus gentium*, while many of the legal effects, and often the very validity of marriage, will depend on the laws of a particular country. Self-defence is a natural right arising from an original instinct. The raising an army for the purpose must be referred to numbers in union exercising and regulating this natural right; and the fact whether a nation is at war or not will depend on certain formalities, declarations of war, or the like, which the Civil Law of a particular country may

require. The thought of property in the same way, referred to primary instincts, is acknowledged and modified by the '*Jus gentium*,' while each particular nation has its own regulations as to its security, its transfer, and its devolution."

It may seem strange to us, with our habits, that law should thus be regarded as extending itself to beings merely considered as animals, and taking in the class of brutes to whom jurisprudence gives no *personal* standing; but our surprise wears off when we remember that, in the ancient world, that class comprised *human beings*, whose case could only be reached by these extensive principles:—

"I have told you of Aristotle's view of man, and his notion that slavery existed from the first. I have told you, however, at the same time, that he regarded it as arising from mutual advantage to master and servant, one being given by Nature talents fitted for command, the other incapable of exercising command, but not unfitted for ministerial service. In this thought there is nothing that renders the state of slavery, as it existed among the ancient nations, a condition destined to continue, when Man had in more perfect forms of society arrived at his true nature—when to Society itself—before aptly pictured, by the Hebrew prophets, when describing the ancient Empires, in one bestial form or another—should be given at last, in the language of Scripture, 'the heart of a man.' The Roman jurist had, we think, this hope; and, though slavery existed in Rome, and existed often in its most revolting forms, yet the distinction which admitted natural rights acknowledged slavery as an unnatural condition; and it was scarce possible not to regard such maxims and such distinctions as we find in the *Pandects* and the *Institutes*, as preparing for its extinction. The precepts of nature and the laws of nature, we are told, are immutable. Those which arise from the '*Jus gentium*,' or from the civil law of any particular nation, may be altered by some new positive law, or become obsolete by disuse. And almost immediately after this proposition is laid down, we find the following definitions of Liberty and Slavery:—'*Libertas, quidem, ex qua etiam liberi vocantur, est naturalis facultas ejus quod cuique facere licet nisi quid vi aut jure prohibetur.*' '*Servitus, autem, est constitutio juris gentium qua quis dominio alieno contra naturam subicitur.*'"

This leads us to consider the impor-

* We have read somewhere that, in old London, the barristers used to stand in rows at Temple Bar to be hired by the countrymen coming up to town.

tance of the study of Roman history as subservient to the study of Roman law. Law was not to them, what it seems to have been to the statesmen of the *Sieyès* school, a mere vestment that might be changed at pleasure, without altering the frame it encompassed; but a natural integument of the state, which "grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength;" the dead fibres of which may indeed be anatomised and registered when stripped from the body, but of which the use and beauty can then alone be seen, when it is viewed, in all the play of muscle, on the living subject, as it exists in history. To borrow, once more, Dr. Anster's eloquent words, we have "to create again in our minds the image of that mighty power, whose laws we are examining. We must remember that, while there is an undying principle for ever struggling to express itself, it for ever finds language an insufficient instrument; that this, which once gave life to the letters now dead and voiceless, we are compelled to try and detect, in records of which much has become obscure, much was at all times but occasional, and, for our purposes, unimportant." But in accomplishing this great spell, which shall bring the dead Empire once more in life before us, we must be on our guard lest we be overcome by the spirits whom we employ. The warning is so felicitously expressed that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting it:—

"The laws of a people cannot be understood apart from its history and its language; and thus our subject embraces a wide field. We must guard, however, against temptations which beset us on every side. We must deal with history only as it is illustrative of law; and while the most accurate and searching examination of every statement which we find in the works either of the historians or the jurists will be absolutely necessary, we must guard against the antiquarian spirit which is ever on the watch to lead the student away into dry and desert places. We must guard also against the vapours of philology, and take care not to be deluded with the mere shadows of thoughts, sounds of words whose meaning is dead and gone, and which, when they lived, were at best but phantoms of abstraction, or, in Bacon's more accurate thought, — phantoms of phantoms, for the notions themselves which Words expressed were often, in Bacon's language, 'confuse et temere a Rebns abstractæ.' In speaking of the delu-

sions of words, we may be allowed to cite a poet, and say that

" 'The Spirit that bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow'

has had strange pleasure in playing tricks on our German friends; and there can be no doubt that their practice of conjuring up the ghosts of dead words has been carried too far, and that in examining the structure of language they have now and then forgotten, or seem to have forgotten, the purposes for which language was used by articulately speaking men. To destroy the living frame of language, and resolve it into the dust out of which it was created, is, for most purposes, carrying analysis too far. Do not mistake me as disposed to underrate the importance of what the antiquarian acquires or inherits. Do not mistake me as disposed to take a low estimate of philology. Both are unspeakably valuable; both are absolutely necessary for us, and little of much account to us has been yet done in either, except by Continental scholars. But they are in their nature ministerial, and I would guard you against their usurpations, not forbid their use. Their very disposition to usurp what is not their's, and never can be their's, is reason for our distrust. Are they in their nature less servile because they have never done good service? Will they, properly employed, be unserviceable because useless or troublesome before they have been disciplined and brought to good? They are slaves, who have not as yet found a master, or who have fled from their proper service. Reclaim them, restore them, render them useful. They are in their nature slaves, and they would be despots. I mean they are essentially ministerial, and in using the words 'slaves' and 'servile' in this way, I am not in truth borrowing a metaphor from a condition of human society, and by implication admitting my approval of such condition, but using the words in a truer application than could ever have been made of them when applied to individual men, when I appropriate them to abuses of particular faculties of the mind, which nature has in all men made inferior and subordinate to the whole mind, and when I endeavour to press upon you that the busy restlessness or ill-directed industry of these inferior faculties, should not be suffered to assert a province not properly their's, and thus destroy the liberty of the entire man. They are in their nature servile,—as Caliban and Ariel were, before Prospero had landed on their island, and as they continued when made subject to his dominion. Without such servants the island could never have been what it became in the hands of the benevolent magician. Such instruments, as the misshapen Drudge, who thought all things should for ever remain as they were, who worked blindly on, not sympathising with any one of his master's purposes, living

in his traditions of the days of Sycorax, and her god Setebos, and regarding all good done as a wrong offered to his old claim of ancestral right,—and the winged meteor of Fancy,—I had almost said, the Spirit of winged words, whose very life is perpetual change,—were alike indispensable, and may, for the purpose of our illustration at least, be regarded as typifying the lubber and limber elves of Antiquarianism and Philology, whose services you will require, but whose usurpation you must resist."

"While lingering upon these passages, however, our limits contract, and our lessening space admonishes us to conclude. We have not touched the abstruser parts of the subject, as our object was to make this article as little *professional* as possible. It is not only lawyers who may study Dr. Anster's pages with advantage, but all who love literature and science will find here matter to interest them, and a charm of fancy and expression which throw the brilliancy of the writer's own mind over the driest details of the driest subject. Nor is it merely genius which gives a charm to these pages. The sublimity of the concluding passage has a moral and religious grandeur of its own, which is reached by no eloquence but that of the highest kind—the eloquence of the heart.

"Our first thoughts of law, before it becomes a matter of speculation with us, are connected with its restraints, not with the advantages derived from these restraints. As far as the law is from within—the voice of God echoed in the human heart—a principle co-existent with man, susceptible of new development with each advance of civilisation—it is a language pointing out our own duties, not suggesting to us the rewards which arise from their performance. As far as it is from without—the imperative

language of the legislator, addressing all, regarding all as possible offenders—its language is necessarily of menace. The sanctions, which it proclaims as guards of its decrees and ordinances, are punishments, not rewards. The imagination is seized and pre-occupied by this language. We think of law but in its terrors. We do not remember that by it, and by it alone, can society, with all its artificial relations, subsist. We forget that it is the protection from the violence of others which renders possible for us the indulgence of the thousand almost capricious enjoyments which each day brings round us in increasing abundance. What hundreds and thousands are there who live happily and peaceably, and yet whose happiness and whose peace would be wholly impossible but for that unseen dominion of law which prevents any interference with their comforts, while they move on within their unambitious circle of domestic duties, quiet enjoyments, and inoffensive hopes. They have known and obeyed law under the name and with the feeling of religion. When we think of the wickedness of men, of the inordinate passions everywhere at work, the possibility of society continuing to exist, for the most part progressive too in good—for such, with occasional and doubtful exception, is the history of man—we think of ourselves and of society as if there was for ever going on around us—as there is—the agency of God, which we at times almost see visibly revealed. There is a passage in the Hebrew Scriptures which from my earliest childhood always impressed me as one of singular beauty. Elisha is in a situation that seems of great danger. A hostile army encompasses the city where he is, and he is the object of their leader's vengeance; 'and his servant said unto him, 'Alas! my master, how shall we do?' And he answered, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And the prophet prayed and said, 'Lord, I pray thee to open the eyes of this young man;' and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

THE ABSENTEE !

I.

There is a fair and blooming Isle,
Set in the Western Sea ;
And lovelier still her fields would smile
But for—the *Absentee* !

II.

A poisonous weed that name has prov'd
In her sad history ;
The blight can never be remov'd
While there's—an *Absentee* !

III.

Not fierce Simoom from Afric's sand,
Nor Java's upas tree,
Spread desolation o'er the land
Like—Ireland's *Absentee* !

IV.

The guardian saint of Erin's shore
Drove venom'd things away ;
I wish he'd lay his scourging power
Upon—the *Absentee* !

V.

And force him, if he's not inclin'd,
A resident to be ;
To leave at least his rents behind,
While he's—an *Absentee* !

VI.

Look on yon old baronial hall !
No signs of life you'll see ;
Its grass-grown courts and crumbling wall
Denote—the *Absentee* !

VII.

Each glance some ling'ring thought recalls
Of past prosperity ;
But now the lonely spider crawls
Where dwelt—the *Absentee* !

VIII.

The hardy peasant tills the soil—
No friendly lord knows he ;
No kind employer cheers his toil—
He serves—an *Absentee* !

IX.

The harvest-home, the yearly feast,
The Christmas revelry ;
These are but visions of the past,
Gone with—the *Absentee* !

X.

A stranger in his name is sent—
 No welcome guest is he ;
 He comes to squeeze the tardy rent,
 To feed—the *Absentee* !

XI.

Why seeks his lord a foreign strand,
 And strange society ?
 Or why desert his father-land,
 To live—an *Absentee* ?

XII.

The skies may be less bright at home,
 But hearts are warm and free ;
 Why leaves he these, abroad to roam,
 A careless—*Absentee* ?

XIII.

Thinks he to fill his wasting purse
 By false economy ?
 What's bad before he'll render worse,
 Ill-judging *Absentee* !

XIV.

Perchance the ruthless bailiffs swarm,
 To seize their destin'd prey ;
 'Twere manlier far to face the storm
 Than fly—an *Absentee* !

XV.

Does proud ambition swell his heart,
 Or senseless vanity ?
 Oh, let him bid the fiends depart,
 Ere he's—an *Absentee* !

XVI.

He seeks some haughty foreign court !
 They stare, and ask, " Who's he ?"
 Then whisper round, in mocking sport,
 " An Irish *Absentee* !"

XVII.

While he has gold they cringe and bow
 With sleek servility ;
 He'll feel, when cash is running low,
 He's but—an *Absentee* !

XVIII.

Where, through all Europe's ample space,
 Dwells now security ?
 Where can he find a resting-place,
 This roving *Absentee* ?

XIX.

He flies to fierce, volcanic France,
 And dreams of mirth and glee ;
 The tocsin wakes him from his trance,
 A startled—*Absentee* !

XX.

What finds he in Germanic land,
Or prostrate Italy?
The scourge, the fetter, and the brand,
But peace—an *Absentee*!

XXI.

Then turn again to that far clime,
And well-known western sea;
Retrace your steps while yet there's time,
Repentant—*Absentee*!

XXII.

Some few have bravely held their post
Through each extremity;
Come back, and join that gallant host,
Returning—*Absentee*!

XXIII.

Their names are proudly blazon'd forth,
And honour'd shall he be,
Who emulates such patriot worth,
No more—an *Absentee*!

XXIV.

E'en when the ship was sinking fast,
They shar'd her destiny;
And nail'd the colours to the mast,
To shame—the *Absentee*!

XXV.

Dark clouds have o'er our country spread,
By Heaven's all-wise decree;
But Revolution's fiery tread
Is still—an *Absentee*!

XXVI.

Who truly loves his native land,
Joins no confed'racy,
But that which leagues with heart and hand
Against—the *Absentee*!

XXVII.

Some idly prate of "Ireland's hour,"
And "opportunity,"
When fades the lordly Saxon's power,
And he's—an *Absentee*!

XXVIII.

I lightly prize those empty cries
Of wild democracy;
For "Ireland's hour" can ne'er arise
While there's—an *Absentee*!

XXIX.

But that bright hour will surely come
When *all* her sons agree
To live in bonds of love at home,
Without—an *Absentee*!

THE RINGS—AN ELEGY.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

"TUBAL.—I saw one who had a ring from her for a monkey.
 "SHYLOCK.—Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor, and I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."—*Merchant of Venice*.

How sadly beautiful the long last sleep,
 And brow unwrinkled of the early-taken,
 Wet with the first-shed tears of those who weep,
 Still, like as if the sleeper would awaken!
 There Peace and Beauty marvel at each other,
 And cast a feeble light across our woe,
 Before the shadows of the night-time gather
 To cloud the sunset glory of her brow.

Awake! awake!—thou beautiful, awake!
 Still on thy lip the last sweet smile doth lie;
 And wilt thou not, for Love's most holy sake,
 Lift up the cloudy curtain of thine eye.
 Those founts of living bliss again disclose,
 And bring the blush of animation back?
 Ah, no!—what hand shall heal yon faded rose,
 Or bid thy soul retrace its heavenward track?

Yet see, the very roses are not withered
 That did adorn her radiant brow to-day,
 Although, alas! the blossom has been gathered
 From her fair cheek, more beautiful than they.
 More beautiful! This morn we saw her glide
 So angel-like by bush and leafy bowers,
 She seemed the spirit of the summer-tide,
 Surprised, at her sweet task of making flowers.

Oh, weep not that 'twas in a festive moment
 That thy beloved one's gentle spirit fled!
 And what although, attired in richest raiment,
 Thus all lowly lies the lovely dead?
 For oh! it was no worldly vanity,
 But that she loved so well all lovely things,
 And oh! it was no worldly vanity
 That clothed her snowy hand with golden rings.

Each circlet was to her some tender token
 Of love and friendship, ever deep and dear—
 All sweet and silent pledges still unbroken,
 Though, alas! the loved lie lowly here.
 And though they spoke of vanity alone
 To those who knew not of their gentler part,
 The golden gift upon her finger shone,
 The spirit-gift was treasured in her heart.

Ah, no! ah, no! They were not vanities
 More than those fading flowers—these rings of gold;
 For they were like the sweet humanities
 That symbolised the wondrous faiths of old,

In which the heart found many an emblem fair
Of lofty truths to meet its wild emotions,
And everything in water, earth, or air,
Grew sacred in its fanciful devotions ;
For beauty is beloved in every form,
Or combination where it meets the eye ;
And where's the eye that sees no sacred charm
In simple things through Love's idolatry?

So here, within this golden crypt lies bidden
The sacred hair that graced an honoured head,
O'er which the tear has oft-times flowed unbidden,
And Memory hath its halo round it shed ;
And see the bond of true love cherished early,
And blessed in sunny hope—the simple tie
To him whose lone heart now doth weep so sorely,
That no sweet tear can cool his fevered eye.

Oh, happy, happy days and tender hours !
When love was young and life in its bright morning,
When sunny skies shone o'er a path of flowers,
And some new joy disclosed at every turning—
Oh, through her spirit shone a purer ray,
Than e'er could light the vanities of earth ;
And though she seemed the gayest of the gay,
There was no folly mingling in her mirth.

But she is gone—this morn, so beautiful,
As like a sunbeam she did come and go,
Throwing a pleasant light upon us all.
Now dims the fine gold on her fingers now,
The songs of gladness from her lips were falling,
Like music that doth haunt some dream of bliss,
Or songs of childhood, happy time ! recalling
Many an hour of bygone happiness.

She sang, and we with throbbing hearts did listen,
And gazed in silent rapture as she sung ;
And every eye unconsciously did glisten
With tearful tribute to her angel tongue ;
She sang, and oh ! the ancient Theban wall
That rose to music's most entrancing measure,
Ne'er heard such tones of marvellous beauty fall
As those that filled our souls with speechless pleasure. •

She sang—her accents trembling, swelling, dying,
A simple lay, but with such wondrous fire,
It seemed as if the spirit, heavenward flying,
Had heard the seraphims' eternal lyre—
Had heard and drank, with such a rapturous heart,
The glory of that high celestial strain,
With such a longing for an angel's part,
As earthly love might never still again.

Ah, me ! and as she sang, the word half spoken
Was hushed amidst that memorable lay :
Her spirit passed as the harp-strings are broken,
Before its last sweet tones had died away.

LORD CLARENDON'S POLICY IN IRELAND.

WE have arrived at a crisis in our national history of unparalleled interest. It behoves the Protestant population of Ireland to consider anxiously their present position—to resolve wisely, to act firmly. We deem it a duty to offer some suggestions on the subject with which men's hearts are bursting—that is, the future government of our unhappy country. Its past mismanagement we acknowledge—who can anticipate the future? While it is possible to raise a warning voice we do so. May the God of truth direct it to the hearts of those who govern.

The Pope of Rome, restored by foreign bayonets to his ancient tyranny, from which an insulted people had contemptuously expelled him, employed his first labours in banishing, imprisoning, torturing, and exterminating his subjects, given up by French allies to papal power. When the Vicar of Christ had given these lively proofs of his apostolic mission in his own country, he mercifully desired to extend the blessings of his divine authority to infidel quarters of the world; and first, naturally, to England. Touched by holy love for a heathen people, and offended by the impious spectacle of a woman being at the head of a Church, the infallible man despatched missionaries in the form of a capped cardinal and mitred bishops, to rescue a misguided nation of heretics from their awful delusions, and to bring them from the darkness of Protestantism into the marvellous light of Rome. The kingdom of Satan he found England, and to redeem it, in the exercise of a commission derived directly from Saint Peter, the infallible man divided the soil of England into districts, and appointed over each district his deputy to govern the rejoicing converts as he should command. This the Pope did, by virtue of an authority claimed by him over the whole Christian world. Before this infallible authority parliaments, nations, and kings should devoutly bend. If they do, the Pope will, in return, bestow upon them all the blessings he has so unsparingly lavished upon his Roman subjects.

The English people, blinded by their

heresy, received this proof of papal condescension with a scorn and indignation universal. By public meetings, by resolutions, by petitions, by protests, they proclaimed unmistakably their rooted determination not to yield to the usurpation of any foreign prince or potentate. They spurned the mummeries of Rome, by processions of mock popes, and cardinals, and monks, consigned in due form to the flames; the people of London were reminded of the times of Romish ascendancy, when the fires of Smithfield blazed around Latimer and Ridley—when the candle was lighted which the dying martyr prophesied would in England never be extinguished. The Prime Minister caught the national enthusiasm—he denounced the insolent aggression in language more offensive to Romanists than had ever been employed by the abused Orangemen of Ireland in their most secret assemblies. “The glorious principle, the immortal martyrs of the Reformation; the mummeries of superstition,” were fine topics for ministerial declamation, and to conclude a memorable epistle, by the bold assertion that the laborious endeavours now making by the papacy were to confine the intellect and enslave the soul was worthy of a statesman who bore the honoured name of Russell. The Sovereign has responded to the universal appeal from her people, and the result will assuredly be, that the papal insult will be avenged, the aggression repelled, the dignity of England asserted, and the glorious principle of the Reformation maintained and upheld. Thus the matter stands in reference to England—her people await with calm confidence the meeting of parliament, when the voice of a magnanimous nation will find an echo within the walls of Saint Stephen's. What will be the policy of the rulers towards this country—what the legislation of Parliament—what the principle on which the future government of Ireland is to be conducted—these are the questions which most deeply concern us. The Protestants of this country of all denominations have watched the movement in England with extraordinary interest, yet

without participating openly in its demonstrations; not that they felt less profoundly the truth of the mighty principle at stake, but that they were conscious the question was viewed as an English question merely, and they were surprised that Englishmen should have been surprised at papal aggression and papal insolence.

Irish Protestants are amazed that English Protestants should fail to have discerned from whence this invasion has sprung, from what cause the Pope now strives boldly to subjugate England to his sway. A fresh and striking proof is here afforded that Ireland has been overlooked, neglected, despised by one class of Englishmen, misgoverned by another class, and that, through Ireland, England has been struck at by the Papacy. Ireland is the *difficulty*, say politicians, of framing English administrations; and so it will ever be, until statesmen prefer principle to expediency, truth to falsehood—"the glorious principle of the Reformation" to the unchanging tyranny of Rome. If England wishes to be safe, she must look into the condition of Ireland, examine the principle of her government and correct it where wrong. If England wishes to be great, and to make Ireland great, she must encourage the reformed religion, and do justice to the Protestants of this country. If England desires to tarnish her glory, to break her faith, to disgrace her name, and destroy her power in Ireland, she will deal out heavy blows and great discouragements to Protestantism, and careen and elevate Popery. England *must* now make her election—her people must decide on *what principle* Ireland is to be ruled; they must declare, they must enforce it: on them will rest the solemn responsibility of that election.

To aid our English brethren in forming a sound judgment and coming to a just conclusion on this momentous question, is our heartfelt desire.

Our space will not permit us to refer to a period more remote than the administration of Lord Normanby in Ireland. It would be impossible adequately to describe the mischievous results of the system of government introduced by that misguided nobleman into this province. A compact was made and kept with Mr. O'Con-

nell and his faction, that in consideration that Mr. O'Connell would so conduct his agitation as to be useful and subservient to the Lord Normanby—he, Lord Normanby, would deliver up to Mr. O'Connell all the patronage of the kingdom. This honourable agreement was faithfully kept by the contracting parties. Mr. O'Connell agitated prudently; Lord Normanby was shouted into popularity by the rabble of his day; justice was baffled by the Viceroy; the patronage of the Crown disposed of profligately, and a demoralising system of scandalous corruption was unscrupulously enforced, the fatal effects of which it would require twenty years of virtuous government to dispel. What would honest Englishmen think of a Viceroy appointing to lucrative preferments the nominees of Mr. O'Connell, who, when appointed, applied no small portion of the emoluments bestowed by the State to feed an agitation which, although not real, broke the peace and destroyed the prosperity of the country, and even tended to the subversion of the State itself? The Viceroy of Ireland did this very thing; and from the time of Lord Normanby to the present hour it has constantly happened that some members of a family have, by seditious publications, by agitation, by speeches, and by supporting clubs, laboured zealously to overturn the government of England in Ireland; while, perhaps, an elder member of that same family has received as rich a preferment as the State could bestow. True loyalty, in the days of Normanby, was universally discouraged, the Church of England openly assailed, Protestantism daringly denounced, the Popish faction rampant.

To this pernicious and almost incredible system of misgovernment, introduced by Lord Normanby, much of the subsequent misery of Ireland can be directly traced. No Government could withstand the fatal effects of the corrupt bargain struck between the agitator and the Viceroy. The appointments then made, so far as respects the knowledge, virtue, and abilities of the persons appointed, were very nearly as shameful as those unblushingly made by Lord Clarendon himself. Nor do we mean to cast unworthy reflections on the memory of Mr. O'Connell. His object, honestly embraced and consistently pur-

sued, was to overturn British authority in Ireland; and his shrewd sagacity quickly discerned that he had a better hope of effecting his purpose by filling the Bench, the State, and the Parliament with his creatures, who would forward his policy and execute his will, than by engaging with the power of England in open warfare in the field.

As the ministry changed, the policy of the agitation changed. Under a Conservative Government, when the terms of a corrupt bargain could no longer be performed, it was audacious—under a Normanby, who was a worse enemy to England than O'Connell, the agitation was manageable and gentle. It is observable, however, that a party sprung up in the school of sedition, zealous and uncompromising,—its leaders questioned the sincerity and arraigned the policy of O'Connell—and finally defied his power. This was called the Young Ireland party. The youthful members of this celebrated faction had talents, eloquence, poetry, enthusiasm; moreover, they were in earnest, and being behind the scenes, they discerned the hollowness of the system of agitation, and rendered incalculable service by unmasking it to the public. They would hold no places, nor seek them—Mr. Smith O'Brien was immovable on this point—and they declared the old agitation was an imposture, whereby places were to be secured for the agitators or their relations, who stood a little aloof, in return for services rendered to the government; and they insisted that by this organised system of hypocrisy the people were betrayed, and the cause of Repeal ruined. The Young Ireland party, therefore, wrote and spoke with vehement ability, and ultimately, with rashness incredible, rushed into action, or rather, were adroitly forced into it by Lord Clarendon—and were then deserted and abandoned by the priests. Another rebellion (if the word can be applied to the ludicrous affair of Ballingarry) became impossible—the country lay prostrate.

Lord Clarendon was the pilot who had weathered the storm. This aspiring statesman became Viceroy under favourable circumstances. Lord Normanby shewed himself to be a man destitute of common sense. Lord Fortescue was a respectable, but feeble

Whig. Sir Robert Peel had defeated and ruined O'Connell. Lord Clarendon had held an inferior office in Ireland, and boasted of knowing its people, their character, and their wants. The outward deportment of this nobleman was gracious, his manners winning, his conversation attractive, and his court conducted with hospitality and dignity.

The contrast between Lord Clarendon and his Whig-Radical predecessors was favourable to him, and the Protestant gentry, ever loyal, were willing to confide in his sense of honour and justice. Lord Clarendon saw and pushed his advantage; to the Protestant gentry he was affable and courteous; he knew their worth. The seditious clubs increased in number and audacity, and it seemed as if another sanguinary struggle was on the eve of breaking forth. Around the representative of their beloved Sovereign the whole Protestant people of Ireland rallied. In the archives of the Castle are preserved the proofs of their unshaken loyalty and courage; their addresses of devotion to England; of willingness to fight for the Union and the Crown. The Orangemen of Ulster in masses offered their services. Their forefathers had preserved their loyalty through horrid massacres, bloody rebellions, and terrible revolutions. Unmoved by the blandishments of sedition, these brave men were ready as ever to fight for their allegiance. Lord Clarendon accepted their services; he had a perfect right to command them; he answered their loyal addresses in the most courteous language, and was in communication with Lord Roden, the venerated leader of the Orange body. That high-minded nobleman, true to his Sovereign, loudly exhorted all over whom he had influence to rally around Lord Clarendon, and to fight for the Queen. The Viceroy discerned with exactness who were the loyal subjects and who were the traitors.

When the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, instead of arresting beforehand the misguided leaders of the movement (for which he would have been indemnified by Parliament), and thus saving them and the country, Lord Clarendon allowed them to leave Dublin. Irritated and excited, they committed themselves, and the Viceroy was lucky enough to be rewarded by a

little rebellion, by a victory in the field of Ballingarry, and a restoration of the doctrine of constructive treason in Clonmel.

Lord Clarendon was now triumphant. Up to this point, as between the Protestants of Ireland and Lord Clarendon, there was apparent cordiality. He explicitly declared that they had done all that loyal subjects and honourable gentlemen could have done. It is true he withheld from them the patronage of the Crown, but he lavished on them his sweetest words, accompanied by official smiles. The character of Lord Clarendon now appeared in its true colours. He permitted the Orangemen to meet on the twelfth of July, then attacked them for meeting, issued an illegal commission to try them, violated the principles of the constitution, and expelled from the magistracy the venerable Lord Roden, a nobleman, who, irrespective of politics, was universally beloved: and when arraigned in the House of Lords for his misconduct, the subtle Viceroy escaped by a quibble. Lord Clarendon had the incredible meanness to deny all participation in the acts of his household, and asserted that £660 was supplied by Captain Turner, his friend and retainer, to purchase arms for the Dublin Orangemen, without his knowledge or approval. The act itself was laudable, but the diplomatic Viceroy wanted the services of the zealous Protestants no longer, and became determined to shake off all connexion with them at the expense of truth itself. Nay, it is even asserted, we hope, for the honour of a British nobleman, without foundation, that at the very time Lord Clarendon was replying in gracious language to the addresses of the Orangemen, which addresses were not intemperate or factious in language or tone, he wrote a letter to a faithful retainer, in order to be shown to Roman Catholic gentlemen, explanatory of his motives in being obliged to correspond with Orangemen, lest Roman Catholics might believe him to be sincere.

We wish to be understood. We do not charge Lord Clarendon with sincerity in writing such a letter. His system of administration is a system of artifice and diplomatic evasion. He has been over-praised, flattered, spoiled, and his mind seems incapable

of embracing a direct and manly policy.

We have briefly shown what the behaviour of Lord Clarendon has been to the Protestants of Ireland, and we accuse him of the blackest ingratitude towards a frank and generous people. Let us next examine what has been his conduct towards the Roman Catholics, priests and laymen, and what effect that conduct has had in producing the papal aggressions of which England has complained so justly and loudly. We beseech the English reader to consider attentively what we proceed to submit to his impartial judgment.

The Imperial Legislature in its wisdom, in order to diffuse the blessings of education through the provinces, founded and endowed, on the most liberal principles, provincial colleges in Ireland. The acts of the Parliament, it will be admitted, should be obeyed by all who profess allegiance to the State. To these acts Roman Catholics give their assent, because they are fully represented in the parliament: to allow to Romish priests the privilege of defying or defeating the law as it exists, is to establish the ascendancy of treason. Parliament ceases to govern if any other power can with impunity command disobedience to its laws. Domestic treason is criminal, but it seems to assume a blacker dye if begun and prosecuted in obedience to the edicts of a foreign power. That a British statesman should consult a foreign potentate as to the laws which should be enacted, or the institutions which should be established in England, would appear to be incredible, inasmuch as it would be incompatible with allegiance to his Sovereign, and that higher allegiance due to the constitution of a free country. If the Queen of England, beloved and revered as she deserves to be, were detected in the act of consulting the Pope, by a despatch from Windsor, as to her measures in reference to the Church, or the State, or the laws; inviting his judgment, beseeching his advice, and professing an intention to obey it, the consequence might be fatal to her throne.

What excuse can be offered on behalf of the Queen's Deputy in Ireland for privately addressing to the Pope of Rome, through his vicar in Dublin, the scandalous document now submitted to the reader. It is dated,

Castle, March* 19th, 1848. The date is important. On the very day it was written the Popish faction in Dublin was preparing for civil war, the most treasonable language was daily spoken and written by undisguised traitors, the clubs were in active operation, and the faithful Protestants stood aghast at the fearful denunciations daily and hourly hurled against the laws, constitution, government, and people of England. At such a time our discreet Viceroy, impelled by a passion for double-dealing and indirect courses, opens a correspondence with the Pope of Rome, in an epistle unexampled in the annals of diplomatic perfidy :—

" *Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the Most Rev. Dr. Murray,† Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin :—*

(Private.)

" *Castle, March 19, 1848.*

" **MY DEAR LORD,**—*Your Grace had the goodness to promise me that you would convey to Rome, for the consideration of the Pope, the amended statutes of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, as the British Government has no official organ of communication with the Holy See.*

" *I was happy of having the opportunity to consult your Grace before any alteration was made, because as a Catholic Prelate you well know what guarantees and provisions were requisite for ensuring religious instruction to the Catholic youths who might frequent those Colleges, and I was anxious that such securities should be given with the most entire good faith, and in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the Irish prelates, who, like yourself, desired to see the true interests of morality and the CATHOLIC RELIGION PROMOTED BY THESE INSTITUTIONS.*

" *I regret very much the delay that has taken place in the revision of the statutes, but I need hardly tell you that the attention of the government was last year wholly devoted to alleviating the calamity with which it was the will of Providence that this country should be visited ; moreover, this delay was of no importance, as the Colleges would not be ready for occupation before the end of the year 1849.*

" *The whole of the statutes are at your disposal now or at any future period that your Grace or any other Bishop may wish to see them ; but as they are very voluminous, and relate entirely to the course of instruction and the duties of the different*

offices of the Colleges, I promise at present only to trouble you with the religious portion of them.

" *Accordingly, I herewith send all that part of the statutes which affect, as to religious points, both professors and students, as well as an extract from the Report of the Board with reference to religious instruction.*

" *The list of Visitors is not yet settled, but I can have no hesitation in stating that it will include the Catholic Archbishop of the Province, and Bishop of the Diocese in which the College is situated, and that, moreover, in the Council, Professorships, and other posts of each College, the Catholic religion would be fully and appropriately represented, for these Colleges are instituted for the education of the middle classes, and the Government would fail in its object of training up the youth of Ireland to be good men and loyal subjects, if their religious instruction and moral conduct were not duly provided for and guarded by every precaution that the most anxious solicitude can devise.*

" *As I entertain a profound veneration for the character of the Pope, and implicitly rely upon his upright judgment, it is with pleasure that I now ask your Grace to submit these statutes to the consideration of his Holiness, believing, as I do, that they may be advantageously compared with those of any other similar institution in Europe ; and that by exhibiting the care and the good faith with which they have been framed, they will furnish a simple but conclusive answer to those misrepresentations which have been so industriously circulated, and which, if they had been founded in truth, would have justly excited the alarm and called forth the reprobation of his Holiness.*

" *I have the honour to be, with great esteem, my dear lord, your Grace's very faithful servant,*

" **CLARENDON.**

" *To his Grace Archbishop Murray of Dublin.*"

The reader has noticed this letter is headed "*private.*" The noble diplomatist felt, when sitting down to compose his confidential epistle, that he was about to engage in a disreputable and unconstitutional, if not an illegal transaction ; he equally felt the contents ought never to see the light ; and therefore the letter is marked "*private.*"

But, in so committing himself, Lord Clarendon exhibited his ignorance of the man whose character he affects to comprehend : the diplomatist puts him-

* We believe this letter was not published in the *Tablet* for some months after its date.

† The *Evening Post* of 24th December says this epistle was written to a prelate, but not to Dr. Murray.

self in the power of a priest, and the priest betrays the Viceroy when it suits his Church. The excuse, therefore, made by Lord Clarendon's friends in Dublin for the letter, viz., that it was merely intended as a private communication, is fatal to his character as a statesman. We do not justify this prelate for his violation of confidence, but we have a right to comment the more strongly on a communication which was manifestly intended to be concealed from the Sovereign and the insulted people of England.

The first paragraph of this letter ascribes to the Pope's nominee the titles "My Lord" and "Your Grace," as if the correspondent of the Viceroy was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; but the substance of the paragraph is the thing to be regarded. The Viceroy requests "*His Grace to convey to Rome, for the consideration of the Pope, the amended Statutes of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, as the British Government had no official organ of communication with the Holy See.*" Thus the Queen's Lieutenant opens, through Dr. Murray, a correspondence with the Pope, in order to submit the Statutes of the Queen's Colleges for the consideration of the Holy See. There can be no mistake here. Dr. Murray is in effect Lord Clarendon's ambassador to the Pope. The Queen's Deputy was right in asserting that there was no official organ of communication with the Holy See. The statute enabling her Majesty to establish and maintain diplomatic relations with the Sovereign of the Roman States did not pass the legislature until the 4th of September, 1848, 11th and 12th Victoria, chap. 108. That statute, therefore, could not have justified Lord Clarendon for his daring violation of the Constitution. But the provisions of that statute are remarkable: there is a studied distinction preserved between the temporal and spiritual authority of the papacy. The title of *Pope* does not once occur in the statute. Diplomatic relations may thenceforth be maintained with *the Sovereign of the Roman States*, clearly referring to the temporal prince governing the Roman States. Thus the intercourse sanctioned by Parliament was such as might take place between England and Holland on matters of business, commerce, and international law, and no authority whatsoever is given to hold intercourse with *the Pope*

as *Pope*, much less to submit for his judgment, as the assumed ecclesiastical ruler of the Christian world, the laws or statutes of the realm, or the statutes for regulation of universities established by the Parliament of the country. No minister would have dared to have spoken in the British House of Commons as Lord Clarendon has written. But the 2nd section of that statute is equally significant, for it enacts "that it shall not be lawful for her Majesty to receive, at the court of London, as *ambassador, or other diplomatic agent accredited by the Sovereign of the Roman States*, any person who shall be in *Holy Orders in the Church of Rome*, or a Jesuit, or a member of any other religious order of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows." Therefore, under this statute, if Dr. Murray, a person in holy orders, had been nominated ambassador to the Court of London by the *Sovereign of the Roman States*, Lord John Russell dared not have received or held intercourse with him.

We by no means assert that this statute or any other statute could have repressed the Popish predilections of Lord Clarendon. The third and last section of the statute provides and enacts—

"That nothing herein contained shall repeal, weaken, or affect, or be construed to repeal, weaken, or affect, any laws, or statutes, or any part of any laws or statutes, now in force for preserving and upholding the supremacy of our Lady the Queen, her heirs and successors, in all matters civil and ecclesiastical within this realm and other Her Majesty's dominions, nor those laws or parts of laws now in force which have for their object to controul, regulate, and restrain the acts and conduct of Her Majesty's subjects, and to prohibit their communications with the sovereigns of foreign states on the said matters, all which laws and statutes ought for ever to be maintained for the dignity of the Crown and the good of the subject."

Thus the Queen's supremacy, in all matters civil and ecclesiastical, is carefully upheld, and the subjects of Her Majesty are bound by those laws previously existing, which have for their object to controul their acts and conduct, and to prohibit their communications with the Sovereigns of foreign states in the said matters.

Had this statute been in force when Lord Clarendon's letter was written, it is plain the overweening Viceroy

would have violated the Act of Parliament in letter and in spirit. But the Viceroy asked no legal advice on the subject of his correspondence with the Pope, and, if he had, so unbounded is his self-confidence, that he would have disdained to pursue it. There was, however, no statute to protect this deep diplomatist from the consequences of his rashness. How, then, stood the law at the time this precious document, to be ranked high amongst the state papers of our modern Clarendon, was written. We need not discuss the ancient statutes of the realm. We can lay before the reader a case in point, with the opinion of two of the most famous of England's lawyers upon the question.

When Mr. Canning* was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Pope sent a letter, announcing his accession to the Pontificate, to the King, and through his secretary, to Mr. Canning, who consulted the Attorney and Solicitor General, as to whether a reply to these letters would subject him to a *præmunire*, and received for answer the following opinion:—

"SIR,—We have had the honour of receiving Mr. Planta's letter, stating that the Pope, having announced to His Majesty his elevation to the pontifical throne, in a letter, of which Mr. Planta inclosed to us a copy, with a translation, accompanied by another letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State; and the question having therefore arisen, as to whether any answer should be returned by His Majesty and his government to this notification, you had directed him to refer the case to us, confidentially, and to request we would favour you with our opinion whether, according to the law at present in existence, there is *præmunire* in such a correspondence with the Pope and Cardinal Secretary of State. In compliance with your request, we have carefully perused and considered the letters above referred to, and beg leave to state, that by the stat. 5 Eliz., c. 1, sec. 2, advisedly and wittingly to attribute by any speech, open deed, or act, any manner of jurisdiction, authority, or pre-eminence to the See of Rome, or to any bishop of the same see, within this realm,

subjects a party, for the first offence, to the penalties of a præmunire; and as the Pope, by virtue of his office, claims, as we conceive, authority, jurisdiction, and pre-eminence over the whole Christian Church, and certainly over the Catholic Church in this realm; and as by the letters, his elevation to the supreme pontificate is in terms announced, which, we apprehend, would be construed as importing such a claim, we are of opinion that any answer to these letters, which might be interpreted into an implied recognition of such a claim, might be considered as bringing the party, being a subject, writing or advising it, within the operation of the above statute. It is, we think, worthy of remark, that the legislature, by carefully adopting the title of *Bishop of Rome*, instead of that of *Pope*, in the various acts passed since the Reformation, seems anxiously to have avoided any such implied recognition.

"We further think that the reference made in the Pope's letter to the Catholic Church in his Majesty's dominions, and the recommendation of the weal of that Church to his Majesty, render caution upon this occasion particularly necessary.

"We have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

"R. GIFFORD.

"J. S. COPLKY."

It is therefore plain Lord Clarendon, in terms and in substance, violated the law of the land in recognizing the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, in communicating with the Holy See respecting the domestic affairs of England, and, above all, in seeking the opinion of the Pope on the statutes regulating the Queen's Colleges in Ireland.† In other paragraphs of this memorable epistle, Lord Clarendon broadly asserts that his desire was, *that the Catholic religion should be promoted by these institutions*. If by the Catholic religion the Viceroy meant Popery, we assert he has libelled the parliament, and deceived the country.

It was stated by the founders, and understood by the nation, that these Colleges were to be disconnected with any particular sect of religion—to be impartial towards all sects, educating all classes alike in secular knowledge, and leaving their religious instruction

* *Vide Burns' Ecclesiastical Law*, Title Popery, p. 145, in the Note.

† A *præmunire* was said to be a defence of the Crown, and the laws of the land, from the tyranny and oppression of the Pope's jurisdiction. Whosoever was a maintainer of the authority of the See of Rome, and did any act upon purpose and to the intent to extol the power of that see, was guilty of the offence of *præmunire*. We exhort Lord Clarendon to inquire from his law officers the punishment, which, before the late merciful statute, was awarded to the guilty; and next to inquire from his own conscience whether he does not richly deserve it.

to their peculiar pastors. Lord Clarendon has fraudulently attempted, for the disgraceful purpose of currying favour with a priest, to pervert what might prove to be valuable institutions for the youth of the country, into schools of Popery.

The concluding paragraph of the letter can be read only with feelings of astonishment and disgust. Did the noble Lord believe what he wrote, or did the sardonic sneer of a clever hypocrite play over his countenance as he wrote these lines : "*As I entertain a profound veneration for the character of the Pope, and implicitly rely upon his upright judgment, it is with pleasure that I now ask your Grace to submit these statutes to the consideration of his Holiness.*"

If the Viceroy was sincere in his appeal to the judgment of the Pope, in his veneration for the character of an infallible despot, if he really wished the Pope to exercise jurisdiction within the realm, and usurp the prerogatives of his Sovereign, we hardly know whether the treacherous Viceroy is most to be pitied, hated, or despised.

We have concluded our comments on the letter of our Protestant Viceroy ; it was addressed to the Pope ; no such communication was addressed to the heads of the Church of England in Ireland, or to the Synod of Ulster. We may fearlessly appeal to the English reader to pronounce whether a document could have been penned by the hand of a practised Jesuit better calculated to serve the Papacy. It is throughout cringing, submissive, fulsome. Disgraceful to a British statesman professing a belief in the Protestant religion, it exposes a perfidy towards the Sovereign and parliament of England unredeemed by the smallest exhibition of statesmanship or genius.

This epistle is defective even in that cunning in which Lord Clarendon shines. There is throughout a total want of dignity or delicacy ; an utter forgetfulness of the position the writer held as the representative of a mighty nation. We should not be surprised at beholding Lord Clarendon rivalling the abject meanness of Popish superstition, and kissing the feet of the idol he adores.

It is remarkable to observe how this nobleman differs from his ancestors in the reign of James the Second. The

Rochester and Clarendon of that dismal reign were willing to abase themselves before a tyrant, to submit to every ignominy, to consent to every act of despotic power, and to comply with every project of a bigoted King, short of embracing Popery and overturning the Protestant religion. Their incomparable descendant, compelled by no necessity, but yielding to the impulses of his nature, venerates, nay, loves, the Pope, labours for the diffusion of what he ignorantly terms Catholicity, and would prostrate the prerogatives of the Crown and the authority of the Parliament at the feet of the Papacy.

The Pope, appealed to by the Queen's Deputy, exercised the authority ascribed to him, and pronounced the judgment which was invited and demanded by the submissive Clarendon.

We can conceive the smile of satisfaction, not unmingled with contempt, with which the Viceroy's letter was read before the Jesuits of the Propaganda. A courtly heretic appeals to the infallible successor of St. Peter, and humbly beseeches the Papal sanction of the projected Universities. The heretic is spurned with contempt, the Papal edict issues ; the Thurles Synod sits ; the Colleges are condemned ; the authority of the Imperial Parliament is openly resisted, and poor Lord Clarendon, baffled by the priest whom he endeavoured to cajole, is left to involve himself in fresh difficulties, and to meet with fresh disappointments.

Lord Clarendon is the guilty man, not the Pope. Lord Clarendon on his knees sought for the Pope's judgment, and by appealing to his Holiness admitted his jurisdiction ; for all that followed Lord Clarendon is accountable, and in our poor judgment many a culprit has been arraigned and punished for a treason less equivocal than the noble lord has committed.

Compare this act of viceregal perfidy with the act for which Lord Roden was ungratefully dismissed from the magistracy by this same Lord Clarendon, and let the sentence deserved be pronounced upon a vain and false minister by the judgment of an indignant people.

Let us turn from the author of the Papal interference with our domestic concerns, to the consideration of the

manner in which that interference has been expressed, and to the principle necessarily involved in it. A Synod was formally held at Thurles, a barbarous village in a county (Tipperary) almost entirely Popish, and signalised by a long and consistent course of crime. The ignorant peasantry were dazzled by the unusual exhibition, and Father Ignatius paraded in a harlequin costume in a state of ecstatic delight.

This Synod exhibited in perfection the *imperium in imperio*; unlimited allegiance to the Pope was the principle asserted. The authority of the legislature was treated with contempt. The supreme despotic power of the Pope to decide upon this question, and all questions he might say were spiritual, was thus declared in the Synodical Address of Thurles:—

"The successor of Peter pronounced his final judgment on the subject. All controversy is now at an end—the judge has spoken—the question is decided. Recognising, with reverential awe, in that decision, the voice of Him who hath said, 'He who hears you, hears me; he who despises you, despises me;' this Synod has received, not only with profound respect but with unanimous acclamation, the decisions and instructions which were asked for in the name of the Irish Church. This Synod now solemnly communicates to you the Rescripts of the Holy See, which we have received on this important matter, that they may serve to guide and regulate your conduct; we do not add anything to the instructions that have been given; neither will we suffer anything to be detracted from their importance."

"That you, our faithful children in Jesus Christ, will exhibit the same spirit of faith and docility, that you will recognise in the supremacy of Peter and his successors not the work of man but the appointment of Heaven—not a civil tribunal but a divine institution—not an arena for controversy but the judgment-seat at which every controversy is to be decided, is amply guaranteed to us by the unswerving and untarnished allegiance, which has bound the Irish people to the Holy See, from the first moment it was plighted, through its envoy and Apostle, St. Patrick, to the present day."—p. 9.

The voice of the Pope is modestly asserted to be the voice of God, and no human authority is to control this divine power.

We hope Lord Clarendon's veneration for the Pope has increased by the study of this pious composition. The

assumption of the Papacy to infallible authority is here put forward with an audacity as unblushing as it ever was in the darkest ages of the world. All systems of mixed education are consistently thus denounced:—

"That a system of education, the dangers of which have been publicly and solemnly pointed out by the Church, which is the pillar and the ground of truth—a system, against the dangers of which the history of modern Europe bears witness, will meet with your marked reprobation; that you will not yield it encouragement or patronage of any kind, but that you will save your children from its influence, is an assurance supplied to us by your uniform and devoted obedience to the voice of that Church, and attested by every page of your history, and by every act of your lives!"

"The solemn warning which we address to you, against the dangers of those collegiate institutions, extends, of course, to every similar establishment known to be replete with danger to the faith and morals of your children—to every school in which the doctrines and practices of your Church are impugned, and the legitimate authority of your pastors set at naught."—p. 13.

A sweeping denunciation, which includes the National Schools and the University of Dublin, and even academies, where Protestants and Roman Catholics mix together, and are taught. We know not which is most to be abhorred, the doctrine or the tyranny of the Papal system.

There is another sentence, deserving of serious consideration; it is, perhaps, the most remarkable in the whole of the Synodical Address.

"The system may have been devised in a spirit of generous and impartial policy; but the statesmen who framed it were not acquainted with the inflexible nature of our doctrine, and with the jealousy with which we are obliged to avoid everything opposed to the purity and integrity of our faith."—p. 8.

This hardly requires a comment. The doctrines of Rome are inflexible and unchanging; such as they were in the time of the sanguinary Queen Mary and of the bigot James, they are now. All earthly governments must bend to Rome; and no act of conciliation, no concession, no kindness, no willingness to make advances on the part of Protestants or a Protestant

legislature, can produce the slightest impression on the unalterable Papal system. This declaration is deeply instructive. If an avowal so authoritative will not open the eyes of our credulous or yielding politicians to the true nature of the Papacy, they could not be convinced or warned by a miracle of heaven.

The address concludes thus :—

*"PAUL, Archbishop of Armagh,
Primate of all Ireland, and
Delegate of the Apostolic See,
President of the Synod."*

Dr. Cullen here usurps the title of *Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland*. Lord Clarendon, in addressing Dr. Murray, styles him Archbishop of Dublin, and places him high in the peerage. The assumption of such titles by the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland and England has been erroneously supposed to have been sanctioned by the Legislature; and many, from whom accuracy might have been expected on such a subject, have fallen into serious mistakes, and made their own misconceptions the foundation of much false reasoning. It is a matter of great moment that the public should rightly apprehend how the law stands upon this matter.

The 10th Geo. IV. chap. 7, the Emancipation Act, sect. 24, is in these words :—

"And whereas the Protestant Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, discipline, and government thereof, are by the respective Acts of Union of England and Scotland, and of Great Britain and Ireland, established permanently and inviolably: and whereas the right and title of Archbishops to their respective provinces, of Bishops to their sees, and of Deans to their deaneries, as well in England as in Ireland, have been settled and established by law; be it therefore enacted, That if any person, after the commencement of this Act, *other than the person thereunto authorised by law*, shall assume or use the name, style, or title, of Archbishop of any province, Bishop of any bishopric, or Dean of any deanery in England or Ireland, he shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the sum of one hundred pounds."

Now that positive statute has never been either expressly or impliedly repealed; violated it may have been, but never abrogated.

Lord Clarendon either knowingly broke the law of the land in ascribing the title of Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. Murray, or he is profoundly ignorant of the law upon the subject.

The 7 and 8 Victoria, chap. 97, entitled an Act for the more effectual application of Charitable Donations and Bequests in Ireland, and taking effect from August, 1844, enacts :—

"That persons may by deed vest lands, &c., in the commissioners named for building or furnishing any chapel or place of religious worship of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, or in trust for *any Archbishop or Bishop, or other person in holy orders of the Church of Rome officiating in any district*, or having pastoral superintendence of any congregation of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and for those who shall from time to time so officiate, or shall succeed to the same pastoral superintendence."

And in other sections, "the Archbishop, Bishop, or person in holy orders of the Church of Rome," are referred to, as in the section 15, already transcribed.

Now, it is obvious this statute merely applies to a person who is an officiating Archbishop, or Bishop, or person in holy orders of the Church of Rome. The title the party strictly bears is properly set down for the purposes of the act, and nothing more. No Archbishop or Bishop of any *diocese* is mentioned; no *territorial jurisdiction* whatsoever is recognised in such persons; and no intention is expressly declared of repealing the 24th section of the Emancipation Act; and none such can be collected by inference from the words, purpose, or spirit of the Charitable Bequests Act. In truth, this Charitable Bequests Act is guardedly drawn up, to avoid having the appearance of doing what it is nevertheless perversely, or ignorantly, or falsely asserted to have done. The usage of the Church of Rome is respected by the statute; but all the duties to be performed under this act, and the rights to be exercised, may be discharged and exercised, for all the purposes of the act, without acknowledging their Bishops to be Bishops of *any particular dioceses*. The episcopal station of the Romish Bishops is not a whit more fully admitted by this act, than it had previously been. The

orders of the Church of Rome have been always recognised, and their Bishops were by George IV. styled Roman Catholic Bishops. The Charitable Bequests Act does nothing more. It was foolishly asserted that there might be a difference between an extinct and an existing see, and that, because there was no Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Mac Hale might lawfully call himself Archbishop of that see. But this is an absurdity, because the 24th section of the act of 10 Geo. IV. makes it an offence for any person, *other than the person thereunto authorised by law to assume* or use the name, style, or title of Archbishop of any province, or Bishop of any bishopric in England or Ireland; and could any man possessed of reason contend, that by the Charitable Bequests Act, or by the 10 Geo. IV., Dr. Mac Hale is *authorised* to assume the title of Archbishop of Tuam. The popular misconception arose from reading the act, 10 Geo. IV., as if it enacted that *no person shall assume* the title that belongs to *another*; whereas, the words are very different, being that "If any person, *other than the person thereunto authorised by law*, shall assume the title of Archbishop of any province in England or Ireland, he shall for any such offence forfeit one hundred pounds." So that the true construction is obvious.

The same principle exactly applies to the case of Cardinal Wiseman, who meekly calls himself Archbishop of Westminster. It is the same case in principle as that of Dr. Mac Hale assuming the title of Archbishop of Tuam. Neither is *authorised by law* to assume the title he has presumed to take, and, in our poor judgment, both are equally guilty of having violated the *very letter* of the law.

The Irish priest is more audacious—the English priest more jesuitical; for, while Dr. Wiseman admits he could not legally call himself Archbishop of Canterbury, he pretends that he may modestly describe himself Archbishop of Westminster; and having done so, his tolerant journal, the *Tablet*, with characteristic effrontery,

asserts broadly that the see of Canterbury is now extinct.

This is a Jesuit's reading of our statute law. Thus does a disciple of Ignatius Loyola prove that Dr. Wiseman is in the spirit, and according to the letter of the Emancipation Act, *the very person authorised by law* to assume the title of Archbishop of Westminster. Jeffries himself would have started at this Romish method of argument and explication; and we certainly prefer the open disobedience of Mac Hale to the slippery casuistry of Wiseman.

The sum and substance of Lord Clarendon's policy have been to grant to the Popish ecclesiastics even more than they asked, or could have desired; to lavish on Roman Catholics all the patronage of the State,* in return for which he has got *nothing*. The Romish ecclesiastical party in Ireland, headed by Dr. Cullen, and sustained by the *Tablet*, is more opposed to the Government of England or of law than ever it was.

The folly of this system is admirably shewn up by the *Daily News* of December 17th:

"But the system of give all-and-nothing—have, invented by the Irish Lord Lieutenants, in order merely that they might get over their term of vicereignty with quiet and with *eclat*, not caring one fig, or providing one jot, for the difficulties that are certain to come after them, shews neither firmness, nor justice, nor statesmanship; and to pretend to pass it under the guise and colour of tolerance, or even liberalism, is the most bare-faced of absurdities."

This description cannot be improved. The Government of Lord Clarendon in Ireland is, indeed, the most "bare-faced of absurdities." We believe the Tractarian movement, the projects of Mr. Anstey, the assumption of the priesthood in Ireland, the deep policy of Dr. Wiseman and the Propaganda, have all had reference to the late proclamation of authority by the Pope over England. No doubt the Protestant people of England have loudly expressed their astonishment and indignation, but if they suffer this burst

* Since the appearance of Lord John Russell's letter, three valuable appointments, it is said, have been conferred on three Roman Catholics by Lord Clarendon.

of anger to pass away as an ephemeral ebullition of wounded national pride, they deserve to have, and they assuredly will have, the chains of Popery fastened tight upon them, to be loosened possibly only by a revolution.

We, therefore, exhort our English brethren to compel their ministers to act against the Papacy with boldness and decision. No other course is consistent with safety, dignity, or wisdom, and whatever legislation is adopted for England, let them insist that the same shall be applied to Ireland also. If they do not, they may rely upon it the ecclesiastics of Rome will only gather strength in Ireland, the more effectively and remorselessly to assail the Protestant faith and supremacy of England.

It is absurd to have one course of policy for England, and a different policy for Ireland, if Ireland be an integral portion of the United Empire.

Let the English nation note the profound craft with which this Papal assault has been planned and executed. Until the priests of Rome had obtained various statutes in their favour—until they had obtained the act for preventing Orangemen combining in their strength—until they had obtained a new Irish Reform Bill, immensely increasing their political power—they were silent. When all was ripe, Dr. Cullen acts in Ireland, Dr. Wiseman acts in England, and the Pope of Rome grasps at the government of that kingdom which has hitherto resisted and defied his power. It is puerile to say, the Pope's power is only exercised in spiritual things. His assertion of authority at Thurles was in a matter clearly temporal; and if this Italian Bishop can nullify the statute for creation of the Queen's Colleges, why not the statutes for relief of the poor, or for any other object he chooses to call spiritual. That the Pope will do so, the *Tablet* declares in a paragraph of unequalled audacity:—

"You are only at the beginning of your perplexity. The Pope will speak more loudly than ever, and, what is more, he will be listened to. He will turn over your musty acts of parliament with finger and thumb, scrutinising them with a most irreverent audacity, examining those which concern him; and when he has found these, rejecting some, and tolerating others, with as much

freedom as you use when you handle oranges in a shop, selecting the soft and sweet, contemptuously rejecting the sour and rotten. And then—oh, dreadful thought!—he will insist upon being obeyed. The very slates at Exeter Hall must erect themselves in horror at the bare thought of such a thing. What! the bill was read three times in each house of parliament—it was twice passed—engrossed on parchment—garnished with a waxen appendage by way of seal—and had over it, pronounced by royal lips, the mysterious words and creative fiat, *La reine le veut*. The Queen wills it—her Lords will it—her Commons will it. What does it want to complete the perfect fashion of a law? Nothing of solemnity, nothing of force which the imperial sceptre of this kingdom could give, is wanting to it. But, truly, it may want the sanction of religion. The Pope *snuffs disdainfully* at it; an Italian priest will have none of it; it trenches upon his rights, or rather upon his duties; it violates the integrity of those interests which he is set to guard; and, therefore, Commons, Lords, Queen, wax, parchment, and all, avail it very little. You may call it law, if you please; you may note it on your roll; you may print it in the yearly volume of your statutes. But before long you will have to repeal or alter it, in order to procure the sanction of a foreign potentate, without which it has not, in the end, the value of a tenpenny nail."

If this be not encouraging treason, we know not what is. Here we have the fruits of a divided allegiance; and if the country gentlemen of England endure the carrying into practice such rebellious teaching, they are fit for the very worst species of tyranny—Popish tyranny.

Our difficulties in Ireland are certainly aggravated by the late Irish Reform Bill. Lord Stanley saw clearly, and expressed forcibly and truly, the consequences certain to ensue from the £12 franchise. It is deeply to be lamented he did not persevere in his opposition, and succeed in carrying the £15 clause. Now that the lists are prepared, the fatal truth appears, that one-third of the new voters will be wholly under the power of the priests, being the persons whom the £15 clause would have excluded. We need hardly ask, would such an enormous addition to the political power of the Romish priesthood have been granted, had what we now know been known when parliament, with prodigal liberality, was extending the Irish franchise?

Clearly it would not ; and this affords another proof of the difficulty of dealing with Jesuits. The forms of a free constitution are by them used to subvert it. As if to show how impossible it is to govern a people according to their detestable maxims, they now are determined to divide the youth of Ireland into two hostile factions, each hating the other with sectarian fury, and prepared to fight for ascendancy. Rome will yield nothing; the Synod of Thurles will not allow Roman Catholics to enter our schools, our colleges, our universities, wherein so many of their Church have laid the foundation of all their prosperity in life. Dr. Cullen says, Rome yields nothing; and according to the principle of his Church, Dr. Cullen is right in claiming to direct the studies of the Roman Catholic youth of the land. The expression of the rule of faith laid down by the Church of Rome may thus be put:—No salvation can be had out of our Church. But whosoever reads may think; whosoever thinks may doubt; whosoever doubts may dissent, and whosoever dissents is damned. What is to be done with men who, in obedience to a foreign potentate, act in things temporal (as we insist the education of our youth to be) on such maxims, which we hope few educated Roman Catholics believe. We say, Irish Protestants of all sects must combine for their safety in one grand confederacy, pledged to uphold the doctrines of the glorious Reformation, and the settlement of our constitution under our deliverer, William.

Let us hold out to our Presbyterian and dissenting brethren the right hand of fellowship; let us, at this crisis, sink all minor differences. Our common Protestantism is at stake. What quarrel have we with our dissenting brethren? They, in common with us, appeal to the Scriptures—they, with us, assert the right of private judgment, and glory in the name of *Protestant*. Have not our friends of the Scotch Church expressed themselves admirably in their resolutions, and at their meetings, since the last Papal aggression. Let us then unite: in union is strength. The few feeble place-hunters who may separate from us will only make the strength of our holy confederacy the more conspicuous. Let our watchwords be, in reli-

gion, the Reformation—in politics, the Revolution. Let us, in the conflict with Rome, stand by the mighty principles for which our forefathers bled and suffered, and under the guidance of the God of Truth, the powers of darkness will not prevail against us. Let us address the Protestant people of England. We are flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone; we belong to them, and with them are prepared to fight or to die for our common faith. We have no divided allegiance; we love England; we love and revere our Queen; we have adhered to both with desperate fidelity; we shall do so to the last, if they will do their duty, and stand by us as we have stood by them. Let us, as a *nation*, petition the Sovereign, the Lords, the Commons: let the English people see that our demands are consistent with reason and with justice; let our national petition have nothing in it to exclude or to offend our Presbyterian or dissenting, or Roman Catholic lay brethren. Let every Protestant in the kingdom sign such a document, making common cause with the Protestants of England. This will be a simple and decisive step of inestimable value, because it will then be impossible for Lord Clarendon to assert (which under our silence he might do) that we were content with his administration. Such a national demonstration, quiet yet firm, will awaken a feeling towards us in England, which no minister will dare to disregard. One principal object of our combination must be, the getting rid of Lord Clarendon. His shameful conduct towards Lord Roden; his correspondence with the Pope, and Dr. Murray; his suppressed despatch to Lord Grey; his treachery to the Protestants; his anxiety for Popish ascendancy; his disposition of Church patronage, of law patronage; his hypocrisy; his disreputable connexion with *The World*, make it impossible that he can longer continue to misrule this country. Let him retire, and make way for some such Lord Lieutenant as Lord Hardinge—honest in his opinions, candid in his policy, firm in his principles, resolute to administer the law impartially, bestow patronage according to merit, and to convince the Popish faction, that Ireland really is an integral part of the British Empire.

Let us beseech our friends in Par-

liament to give up now all discussions concerning free trade. Let them leave that question to be decided by the English people after a sufficient experience of its effects; it is as nothing compared with the question of Protestantism against Popery, or the question, on what principle is Ireland to be governed?

Let our Protestant representatives take counsel together, and be prepared to act with judgment and courage; let them combine with all true-hearted Protestants in the Commons' House of Parliament, and if Ireland be omitted from whatever legislation is prepared for England, let an amendment be submitted, grounded on the Union, on the justice of the case, on the expediency of governing the whole empire on one intelligible principle—that of Protestantism; which means liberty for all—persecution for none. Let the interference of the Pope in the temporal affairs of the kingdom, by the Synod of Thurles, be brought distinctly under the notice of the Legislature, and our representatives may ask whether the Pope is to be permitted to put a veto on the acts of the Imperial Legislature; and above all and beyond all, let our representatives demand of Lord John Russell whether the “mummeries of superstition, and the laborious endeavours now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul,” are to be annihilated in England, only the better “to confine the intellect and enslave the soul” of Irishmen. This question he will find it difficult to answer.

We must not disguise from ourselves that the majority of our Northern members are not equal to the present emergency. Respectable and honest although they be, they are deficient in the eloquence, knowledge, and capacity essential to attract the attention of Parliament at such a time as this. We will speak out plainly; this is owing to the short-sighted policy of the noble proprietors who have influence in many of our Northern boroughs. Their whole scheme has been to return their relatives or connexions, or followers of their clique, instead of seeking out men fit to speak, and lead the nation. Our aristocracy is, therefore, much to blame for the present condition of our representation. We have pride in excepting Lord Naas from our criticism. He is deserving the tribute of

respect paid him by the mercantile body of our city. We have equal pride in excepting from all censure, and in bestowing suitable praise upon our University representatives, for their honesty, zeal, and general efficiency. The mind of Mr. Napier is eminently legal, and on all questions partaking of a legal character, his advice will be invaluable, and we are certain he feels sincerely the great question now at stake; but it is impossible for one or two gentlemen, not possessed of great fortune or rank, to do all the work of Parliament; and we confess we do not see amongst our aristocratic members another like *Lord Naas*.

If the aristocracy hope to retain the attachment of the middle classes, and to hold their influence in Ireland, they must change their practices—must identify themselves with the whole Protestant people—and must not make it the interest of young men of talent to join the revolutionary party in the State.

The representation of Ireland ought in a considerable degree to be changed; but, meanwhile, those who hope to retain their seats must attend diligently in Parliament—vote, and sustain such of our members as may be qualified and willing to stand forth as our advocates during the important session now at hand.

If the Minister wavers in his policy, then let all true Protestants press for a dissolution, and we will be sure of a Parliament which will rejoice the friends of freedom, and make the Propaganda tremble.

To our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen we desire to address a few words, in no unkind spirit. We have no dispute with the Irish peasantry. They are no more responsible for the doings of the Synod of Thurles, than for the proceedings of the Council of Trent. We declare it to be the incumbent duty of all Protestants to labour incessantly for the temporal welfare of our peasantry, and that utterly irrespective of their religion. We agree, for once, with the *Tablet*, that to dismiss our Roman Catholic domestics on account of the ravings of that incorrigible fanatic, *FATHER IGNATIUS*, would be an act of injustice.

Everything which Christianity enjoins we are bound to do for the wel-

fare of our fellow-countrymen. To the Roman Catholic gentry we would put this question—Are you aware of the tyranny which would be exercised over you if Drs. Cullen and Mac Hale should succeed in introducing uncontrolled into Ireland the system now existing in Rome?

Look at Rome—her people rebellious—abhorring the rule of the priest, and laying on the priest's head the ruin of their country.

Look at Rome again—she tolerates not one free institution at home. Look at Rome abroad—in Italy, wherever there is liberty, as in Piedmont, Rome hates that liberty and curses it; and wherever, as in Naples, there is tyranny unchecked, and superstition revolting, Rome loves and blesses both. We claim for you, our fellow-countrymen, as against the domination of Rome, all the liberty we claim for ourselves. We desire that your thoughts, your actions, and your studies may be as unshackled as our own. We shall rejoice in your wealth and prosperity. We would not deprive you of any privilege you possess; but we have a right to require, according to the compact entered into when your emancipation was granted, that you will use all your privileges to enjoy the blessings and honours of our free constitution—not to subvert it. We desire to stand between you and the Papal system which would crush you first, next ourselves; and assuredly then, as in Rome, all liberty, all knowledge, and all happiness.

Do not, then, misunderstand us as recommending your persecution, or that of any human creature. We contend for your liberty, in contending for our own, and for the maintenance of a constitution which, while preserved in strength and independence, will save you from a domination, of the severity of which you can have but a faint conception. Follow the example of the Premier Duke of England, and we shall be content. The conduct of many Roman Catholic merchants, in the late municipal elections for our city, fills us with hope. We cannot believe that our brethren of that faith will prostrate their reason, their right of judgment, and their liberty of thought and action, at the feet of Dr. Cullen and the Synod of Thurles.

If they do, they, not we, are responsible for the evils which will be entail-

ed on Ireland—to be repressed only by the final triumph of Protestantism throughout this country and the Empire.

There is one other statute which should be noticed, that is, the Act of 9 and 10 Victoria, ch. 59, entitled, "An Act to relieve Her Majesty's Subjects from certain Penalties and Disabilities in regard to Religious Opinions."

Now this is an Act of Parliament passed expressly to relieve the Roman Catholics from various penalties to which they might be subject by disobedience to old statutes, and as it became law so late as 1846, we naturally look carefully into its provisions, to discern whether the *penalties* imposed by the Emancipation Act (sect. 24), for assuming the title of Archbishop or Bishop, when not warranted by law, have been repealed.

We find no such thing; *that* penalty is preserved, while penalties for infringing statutes of Edward VI. and of Elizabeth, and later Acts, are repealed. Therefore it is as much an offence prohibited this day, as in the day the Emancipation Act passed, to assume the title of Archbishop or Bishop, when not warranted by law.

But it is also very remarkable, that the legislature, while repealing the penalties imposed by 1st Elizabeth, ch. 1st., and by 2 Elizabeth, ch. 1., provides expressly—

"That nothing in this enactment contained shall authorise, or render it lawful, for any person or persons to affirm, hold, stand with, set forth, maintain, or defend any such foreign power, pre-eminence, jurisdiction, or authority; nor shall the same extend further than to the repeal of the particular penalties and punishments therein referred to; but in all other respects the law shall continue the same as if this enactment had not been made."

And in like manner, in repealing 13th Elizabeth, ch. 2, thus:—

"Also an Act passed in the 18th year of the same Queen's reign, intituled An Act against the bringing in, and putting in execution of Bulls and other superstitious things from the See of Rome, *so far only* as the same imposes the penalties therein mentioned; but it is hereby declared, that nothing in this enactment contained shall authorise, or render it lawful, for any person to import, bring in, or put in execution,

within this realm, any such Bulls, and that in all respects, save as to the said penalties, the law shall continue the same as if this enactment had not been made."

The result, therefore, is, that these offences, of affirming or maintaining the authority of the Pope, or of bringing in Bulls from the See of Rome, remain offences still. Mr. Anstey failed in his attempt to repeal these valuable statutes under the mask of repealing penalties only. This imposition was detected by the acute lawyers in the House.

But it has been asked, of what avail is it to have such offences existing by statute, when no penalty or punishment remains affixed to the commission of the act prohibited. This question has been put by several of the best informed of the London newspapers. The answer is obvious, although it does not appear to have been given by Sir E. Sugden in his speech. If a statute enjoins an act to be done, without pointing out any mode of punishment, an indictment will lie for disobeying the injunction of the legislature. And if an Act of Parliament prohibits the doing of a certain thing, without annexing a specific punishment, disobedience is punishable as a common law misdemeanor, that is, by fine and imprisonment.

The result is, to affirm that the Pope has any authority within the realm, or to introduce his Bulls, is punishable in the manner just mentioned; and to assume or use the titles of Archbishop or Bishop of any province or bishopric, when not thereunto warranted by law, is punishable with a penalty of £100, enacted by the 24th section of 10th Geo. IV. c. 7.

Before new laws are enacted, let the existing laws be rigorously enforced. It may now be naturally inquired, how comes it to pass, that the law being so plain, discussions arise as to the right of Archbishops and Bishops in the Church of Rome to enjoy title and rank in Ireland above the peers of the land. Here again our accomplished Viceroy has distinguished himself. For much of the confusion which has occurred in England, the English people may thank Lord Clarendon. His behaviour in this particular has not been sufficiently attended to. We shall endeavour to do justice to his Excellency.

By the second section of the Charitable Bequests Act it is enacted:—

"That the Master of the Rolls in the High Court of Chancery of Ireland, for the time being, the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, for the time being, and the Judge of her Majesty's Court of Prerogative for Causes Ecclesiastical and Court of Faculties in and throughout Ireland, for the time being, together with ten other proper and discreet persons, to be from time to time appointed by her Majesty in council, by warrant under the Sign Manual, of which ten persons five, and not more than five, shall at all times be persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, shall be one body politic and corporate, by the name of the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests for Ireland."

Under this section, five Roman Catholics were, by the Queen's letter, named on a commission to execute the purposes of the Act; and in order that a Roman Catholic might have an equal chance with a Protestant of occupying the chair at the meetings of the Board, the name of a Roman Catholic Bishop followed immediately after that of a Bishop of the Church of England. This was but equitable, in order to carry out, with impartiality, the objects of this statute. The result shows how difficult a thing it is to deal with Jesuits, or the Papacy, or Lord Clarendon. The Charitable Bequests Act, which was intended for one purpose, is immediately perverted to another and different one—namely, to give rank and precedence to the Roman Catholic Bishops, as to the Bishops of *dioceses*—the words of the statute, "in trust for any archbishop or bishop, or other person in holy orders, of the Church of Rome officiating in any district, or having *pastoral superintendence* of any congregation of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion," excluding all idea of conferring or sanctioning *diocesan* authority.

On the 20th November, 1847, Lord Grey addressed a circular to the Governors of British Colonies:—

"Dowling-street, Nov. 20, 1847.

"SIR,—My attention has lately been called by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the fact, that the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the British colonies have not hitherto, in their official correspondence with the Governor and authorities, been usually addressed by the title to which their rank, in their own church, would appear to give them

a just claim. Formerly there were obvious reasons for this practice; but as *Parliament has, by a recent Act (that relating to Charitable Bequests in Ireland), formally recognised the rank of the Irish Roman Catholic prelates*, by giving them precedence immediately after the prelates of the Established Church of the same degree; the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops taking rank immediately after the Protestant Archbishops and Bishops respectively; it has appeared to Her Majesty's Government that it is their duty to conform to the rule thus laid down by the Legislature; and I have accordingly to instruct you hereafter officially to address the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in your government by the title of 'Your Grace,' or, 'Your Lordship,' as the case may be."

Thus we bring home to Lord Clarendon the commission of an illegal act and enormous blunder. A copy of the communication from Lord Clarendon to Lord Grey, referred to by the latter nobleman in his circular, was moved for in the House of Commons, and the return made was "*nil*." Therefore, the contents of Lord Clarendon's mischievous despatch to Earl Grey have been suppressed from the public. No doubt they would not bear the light.

Now here we find Lord Clarendon meddling with a legal question which he did not understand; or else, acting from a worse motive; and we have Earl Grey presuming to give rank above peers of the realm to priests appointed by the Pope; as such, a rank unintelligible to the law, unknown to the constitution, repugnant to his oath as a Privy Councillor, to the Queen's supremacy, and to the Queen's prerogative, as the sole fountain of honour within her dominions. When Earl Grey was called to account for this preposterous proceeding, he stammered out a poor defence in these words:—

"Earl Grey said, there could be no possible objection to the production of the circular to which the noble lord referred. It was perfectly true that the Bequests Act did not expressly recognise the rank of Roman Catholic prelates; and that, in writing the despatch, he had undoubtedly taken somewhat hastily the expression used in the letter of his noble friend, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to him on the subject; but at the same time it should not be forgotten that, since the Bequests Act, the rank of the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland had been recognised by the preceding as well as by the present Go-

vernment; and that the fact of their not having been recognised also in the Colonies had given very great dissatisfaction. Therefore, though the language of the circular was, to a certain degree, inaccurate, it was at the same time substantially correct. In the commission authorised by the Bequests' Act, and which had been afterwards laid before Parliament, and not objected to, the titles of the two Roman Catholic Archbishops were distinctly recognised as 'Our trusty and well-beloved Archbishop Crolly,' and 'Our trusty and well-beloved Archbishop Murray.' But further than that, he found their rank distinctly introduced into an Act of Parliament, and though it was a private act, still it was no less an act of the legislature on that account. In the Dublin Cemeteries' Act he found a Roman Catholic Archbishop styled, 'The Most Rev. Archbishop Murray;' and in the same Act, which was passed in 1846, Dr. Murray was styled 'His Grace.'"

Here is an admission, that Lord Clarendon was wrong—that Lord Grey's circular was equally wrong—and then a ridiculous justification is attempted, grounded on the words of the commission issued under the Bequests' Act, which manifestly could give no authority or precedence not sanctioned by the statute which warranted the commission. But Lord Grey refers to what he calls the "Dublin Cemeteries' Act," as mitigating his offence. Here again, is shown the difficulty of dealing with Jesuits. This "Dublin Cemeteries' Act" is not to be found amongst the statutes of the realm. It was a PRIVATE BILL, and is a PRIVATE ACT, smuggled through the House without notice or debate. The framers craftily departed from the cautious phraseology of the Charitable Bequests' Act, and imposed upon the Legislature the following enactment:—

(9 and 10 Vict. ch. 369). "That his Grace, Daniel Murray, Archbishop, and his successors, exercising the same spiritual jurisdiction as he now exercises, in the diocese of Dublin as an Archbishop, may, from time to time appoint, at the desire of the said governing body, a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, to officiate as a chaplain in any such burial-ground, and such chaplain shall be licensed by and be subject to the jurisdiction of the said Archbishop, and the said Archbishop shall have power to revoke any such license, and to remove such chaplain, for any cause which shall appear to the said Archbishop to be canonical."

Here we have spiritual jurisdiction "substituted for pastoral superintendence," and the "Diocese of Dublin" specified in words. We repeat, this phraseology was not assented to by parliament knowingly; and moreover, this being a mere private Act, cannot affect the law of the land, or the argument founded upon it. But from the fact of such language having been inserted even in a private Act, a great lesson may be drawn, as to the necessity of dealing with extreme caution when legislating for the Church of Rome and its ministers. Having assumed illegally titles in Ireland, the like titles have by Romish ecclesiastics been assumed in England.

We now comprehend the load of obligation which the Protestants of the empire are placed under to Lord Clarendon. We have been at pains to explain his conduct, and trace to him a greater amount of public mischief than has been caused by any minister of this country for the last half century. The effects of Lord Clarendon's misstatement of the Charitable Bequests Act have been widely mischievous; for we read in the Bishop of Norwich's reply (which has been so much praised) to the address of the clergy of his diocese, an utter misrepresentation of the law which we have been considering, and built upon it, much erroneous reasoning by the bishop. The law is clear, and the Romish usurpation equally so.

The disposition of his patronage is an important head of our complaint against Lord Clarendon. With respect to his Church appointments, a volume might be written; but we must be brief. We believe the Viceroy has recommended to four bishoprics.

Dr. Knox, comparatively speaking, a very young man, was selected to fill the important see of Down and Connor. Remarkable for nothing, save that he was connected with a noble family, this unfledged divine took possession of his extensive diocese. Had his inexperience been redeemed by his modesty—had his deficiency in learning been covered by an outward respect for superior merit—we might have pardoned his preference over the heads of a vast body of clergymen better fitted for the office by the possession of those talents and acquirements of which Dr. Knox is wholly destitute.

The intentions of the Lord Lieutenant in making this appointment may be collected from the conduct of his nominee. The reader is aware that the Church Education Society in Ireland is supported by the Lord Primate, by several bishops, and by 1,700 of the working clergy; that it is also patronised by many bishops in England, and sustained in a great degree by the contributions of the pious in that country. The reader is also aware that every attempt hitherto made in the House of Commons to obtain a share in the national grant for the purpose of religiously educating those in Ireland who would prefer having the Scriptures read in the schools for the poor, has failed. It will also be recollected that when our venerated Primate applied to Lord John Russell on behalf of the Church Education Society's schools, the Premier, in refusing any aid, replied :—

"The revenue of the Established Church in Ireland appears to me sufficient, not only for the support of the beneficed clergy, but also for the encouragement and maintenance of a scriptural system of education."

Thus the burthen of sustaining these schools was cast wholly upon the members of the Church in Ireland. One mode of obtaining help was by charity sermons, to be preached whenever the feeling of the inhabitants encouraged the appeal. A resident minister in Belfast accordingly invited Dr. O'Sullivan to preach a charity sermon in that town in aid of the funds of the Church Education Society, which Dr. Knox ought to have been anxious to have patronised. To the astonishment and disgust of all Christian tolerant people, Lord Clarendon's Bishop, by the tyrannic exercise of episcopal authority, interdicted the sermon, by prohibiting the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan from preaching within his—Dr. Knox's—diocese. This pious act would not have found an imitator amongst the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland. The Pope alone would copy the intolerance of Dr. Knox. And who is Dr. Knox? A nobody in science, literature, theology, or pulpit oratory. Thrust into the very pulpit from which Jeremy Taylor poured forth those strains of sublime

eloquence enriched with the treasures of learning, and ennobled by exalted piety, which have been scarcely surpassed since the day Paul reasoned and taught—the imbecile successor of a great divine stifles the voice which he should have exulted to hear.

And who is Mortimer O'Sullivan? Rector of an extensive parish in Armagh, bestowed on him by the discriminating judgment of the Primate; a ripe scholar, an acute critic, an able writer, and gifted with an eloquence as persuasive as it is splendid. Dr. Knox should have been proud to have gained instruction from the lips of this great preacher, superior as he is to his persecutor in every qualification which marks a distinction between man and man.

It was said that this was done by Dr. Knox to recommend himself to Lord Clarendon for the Primacy. Let all Protestants who have heard Dr. O'Sullivan and who have heard of Dr. Knox, stamp the memory of this disgraceful transaction indelibly on their hearts.

Another of Lord Clarendon's Bishops, the Rev. Mr. Iliggin, was declared to have been a popular appointment; and as we know little, and have heard nothing of his character, we shall content ourselves by remarking, that we read in the public prints that the promotion of Mr. Higgin was highly acceptable to the Romish priests in Limerick. As to Bishop Townsend, the last of Lord Clarendon's appointments, the question put throughout the University was, "Who is he?" "Who is he?" That difficult question we cannot answer; we must leave it to Lord Clarendon, who found him out, to reply to it.

And these are the Church appointments which are to endear to the Protestants of Ireland the administration of Lord Clarendon. Worse never were made by any of his predecessors. We except the appointment of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Cork. Although not qualified to be a preacher, yet this amiable prelate will govern his diocese gently and wisely. He has not persecuted ministers who support for conscience sake the Church Education Society; he has not denied them promotion; he knows their worth, and he never will imitate the behaviour of Dr. Knox. Dr. Wilson was known to the

University, where he spent many years, and was universally respected. He has a taste for books, and cultivates learning. A pious disposition he has always evinced, and we are happy to pay to his character and conduct a tribute of heartfelt respect. By what lucky accident this excellent clergyman was made a Bishop, and by whom recommended to Lord Clarendon, we are not able to say.

We have, however, to express our gratitude to Lord Clarendon for one of his Church appointments, and the pleasantry it exhibits. His Excellency must have been in a sarcastic mood when he made it. For our parts we are grateful to Lord Clarendon that in the midst of our miseries we have enjoyed a hearty laugh, which has been repeated often as we have thought of Dean Howie! University recollections recur to our minds, and again our merriment is excited by the sight of Howie—a *Dean*! But the sad and the ludicrous are nearly allied, and we experience sensations of grief rapidly succeeding to our mirth. We have fears for the Church of which Mr. Howie is a Dean, and may be a Bishop. The crowning glory of Lord Clarendon's government will be that of placing the mitre on the venerated head of Howie.

These are the Church promotions which earn for our religious Viceroy the gratitude of every Protestant heart. They will immortalise the name of Clarendon. How many men of piety, learning, and virtue, have been passed by, to make way for the undeserving; and when the impartial observer beholds these things done without a blush, must he not exclaim, how injurious to all interests is the administration of a faction—how detestable the hypocrisy which, governing for a few, affects to govern for the good of the many!

We turn our attention to the University, whose title we rejoice to bear, and with pride and delight we examine the roll of her fellows and scholars. Truth justifies us in asserting that a more learned, laborious, zealous, virtuous, and exemplary body of men, exist not in any university in Europe.

There are clergymen of various shades of opinion amongst the Fellows of the University, of long standing, and of distinguished merit. They may

not exactly agree on all theological questions; but they have read, and several of them have written well. They and many of their brethren, fellows and professors, are skilled in science, distinguished in classical literature. All are blameless in morals; men of virtue, thirsting after knowledge, and passing useful and pious lives. Lord Clarendon has never promoted one single member of the University (which he blockaded with his troops), whose loyalty he knew and applauded. No preferment—no mark of distinction has been bestowed on those who deserved it best. Lord Clarendon will quit Ireland with the boast of not having, even in a solitary instance, preferred in the Church a man of talent. The time-server, the friend of the National Board, the friend of Romanism, may have been promoted—the scholar, the theologian, the man of science, the gifted preacher—never. We confess, in reviewing the conduct of Lord Clarendon, his neglect of the University, of learning, and of piety, his refusal to promote any clergyman beloved or respected by the Protestant laity of Ireland, appears to us to amount to proof certain of his Excellency's ill-suppressed hatred of the Church, the University, and the Protestant laity, grounded on the fact that such bodies present obstacles to the establishment of that Popish ascendancy, which it seems to be the darling object of his Excellency's ambition to accomplish. But when the memory of Lord Clarendon and his corrupting administration shall have passed away, the institutions and the men thus slighted and spurned, will continue to bless, adorn, and instruct our country. He has tried to introduce the reign of mediocrity amongst us, but failed to crush the intellect he fears.

In reference to another of our intellectual professions, that of the Bar, and Lord Clarendon's promotions, we shall say but little. The legal profession is too much divided into cliques, each pursuing its narrow views and interests, and fearful of embarking in honest politics for the good of Ireland. This is the defect of the men of the law. They seem wanting in *esprit de corps*; and their attachment for place is suspected to be superior to their love of country. We are not, therefore, about to fight their battle; but in reference to

the interests of the public we shall say a few words.

If any independent member of the House of Commons were to call attention to Lord Clarendon's legal promotions, he would be in a condition to prove that the grand recommendation for Lord Clarendon's favour has been the profession of the Roman Catholic religion. He would find serjeants, county judges, and crown prosecutors, nominated by the despotic Viceroy, because they were unknown to fame, but known to the Pope and to him. He would find the honour of the profession, and the interests of the public, systematically slighted.

We do not wish to indulge in the scurrility of publications we have seen, by satirising the individuals promoted in the law by Lord Clarendon; but we believe and assert the fact to be, that the noble patriot has preferred barristers who never held a brief to those who had briefs, knowledge, and reputation; and that a profession of the Roman Catholic faith has answered for the want of industry or learning. That Lord Clarendon has appointed two Chief Judges, of the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas, Roman Catholics, is as certain as that he will appoint a third to preside over the Queen's Bench, if he gains the opportunity. We desire not to speak irreverently of the Bench. Chief Baron Pigot we believe to be virtuous in private life, courteous in public, gentlemanlike, and strictly impartial. We are satisfied his desire is to do justice, and, to his credit, we are assured he has never been accused of favouritism towards any member of the bar practising before him. We would suppose him to be tolerant and favourable towards our University, in which he graduated with some distinction. He lately, at a meeting of the College Historical Society, took the chair, and expressed himself in a manner which shewed he felt the blessings that all classes of Irishmen derive from the nobles of our institutions. We confess his gentlemanlike deportment on that occasion made a favourable impression on our minds, and we will not sully our pages by attacking a judge of the land, because he happens to be a Roman Catholic and a gentleman. But without disrespect, we may ask, was it his superior merits as a lawyer, and a man of business, that made

Mr. Pigot Chief Baron? We believe it was not. Again, we may ask, was it his superior eminence over all competitors at the bar made Mr. Monahan Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, or his religious profession? We do not deny Mr. Monahan's legal acquirements, and we are willing to believe he will discharge his duties efficiently. We only venture to put the question, was he the best man for his office? We have a leaning towards this gentleman, also, because he was a University man, and distinguished himself in mathematics, and has not exhibited any ill-will towards his Protestant brethren. But if he had not been a Roman Catholic, would he have been a Chief Justice? We are certain he would not; and it is of this we, for the sake of the public, complain. English members of the House of Commons who read these pages may, from recollection and observation, realise the truth of what we state, when we accuse Lord Clarendon of favouritism in his legal appointments. Messrs. Pigot, Stock, Monahan, and Hatchell, have shown their parliamentary abilities; let them be not unkindly, but fairly, judged; and if the public is not well served by their high preferment, let not the men be censured, but the factious politician who favoured and preferred them.

We conclude our remarks by an apt quotation from the *Times* of the 17th December, which we recommend to the notice of Lord Clarendon, as expressive of an indisputable truth, of which his Lordship has been utterly insensible, and we shall only premise we are not so intolerant, or so unjust, as to wish for any advantage for Protestants, beyond what is here so well and so forcibly stated, and that is—the appointment of the ablest man for the service of the public:—

“The minister who, from political motives, appoints to the bench any man short of the very ablest that can be found, inflicts an incalculable evil on the liberties and property of the whole nation, and weakens the authority of the law itself.”

In reference to his political allies or nominees in the offices of State, Lord Clarendon is singularly blessed. Do the gentlemen in the House of Commons expect ever to receive from Messrs. Somerville, Redington, and

Hatchell, vigorous and splendid measures for the good of Ireland; or do they not expect that this triumvirate of wits will dodge on from day to day, till they can escape to a snug and permanent preferment? If these statesmen of a degenerate and higgling age ever do, in a moment of excitement, raise our expectations, it is only the more lamentably to disappoint them. But such officials, legal and political, are of inestimable value to a viceroy of Lord Clarendon's genius. Confident in his own wisdom, restless in his temper, intriguing in his politics, he is thus, by having nobody to contradict him, enabled to intermeddle in everything, and to spoil everything. The noble lord is great on law, great on flax, great on Popery, great on the art of managing everybody, and satisfying nobody. He dabbles in all matters, and dictates where he should not be listened to, simply because he wants a Saurin or a Plunket to curb and to resist him. The state of our parliamentary representation, the low character of our public opinion, the distractions of our country, its parties, and the inferior intellectual caste of the persons who surround Lord Clarendon, have enabled him to usurp and to exercise this unconstitutional authority. In truth, the noble lord, now that he has crowned himself with glory by his maladministration of Ireland, ought to retire to some colony, stripped of liberty, where he may give full scope to his natural disposition, and govern despotically those who must not murmur and dare not resist.

We deny that Lord Clarendon is a statesman of honesty or of real ability, or fit to rule a country enjoying freedom and the privilege of self-government, under the influence of opinion. Lord Clarendon's administration has been highly praised by a portion of the press, and this recent discoveries have satisfactorily explained. When a man writes criticisms on himself, he is not apt to be very severe. When a politician discusses his own acts in the pages of a newspaper, he is likely to view them somewhat in a favourable light. Lord Clarendon has been his own censor. Brutus could not have exhibited a more stern purpose of self-dissection than our literary Viceroy, when he assumed the pen to write about himself. We have here the

author and the statesman in delightful combination, and we are equally surprised at discovering the variety and elegance of Lord Clarendon's acquisitions. We find he has been a rival of our humble selves, and that, while we were labouring at our vocation, Lord Clarendon, seated in his viceroyal chair, was our competitor for fame. We, however, deny emphatically that he has ever written one line in our Magazine. He may have written *at us*—never for us. The noble Viceroy devoted his literary contributions to adorn the pages of the weekly newspaper called the *World*. For the edification of our English readers, we must describe in a sentence the character of this favoured journal. It resembles the *Satirist* of London, and the proprietor has been equally unfortunate, having been sentenced to a severe punishment by the Queen's Bench, for a libel with intent to extort money, of which offence he had been convicted by a jury.

Whatever talent the *World* may have exhibited in satirising character, we believe it is excluded from the clubs, and rejected from the counting-houses of the respectable merchants of the city, of all parties. An action was lately brought by the proprietor of such a journal for work performed and services rendered to our accomplished Viceroy. The declaration was actually filed last term against Lord Clarendon, in the Court of Exchequer; and that the cause of action was either for publishing Lord Clarendon's own written compositions in this newspaper, or for printing what was written by his Excellency's direction, or under his dictation, there can be no manner of doubt. The exposure of a trial would have been fatal to Lord Clarendon's character, not merely as a statesman, but as a gentleman, and so the matter was hushed up thus: A sum of money—as we have heard, a large sum—was paid to the exulting plaintiff; and by consent between the parties—plaintiff and defendant, i. e., Birch and Clarendon—the declaration was taken off the file, in order that no record might remain of so discreditable a transaction. But the pleadings and the consent were seen by many; and thus does it appear that a connexion existed between Lord Clarendon and this notorious journal.

It is with deep pain we have touched on this affair, but it is matter of public notoriety, not through the pages of our Magazine.

The English reader may fully comprehend this portion of Lord Clarendon's conduct, by considering what the opinion of Englishmen would have been if Lord John Russell had been detected and exposed as a contributor of political articles to the pages of the *Satirist*.

Since writing the above observations, we have received "A Letter to the Catholic Clergy of the Archdiocese of Armagh, by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen."

The subject of the letter is, Catholic Education, and is to the same effect as the "Synodical Address." Having asserted the right of the Church to direct the education of the Roman Catholic youth in the various departments of human knowledge, he sensibly remarks (page 14):—

"Protestants, perhaps, may differ from us, and be surprised at our proceedings, but their surprise will cease, if they reflect for a moment on our doctrines. For what, indeed, is our belief? What does the Catholic Church teach us in regard to the authority of the Roman Pontiff? Let us call to mind the words of the General Council of Florence. 'We define,' say the Fathers of that Council, 'that the holy Apostolic See and Roman Pontiff holds the primacy throughout the entire world, and that the said Roman Pontiff is the successor of the blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the true Vicar of Christ, and the head of the whole Church, and father and teacher of all Christians, and that to him, in the person of blessed Peter, full power was given by our Lord Jesus Christ to feed, rule, and govern the universal Church.'"

Again (page 16), speaking of the Roman Pontiff—

"He is the bond of union in the Holy Catholic Church, the centre of power. He speaks, and his words resound to the remotest regions of the earth."

Again (page 17)—

"Such is the sublimity of the pontifical power, that it affects not only the things of

earth, but it reaches even to heaven, 'Whosoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound also in heaven.' "

To this power he, Dr. Cullen, demands absolute obedience on the part of the priests, and of all Roman Catholic parents, adding—

"After their duty has been thus clearly, definitively, and solemnly pointed out by the Church, though an angel from heaven should preach another Gospel to them, they should not believe him."

Dr. Cullen repeatedly justifies his denunciations of all systems of mixed education by the repetition of the fundamental dogma of the Church of Rome, that out of the pale of the Church "there is and can be no salvation."

In other respects the tone of this publication is more subdued than that of the Synodical Address.

It is not of *Dr. Cullen* that we complain, but of the system which has taught him to inculcate the doctrines we have quoted.

DUBLIN

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FEBRUARY, 1851.

VOL. XXXVII.

TENANT-RIGHT AND THE TENANT LEAGUE.

If any man, who pays the slightest attention to passing events, were asked what measure of importance to affect Ireland was most likely to occupy the attention of the Legislature in the approaching session of Parliament, he would answer, without the slightest hesitation, a law to regulate the relation between landlord and tenant. Men of all classes and all parties agree in attributing much of the sufferings of Ireland to the existing state of the law, and in demanding a change. But here all agreement ends, and the changes proposed are of the most contradictory nature, varying according to the interests or feelings of the class or party to which each individual belongs.

The evils complained of are principally the following:—That the competition for land has enabled the landlords to exact exorbitant rents, and that rents are generally so high as to be incompatible with the comfort of the tenantry, and to deprive them even of the means of subsistence. That the tenant has no security for the possession of his farm. That his lease, even if he have a lease, is liable to be declared void in consequence of some flaw of which a person in his condition could not possibly have been aware, and that when his lease is evicted, or expires, not only the land itself, but all the improvements which he may have made in it, become the absolute property of the landlord; and that, without the obligation of making any compensation to the tenant for improvements which may have doubled the value of the land, and exhausted the entire capital of the tenant.

On the other side it is complained that the law does not arm the landlord with sufficient power to recover either

his rent or his land from a defaulting tenant. That many tenants take farms, not in order to support themselves as farmers by honest industry, but with the intention of making money by taking advantage of defects in the law, and cheating the landlord of his rent, and that there are many instances of tenants running away in possession of large sums of money, and owing four or five years' arrears of rent to their unfortunate and ruined landlords.

While complaints are thus heard on every side, a confederacy has been formed for the purpose of effecting an alteration of the law, and has taken the name of the Tenant League, as it aims at establishing a general combination of the tenants of Ireland against their landlords. Were we to judge of the probable success of these men, by weighing the policy of their measures, or the justice of their arguments, we should find little to excite our apprehensions. Except their arguments, nothing can be more absurd than their projects; but this very absurdity may assist them in the accomplishment of mischief, if it induce the lovers of peace and order to feel such contempt for them as to think it unnecessary to raise a timely voice against their crazy schemes. We know how little power is necessary to enable men to do much mischief; and that the League to which we refer, however unreasonable its projects may be, is yet far from being contemptible, from the energy of its leaders or the number of its followers. We have seen theories as pernicious and as impracticable adopted for a short time by the Provisional Government of France. In a free country the opinions of large bodies of men must have considerable weight, and the danger is not slight

which may be apprehended from the simple and uninformed peasantry, if they daily grow familiar with all the hollow arguments which are urged on one side of any important question, without an opportunity of learning what is thought or said on the other side. How few can be expected to form a just conclusion on a question of which only one side is submitted to their view. These considerations must be our apology for replying to many arguments which our readers may think unworthy of an answer.

The objects of the Tenant League have at length obtained a definite form, and its principles are now generally embodied in three resolutions or propositions:—

1st. That all tenants shall hold their land at rents not determined by contract, but by a valuation of competent persons.

2nd. That as long as a tenant shall pay the rent so determined he shall not be disturbed in his holding. In other words, that without any regard to the conditions of his lease, his tenure shall be converted into a perpetuity.

3rd. That every tenant shall be permitted to sell his tenant-right to any person for such price as may be agreed upon.

This last proposition is a natural consequence of the former two, and does not add to their mischievous tendency.

It is on the first proposition, that of fixing rents by a compulsory valuation, not by contract, that the Tenant League chiefly depends; and in defending it, the itinerant orators expend all their powers of sophistry and declamation. To declaim on the subject is an easy task. It requires more capability of reasoning than will always be found in an excited audience, fully to appreciate the expediency and justice of freedom of contract, and general competition, and, therefore, every shallow meddler with political subjects finds a ready audience, when he proposes that the law should interfere to regulate the price of any commodity in general demand. It is only necessary for him to know whether his auditory is composed of buyers or sellers, and to expound his views accordingly. Thus, laws have, from time to time, been passed to controul the rate of interest for money, the rate of wages, the price of food, &c., until, at length, experience confirmed the arguments of

those who pointed out the inexpediency and inefficiency of such legislation. Wiser notions have, at length, prevailed. In the late famine no body of men was so foolish as to call for a law to limit the price of food, or to have it fixed by a valuation. It is, indeed, desirable that every thing should be bought and sold at its fair value; but it is certain that such a result can never be so well attained by other means as by the permission of unrestricted freedom of contract, and the general spread of knowledge and education; and, perhaps, there is no article to which a general compulsory valuation is less applicable than to land.

When the value of land becomes the subject of legal controversy, every spectator observes, with astonishment which even daily experience of the fact is not sufficient to suppress, how discordant is the evidence of even the fairest and most intelligent witnesses. Questions respecting the value of land arise on various occasions. Is a lease made at the utmost value within the leasing powers of the landlord? Has the tenant such an interest in the land as to entitle him to be registered as a freeholder? What value should be put upon the land for the purpose of taxation? What price should be paid for it when purchased by a railway company? Whoever has heard the evidence given by surveyors and valuers, when such questions arise, will recognise the injustice of substituting a compulsory valuation for a free contract respecting land. If an arbitrator would award that to be the fixed value of land, which, in evidence, he swears to be its value, then the result must depend on the accident of the person chosen as judge or umpire. One man will fix a value three or four times as great as another.

It seems unnecessary to give any recorded proofs of a fact so notorious as the disagreement generally found to exist in the evidence of surveyors and others respecting the value of land; yet it may not be amiss to refer to the "Blue Book," to show how little reliance can be placed on the justice of any valuation. On the evidence of surveyors, we think it sufficient to refer generally to the evidence given before the committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the fictitious voters in Ireland, and to copy one question and answer, which

show the agreement in opinion on this point between Mr. O'Connell, who put the question, and Mr. Battersby, who answered it:—

"Q. 14,291. Mr. O'Connell—You know there is no point upon which surveyors differ so much (we have it in the opinions of our own profession) as in valuing land?

"A. No doubt of it, and more than that, a surveyor brought up generally goes further than he ought to do for the party producing him.

"Q. You are aware in this country it is so, the equity suits shew it, the reports over and over again shew it, the judges treat the evidence given by surveyors (without imputing perjury to them) as very contradictory?

"A. Every body who has any experience in the profession must say it is."

The result is equally unsatisfactory when a valuation is to be made for the purpose of determining the rights and liabilities of the parties whose land is to be valued. In many cases when a tax is imposed, it is not deemed of much importance that the valuation should be adequate, provided it is made upon a uniform scale. But in the case of the poor-rate, the valuation determines the proportion, in which the burthen shall be borne by the tenant, the landlord, and the clergyman, or owner of tithes, and accordingly the Act of Parliament points out with precision the principle on which such valuation should be made:—

"And be it enacted that every such rate shall be a poundage rate made upon an estimate of the net annual value of the several hereditaments rated thereunto; that is to say, of the rent at which, one year with another, the same might in their actual state be reasonably expected to let from year to year, the probable annual cost of the repairs, insurance, and other expenses, if any, necessary to maintain the hereditaments in their actual state, and all rates, taxes, and public charges, if any, except tithes, being paid by the tenant."

Under this act valuations were made of the tenements comprised in the several unions, and the manner in which this was done may appear from a report made by the orders of the government, and laid before the House of Commons in the year 1841. The gentlemen employed to inquire and report upon the poor-law valuation were Messrs. Haig and Deasy, both barristers, the latter gentleman now

a Queen's Counsel of high and well-deserved reputation.

The first fact that strikes the reader of this Report is, that the valuator, or the guardians in revising the valuation, seem to have never paid the slightest attention to the provisions of the statute, or have been guided in their valuations by the rents actually and regularly paid. We strongly recommend the entire of this Report to the attention of such of our readers as may desire to know what faith is to be placed upon a valuation by authority, when it is to affect the relative rights of landlords and tenants; but as their Report may not be within the reach of all, we shall give a few extracts, which may show some of the mistaken views too generally entertained upon this subject. The Report proceeds according to the unions. In page 2 it states that "in Balbriggan the valuation was reduced by guardians and rate-payers to nearly half the rents actually paid." And it appears that a number of £10 registered electors were rated so low as two or three guineas for the tenements out of which they were registered as deriving a profit of £10. Thus, on one side, a farm is valued at £2 2s.; and, on another side, the same farm is valued at £10 more than the rent actually paid. One valuation being about seven times as much as the other. In page 15 it is observed that the mode of valuing the land depends on the scale of living the valuator thinks proper to assign to the peasantry. The evidence of the valuator, Alexander Wallace, is:—"That he has valued many estates for proprietors; in poor-law valuation his estimate is less by one-fourth or one-fifth than what the tenements would let for; estimates on a return of 10 per cent. for capital; thinks that the lowest that ought to be obtained, but thinks that competition has reduced the amount below 10 per cent."

It is stated that the *difference of rent in large and small holdings arises from the difference of living. Notwithstanding the greater produce obtained by holders of large farms, the rents paid by them are lower than by smaller holders.*

Again, it appears that in the union of Parsonstown the estimate was one-third below the rents actually paid. The valuator estimated the produce and expense, and left a surplus on

which the tenant could afford to live decently. They give an example of the details of one valuation, which we shall give, as we think this model-valuation may be useful as a warning, although not as an example:—Page 28. Wheat is supposed to be at £1 5s. a barrel, and other produce in proportion. This farm consisted of 24 acres, of which there were 12 acres of tillage, wheat land producing six barrels per acre, or five barrels after deducting seed, and 12 acres of mere marshy land used for grazing, the produce of which could not be calculated at more than £1 per acre. The calculation then proceeds:—

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------|----|---|
| Produce ... | £75 + 12 = £87 | 0 | 0 |
| Expenses, two men every day | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| One horse at 2s. 6d. ... | 37 | 10 | 0 |
| One man in spring and harvest, 50 days ... | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Harvest expenses ... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| County cess, 8s. an acre ... | 8 | 12 | 0 |
| Poor-rate ... | 0 | 8 | 4 |
| Total expenses ... | 66 | 0 | 4 |
| Leaving for rent ... | £20 | 19 | 8 |

We shall call attention to only a few of the blunders in this model-valuation. The entire of the tillage land is supposed to bear wheat every year. We may observe that it is throwing away money to sow wheat at all in land which gives a produce of only sixfold. Next, no allowance is made for any profit on the capital of the tenant. On the other side, the expenses are calculated on an enormous scale, utterly disproportioned to the size of the farm, or the quantity of tillage land. It is admitted that the valuator estimates the expenses of a horse at 2s. 6d. instead of 2s. ; that is 25 per cent. too much, but the error in quantity is still greater than the error in price. A farm of double the size could be effectively cultivated with the amount of labour of man and horse charged in the estimate for cultivating that farm.

In the union of Lurgan the valuator goes into more minute detail. He divides the gross produce into the following parts:—

1. "Interest on capital.
2. "Wages to farmer of 1s. a-day all the year round.
3. "Wages at 8d. a-day to other members, allowing two persons to ten acres.
4. "Expenses of carting and plough-

ing, at 2s. 6d. a-day for three months, on ten acres.

5. "10s. an acre to lay by.

6. "The balance is rent."

The authors of the Report remark on this:—

"That the foregoing mode of estimating the fair rent between landlord and tenant, however excellent in itself, and well adapted to enable a just and liberal landlord to ascertain at what rent he ought to set his property, is not at all founded on any estimate of the market value at which the land will let; but entirely upon a view, and, very probably, a just view, of the amount of burthens which a landlord is morally justified in imposing upon his tenant."

We shall presently state our reasons for not concurring in this view of the matter; but we must proceed with the Report on the Lurgan Valuation. The valuator considers that his view may be tested in a certain sense by the market value. He thinks the rent which a solvent tenant would agree to pay, supposing him, on getting possession, to pay £10 an English acre for the good will, would be the value, according to his estimate. But the next moment he destroys this test of relation to the *market value*, by saying that he means by £10 an English acre, as a purchase, not what the good will would actually bring, for that is raised by competition of persons wishing to have the land for the accommodation of its being near their own farm; but he means £10 an acre given as a *reasonable* sum, a curious notion to have of the meaning of the words *market value*. Again, the same gentleman, Mr. White-side, says, "There is land near Lurgan which would bring £10 per English acre as a purchase, supposing it were leased at £2 an English acre." He valued that land at from 27s. 6d. to 32s. He says, "there is no such thing as getting a farm at a reasonable rate, except by purchase, or by legacy, or by descent." "He did not take the rack-rent at all into consideration. He took first what rent would be paid by a solvent tenant paying £10 an acre as a purchaser, and then deducted from that a sum, such as to reduce the rent to what he considered a landlord ought, as between landlord and tenant." Our readers will not fail to observe how completely this valuator has lost sight of the very idea of value.

Nor were these false valuations al-

ways made in ignorance of the effect which they would have in throwing upon the landlord or the owner a greater proportion of the tax than the legislature intended he should bear. On the contrary, in some instances, this very injustice was a motive with the valuers or guardians for making or sanctioning a false valuation. Thus in the Scariff Union, the valuation, low as it was, did not satisfy the guardians, and they reduced the value by one-sixth. In page 69, we have the evidence of Maurice O'Connell, one of the guardians, on this point:—

"I consider the valuation a fair one. It puts about two-thirds of the rate on the landlord, which I thought fair. The reduction of one-sixth was a mere arbitrary one; it was solely to throw the burthen of the rate upon the landlord."

"He approves, however, of the present valuation, because, upon reflection, he thinks that the valuation ought to be considerably under the rent. The people are not able to bear any additional taxation."

When such were the results of a general valuation, made by men who were under no strong motives to act corruptly, and who seemed even to think that they were acting fairly and justly, and who were directed by the Act of Parliament to take the market value as their guide, we may judge what would be the effect of a valuation made under the auspices of the Tenant League, flushed with victory. It would be an utter confiscation of the landlord's property, a transfer of it to the tenant for a nominal consideration. And this is in fact sometimes avowed by the League orators, who suggest a rent of 1s. an acre as the utmost which a landlord is entitled to receive. It is the expectation of this result that induces the tenant to join the League, and devote his time and money to its objects. To him it is socialism, presented in an attractive form—in the only form in which man becomes a sincere socialist. It is the robbery of those above him for his benefit, without permitting those below him to participate in the advantages of the revolution.

The Tenant League is a combination of men who are unwilling to fulfil their engagements, or pay their debts. With such men it would be as vain to reason, as it would be to

prove to a pickpocket that he has no lawful claim to his neighbour's watch or pocket-handkerchief. But their harangues receive a greater air of plausibility, in consequence of some mistaken views which are held respecting the relation between landlord and tenant, which, therefore, it may not be out of place to expose here. The relation is a voluntary contract between, on the one hand, a man called the landlord, who finds it more profitable or more convenient to receive a fixed annual sum, instead of keeping his land in his own hands, or cultivating it by means of a bailiff or overseer; and, on the other hand, a man called the tenant, who considers it for his advantage to occupy the land for a certain term, under an engagement to pay a certain annual sum for the enjoyment or use of it. But, although it is a mere contract of hiring and letting, subject to the same general laws as all other contracts, yet at every moment we meet with propositions and doctrines which no man would think of applying to any other kind of contract. Thus, in the report from which we have made so many extracts, we find it stated, that a large farm yields a smaller rent in proportion than a small farm; because, in the latter case, the tenant, although he obtains a smaller produce from his farm, has yet a greater surplus produce, because he is content with a lower scale of living; and this is brought as an example to illustrate the false and mischievous doctrine, that rent depends upon the scale of living which prevails among the tenantry. We shall presently prove that this proposition is false. We deem it mischievous, because it turns the attention of the tenant from the true mode of bettering his condition, by obtaining a greater produce from his farm, to the impracticable project of obtaining a reduction of his rent. It tends to distract the peasants' thoughts from profitable industry to fruitless agitation, and to set the landlord and tenant at variance, though their interests are in reality identical. The amount of rent, it is said, depends upon the scale of living adopted by the tenant; and the small farmer pays a larger rent, because his scale of living being lower, he can afford to pay a larger rent. It would be equally reasonable to assert that rent depends on the scale of living adopted by the land-

lords, and (what would be manifestly false) that the small landlord exacts, in proportion, lower rent than the wealthy peer, because his scale of living being more moderate, he can afford to set his land for a smaller rent. The fact is, that the small farmer, as well as the extensive farmer, will strive to get his land as cheap as he can, and the poorer he is, and the more moderate his scale of living, the more important becomes the consideration of the amount of rent which he has to pay. Still the tenant of one acre does pay a larger rent for his holding; but this does not happen from any cause peculiar to land, but from a cause which affects the poor man in many other transactions. Thus, when coals are at 12s. a ton, the poor man pays 1½d. for a stone, that is, at the rate of 20s. a ton; but we do not hear it said, that he spends so little on other things that he can afford to pay a higher price for his coals. Again, in town, a house which may be had for £20 a year, will set in tenements to poor room-keepers for £40 or £50; but the reason is not because the poor man's low scale of living enables him to pay a higher rent for his lodgings. In all these and similar cases the same effect proceeds from the same cause: there is a risk, or an inconvenience, or a loss, in dealing with the poor man, for which he is obliged to pay; and the lower the scale of honesty is among the poor, and the more indifferent they are to the fulfilment of their contracts, the higher will be that extra price which will be demanded from them. Thus the trader in agitation, who teaches the small farmer to evade the payment of his rent, is inflicting a grievous mischief on the class with whom he pretends to sympathise, by adding to the insurance which the small farmer must pay for the risk incurred by trusting him with the possession of land. That (all things considered) the extra price demanded from small farmers is not excessive, may be inferred from the fact, that we do not discover among landlords a growing disposition to subdivide their land among small farmers, notwithstanding their lower scale of living, and the higher rents which, in consequence, they are supposed to be able or willing to pay. There are causes in operation which will probably lead to a still greater reduction in the number of very small holdings.

This mischievous doctrine of the relation between the condition of the peasantry and the amount of rent payable to the landlord, and that one varies inversely as the other, is still more directly countenanced by the authors of the Report, when they state their opinion, that Mr. Whiteside's system of valuation (founded on the notion that the tenant is entitled to such an interest in his farm, that another person would be willing to pay a fine of £10 per acre to be put in his place) "is founded upon a view, and very probably a just view, of the amount of burthen which a landlord is morally justifiable in imposing upon his tenant." Thus, considering rent not as the price agreed to be paid for the use of land, but as a burthen imposed by the landlord on his tenant. It is to be remembered that the 10s. an acre profit, which Mr. Whiteside considers to be the right of the tenant, is exclusive of the wages of labour and the profit on the tenant's capital, and that Mr. Whiteside deducts a still further sum to make the rent what he considers a fair one as between landlord and tenant." Now, on the contrary, although we deem it for the interests of the landlord, which are identical with those of the public, that he should set his land at a moderate rent, yet we hold it to be clear that, as between landlord and tenant, the fair rent is that which will leave the tenant no saleable interest in his farm. The tenant should be as rich (and no richer) the moment after he has taken his farm as he was the moment before. We do not see on what principle it can be maintained, that, if a farm is vacant, of such value that a tenant would be willing to pay a rent of £1, and a fine of £10 an acre, the landlord must set it at a rent of £1 without fine, and yet that the next day the tenant may sell his interest for £10 an acre, or even more. Thus, if it be a farm of 100 acres, the landlord must set it at £100 a year, without a fine, and yet the next day the tenant may sell his interest in it for £1000, as its fair purchase-money. To the new tenant it must be the same thing whether he pays the £1000 as purchase of good-will to the tenant, or as a fine to the landlord; or it would be difficult to show where the injustice or hardship would be, of accepting an additional rent of 10s., instead of a fine of £10, if both parties found

the former arrangement more convenient.

We often find a long speech of a tenant-league orator consisting of a single false assertion made in a variety of fallacious forms. Thus, one man will assert twenty times, that he claims no more for the tenant than the right which every man has to a subsistence in the land of his birth. It is not for us to controvert that right here. Let it be conceded, that however dissolute or improvident the parents of the individual may have been, nay, however worthless or extravagant his own past life may have been, he is still entitled to demand a subsistence from his country. Still it is plain, that the measure of that subsistence which a man is entitled to demand, beyond what he can obtain by gift or contract, must be the same for all. There cannot be different natural rights to different scales of support: one scale for the man who has no land, another scale for the man who is in possession of a single acre, and a third scale for him who is in possession of fifty acres. When a man's only claim is that he is an Irishman, he cannot claim a more comfortable support than the poorest of his countrymen. The reliance on that claim is what distinguishes the pauper from every other class. Let all men endeavour to escape from pauperism by all honest means; but among those who employ honest means, that man cannot be classed who obtains possession of land by entering into a contract which he is unable or unwilling to fulfil.

We have endeavoured to show that a compulsory valuation—that is to say, a valuation by which both parties must abide—would lead to an absolute confiscation of the landlord's property. But it may be also necessary to explain and justify that principle of competition which it is so much the fashion to decry. The Leaguers say "the market price of farms is not a fair test of the value of a farm, for that market price is increased by competition." Now we freely admit that the market price of a farm (and of every thing else as well) is not merely increased but is entirely created by competition. If there were no competition among sellers the market price of some commodities might rise to an indefinite amount; if there was no competition among buyers it might sink indefinitely low.

Monopoly is the contrast to competition. Monopoly says, "you must either agree to my terms or make no contract, for no other person shall be permitted to offer you better terms." Competition says, "If you do not accept my offer some other person will, for the terms which I propose are fair and reasonable." Competition is liberty, monopoly is slavery. The one, endeavouring to succeed by its own exertions, calls every energy of the mind into full activity; the other, like slavery, has no desire except that no increase shall be made to its accustomed task. The two cannot be reconciled, and it is not easy to understand why competition, which is invited to regulate the price of all other things, should not be permitted to have any influence on the price of a farm.

It was formerly said that what was called competition was in reality monopoly, for that the peasant, unable to procure any employment, has no means of support unless he could obtain a farm, and therefore must either accept his landlord's terms or perish from want. It would not be very difficult to shew that this argument has been applied to many cases to which it was not properly applicable, but for the present it may pass. The sternest moralist has indulgence for a fraud or a theft when it is necessary to the preservation of life. But the argument can no longer be fairly used in any case, for the pauper in the workhouse is now as well assured of subsistence as the peasant who takes a plot of ground for which he is unable to pay the rent.

Accordingly the argument now is put in another form, and it is said that the peasant offers an extravagant rent for his farm, because the possession of a plot of land is his only refuge from the misery and degradation of the workhouse. Now, if the state of things assumed by this argument were true, viz.: if the workhouse imposed on its occupants a degree of suffering or degradation at variance with the natural rights of man, the remedy should be to improve their condition. The inhabitants of the workhouse should be greater objects of our care than those who practise fraud to escape from it.

But even if rent be raised by this competition, where is the injustice? A farm of an acre in extent is vacant

(all those arguments about the horrors of the workhouse are applicable only to cottier tenants), and John and Thomas bid for it; this farm being to each the only refuge from the workhouse, Thomas outbids John, the former goes into the farm, the latter into the workhouse. No reason can be given why it should be unjust not to give the former a more agreeable subsistence than the latter; still less, why the condition of the former should be improved by permitting him to retain his farm without performing the conditions on which he obtained it. Indeed, it is sometimes alleged that the dread of the workhouse produces such an eager competition among the cottiers that they frequently offer for a farm a sum which they cannot pay; and this may be the case; and when it does happen, it only proves that the dread of the workhouse prevails over the dread of doing a dishonest act by promising what cannot be performed. Competition could not rise so high if the tenant felt the impropriety of promising what he cannot pay. The biddings would be made more cautiously, and the rents offered would be lower, if the tenantry were influenced by that rigid morality which would lead them to enter the workhouse rather than contract debts which they could not pay. Thus, he who teaches the tenantry to think lightly of their engagements to their landlords, only adds to the violence of that competition which he affects to deplore.

But, although the tenant has no just ground of complaint; if for the farm which is his only resource except the workhouse, a rent is exacted which leaves his situation not better than that of the pauper whom he outbids, we are far from holding the opinion that the landlord acts prudently or properly who demands such a rent; on the contrary, we hold that such shortsighted avarice is to be condemned as at variance with the interests of the public, and of the landlord himself. The prudent landlord will give the tenant such an interest in his farm as to make him feel that he would lose by giving it up, even with one or two years' rent abstracted from his landlord. This amount of interest is sufficient to secure to the landlord the punctual payment of his rent, and to the tenant an adequate income in proportion to his skill, energy, and capi-

tal. A smaller interest will not be sufficient to induce an honest and solvent tenant to incur the risk and expense of transferring his capital and family to a vacant farm. To give a greater interest is mere bounty on the part of the landlord, and is often injurious by making the necessity of industry less felt. It is a common remark that farms let on long leases at low rents are often badly cultivated, and that agriculture most prospers, and the farmers enjoy most comforts, where the land is let at such rents as to require industry and to reward it. Hope and fear alike animate to exertion, when the rent is such that the industrious prosper, and the idle fail.

In many parts of the south and west of Ireland we see the tenant oppressed by a load of debt which he never can hope to pay, and in parts of Ulster a system of the very opposite nature prevails; but the system of tenant-right which exists in parts of the north of Ireland is an evil system, and is crumbling to pieces. It will probably not outlast the present generation. It melts away under an attempt to define it. It is frequently described as the right which a tenant from year to year has to sell the good-will of his farm, with the consent of his landlord, and the custom of the landlord not to withhold that consent, unless he has some reasonable objection to the purchaser. So far it exists in every part of Ireland; but in Ulster, the rents exacted by the great proprietors are much lower than in other parts of Ireland, and, therefore, the good-will of the tenant in his land is more valuable. The manufacturing industry of Ulster also produces a number of small capitalists willing to invest their little capitals in the purchase of farms, and thus, the good-will of the tenant becomes more readily saleable. When a tenant improves a farm at his own expense, of course no addition is made to his rent, and thus, his interest in the farm acquires a still greater value. A confidence in the fairness and liberality of the landlord is equivalent to a lease. The value of the tenant's good-will, in proportion to the value of the fee, varies on different estates and in different farms. It is by some supposed to depend very much on the amount of improvements effected on the land, but it certainly depends much more on the character of the landlord, and the value and extent of

his estate. In many cases it amounts to as much as ten years' purchase of the rent of the land. Where the tenant-right has value, the farmer can live comfortably, as he holds his farm at a moderate rent, and the landlord receives his rent with certainty and punctuality, as, in case of default, the threat of an ejectment compels the tenant to pay his rent if he can, and if he cannot, he sells his good-will to some person who enters into his place, paying all arrears of rent to the landlord.

We have thus described the Ulster tenant-right, with all the good consequences which are supposed to flow from it. We shall now state why we consider it an evil system, which cannot endure in Ulster, and cannot be extended to other parts of Ireland. It is to be observed, that all the advantages which are supposed to flow from it are merely the consequences that naturally follow when land is set at a moderate rent in the midst of an industrious and opulent population. The tenant, having the wages of his own skill and labour, in addition to the profit on his capital, will be able to pay his rent punctually. This is as much the case in England as in Ulster; but the consequence of the Ulster system is, that where it prevails, no man can obtain a farm except by purchase, or descent, or legacy. The man who wishes to engage in farming must possess a capital three times as large as would be required under other circumstances. Of this capital, at least two parts out of three must be sunk to purchase the tenant-right of some outgoing tenant, the remaining third only being employed actively in the cultivation of his farm. The Ulster tenant-right is equivalent to the custom of setting land at a rent reduced by the payment of a fine—a custom universally condemned, as depriving the tenant of a portion of that capital which ought to be productively employed. It interposes a barrier to prevent the industrious but poor man from engaging in the healthy, happy occupation of a farmer, since to purchase a farm would consume all his little means. It is a vain boast of Ulster tenant-right to point to the comfortable condition of Ulster farmers, for that comfortable condition is produced, not by making farmers rich, but by prohibiting any but those who

are already rich from becoming farmers. As a class, the Ulster farmers produce less than they consume. For one who sells his tenant-right to employ his capital in some manufacturing business, ten sell it, because they find themselves poorer than when they bought it. The agricultural capital is only kept up by continual draughts upon the savings of manufacturing industry.

It is evident that this system could not be introduced into the south or west of Ireland. If every tenant this moment got his land at a rent of 10s. an acre less than its market value, and got a lease for ever, the Ulster system still would not prevail. In order that a sale should be effected there must be a commodity to be sold, *and a purchaser able to buy it*. In Munster and Connaught, the latter would be wanting. When a tenant wished to part with his farm, he could seldom find a person who could both afford to stock it and also to pay £10 an acre for the tenant-right. The new tenant would find it more convenient to pay an increased rent of 10s. than a fine of £10. Thus, after a short period, the occupying tenants would again hold at rack-rent, and in fact we know that long leases and low rents have seldom succeeded in producing a substantial yeomanry. They merely create a race of middlemen, under whom the condition of the occupying tenant is certainly not improved. It is best for the landlords and the country that rents should be moderate, neither so high as to depress exertion, nor so low as to make it unnecessary.

The Ulster tenant-right is crumbling to dust. It has not been able to stand the test of adversity. The farmer who has spent his money in the purchase of a tenant-right, finds that he has thrown his money away, and cannot tell what it is that he has bought. He expected to be rich and he finds himself poor, and that is all the account he can give of the matter; and he complains that he is defrauded of his tenant-right. He reasons upon the supposition that what he bought ought always to be worth the sum he paid for it, and, therefore, that when land falls in value, the landlord ought to reduce his rent (however low it may have been before), in order that the value of the tenant's interest may remain unaltered. The landlord says that the

tenant, like every other purchaser, is liable to sustain a loss by sometimes purchasing a commodity that does not maintain its value. That all that he himself gets in exchange for his land is the rent, which is less than the value; that he is willing to accept a surrender if the tenant considers the rent too high; that he derived no benefit from the fine paid by the tenant; and that he is not to suffer because his tenants chose to make bad bargains with one another. The tenant replies, that if the land had risen in value the landlord would have raised his rent, still keeping it below the full value, thus tacitly admitting that his own interest was to vary, and that of the tenant to remain unaltered by prosperity. The tenant demands that the same principle should prevail in the season of adversity.

Thus the tenant-right of Ulster could not stand the test of adversity; it was, in reality, nothing more than an honourable custom that the landlord should treat his tenantry with great liberality. The extent of this liberality admitted of no definition, it depended partly on his character, and partly on his means; and the first great change in the surrounding circumstances has led to an angry controversy, which is a natural consequence when men's rights are undefined and unprotected by law. We trust that the system of Ulster tenant-right is at an end, and that in future no man will purchase a farm without taking care that the rights secured to him by law are worth his purchase-money. If he is to suffer by a fall, let him gain by a rise in prices. He will not purchase a right to depend on another's bounty, with no remedy except complaint if that bounty is withheld from him. He will not pay a fine unless he can obtain a farm at a moderate rent, and for a term secured to him by law of sufficient duration to reimburse his fine with a reasonable profit.

Another change is taking place in the condition of the country, which alone would be sufficient to put an end to the Ulster system. We allude to the sales of large estates in small lots under the operation of the Incumbered Estates Commission. It is well known (and the reason is obvious), that the value of tenant-right depends on the extent and value of the landlord's estate, and tenant-right is of no value when the

landlord's estate is less than £500 a year. But the tenant will not suffer by the change. If he must pay £10 more rent for his farm, he will have £100 in his purse to enable him to stock it and to cultivate it more effectually.

It is unfortunate that in different parts of Ireland two contrary systems prevailed, which were the worst adapted to the state of the country in the place where they existed. In the north, where farmers with capital could be readily procured, able to effect improvements on the land at their own expense, the custom exists of setting land from year to year, leaving the tenant at the mercy of his landlord. In the south, where the tenant has no capital, he frequently has a lease of such duration as to prevent the landlord from effecting the requisite improvements. In both cases it would be better if the tenant had a lease of moderate duration, with a right to compensation for such improvements as he should effect upon the land.

We trust the reader has already seen how fallacious are the arguments used in support of the Tenant League principle, of preventing land from being the subject of a free contract between the landlord and the tenant, and how vain it would be to expect a just and fair valuation; still even the experience of the past does not fully point out the impossibility of obtaining such a valuation in case of the League's success. For, although experience has shewn how unsafe, in any case, it would be to entrust the rights of property to the judgment of valuers, and how discordant their opinions are, yet to enable them to arrive at a just conclusion they have, hitherto, had the assistance of a knowledge of the market price usually paid and demanded for other farms in the neighbourhood, or similarly circumstanced in other places; but, if the law should be so altered, that no land could be let by competition, there would be no such thing as a market price for land, and a valuation would be a mere arbitrary decision, made without any fixed rule or principle. It would, practically, be impossible to have recourse to first principles, and to consider land as a mere instrument of production, of which the worth might be known by forming an estimate of the probable value of the produce, then making a fair deduction

for labour and profit, and calling the balance rent. Undoubtedly, those principles do operate, but it is only through their influence on the market price. No valuator could go through the infinite details of the calculations. How many things there are which must be accurately computed, and in which a very slight error will materially affect the result. The rate of wages of labour; the average quantity of work which may be expected in a day, from a man, or from a horse; the expense, per acre, or perch, of the various agricultural operations, ploughing, digging, harrowing, sowing, reaping, weeding, draining, fencing, &c. This, at least, appears a simple matter, and yet we have known the answers given to inquiries respecting those expenses to differ by nearly 100 per cent. Let any one who wishes to make the experiment consult as many authorities as may be within his reach, as to the expense of digging or trenching a field of ten acres, and yet a difference in the estimate of those expenses will make a corresponding difference in the calculation of the rent which a farmer can afford to pay. Again, the expense and effect on each farm of the different kinds of manure must be known; the cost and efficiency of all kinds of agricultural instruments; the state of the roads and neighbouring markets; and those calculations must be applied not to one kind of crop, or even rotation of crops, but to all possible rotations, for it is only thus that the rotation of crops, best adapted to the farm, can be known; and it is from the result of this rotation that the rent of the farm should be computed. If the land is best fitted for green crops, it would be unfair to estimate its rent by what it would yield in wheat; if it is best fitted for corn, we must not judge of its value by what it would yield as meadow; if it is best fitted for grazing, we must not judge of it by its yield when cultivated to produce wheat, turnips, or potatoes. To judge of the difficulty of comparing these results, we must read the controversies which are daily carried on respecting the profits to be obtained from various crops, or various systems, and observe how readily the opposing parties produce facts, and figures, and calculations (in which it is impossible to detect an error), to prove the most conflicting propositions. They find no

difficulty in proving that £10 an acre, clear profit, may be gained by cultivating peas, or beans, or carrots, or parsnips, or any other crop outside the regular routine of the common farmer. With equal ease they can prove, that those crops do not pay the expense of raising them. Whence arises the difference? The latter party will state two or three loads more of manure as necessary for each acre, and will estimate each load at a few pence more. He will allow a trifle more for each of the successive operations of ploughing, digging, hoeing, planting, weeding, &c.; he will compute a ton less for the produce, and a shilling a ton less for the price; and in this manner, allowing a little less for the produce, and a little more for each item of expense, he demonstrates that system to be ruinous, which his adversary, taking equally small liberties with facts and figures, proves to be a source of considerable profit. What a boundless field for fraud and partiality does this afford to the valuator, whose evidence or whose decision is to fix permanently the relative interests of the landlord and tenant of a farm!

But even if those comparisons and calculations could be made, they would be useless, unless the valutors knew not only the usual rate of profit, but also the average amount of agricultural skill possessed by the farmers in the district. The calculations must be founded on such proceeds as may be expected from that degree of skill. Fair competition is the only mode of arriving at this result. If a man possesses more than average skill, he will not on that account offer more for his farm. He will know that the necessity under which the landlord is of obtaining a tenant for his land will induce him to set it at the rent which a tenant of average skill can afford to pay. On the other hand, if his skill be less than the average, he will not get the land cheaper on that account, as the landlord will know that he can get a tenant of average skill to take it. Thus the man of superior skill will gain superior profits; the man of inferior skill will either fail, or make up for his want of skill by superior industry or frugality. We want no combination to prevent men from offering more than some certain sum for land. Even the temporary adherence to such a combination could only be kept up by threats and

violence. The custom of setting land at moderate rents will necessarily introduce itself, if the law be so altered as to compel each party to fulfil his contract; and if the public be taught to feel, that whether a man be rich or poor, it is dishonest for him to enter into any engagement, without a firm determination and reasonable hope of performing it.

We may venture to give a short sketch of the consequences which would inevitably flow from the success of the Tenant League, without dwelling on the horrors and the crimes that must precede that success. During the first exultation of victory a general valuation of land would be made; we have shewn how completely impossible it is to value land, except by observing its market price, the results of competition, and how uncertain a matter any valuation is, even with that guide. We may judge what a wild thing a valuation would be, when the valuator was forbidden to look at the market value of land, or the rent which a solvent tenant would be willing to pay for it, or the rent at which land of the same quality was usually set in the neighbourhood, or any other result of competition. It would be a confiscation of the landlord's interests and estates; a reduction to penury of almost every person accustomed to affluence or competence; a violent transfer of property from men generally trained in habits of decorum, order, and obedience to the law, accustomed to have time and money at their disposal, to men generally ignorant and unaccustomed to forbearance, or to any restraint except that imposed by their necessities. Every man would find himself in a position for which his previous habits had not fitted him. To the landlord it would be utter, hopeless ruin. The tenant, without capital or industry, relieved from the necessity of exertion, would consume his time in vulgar profligacy. He would raise from his farm just so much produce as could be obtained by the least possible application of skill, capital, or industry, and would soon be unable to pay even the smallest rent. The condition of the labourer would be miserable in the extreme. There would be no one to employ him, or to pay him wages for any work. The indolent farmer, unable to cultivate his farm profitably, would look to selling or sub-letting as his only hope. Selling would be out of the

question, as there would be no one to purchase; sub-letting would be the only resource to the occupying tenant, and by common consent the law would be altered so as to permit him to set his land as he thought fit. The law would return to its old state, but in the meantime Ireland would retrograde two centuries in the course of civilisation and prosperity; the old gentry exterminated; a new set of idle, dissolute middlemen introduced into their place, oppressing with iron rule a body of wretched, squalid under-tenants.

But we do not so much dread the success of the League (for the absurdity of its projects will save us from that calamity), as we do the continuance of its agitation. It is not only an agitation carried on for an impracticable object, but the means adopted are of the most nefarious nature, and the very expectation of success is most injurious to the interests of all classes.

The object of the Tenant League is to have that value settled by law which can only be settled by free contract; it is to enable men to obtain property on false pretences; to demoralize the whole tenantry of Ireland, teaching them to become familiar with the dishonest hope of obtaining possession of a farm by promising to pay a certain rent, and to give it up at the end of a certain period, and instead of performing that promise, struggling to hold it for ever at a lower rent. He is told that the contract is an unfair one, but he will not consent to have it rescinded; he borrows land, and will not consent either to restore it, or to pay the sum which he contracted to pay for its use.

The means which the Leaguers adopt are murders, and the most dreadful outrages on the persons and properties of those who in any manner abet or countenance the rights of the landlord or the duties of the tenant. In many parts of Ireland the peasantry are governed by a code of laws the most ferocious and sanguinary that ever existed in any country. According to this agrarian code, the punishment for the least offence is the death, torture, or mutilation of the offender, and his friends and relatives are liable to the same punishment. The trial for each offence is conducted in the absence of the victim, without giving him notice of the proceeding, or any opportunity of denying the charge made

against him, or justifying or extenuating his conduct; and the execution of the sentence is entrusted to the most brutal and ferocious of his enemies. In every part of the proceeding brutal passion has dominion, and every principle of justice is violated—every feeling of humanity is extinguished.

It is true, that the League is composed of two sets of men—viz., those who subscribe their money, and act, on the one hand: and those who pocket the subscriptions, and talk, on the other hand; and that those who talk are not always willing to share in the responsibility incurred by those who act, nor is it necessary for their objects. When the savage passions of the latter are displayed in some atrocious outrage, the orators have many modes of showing their sympathy in safety. They encourage the murderer by faint expressions of disapprobation. They propagate every calumny against the murdered victim of revenge; they suppress all mention of his virtues, and exaggerate his faults; and if they feel coerced to utter any sentence condemnatory of the murderer, they take care to neutralise its force by tenfold abuse against the sufferers. Those who assist to conceal the murderer are encouraged—those who discover him discountenanced. Every term applicable to a murderer is applied incessantly to every member of the landlord class, until the mind of the peasant, confused by passionate, exaggerated metaphors, sees no difference between the worst of murderers and the best of those who may differ from him in political opinions, or be separated from him by wealth or station.

The effect of this agitation in banishing capital and property from the country must be sufficiently obvious; but as this effect equally follows from every agitation which renders life or property insecure, we shall not dwell on it, but proceed to some of those special consequences which flow from the tenant-right agitation. It tends to diminish the produce, and to increase the rent of land; it makes it more difficult for an honest, industrious man to obtain a farm, while it increases that competition which it affects to deplore.

The tenant, who, but for this agitation, might be a contented, honest, happy farmer, able to meet his engagements, and support himself and his

family (perhaps not without difficulty) by that industry which is sure to have its reward, is taught to look upon his landlord as his enemy—to forget the promises which he made and the gratitude which he felt or expressed when he obtained his lease. He learns to be discontented with his situation, and to believe that to defraud the landlord of his rent, is an honest, if not a meritorious means of improving his circumstances. False excuses are made for want of punctuality, and arrears of rent accumulate. But it rarely happens that the tenant thrives on those ill-gotten gains. They merely tempt him to depart a little from his former habits of industry and economy, until he finds that he is ruined, unless he can remove those arrears by some other mode than paying them. Unable any longer to pay his rent, he attributes the embarrassment of his position to the amount of rent which he has to pay, and he spends his time and his money (which might be more usefully employed in the cultivation of his farm) in devising modes of evading the payment of his rent, and conciliating friends who may assist him to defy the law. This brings him into bad company; his farm is neglected; his money squandered; and the once honest farmer sinks into a ruined, reckless desperado. How often do we hear of some outrage committed in revenge for the proceedings taken to recover rent from some tenant who for several years has paid less than one-half the value of the land as rent, and yet at the end is a beggar.

But this tendency of all agrarian agitation to corrupt the honest tenant is not the only, nor perhaps the most extensive mischief produced by such an agitation as that now conducted by the Tenant League. It often happens that a skilful, industrious farmer, with a competent capital, obtains a farm at a moderate rent. He can live comfortably, pay his rent punctually, and add to the wealth of the country, of which the strength and prosperity depend on the number of persons thus circumstanced. But, it must also frequently happen, that from ignorance or miscalculation a tenant engages to pay too high a rent for his land, or undertakes a farm which he has not skill, or energy, or capital successfully to cultivate. When this happens, his proper course (unless his landlord is willing to reduce his

rent) is to surrender the farm and to look for some smaller farm, or some other occupation. He has no right to hold the land when he cannot fulfil the engagements by which he obtained possession of it. If this honest course were adopted, we should hear very little of extravagant rents demanded for land, or of ill-cultivated land, or of farmers without industry, skill, or capital. The landlord who required too high a rent for his land would soon be taught moderation by the difficulty of finding tenants, and the loss incurred by having his land unoccupied; and the man who had skill and capital to cultivate a farm would find little difficulty in procuring one left vacant by some tenant whose want of qualifications had disabled him from holding it. There would thus in farming, as in other trades, be a constant succession, the energetic taking place of the indolent, the skilful of the ignorant, and the land of Ireland would naturally fall into the occupation of those who could extract the greatest produce from it.

But the Tenant League interferes with these equitable and beneficial arrangements by introducing a new motive. It recommends the incapable tenant to obtain and retain possession of a farm at any sacrifice. By this course he will become, when the League succeeds, a fee-simple proprietor at a moderate fee-farm rent. He is taught to value his interest in his farm, not at its real worth, but at what it may be under the proposed new laws. Hence, if he is unable to extract a profit from his farm at present prices and rents, instead of retiring to make room for some abler successor, he holds on in defiance of every principle of prudence and honesty, waiting until the new law of the Tenant League shall establish him in comfort. Thus the competition for the possession of every farm is increased by the perseverance of those incapables, who, in the natural course of things, would be obliged to make way for more energetic competitors.

But it will be said, do you intend that a tenant, when he finds himself failing in circumstances, should give up his farm? If he does, where is he to go, and what is to become of him? Yes, that is what we propose. If A. finds himself unable to cultivate his farm, and to fulfil his engagements, let him retire and make room for B., who

may be a fitter person to fill his place. If asked what is to become of A., if he gives up his farm, we reply by a corresponding question, what is to become of B. if he cannot get the farm? There is but one farm vacant, and two men want it, and we merely propose that it shall be held by B., who may derive a support from it, rather than by A., who has found by experience that to him it must be an unprofitable speculation. If A. has capital he may look for a smaller farm, or some other occupation, or may emigrate, or fill the place which B. left. It is better for the country that the possession of the farm should be determined by the ability of the tenant, rather than by a priority of occupancy obtained by reckless promises.

At present the competition for land is not excessive; the landlords generally find it necessary to reduce their rents, and, in many instances, find it difficult to procure eligible tenants; and it is probable that rents generally would be reduced to a reasonable rate, if the Tenant League ceased from its mischievous activity, and abandoned its impracticable schemes.

But, it will be said, do you propose to make no alterations in the existing relations between landlord and tenant, and to trust entirely to the gradual progress of improvement under the present state of the law? No; on the contrary, there are some evils which call loudly for a remedy, and some improvements in the law of landlord and tenant may be effected which will add materially to the prosperity of both parties. In the first place, the laws regarding improvements made by a tenant on his farm must be altered. As the law stands at present all the improvements effected by the tenant on his farm, such as buildings, drains, fences, become the absolute property of the landlord on the expiration of his lease. He is not even entitled to the slightest compensation for having made them, unless some special agreement has been made by the landlord to give such compensation, and not only are such special agreements very rare, but in many cases they cannot be made so as to have any binding force. In all cases where an estate is the subject of family settlement, such an agreement made by a tenant for life would be void against the remainder, and the tenant would be obliged to give up his land,

with all the improvements on it, without that compensation for which he had stipulated, and on the faith of which he had effected those improvements. It would be absurd to expect that much capital or labour will be applied to the improvement of land whilst this state of the law continues. The necessity for a change in this respect is universally admitted, but for a remedy some propose what is obviously too much, and others, what appears to us to be too little. Among those who demand too much we must class those who demand an absolute fixity of tenure for the tenant. This would certainly give him an interest in his improvements, but it is obviously unjust that the owner and possessor of land should be deprived of it for ever, because he thinks it convenient or profitable to part with it for a limited period to a tenant. The other remedy, which in our opinion does not go far enough, is, that which would give compensation for *unexhausted improvements*, meaning by that phrase those improvements only of which the tenant has not been sufficiently long in possession to give him compensation by the increased value of the land for that length of time. We do not consider this reasonable. It might be so indeed, if the expense and return of agricultural improvements could be calculated beforehand with some degree of precision. But this is rarely, if ever, the case. Any improvement of land is, to some extent, a speculation, more especially in a country where such improvements are rare, and the farmer cannot get much assistance in his calculations from the experience of his neighbours. One improvement fails, or gives a very small return for the outlay; another is more successful, and yields a good annual per centage on the cost. The encouragement designed by nature for such improvements is the entire addition thus made to the value of the land, the profit on the fortunate improvements making up for the loss on those which are less successful. Nor (considering the risk of failure) is the reward very large. An improver rarely becomes rich. It must be no slight discouragement to an improver if he must bear all the risk of failure, but in case of his success have his reward cut short by limiting it to a fair return for that particular outlay.

In framing a law for compensation,
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it is not difficult to reconcile liberality to the tenant with justice to the landlord. We propose that the tenant should have a cheap mode of registering any projected improvement, such as drainage, building, &c. Let him then undertake the work, if the landlord does not shew some valid objection to giving him compensation. When the work is finished, let him have an award declaring the expense of such improvement (not allowing more than the value thereby added to the land), and let this sum be a charge on the land, to be repaid with five per cent. interest in sixty-one equal annual payments, provided the tenant making such improvement shall keep it up in good condition and repair. While the tenant is in possession, of course he is supposed to pay himself, but on his eviction he becomes entitled to an annuity for the residue of a term of sixty-one years from the date of the improvement. This annuity should be made redeemable, at its value computed from five per cent. tables, and should be liable to the landlord for any claim which he may have against the tenant. The same right to compensation for improvements may be advantageously given to tenants for life, under settlements, who, under the present state of the law, are often deterred from making improvements by the consideration that the step would increase the fortune of the eldest son (already, perhaps, sufficiently large), at the expense of those means which the parent naturally wishes to keep at his own disposal, for the advancement of his younger children.

It may be easier to understand the working of the proposed change by taking an example. James Crowley, a tenant for some short or uncertain period, proposes to drain a portion of his farm at the expense of £100. He serves notice and the plan of his improvements on his landlord, who either makes no objection, or is unable to sustain his objection before the agricultural surveyor of the district. Permission to make the improvement within a certain specified time is then given by the surveyor, and registered in the county books at the chief town. At the time fixed by the order, the tenant comes and proves that he has made the improvements according to the plan, and has expended £100 in making them. The award is then made that

he is entitled to £100. The fees on the registry, award, and notice, should be very small, not exceeding £1. Supposing the rate of interest be five per cent., an annuity of £5 6s. for sixty-one years, will be equal in value to £100. This annuity the tenant will be entitled to from the occupier of the land. As long as his interest continues, he pays himself, or rather he enjoys the whole benefit of the improvement in lieu of the annuity. If his interest lasts for sixty-one years, his claim is then at an end; but if his interest expires at the end of, say twenty years, then he will be entitled to an annuity of £5 6s. a year, for the residue of the sixty-one years, that is for forty-one years, or to £91 12s., that being the value of an annuity of £5 6s. a year for forty-one years. But if, instead of twenty years, he remains in possession forty years, then on going out he will be entitled to an annuity of £5 6s. for twenty-one years, or to £67 18s., that being the value of an annuity of £5 6s. for twenty-one years. Thus, the outlay of the tenant will be returned to him, either by the actual enjoyment of his improvements, or by an annuity of equal value for sixty-one years. This annuity should take priority of all charges, incumbrances, and settlements, and should be redeemable by a sum in gross equal to its value, at the option of the landlord.

It may, probably, be objected, that this principle of giving compensation for permanent improvements, would be the occasion of much fraud by causing the tenant to demand, and sometimes to obtain, an excessive value for his improvements. We believe that some frauds would be practised, but not to an extent seriously injurious to the landlord. We are convinced that it would be for the interest of the landlords themselves, that the allowances to the tenants for improvements should rather err on the side of liberality. All the compensation likely to be demanded for improvements, would not amount to so much as at present they annually lose by fraudulent or insolvent tenants. The improving tenant would be found honest and punctual in his payments. Every improvement would be an investment of his capital, yielding him present happiness and future profit, with this advantage to the landlord and the country, that it could not be fraudulently carried away.

But that this proposed improvement

of the law should produce all the good results that might be reasonably expected from it, a change must be made in the custom of dealing between landlord and tenant in one important point, viz., the payment of rent. The engagement to pay rent at certain periods must be treated as a contract to be fulfilled. The landlord must set his land to such tenants, and on such terms, that payment of rent as it falls due, should be the rule not the exception. Nothing good can be expected from a tenant who is oppressed by a load of debt which he never expects to discharge. The debt from a tenant to a landlord is not based on any principle of commercial credit; it originates in a breach of engagement, and is equally ruinous to both parties. The general practice of the Irish landlord with regard to arrears of rent is equally senseless and illiberal. The rent is too high, or the tenant has suffered some loss which disables him from paying it, or by his negligent farming he has not obtained a fair produce from the soil, or he is fraudulent, and pretends inability. Policy and justice seem to require that in the two former cases, an abated sum should be accepted in full discharge of his rent; in the two latter cases proceedings should be taken to compel the dishonest to pay; but to follow either course requires some trouble and some decision, and the Irish practice is to take a middle course, neither to enforce the rent nor to remit it, but to give the tenant time, until, by the repetition of this process every half year, the honest tenant is crushed by a hopeless load of debt, and the dishonest escapes with a fortune to some other land. Experience shews that arrears once permitted to accumulate are never cleared off by payment, but the habit of *giving time* for payment is so inveterate, that the landlord who should set his land at a moderate rent, and exact punctual payment, would be looked upon as a monster when contrasted with the man who required fifty per cent. more rent, but allowed his tenants a hanging gale. The difference is the same as that between the tradesman who sells his goods for ready money and moderate prices, and him whose system is to give long credit and charge high prices. The one system encourages prudence and economy, the other holds out a temptation to improvidence and dishonesty.

Unfortunately our legislation and the practice of the Court of Chancery encourage the vicious system. While the mortgagee or creditor, who permits arrears of interest to accumulate for more than six years, loses the excess, although he could not have recovered them without an expensive chancery suit; the landlord, whose remedy by distress is so simple, is permitted to recover twenty years' arrears of rent. When a receiver is appointed by the Court of Chancery to collect rents, the very rules of the court indicate that he is not expected to collect them until five months after they fall due, and it is notorious that arrears are permitted to accumulate to an excessive amount on the estates under the management of the court. This should not be. The Court of Chancery is the greatest landlord in Ireland, whether in respect of the extent of property, or its value, or the number of tenants under its jurisdiction. It is also the most powerful landlord, and has ample means of compelling tenants to perform their duty, of rewarding the honest, and punishing the dishonest. It should distinguish between the good and the bad tenant, permitting the one to hold his land at a moderate rent, and compelling the other to give up the land, or perform his engagements.

We frequently hear of landlords being praised for the indulgence which permits tenants to run largely in arrear. To us such arrears are a proof, either that an honest tenant is oppressed, or a dishonest one rewarded. The improvement which we aim at in the relation between landlord and tenant is, that the tenant should commence every year as a freeman, and that an arrear of rent should be like an unpaid bill of exchange, a mark of dishonesty or insolvency in the debtor. Let the landlord either remit his rent or enforce it (we know that an arrear of rent once allowed to accumulate is seldom paid off, or materially reduced). No law can prevent men from giving credit or running in debt, but it may be altered so as to give no unnecessary encouragement to such courses. We think two alterations would contribute to the desirable result; a tenantry free from debt, and a body of landlords with well-paid incomes. Let a landlord possess the same means as any other creditor of recovering a debt due to him by his tenant, but let him not

be permitted to distrain for any rent that is more than one year due, and (making a total alteration in the principle of the ejectment law) let an ejectment by summary process be the remedy for a single gale of rent, but not for previous arrears. There is in reality no process for the recovery of rent, which is so just and moderate as an ejectment. It is merely depriving the tenant of the possession of property which he has hired, and for which he has neglected to pay, and it has this advantage, that the more moderate the rent, the greater the default of the tenant, the more efficacious will be that remedy. The process should be simply this. If the rent due 1st November be not paid on demand, the landlord should be entitled to an order, calling upon the tenant to shew cause within a short time why he should not be deprived of possession. The time given to shew cause should, in ordinary cases, be very short, as in general there could be no defence, except asserting that the rent was paid, or denying the tenancy. If no cause be shewn and proved, let the tenant be put out of possession, and have one month to redeem on payment of one gale of rent, with very moderate costs in an undefended case.

There has been, undoubtedly, a great competition among comparative paupers for the possession of land on any terms; because the mere possession was to the pauper tenant worth about as much as the expense and loss which the landlord must incur in removing him. The landlord found it so expensive and tedious to procure justice from the law, that he was almost compelled to set the demoralising example of bribing the dishonest tenant to give up possession of land, which he had no lawful right to hold. The advantage of mere possession to the insolvent was so great, that a solvent farmer could never compete with the magnificence of his offers. The competition for land was therefore a competition among paupers, from which the solvent tenant was excluded. But, let the state of the law be altered—let the landlord, when his right is clear, be entitled to justice prompt and cheap, and the dishonest or insolvent tenant, who can no longer hope to make an unlawful gain by selling his power to do wrong, will permit the honest and solvent tenant to obtain the land on moderate terms. The rent will be, not that sum which

a tenant who expects almost unlimited credit may promise to pay, but that sum which a tenant can undertake to pay punctually as it falls due, with the certainty that punctuality will be required by the landlord, whose remedies grow weaker if he permits arrears of rent to accumulate. Some of our readers may be so much accustomed to consider a large arrear of rent as the normal condition of an Irish tenant, that they will probably feel shocked at the idea of a summary eviction of a tenant who owes a single gale of rent. They will conjure up every possible excuse which may disable the most honest and industrious tenant from fulfilling his engagements at the appointed time. But it is obvious that such imaginary cases ought not to influence the legislation which should be adopted to meet the general rule, rather than the rare exception; and the general rule must be, that a man will be able to fulfil the engagements into which he has deliberately entered. One half-year's rent cannot be a very serious sum for a tenant to pay; if it be, it is a still more serious debt for him to incur, in addition to his future liabilities. On an emergency he may probably borrow it from his neighbours, if they can afford to lend it; or, in a fair case, the landlord would rather give up half-a-year's rent than lose a tenant of whose future punctuality he saw no reason to doubt. Even in case of eviction the tenant would seldom find much difficulty in redeeming his farm within the month, as for that purpose only one half-year's rent, with very moderate costs, would be required. We have not space to develop all the changes in the habits of the people which would result from the above simple alterations in the law. Their obvious tendency must be to produce well-cultivated and improved farms; a substantial yeomanry, having valuable interests in the land produced by their own exertions, and secured to them by the just provisions of the law; landlords with well-secured rents, on the punctual payment of which they can depend with certainty, and free from those embarrassments into which the owner of an apparently large, but ill-paid income is so apt to fall.

Let those who will dwell on the hardship of evicting a tenant who, by

unavoidable misfortune, is prevented from paying his rent punctually, remember that as the law now stands the landlord may, by distress, sweep away all his property, or ruin him by an expensive action, if the rent be not punctually paid. This right is seldom vexatiously exercised, and we do not apprehend that an honest tenant will be ever evicted for non-payment of rent. The man who breaks his contract must be, in some respects, at the mercy of his creditor.

We should extend the same principle to the case of ejectment on termination of tenancy. The proceeding should be summary, cheap, and, above all, so certain, that a defendant, holding possession unjustly, should know that he has no chance of success in a law-suit. A grievous injury is done to the public whenever wrong obtains an unexpected triumph, by some technical objection to the proceedings. This is now so common, that nothing is more usual than for paupers to take defence to an ejectment, in the well-founded hope of being able to retain possession for some considerable length of time by some point on the demises, or services, or affidavits, or statutes, which may invalidate, or, at all events, delay the proceedings. If our present system of landlord and tenant law prevents the landlord from doing justice to an honest, solvent, improving tenant, or from obtaining justice from an insolvent or fraudulent one, it can surprise nobody that the land should be frequently occupied by the latter class, or that men, feeling that there is something wrong in the law, should follow any agitators who propose a remedy, as men labouring under chronic diseases are attracted by the promises and pretensions of every ignorant and unprincipled quack. The best mode of extinguishing the tenant-right agitation is to redress the evils in which it originates. Is the competition for land too high? Remove the temptation to dishonest applicants, by which that competition is at present enhanced. Is the rent demanded generally too high? Remove all inducements to the tenant to offer, or to the landlord to exact, too much. Is the ordinary term of a lease too short? Let the law be altered, so that neither the public nor the tenant shall sustain an injury by the termination of a lease.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, when Sir Walter Scott was pouring forth his anonymous novels, when Jeffrey was the king of Whig critics, when Professor Wilson, with Lockhart and the Ettrick Shepherd for his companions, was holding his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and when, made illustrious by the presence of such men, Edinburgh was all but the literary capital of the country, there might have been seen in Leith Walk, which is a long suburb stretching from Edinburgh to its port-town of Leith, two small bookshops kept by two brothers of the name of Chambers. It would have been found on inquiry that these two young men, of whom the elder was named William and the younger Robert, were natives of Peebles, a pretty town on Tweedside; that they were the sons of parents who had known better days; and that, fortune having thrown them upon their own resources at a time of life when most young men of the middle class are only leaving school, they had chosen a course, which, though humble, gave an incidental gratification to the superior tastes which their early education had led them to contract, and were pursuing it with a zeal, a tenacity of purpose, and a spirit of self-dependence, extraordinary at their age and in their circumstances.

Of the early struggles of the two brothers it is not in our power to say much. For several years, until they took the step of removing from Leith Walk into Edinburgh, they increased their business by slow degrees, gradually forming acquaintanceships among the book-buying and bookselling portions of the Edinburgh community. To eke out the profits of his small trade, William had taught himself the art of printing; and at this branch of business he continued to work for some years as his own compositor and pressman, being unable to pay for assistance. More than this, he ingeniously cut in wood the larger kind of types which he had not the means of purchasing; and he bound with his own hands the whole impression of a small volume, the publication of which his

enterprise had induced him to undertake. An aged gentleman is still in the habit of telling that, in going home late at night through Leith Walk, he never failed to observe that, while all the rest of the street was shrouded in silence and darkness, lights gleamed from the window of William Chambers's small printing-room, whence issued also the wheasy sounds of his ever-toiling press. Industry like this could scarcely fail of its reward.

Occupied either in the mechanical preparation or in the sale of books, the two young men began, about or even before the time of their removal into Edinburgh to be known by their own efforts in literature. Whether it was native instinct, or their habit of handling books professionally that led them immediately into the temptation of authorship, it might be difficult to say; in the particular nature, however, of their early efforts in this line, one sees a clear proof that both of them possessed from the first something of that innate and intense *amor patriæ*, which has constituted for probably half of the whole number of literary Scotchmen, the primary impulse and determination towards the literary calling.

Every Scotchman, of any culture or intelligence, has a taste for the antiquities of his native country. Wherever in the wide world a Scotchman ultimately fixes his abode—whatever amount of various training it may be his fortune to receive—to whatever mode of intellectual activity he may at last give himself up, whether to politics, to poetry, to metaphysics, to science, or to stockjobbing—there will still necessarily be found at his heart, by those that can succeed in reaching it, an undissolved knot of national feeling, of purely sentimental attachment to that jagged little bit of the general British area which lies north of the Tweed.

"The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeding-heuk aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise."

All Scotchmen share this feeling of Burns. Indeed this sentiment of the Thistle, if we may so call it, seems to be the only piece of original moral capital with which Scotland furnishes all her children indiscriminately. All Scotchmen have not the same type of head ; nor, whatever may be the common opinion on the subject, are all Scotchmen prudent and cautious ; but this one quality all Scotchmen certainly do possess in common—affection for Scotland. Connecting this one element of Scotticism with whatever other kinds of mental stuff he chooses, a Scotchman may be anything possible in the world—a transcendentalist or a Joseph Hume ; a saint or a debauchee ; a poet or a maker of fish-hooks : nevertheless, as possessing this one quality upon which they can always fall back for agreement, Scotchmen *are* more homogeneous than Englishmen. And, as we have already said, much of the literary effort of Scottish authors has been determined by this strong feeling of nationality. The poetry of Burns, for example, and the writings of Sir Walter Scott, are pre-eminently Scottish in their character. No English compositions can be cited that exhibit such a surcharge of the peculiar element of Anglicism, whatever that is, as these compositions exhibit of the element of Scotticism. The greatness of Shakspeare and of Milton does not possess, or, as some might say, is not marred by, any feature of special nationality ; but in reading Burns and Sir Walter, it is almost essential to remember that they were Scotchmen. And even of literary Scotchmen of a different class—of such general thinkers and writers, for example, as Adam Smith, Reid, Hume, and Chalmers, in whose intellectual exhibitions there has been nothing deliberately or formally Scotch—even of such writers and thinkers it may be observed, that, privately, and for their own solace, they have always retained much of the specially Scottish sentiment and humour. There is a curious instance of this in the evident delight, we had almost said glee, with which Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh, a man whose speculative intellect is, perhaps, more pure and less limited by local or national associations than that of any other living Briton, traces, in his recent edition of Reid's Works, the course of the tributary of Scottish

thought through the whole modern history of philosophy ; pointing out, for example, for the credit of his native country such facts as these—that the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton was a Scotchman from East Lothian ; that Kant himself had Scottish blood in his veins ; and that the celebrated French thinker, Destutt Tracy, was a scion of the uneuphonic Scottish clan of Stott.

Thirty years ago the Scottish sentiment was stronger in Scotchmen than it now is ; and there were circumstances in the position of the two Chamberses to enhance even that portion of it which, in common with all Scotchmen, they had received from nature. Natives of a provincial Scottish town not without its claim to antiquarian notice, they had removed to Edinburgh, just at the time of life when they were most fit to receive new impressions. Now no one that has not gone through the experience can tell the effects of a first contact with Edinburgh and its society upon a young Scotchman that has removed thither from a provincial town.

“Edinburgh to a young provincial who sees it for the first time ! O ! the complex strangeness of the impression ! The *reeker* atmosphere ; the picturesque outline of the whole built mass against the sky ; the heights and hollows ; the free-stone houses ; the different aspect of the shops ; the dialect so new that one hears from the children in the streets—the impression of all this is indescribable. Everything is strange ; the very dust seems to be blown by the wind in a new and mystic manner. And then, when the town is taken in detail. The Calton Hill ; Arthur seat ; the High-street, with its closes ; the Castle, with Mons Meg and the Regalia ; John Knox's house ; Holyrood Palace ; Princes'-street, along which Sir Walter Scott limped ; the whole of the New Town, and the great black chasm, lamp-studded at night, which separates it from the Old—all so poetic, so novel ! And then, here to have so many historical facts and incidents visibly bodied forth ! Rizzio's blood, the Martyrs' grave, the spot where Mitchell shot at Archbishop Sharpe ; one can go and see it all. Surely, to be born in this city is a privilege ; to have lived in it, and not to love it, is for a Scotchman impossible. ‘City of my choice,’ one might say with Richter, ‘to which I would belong on this side the grave!’”

So writes some enthusiastic Scot regarding Edinburgh as it now is, or as it was a little while ago ; and thirty

or forty years ago the impression must have been even more characteristic and vivid. True, Mous Meg and the Regalia were not then to be seen, and the New Town was not by half so Athenian and architectural as it now is; but many tradition-hallowed parts of the Old Town have since been pulled down, and much that was peculiar and national in the habits of the citizens has since disappeared. The Scotch dialect was then still spoken among classes of the community from which it has since been chased by the invasion of English teachers of elocution; relics of Edinburgh, as it was in the middle of last century, still remained in the shape of octogenarian ladies and gentlemen that pertinaciously clung to the Old Town, and told stories of their younger days; and the Parliament House still boasted wits and humourists, worthy to have been caricatured by Kay, along with the Kameses and Monboddos of a former generation. And more important still, Sir Walter Scott was then still alive. Persons walking down Princes'-street in an afternoon could see his burly figure heaving itself lamely along on the pavement before them, and could study his good-humoured countenance, with its shaggy light eyebrows, as he turned to pat the dogs that *would* introduce themselves to him, and take the liberty of licking his hand. Moreover, the influence of this man had filled all Scotland, and Edinburgh in particular, with a kind of epidemic enthusiasm for everything that related to Scottish antiquity. Hardly can the two brothers have been familiar with the streets of Edinburgh when "Waverley" came out to astonish and delight all its reading circles; and among the chief topics of the town during the first four years of their residence in it must have been the six novels with which the Great Unknown followed up his first effort, to wit—"Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Others and others followed; and in 1820 everybody was mad about Scotch ballads, Scotch antiquities, and the Waverley novels.

What with their native *amor patriæ* as Scotchmen, what with the antiquarian curiosity that could not fail to be roused in them by their transference at such an inquisitive age to Edin-

burgh, and what with the infection of that atmosphere of Scottish enthusiasm, which Scott had then been the means of diffusing through the country, the two brothers, if they were to make an entrance into literature at all, could hardly escape doing so through the medium of a liking for Scottish humours and antiquities. Possessing both of them a strong desire for information, and gifted also, both of them, and especially Robert, with a peculiar relish for the anecdotic and picturesque in history, their favourite books for reading out of their own little stocks, when they began life as booksellers, must have been, we fancy, such as Sir Walter Scott also used to set most store by. The Waverley novels, they, of course, read as they came out; but many an odd volume of old ballads, and other Scottish matter besides, such as Sir Walter would have been glad to pick up had he met with it, must have lain on their counters for their own private reading in the intervals of business, or of severer intellectual employment. Their reminiscences, too, of the country; their facilities in their respective situations, for making observations of their own on men and manners; and their opportunities, in their more social hours, of gleanings original snatches of old Scottish song and narrative from among their various acquaintances—must all have contributed to give to their acquisitions in Scottish history an independent value and interest; and had Sir Walter, in 1819 or 1820, chanced, in sauntering down Leith Walk, to enter into conversation, over an old book, with either of the young book-dealing brothers—with William, then but nineteen or twenty, or with Robert, then but seventeen or eighteen years of age—he would doubtless have found in either not merely an intelligent reader of his own works, but a youth of real culture in the department of Scottish lore and antiquities.

We do not know if Sir Walter ever did happen thus to fall into chat with the young Chamberses in their shops in Leith Walk; but they had not been long in Edinburgh before their names became known to him. For, already practised in writing as, like all other literary aspirants, they must have been by the contribution of occasional papers to such local periodicals as were open to them, anonymously or other-

wise, they soon ventured on publications which gave them a title to rank openly among the devotees of Scottish literature.

Robert's first work, the "Traditions of Edinburgh," the materials for which he had begun to collect in 1820, appeared in 1823-4. The first and several of the subsequent editions were printed by William at his small press. The work was immediately popular, and it deserved to be so. There does not exist a more amusing book of local antiquities. It is for Edinburgh what Cunningham's "Handbook" and Leigh Hunt's "Town" are for London, combining the accurate detail of the one, with much of the humour and romance of the other. And indeed Edinburgh is just the town that could admit of such book, and that required to have it,—a town not too large to be overtaken in a connected story, and yet every inch of it rich with old memories and associations. Every spot in the town has its traditions, and every inhabitant knows, by some chance or other, some of those traditions. One person will point out to you James's Court, where Hume and Boswell lived, and where Dr. Johnson went to visit the latter; another will show you a cellar in the High street, and tell you that the treaty of Union between Scotland and England was signed there: a third will show you the spot where Darnley was blown up with gunpowder; in the West Bow anybody will point out to you the haunted house once tenanted by the horrible wizard, Major Weir, who was burnt in 1670; and all round the Grass-market are tangible and visible relics of notorious facts in the old history of the town. To collect these scattered traditions of Edinburgh in an authentic and complete form had been, we believe, a favourite design of Sir Walter Scott; but the enterprising young immigrant from Peebles was beforehand with him in setting about its execution. With a natural taste for the historical and anecdotic, and impressed, doubtless, with that mystic veneration for Edinburgh which, as we have already said, is sure to seize every intelligent young provincial that goes to take up his abode in it, Robert Chambers seems, while yet a mere boy, to have contracted, in his perambulations through the town, an antiquarian acquaintance with all its noted localities.

And when the idea struck him of writing a book on so interesting and attractive a subject, he spared no pains in converting this general acquaintance with the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh into a minute and perfect knowledge. Probably there was not a nook or corner of the town, not a close or *land* in the dingiest purlieus of Auld Reekie, that he did not visit and explore in person. All such oral or written sources of information as were open to him, were also diligently consulted; and in particular, interesting materials were communicated to him by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and Sir Walter Scott, to whom his inquiries during the preparation of the book were the means of introducing him, and to whom, when it was finished, he dedicated it—the first volume to Mr. Sharpe, the second to Sir Walter. Since the work was originally published it has been much improved and enlarged; and the copy-right, after having passed through several hands, having been recently repurchased by the brothers, the "Traditions of Edinburgh" now appears, in its final shape, as one of the volumes of the author's reissue of his select writings. It is the best guide a stranger could have to the antiquities of Edinburgh: at least we only know one better, and that is Mr. Robert Chambers himself, than whom, Peebles-man as he is, there is not, since Sir Walter Scott died, a single citizen of Edinburgh better acquainted with its outs and ins, or better qualified to do its honours as illustrator and cicerone. A walk through the old town of Edinburgh, with Robert Chambers as guide, is one of the treats that literary strangers of any antiquarian propensity have a kind of prescriptive right to look forward to when about to visit the Scottish capital.

Once fairly embarked on the career of authorship, and having succeeded in making themselves favourably known by their first productions, the two brothers continued, in the intervals of business, to prosecute their literary efforts. Either as having more time, or as having a stronger inclination to use his pen, Robert was for some years the more voluminous author. His "Traditions of Edinburgh" were, in 1826, followed by a curious and most agreeable volume entitled "Popular Rhymes of Scotland." The nature of

this book—a book after Sir Walter Scott's own heart—may be inferred by those that have not seen it (and no Scotchman ought to be in that predicament) from the following paragraph in the preface to the new and fuller edition of it printed among the author's select writings :—

"Reared amidst friends to whom popular poetry furnished a daily enjoyment, and led by a tendency of my own mind to delight in whatever is quaint, whimsical, and old, I formed the wish, at an early period of life, to complete, as I considered it, the collection of the traditional verse of Scotland, by gathering together and publishing all that remained of a multitude of rhymes and short snatches of verse, applicable to places, families, natural objects, amusements, &c., herewith, not less than by song and ballad, the cottage fireside was amused in days gone past, while yet printed books were only familiar to comparatively few. This task was executed as well as circumstances would permit, and a portion of the 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland' was published in 1826. Other objects have since occupied me, generally of a graver kind; yet, amidst them all, I have never lost my wish to complete the publication of these relics of the old *natural literature* of my native country."

This book, perhaps the most original in conception of all Robert Chambers's works of the same species, must have added greatly to the reputation his "Traditions of Edinburgh" had procured for him, and must have been the means of gaining him many friends. In the following year he still farther distinguished himself by "The Picture of Scotland," a work in two volumes, the result of travel and reading combined, and intended as an attempt to elevate topographical and archaeological details respecting the chief localities in Scotland into the region of the *belles lettres*. In an entry in Scott's Diary, dated February 4th, 1829, there occurs the following criticism of this book :—
"Rather dawdled, and took to reading Chambers's 'Beauties of Scotland,' which would be admirable, if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste." The inaccuracy complained of by Sir Walter arose doubtless from the necessity the author was under of eking out the results of his own tour by matter compiled from other sources. "Haste," indeed, in a certain sense, there must have been (though Sir

Walter was hardly the man to find fault with celerity of production), for in the three years 1828–30, Robert, whose pen had doubtless acquired fluency by practice, followed up his "Picture of Scotland" by no fewer than eight volumes more—to wit, "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions of 1638–1660, 1745–46, and 1689–1715," in successive volumes, and a "Life of James I.," in two volumes, for Constable's Miscellany; and three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs," with annotations, for Tait. Of these various productions the author has thought none worthy to be reprinted among his select writings, except the "History of the Rebellion of 1745–6"—a work which, enlarged as it now is, is not only the best narrative we have of the life of Prince Charles Stuart, but also one of the best specimens of lively and picturesque storytelling in the language. It is to be regretted that the "Ballads and Songs" are now so scarce, as the collection was judicious and the typographical appearance of the volumes extremely creditable to the publisher. A later work, commenced by R. Chambers in 1832 for Messrs. Blackie and Fullarton, of Glasgow, but not concluded till 1835, was a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen," extending over four large volumes. All these literary undertakings were accomplished by Mr. Chambers while attending to his business as a bookseller; most of them being literary commissions, so to speak, from large houses in his own trade.

Meanwhile, William's pen had not been idle. Besides various occasional writings, doubtless, which we have not the means of tracing, he brought out in 1830, an elaborate work entitled "The Book of Scotland." Of the nature and intention of this book, the following is an account given in the preface :—

"The volume now introduced to public notice has been compiled with the view of furnishing for the first time to strangers and others, a connected, comprehensive delineation of the chief institutions in Scotland, as well as the more prominent and peculiar laws and usages by which the northern kingdom is still distinguished from other parts of the British Empire, and more especially from England."

As admirable as Robert's works are in their way, is this work of William's,

with its succinct and clear accounts of all the peculiarities in the mechanism of the Scottish social system; the powers of its courts and various legal functionalities; its laws of marriage, divorce, &c.; its educational institutions, its civic and religious organisation, and such like. Indeed we know not how the original characteristic qualities of the two brothers could be better seen than by taking this work as representative of William, and comparing it with the "Picture of Scotland," the "Traditions of Edinburgh," or any other of Robert's earlier productions. In both will be found the same fundamental *amor Scotiæ*, the same patriotic sentiment; in both, too, will be found the same relish for a genuine bit of Scottish character or humour, and the same liking for treasuring it up: but in Robert the tendency, it will be observed, is rather to the purely historic and artistic; in William there is a stronger dash of the statistical and immediately practical. It is the external features of his native land, the physiognomy, moral and corporeal, of its inhabitants, their costumes, customs, and humours, that Robert chiefly describes, and he looks on them rather with the acquiescent eye of a poet and lover of the picturesque, than with the eye of a social or political censor; William, on the other hand, without being insensible to these charms of humorous and poetical observation, seems to have possessed from the first a special energy of temperament, that led him rather to discuss the right and the wrong of social forms and usages, and to take a part in overt movements for social improvement. Does the reader remember the language of Burns, in the other half of that famous verse, part of which we have already quoted, as descriptive of the kind of patriotic enthusiasm which is the initial feeling of almost all Scotchmen? Here it is:—

"Even then, a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Well, if this wish be broken into two parts, we should say that the one part would represent the original aspiration of William Chambers, the other the original aspiration of Robert. To write the "beuk" and to sing the "sang" must have been the form, we

take it, of Robert's earliest wish to be of benefit to his native land; William, on the other hand, must have aspired after the "usefu' plan," and must have meditated the "beuk," chiefly as a fit vehicle for the same. Hence, we should imagine, the idea of such a work as "The Book of Scotland"—a repository of information relative to the entire constitution of Scottish social and legal procedure, with sagacious, practical reflections interspersed, and comparisons suggested with other countries.

It is obvious that the characteristic differences of the two brothers, based as they were on real agreement and similarity, were just such as to be of mutual service when brought to act in literary concert. Their first joint enterprise, accordingly, was of a kind to call forth in some degree the peculiar talents of both. This was a "Gazetteer of Scotland," in other words an alphabetical survey, geographical, commercial, and antiquarian, of the whole kingdom of Scotland. It was begun for the booksellers in 1829, and completed, at the expense of much labour in collecting materials, in 1832, when it was published. The chief share of the work devolved, we believe, on William, who wrote the bulk of it while waiting on business at his counter.

But that which was finally to associate the brothers in literary and commercial partnership was the scheme of the *Edinburgh Journal*, projected by William in 1832, and which was destined to fulfil to the utmost whatever aspirations after a "usefu' plan" his most sanguine anticipations had led him to conceive.

"Cheap literature" was not then unknown, but it was still in its infancy. A great deal of useless controversy, it seems to us, has been raised on the question of priority of invention, if it may be so called, in this matter. Who was the inventor of "Cheap Literature?" To whom is the original conception of a cheap literary sheet, depending for success on a widely-extended circulation, justly to be attributed? On this particular point of absolute priority we have never heard that the Messrs. Chambers have put forward any claim; indeed about twenty years ago the idea was epidemic, the offspring of nobody in special, but the general result of many circum-

stances combined—in part of a popular demand for literary recreation, in part of the mechanical perfection to which the art of printing had attained, and in part of that mercantile spirit of enterprise which ever watches the market. Names, however, that do deserve honourable mention in this connexion are those of Leigh Hunt and Charles Knight; the one of whom, we believe, preceded the Chamberses as the editor of a cheap, weekly sheet, and the other of whom, appearing in the field almost contemporaneously with them, has during these twenty years advanced side by side with them, with a spirit and fertility of design all his own, thus adding an independent reputation to his merits as an author, and rendering his name as familiar to the people at large as the sight of his fine benevolent countenance is delightful to those that personally know him. If the Chamberses and Charles Knight have since appeared as friendly competitors on the same general arena, this has been the result of circumstances; for originally, we believe, the Chamberses chiefly contemplated addressing themselves to Scotland. One or two cheap sheets were already in being in Edinburgh—poor in abilities and in aim, but yet eminently successful; and it was the success of these that suggested to William Chambers the idea of issuing a cheap weekly periodical, of a superior tone, carefully prepared, and with comprehensive views as regarded popular enlightenment. He was then in his thirty-second year, and full of energy; his success in business had enabled him to lay by capital enough to make a beginning; this he was willing to risk; and securing his brother's literary co-operation, he took all the preliminary measures, and on the 4th of February, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the *Penny Magazine*, the first number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, in the form of a large newspaper sheet, was to be seen in the windows of the Scottish booksellers.

We have a copy of the first number of the *Journal* now before us, and, in glancing over it, we are struck by two things; in the first place, by the decidedly Scottish tone and spirit of the periodical at its outset, more than one half of the matter consisting of papers illustrative of Scottish character and Scottish society; and in the second place, by the enthusiastic and resolute

manner in which the editor, Mr. William Chambers, chalks out the future career of the periodical in his programme, and the distinctness with which he makes his readers aware of his views as to the purposes which such a periodical should fulfil. The following are a few sentences from the opening address:—

“The grand leading principle by which I have been actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the poorest labourer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction; nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase with his pocket-money something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life, instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it . . . Whether I succeed in my wishes, a very brief space of time will satisfactorily determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I ask is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service; and should Heaven in its mercy grant me that share of health, which, by its inscrutable Providence, is now denied to so many around me, I do not despair of showing such a specimen of the powers of the printing-press as has hitherto been unexampled in the history of literature. It may, perhaps, be considered an invidious remark, when I state as my honest conviction, that the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never yet been properly cared for, in the way of presenting knowledge, under its most cheering and captivating aspect, to their immediate observation. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an enormous capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavour has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the folly of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjointly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser with all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Care-

fully eschewing the errors into which these highly praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles—and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them—neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society. Nothing could afford me more unmitigated pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal satisfaction and delight to the highest Conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of an universal democracy; or was read with as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cotters of my native land. I have voluntarily, and unprompted, taken in my hands an engine endowed with the most tremendous possibilities of mischief. I may have it now in my power to instil the most pernicious opinions on almost any subject into the minds of three millions of human beings. But I see the straight path of moral responsibility before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty."

It may be laid down as an axiom that the worth of every enterprise, political, literary, or of any other kind whatever, is exactly equal to the worth of the mind or minds it issues from. Heralded in, therefore, by such a bold and decided note, and supported by all the talent and energy of two brothers, both of them men of remarkable native power, both of them trained to habits of business and punctuality, both of them upheld in all their dealings by strict prudence and conscientiousness, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies in literary labour—the *Journal* met with an immediate success. Twenty thousand copies were sold in Scotland alone on the first day of publication; and the following extract from a note by the Editor to his readers, printed at the close of the first year, i. e. in the *Journal* of the 2d of February, 1833, will show the manner in which the public continued to receive the boon offered to them:—

"The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which

soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of the sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as stock. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates, so that the impression might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types; by which means the Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand. . . . It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs. Curry and Company, of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, simultaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters."

We are just old enough ourselves to recollect the sensation produced in Scotland by the appearance of *Chambers's*, or, as it used to be called with that disregard of orthoepy which distinguishes Scottish pronunciation *Chaumers's*, *Edinburgh Journal*. We remember the avidity with which it was sought for and read, the care that was taken to preserve the old numbers for binding, and the mysterious sense of wonder that used to be felt (it was in a town remote from Edinburgh) by children as to who those extraordinary beings, the *Chaumerses*, were. Nay, a year or two afterwards, when, as a boy, we paid our first visit to Edinburgh, we remember gazing with interest at the spot in Waterloo-place, where we were given to understand the wonderful business of preparing the delightful periodical was carried on, and reverently speculating, as we walked in the neighbourhood, whether this or that imposing individual

that we met on the crowded pavement, might not possibly be one of the *Chamusers*. And similarly, we should suppose, must the idea of the *Journal* and its Editors have figured in the imagination of all the growing part of the Scottish community.

The success of the *Journal* was not temporary. Gradually the circulation rose from 50,000 copies, which was the rate of sale during the first year or two of its existence, to 60,000; thence, during the year 1838, to 68,000; and thence in the following years to 70,000, and 72,000. This was the rate of what may be called the direct or home circulation, not reckoning the American reprints which began to be issued, almost as soon as the *Journal* had appeared. Of the home-copies, also, thousands were despatched to India and the Colonies; so that ere long the *Journal* counted its readers in all parts of the globe where the English language was spoken. At the close of the twelfth year, the editors resolved on a change in the form of the sheet; and accordingly since the beginning of 1844, the *Journal* has been issued, not in the large folio size which prevailed through the first twelve volumes (and which was itself a reduction from the unwieldy newspaper dimensions of the first few numbers), but in the convenient form of an octavo sheet fit for preservation and binding. As it is not safe to make innovations of this kind where the public has long been accustomed to a particular form, the experiment was reckoned by some rather hazardous; but the result amply justified the venture, for almost immediately the circulation rose largely in consequence, so that, during the year 1845, which was the second year of the new series, it reached the extraordinary quantity of 90,000 copies—a number, however, which still fell short of that attained by the *Penny Magazine*, which, as being cheaper, and also embellished with woodcuts, reached, we are told, a circulation at one time averaging 170,000, and even occasionally rose far beyond that. After an existence, however, of ten years, the *Penny Magazine* ceased; and its companion the *Saturday Magazine*, likewise ceasing after a few years, the *Journal* was left for awhile in possession of the field. New competitors have since started up in *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, *The People's Journal*, *Howitt's*

Journal, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, *Dickens's Household Words*, and, as we may now add, a new issue of *Leigh Hunt's Journal*. All these periodicals, with characteristic excellences of their own, bear some resemblance in form and method to *Chambers's Journal*, which, indeed, has, by virtue of its steady success and continuance, served as a kind of model to all projectors in the same line. Over and above the journals named, but of a somewhat different class, are such papers as *The Family Herald*, the issue of which, we believe, reaches a sum that places it at the head of popular prints. Notwithstanding all these rivalries from so many different quarters, the *Edinburgh Journal* yet sustains its rank; its circulation at the present moment averaging 64,000 or 65,000—a notable testimony to the unabated worth and reputation of a periodical, now verging on the close of the nineteenth year of its existence!

Nor has the progress of the *Journal* been solely in the matter of circulation. Whoever has been acquainted with it from its outset, must have remarked a kind of progress or development in the character of the periodical itself, keeping pace with its growth in years. This is variously to be accounted for. In the first place, it must be partly the result of the growing experience of the Messrs. Chambers themselves, who, with all their knowledge at the outset of what was best suited for the purposes of popular instruction and amusement, must of course have benefited by the lessons they have received in the course of their long and laborious editorship. Again, something is to be attributed to the fact, that the *Journal*, although originally intended chiefly as a Scottish periodical, has long ceased to be such. After the first quarter the editors found that they were able to add England, Ireland, the Colonies, and America to the field of their circulation and influence; and it is a curious fact that from that period hitherto, the greater part of the circulation not only of the *Journal* but also of all their other publications, has been in England—the Scottish circulation being but a proportionate fraction of the whole. Necessarily, therefore, the editors have abandoned much of that spirit of reference to Scottish tastes and Scottish subjects, which charac-

terised their early numbers; and have studied to address themselves broadly and deeply to the whole range of British and human interests. And, in accomplishing this, they have of course been greatly assisted by the co-operation of other writers, of whose services they have from the first availed themselves. Retaining always in their own hands the direction and management of the periodical, they have had among their contributors, writers of all varieties of faculty and taste—Englishmen and Englishwomen, Irishmen and Irishwomen, as well as countrymen and countrywomen of their own, writers of the highest celebrity, as well as aspirants whom they have helped to encourage. The *Journal* is supported, we believe, at an expense of about £1,000 per annum for literary contributions alone. In addition, however, to these reasons for the progress one may have remarked in the character and tone of the *Journal*, something must also be owing to the fact of the growing intimacy between the *Journal* itself and its readers. Having once established itself as a household favourite, the *Journal* had, as it were, secured a fixed audience; and having, as it were, to carry this audience along with it (many who were boys and girls when they began to read it, are now fathers and mothers of families) it has necessarily, while never ceasing to aim at the instruction and delight of the humblest reader that might chance to take it up, endeavoured at the same time to fulfil the purposes of progressive and ever-widening tuition. Thus there will be found in its pages—in addition to tales, essays, historic sketches, criticisms, and miscellaneous paragraphs, such as would interest readers universally—numerous dissertations of a scientific or highly thoughtful nature, adapted for a more select class of minds, and displaying as much depth and as much intellectual originality as the best current papers of the most distinguished quarterlies; indeed, very frequently, written by the same pens.

Immediately after the *Journal* had become successful as a speculation, the two brothers relinquished their separate businesses, and united in partnership for the printing and publishing of that and other works. For some time their premises were in Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; but ultimately they removed to the High street, where by

successive purchases and alterations, they have converted the whole space between two of those ancient courts or closes which run off from the main street like the small bones from the vertebra of a fish, into a large and handsome printing establishment and warehouse, which strangers go to visit out of curiosity.

The "*Journal*" (to which there was originally attached, under the name of *The Historical Newspaper*, a kind of monthly record of events, not unlike the monthly chronicle now attached to "Dickens's Household Words") had been in existence about two years, when the brothers projected a new scheme in the shape of a series of popular, scientific, and historical treatises, entitled "Information for the People." Of this most useful publication the sale from first to last averaged, we believe, 30,000 copies of each number. Other publications, carried on from time to time contemporaneously with the *Journal*, have been:—"The Cyclopædia of English Literature," in three volumes, forming a survey of our national literature from its infancy to the present day, with biographical and critical notices of distinguished writers, and ample extracts from their works; "The People's Editions of Standard English Works and Translations;" including, also, Original Contributions by the Messrs. Chambers themselves, "The Educational Course," a series of volumes begun in 1834, and still in progress, designed as a complete set of text-books for public or private tuition, from the years of infancy up to the close of the period of life usually devoted in this country to scholastic training; "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts;" a series of popular sketches, tales, and treatises, published at a penny, and now bound up in twenty volumes, immense bales of which, over and above the immediate issue, have since been despatched to all parts of the world; "Chambers's Popular Library," and "Chambers's Juvenile Library," consisting of separate works expressly written for the occasion (Mr. J. Hill Burton, the Author of the "Life of David Hume," wrote a treatise on "Social and Political Philosophy" for the former series), and destined, the one for the people at large, the other for the instruction and amusement of children; and, lastly, "Chambers's

Papers for the People," a weekly issue of the same price as the Journal, and designed as an adaptation to popular wants of that higher kind of literary matter which has hitherto formed the staple of our more elaborate Quarterlies. Nearly all these works have been reprinted in America; several of the volumes of "The Educational Course" have been translated into Hindoostanee, and are used in Bengal by the native teachers; and "The Information for the People" has been translated into Welch, and is now being published in Wales.

Even commercially viewed, there is much that is interesting in such a mechanism for the diffusion of literature on the large scale, as that which the Messrs. Chambers have thus created and brought to perfection. At the outset, we believe, it was not merely the possession of practical knowledge as booksellers that determined them to combine the mechanical business of printing and publishing with the higher functions of editorship and original literary production; but also, in part, a sense of the extreme difficulty of working out large schemes of publication, if restricted by dependence on tradesmen out of doors. Possibly the lesson thus afforded by the Messrs. Chambers is capable of an application to the business of authorship, not yet fully appreciated. Although concerned only with the printing and publishing of their own works, the plant of the Messrs. Chambers, at their establishment in Edinburgh, and the number of hands they employ, are necessarily considerable. The depth of their premises in the High-street (in which all the branches of their business except paper-making are carried on) is about 268 feet from front to back; and the general breadth is 45 feet. Their chief printing-room, a spacious hall lighted from the roof, gives accommodation to ten printing machines, with a high-pressure steam-engine of ten horse power. The number of sheets printed in this apartment during the month ending February 2, 1850, was 723,504; the number of sheets printed annually averages ten millions, paying about £3000 of excise duty. The number of persons at present employed on the premises, including principals and literary assistants, is 180—a change truly from the times when the elder brother

toiled half the night at his hand-press, with doubtless but a feeble hope of ever becoming known beyond a very limited sphere of operation.

The nineteen years that have elapsed since the two brothers first commenced their exertions in that department of activity with which their names are now indissolubly associated, have, of course, produced changes not only in their worldly relations and circumstances, but also, in some degree, in their own aspirations and modes of thinking. They were then young men, with little means, and struggling hard and in comparative obscurity for a living. They are now men of mature age, enjoying a degree of affluence that in Scotland must be called wealth—the honourable fruit of their enterprise and diligence; men of social note and distinction in the city where they have resided so long, and known by reputation wherever there are reading Englishmen. Recently, by a graceful act of natural affection towards the place of his birth, Mr. William Chambers has purchased back the house in Peebles that once belonged to his father, as well as an estate in the neighbourhood, where he has fixed his summer residence, visiting Edinburgh as occasion requires, and where he means to prosecute improvements as a landlord. Robert Chambers still resides habitually in Edinburgh. In both of them it is still possible to trace a strong subsoil of that *amor patriæ* of which, as we have said, no Scotchman ever seeks to rid himself, and which constituted for them, as it has for so many others, the primary impulse and determination towards literature. In the natural course of development, however, through which they have been led since they began their literary labours, they have necessarily superinduced on this original foundation, each according to his characteristic tendencies, an intimate acquaintance and sympathy with the whole civilisation of the time. Thus, William, following out that tendency to the observation and criticism of social forms and institutions which appeared in his "Book of Scotland," has, in the course of his editorship, applied himself much and variously to considerations affecting the economical and educational progress of British people generally, and has furnished numerous papers illustrating his views on such topics.

We may instance particularly some remarkable articles published by him in the "Journal" a year or two ago on the state of Ireland. Robert, on the other hand, while retaining his fondness for the historical, the humorous, and the picturesque, has gone largely into general literature; and has, for some years, distinguished himself by his assiduity and success as an original labourer among the speculations of advanced science. Among his contributions in this walk, his work on "Ancient Sea Margins"—an attempt inductively to establish the extensive operation over the globe of a geological influence hitherto overlooked or too little appreciated—deserves especial notice.

In this progress of the two brothers from an intense interest in the specially Scottish to an enlightened sympathy with the general, and with all that constitutes modern British culture, one sees an illustration of a very usual feature in the intellectual development of Scotchmen, as well as a kind of example of the new relation in which, in the systematic progress of our island, Scotland is beginning to stand towards the rest of Great Britain. The love of country we believe, will still last in Scotchmen; but it is doubtful if we shall any longer see it break out so conspicuously as heretofore in their literary manifestations. Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Chalmers were, in some respects, we have heard it said, *ultimi Scotorum*; that is to say, whatever men of the same mark Scotland may yet send forth, will necessarily exhibit, not less, it is to be hoped, of the *perferoidum ingenium* of their race, but less of national reference—less of the sentimental element of Scotticism. We have heard the wish expressed, that for the mutual benefit of both countries some angel would lay hold of Scotland by the northern extremity of Caithness, and push it bodily down into the heart of England; but the wish is now superfluous, for railways are doing the thing more effectually. The feet of Scotchmen stand on the Scottish soil, but their eyes go to the limits of the general British horizon.

Were space left us, we might go on to consider the actual results up to the present moment, and the probable future issues, of that gigantic system of "cheap literature" with which the names of the Chamberses are so pro-

minently associated. On this matter it is well known there are two opinions. One party would consecrate cheap literature as almost the salvation and everlasting hope of the human species; another party would sneer it down as a stimulus to self-conceit, and a systematic promotion of superficiality and sciolism. It is hard to say exactly the right word on so large a question. On the one hand, it seems certainly true that cheap literature has its dangers, and that in the swift progress in which it is hurrying us along to a time when all men shall be authors and all women authoresses, at least potentially, there is a real necessity for the invention of some device whereby the faculty of mere expression may be prevented from attaining undue value, and the higher and rarer ingredients of humanity still enabled to retain their social lordship. To teach a member of a modern Mechanics' Institute that he knows more than Newton or Archimedes, because he may be better informed in the range of existing scientific conclusions, is to do him an injury, and to let loose in a city a winged agency of vanity and folly. Even to raise an impression that reading books is, next to writing them, the highest occupation of man, and the source of all nobility and wisdom, is to afflict mankind with a damage and a fallacy. But, on the other hand, there is much exaggeration on the part of many of those that hold this view of the question. Take cheap literature at its lowest value, as an amusement and pleasurable excitement offered to the large portion of mankind, in lieu of more questionable enjoyments and modes of occupation—considered even thus, is not its institution a benefit? Moreover, consider it as being, to the many, at least one open source of culture—a means of presenting at least some thoughts and emotions capable of raising their sense of the richness and dignity of existence, and yet not otherwise attainable; and is this a consideration to be slighted? And lastly, consider the real facts of the case. Forget the bad associations connected with the word *cheap*, as it is commonly used, and inquire what the cheap literature of the day is, and who are its producers. Is our cheap literature, dispensed as it is in twopenny and three half-penny sheets, a worse article than the dear literature of the last

century, which used to be sold in big volumes? On the contrary, it is decidedly better. There is more of worth, more of intellect, more of genius, more even of accuracy and industry in many of the little sheets than there used to be, or even still is, in many of the big volumes. For who are the servants and functionaries of cheap literature? Are they a class apart—Grub-street hacks—Pariahs of letters—book-cobblers, dismissed by respectable masters on account of pure incompetence? Not they. They are literary men indiscriminately; the whole literary caste lend this cause their willing services. The very men that are at the top of the profession, and that write the best books, are found in the ranks of the contributors to cheap periodicals. Go into the office of *Punch*, and you will there find Jerrold and Thackeray; take up the newest twopenny sheet, and it bears the name of Dickens. And were the proprietors of the most noted of the popular periodicals to publish lists of their contributors, it would be found also that men of the highest reputation in the world of science make use of this channel of communication with the public. Nor is it the left hand only that they lend for such service. A man of original views, or of fine and peculiar faculty, will of course prefer, when it is possible, to pursue a career of authorship on his own responsibility and in his own name; but the common state of the case is, that the so-called "cheap" literature, really cheap as it is to the public, affords a better remuneration to all connected with it professionally than the dear literature it has in so far superseded. The true objection, therefore, lies not against this particular form of modern literature so much as against the tendencies of modern literature universally.

We do not suppose that the Messrs. Chambers hold, for their part, any exaggerated notions of the functions of that system of cheap literature which they have done so much to establish and to perfect. And with regard, at least, to their own exertions in this field, their claim is modest enough. They do not pretend to have invented cheap literature, but only to have given cheap literature a wholesome and beneficial direction. They have sometimes, indeed, been accused of not taking so high a social flight as

they might have taken, and of insisting too much on the cultivation of the merely worldly, utilitarian, or prudential qualities of human nature. We cannot say that we sympathise with this complaint. Without holding in any undue estimation that kind of moral teaching which appeals to worldly success as a motive and a standard (of which the prosaic literature of the godless Chinese, with its perpetual stories of poor boys who, by dint of honesty and prudence, came in time to be great Mandarins, is perhaps the most flagrant and repulsive example), we can yet see in the present state of our own country in particular, most honourable place and room for many more literary missionaries of the economic and the prudential than we are likely to have. And though we firmly believe that no soul is noble that is not alive to those higher thoughts and generalities involved in the words God, Duty, the Infinite, the Unseen, the Eternal, the Supernatural; and that, if these generalities were even left in abeyance, all human society, even in its homeliest interests, would grow rotten and decay; yet we have great faith also in the essential nobility of that mode of viewing things, which, detaining the contemplation tightly down upon the domestic, the neighbourly, and the terrestrial, asserts that in the maxim, that "a man should live within his income," there is expressed a very considerable portion of all subolar morality. The Messrs. Chambers have certainly addressed themselves largely to this side of things; for which, we think, they deserve thanks rather than blame. But they have by no means confined themselves to it. Science, even in its deeper and more abstract branches, has always been fully represented in their publications; the *Journal*, for instance, often taking the lead in communicating to the public the results of recent scientific inquiries. To the poetic and the graceful they have not been indifferent, while studying the solid; nor have even their illustrations of the economic been destitute of the proper amount of reference to higher views of man and his destiny. Their principle, it is true, has always been to avoid every approach to sectarianism, whether in religion or politics. To deviate from that rule, so distinctly announced in the programme of the *Journal*, would have been to

abandon the opportunity of extended usefulness. That, still adhering to this rule, it might not be possible to venture more largely than they do into the regions of higher sentiment and aspiration, whether individual or social, we will not say; that is a question to be determined by experience which we do not possess, and according to one's personal tendencies; but this we will say, that solid, clear matter

of a miscellaneous character, such as the Messrs. Chambers make it their chief business to furnish to the public, is fifty times better, more creditable to the producer, and more nutritious to the reader, than the wretched semi-transcendentalism (real transcendentalism is a different thing) which some would desire to see substituted for it, and which, to speak plainly, is neither fish, flesh, cheese, nor red-herring.

SONGS FOR THE SEASON.

BY D. F. M'CAHNEY.

No. I.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

Ah! Summer time, sweet Summer scene,
When all the golden days,
Linked hand in hand, like moon-lit fays,
Danced o'er the deepening green.

When, from the top of Pelier down,
We saw the sun descend,
With smiles that blessings seemed to send
To our near native town.

And when we saw him rise again
High o'er the hills at morn—
God's glorious prophet daily born
To preach goodwill to men—

Goodwill and peace to all between
The gates of night and day—
Join with me, love, and with me say
Sweet Summer time and scene.

II.

Sweet Summer time, true age of gold,
When hand in hand we went
Slow by the quickening shrubs, intent
To see the buds unfold.

To trace new wild flowers in the grass,
New blossoms on the bough,
And see the water-lilies now
Rise o'er their liquid glass.

When from the fond and folding gale
The scented brier I pulled,
Or for thy kindred bosom culled
The lily of the vale.

Thou without whom were dark the green,
The golden turned to grey,
Join with me, love, and with me say
Sweet Summer time and scene.

III.

Sweet Summer time, delight's brief reign,
Thou hast one memory still,
Dearer than ever tree or hill
Yet stretched along life's plain,

Stranger than all the wond'rous whole,
Flowers, fields, and sunset skies—
To see within our infant's eyes
The awakening of the soul.

To see their dear bright depths first stirred
By the far breath of thought,
To feel our trembling hearts o'erfraught
With rapture when we heard

Her first clear laugh, which might have been
A cherub's laugh at play—
Ah! love, thou *canst* but join and say
Sweet Summer time and scene.

IV.

Sweet summer time, sweet summer days,
One day I must recall;
One day, the brightest of them all,
Must mark with special praise.

'Twas when at length in genial showers
The Spring attained its close;
And June with many a myriad rose
Incarnadined the bowers.

Led by the bright and sun-warm air,
We left our indoor nooks;
Thou with my papers and my books,
And I thy garden chair;

Crossed the broad, level garden walks,
With countless roses lined;
And where the apple still inclined
Its blossoms o'er the box,

Near to the lilacs round the pond,
In its stone ring hard by,
We took our seats, where, save the sky,
And the few forest trees beyond

The garden wall, we nothing saw,
 But flowers and blossoms, and we heard
 Nought but the whirring of some bird,
 Or the rooks' distant, clamorous caw.

And in the shade we saw the face
 Of our dear Mary sleeping near,
 And thou wert by to smile and hear,
 And speak with innate truth and grace.

There through the pleasant noontide hours
 My task of echoed song I sung;
 Turning the golden southern tongue
 Into the iron ore of ours!

'Twas the great Spanish master's pride,
 The story of the hero proved;
 'Twas how the Moorish princess loved,
 And how the firm Fernando died.

Oh! happiest season ever seen,
 Oh! day, indeed the happiest day;
 Join with me, love, and with me say
 Sweet Summer time and scene.

§

v.

One picture more before I close
 Fond Memory's fast dissolving views;
 One picture more before I lose
 The radiant outlines as they rose.

'Tis evening, and we leave the porch,
 And for the hundredth time admire
 The rhododendron's cones of fire
 Rise round the tree, like torch o'er torch.

And for the hundredth time point out
 Each favourite blossom and perfume—
 If the white lilac still doth bloom,
 Or the pink hawthorn fadeth out:

And by the laurel'd wall, and o'er
 The fields of young green corn we're gone;
 And by the outer gate, and on
 To our dear friend's oft-trodden door.

And there in cheerful talk we stay,
 Till deepening twilight warns us home;
 Then once again we backward roam
 Calmly and slow the well-known way—

And linger for the expected view—
 Day's dying gleam upon the hill;
 Or listen for the whip-poor-will,
 Or the too seldom shy cuckoo.

At home the historic page we glean,
 And muse, and hope, and praise and pray—
 Join with me, love, as then, and say
 Sweet Summer time and scene!

No. II.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

Summer is a glorious season,
 Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
 But the Past is not a reason
 To despise the Present.
 So while health can climb the mountain,
 And the log lights up the hall,
 There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
 Maiden-like in charms ;
 Summer, too, with all her promise,
 Perished in our arms.
 But the memory of the vanished,
 Whom our hearts recall,
 Maketh sunny days in Winter,
After all !

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
 All the best are dead ;
 But the wall-flower still perfumeth
 Yonder garden-bed.
 And the lily-flowered arbutus
 Hangs its coral ball—
 There *are* sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
 And I love them well ;
 But, this holly's glistening berry,
 None of those excel.
 While the fir can warm the landscape,
 And the ivy clothes the wall,
 There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

By the Dargle's edge reclining
 Is a pleasant thing ;
 And,—when you are after dining,
 Tasting, too, the spring.
Now, the parlour, you'll acknowledge,
 Beats the Waterfall :
 There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Poetisings are but *back* ways
 To the great world's goods,
 Yet I love, with honest Jaques,
 Musings in the woods.
 Now I have the honest fellow,
 Trees, and greenwood hall,
 In the books that warm the Winter,
After all !

Sunny morns and noontides shady
 I do never shun,
 But just ask this fair young lady
 If she miss the sun ?
 Ask her if the brilliant waxlights
 Of this charming ball
 Can make sunny hours in Winter,
After all !

Sunny hours in every season
 Wait the innocent—
 Those who taste with love and reason
 What their God hath sent.
 Those who neither soar too highly,
 Nor too lowly fall,
 Feel the sunny days of Winter,
After all !

Then although our darling treasures
 Vanish from the heart ;
 Then although our once-loved pleasures
 One by one depart ;
 Though the tomb looms in the distance,
 And the mourning pall,
 There is sunshine, and no Winter,
After all !

No. III.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPRING.

I.

Oh ! Kathleen, my darlin', I've had such a dhrame,
 Sure no man ever fancied the likes of the same ;
 I dreamt that the World, like yourself, darlin' dear,
 Just presented a son to the happy New Year !
 Like yourself, too, the poor mother suffered awhile,
 But like thine was the joy, at her baby's first smile,
 When the tender nurse, Nature, her mantle did fling
 Of sunshine around it, and called it **THE SPRING !**

II.

Oh ! Kathleen, 'twas strange how the elements all,
 With their friendly regards, condescended to call.
 The rough rains of Winter like summer-dews fell,
 And the North-wind said, Zephyr-like—Is the World well ?
 And the streams ran quick-sparkling to tell o'er the earth
 God's goodness to man in this mystical birth ;
 For a Son of this World, and an heir to the King
 Who rules over man, is this beautiful Spring !

III.

Oh ! Kathleen, methought, when the bright babe was born,
 More lovely than morning appeared the bright morn ;
 The birds sang more sweetly, the grass greener grew,
 And with buds and with blossoms the old trees looked new ;
 And methought when the Priest of the Universe came—
 The Sun—in his vestments of glory and flame,
 The name that he gave all creation did sing—
 'Twas the *bouchelleen bawn* of the World—'twas the Spring !

IV.

Oh ! Kathleen, dear Kathleen ! what treasures are piled
In the mines of the Past for this wonderful Child !
The lore of the sages, the lays of the bards,
Like a primer, the eye of this infant regards ;
All the dearly-bought knowledge that cost life and limb,
Without price, without peril, are offered to him ;
And the blithe bee of Progress concealeth its sting,
As it offers its sweets to this beautiful Spring !

V.

Oh ! Kathleen, they tell us of wonderful things,
Of speed that surpasseth the fairy's fleet wings ;
How the lands of the world in communion are brought,
And the slow march of speech is as rapid as thought.
Oh ! think what an heir-loom the great world will be,
With this wonderful wire 'neath the Earth and the Sea ;
When the snows and the sunshine together shall bring,
And the East and the West, all their gifts to the Spring.

VI.

Oh ! Kathleen, but think of the birth-gifts of love
That THE MASTER who lives in the GREAT HOUSE above
Prepares for the poor child that's born on his land—
Oh, God ! they're the sweet flowers that fall from thy hand,
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given
Awhile, to make Earth the reflection of Heaven ;
The brightness and lightness that round the world wing,
Oh ! heir of the ages ! are thine, happy Spring !

VII.

Oh ! Kathleen, dear Kathleen ! that dream is gone by,
And I wake once again, but, thank God ! thou art by ;
And the land that we love looks as bright in the beam,
Just as if my queer dream was not all out a dream.
The spring-tide of Nature its blessing imparts—
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse through our hearts ;
Let us feel 'tis a mother, to whose breast we cling,
And a brother we hail, when we welcome the Spring.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXII.

SAMUEL LOVER.

TOUCHSTONE.—“*Lovers are given to Poetry.*”—*As You Like It.*

SAMUEL LOVER, poet, painter, dramatist—an Irishman well entitled to a place in our Gallery—the author of “Rory O’More,” and who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America and on the wall of China, piped and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, “Rory” still reigns an universal favourite, and bids fair, like “Patrick’s-day” or “Garryowen,” to go on living among us in our own sea-girt isle from sire to son, by “a lease of lives renewable for ever.”

We have by us, as we write, a book entitled “Crosby’s Irish Musical Repository,” containing “a Choice Collection of Esteemed Irish Songs, adapted for the Voice, Violin, and German Flute,” which, bearing date 1808, emanated from Stationer’s-court, Paternoster-row, and professes on its title-page to be purchasable “at all respectable book and music-sellers in the United Kingdom.” An examination of this volume has satisfied us that a pig, a shillelagh, and a knock on the head were the chief stock in trade of the comic song writers of that day, who felt it indispensable to end their verses with the senseless refrain of “Whack row-de-dow,” “Smallilou,” or “Bubbero,” “Palliluh,” or “Whillelulh, Botheration,” “Langolee,” “Whack,” and *whack* again. Instead of imitating what they affected to represent, they created, Frankenstein-like, a strange monster which they called an Irishman, who could only make mistakes, and whenever he was pushed to an argument twisted his stick in solution of the difficulty and sang a song with an appropriate “Whack.” Most of these absurdities were written for the stage, at a time when the Irishman played but a subordinate part in the drama, passed current in England until a very recent period, and were tolerated and even applauded in Ireland. The days of “Whack and Smallilou,” however, were destined to be numbered, for in “Rory O’More” a way was shown to a new phase of song, in which there is comicality without vulgarity or coarseness, and, in the midst of fun, a poetic appreciation of female beauty, combined with gallantry and tenderness—

“Her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light.”

But we are anticipating. Let us go back awhile, and say something about the subject of our memoir before the birth of his “Rory.” Lover, like Moore, was born in Dublin; they drew their life-stream from Irish mothers; alike were lulled to sleep by the unmatched melodies of their native land; alike heard her legends and fairy tales, and had their young fancies warmed from the same source. At a very early age he displayed evident musical tendencies. When once on a visit with a friend of his father’s, where there were children of his own age, he left his companions at play, and being missed by the lady of the house, who went about in some anxiety looking for him, her ear was arrested by the sound of an old piano-forte in a remote room, its notes dropping now and then in the apparent effort of somebody trying to make out a tune, she softly opened the door and saw him poking out the then popular melody of “Will you come to the bower,” the composition of the illustrious bard who excited his imagination, and who years afterwards heard his praises sung by the same boy under circumstances which are still fresh in the memory of many. There was a public dinner given to Moore in Dublin, on the 8th of June, 1818, for which Lover, then a mere stripling, was presented with a ticket by a friend, to whom,



Curry & Sons

Dublin. Published by James M. Gashan. 1849.

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on the day of the entertainment, he showed a song which he had written. The subject was a poet's election in Olympus, where many striving for the honour of being Jove's laureate, Tom Moore carries it hollow by a large majority, Venus, the Loves, and the Graces giving him plumpers as a matter of course.

"The song is very fair, indeed," said his friend, "but there will be such a host of talent there that it will never do for you to sing it at the dinner."

Sheil, Maturin, Sir John Stevenson (Moore's co-laborateur in the Melodies), with the whole staff of the Dublin musical force, were present, but strange to say nothing poetical or musical was prepared for the occasion. The evening wearing on without anything appropriate forthcoming, Lover's friend gave him a nudge, and said—

"Master Sam, this won't do. We must have your song. I have just heard that your name has been sent up to Lord Charlemont, the Chairman. You'll be asked directly; so clear your throat, and don't be afraid."

In a few minutes afterwards he was called upon, and though flurried by the novelty of his situation, yet, inspired by his "first Champagne," sang with as much voice as fright left him. The effect was most successful; he was encored, and again and again applauded, the song drawing forth a most brilliant speech from the distinguished guest that night on the living poets of Great Britain. Moore's mother found out the next day where the authorship lay, and requested a copy. Years after, when, through other causes, he became intimate with her, we have heard Lover say that she often alluded to the song, and when Time's relentless course carried the poet's mother to the tomb, he was one of the honoured few who bore the pall.

But to revert. His father, a worthy and excellent man, well known as one of the most respected members of the Stock Exchange in Dublin, being anxious that his son should remain at commercial pursuits for some time, he continued to assist him in his office, until he found that the monotony of the desk ill suited his temperament, and he made up his mind to have "potato and salt," according to his own notion, rather than better fare with the drudgery of the counting-house. Having just sufficient knowledge that a certain admixture of blue and yellow would be sure to produce green, he determined to become a painter, and worked away with laborious zeal, gaining praise from his friends, with whom his amateur works were in great demand. Invited to the country-house of Major F—— (now no more) the young artist expressed a wish to make a likeness of his host, who sat with Christian patience and resignation awaiting the result. Failure succeeded failure, until at last something was produced, which, when shown to the gardener, he recognised as "The mather—the Major himself, sure enough!" There was joy in that moment! a likeness was made! and in the crude streaks of red and yellow were seen the dawn of success.

Passing over probationary years of hard and self-instructing study, where there was more painting than pay, he at last began to be noticed and employed—perhaps the earlier so from the fact that his social qualities and musical accomplishments obtained for him an *entrée* into the best society in Dublin. We often heard of his being at the house of the Lefanus, whose distinguished visitors (as he once said to us) could be intellectual without being blue, and where people could be fashionable without being insipid—that admirable mixture of high intellectuality and high breeding, where both qualities helped out each other, and Minerva was indebted to the Graces. There was an inimitable piece of foolery got up in Dublin, called the Club of the Burchenshaft, where knowledge was squandered under the guise of ignorance, where wit flashed through the affected mask of stupidity, where society in its brightest form quaffed the cup rather to lubricate the throat, hoarse with uttering witticisms, than to gratify the sensual gust of palate; where every form of face appeared in a new guise, so that fun scarcely knew itself, and every meeting teemed with songs fresh from the mint of fancy. There it was that the great dignitaries of that august dynasty, "the Lord Chamberlain," "the Pipe-bearer," &c. &c., crowded round the "Noble Grand"—monarch of his own little kingdom! And who was he? Charles Lever—inimitable Charles! Long and happy may you reign wherever you are! But who was the minstrel of that joyous court? Samuel Lover! And never had troubadour more honour even in the good old times of King René. There was "y^e hoke of y^e Burchenshaft" too! containing the veritable

history and wonderful records of the club—its origin, progress, and transactions—profusely illustrated and illuminated, by Lover's pencil. He painted a grotesque cover for the book, which was a good imitation of such a missal as one would find on the worm-eaten shelves of an ancient library, and manufactured the "Blessed Dhodeen," supposed to have been the property of St. Patrick, and which was the seal of the official documents of his holiness, and also of St. Kevin. The contents of the volume were concocted chiefly by Lever; and, on the dissolution of the club, this literary treasure, together with the muniments and paraphernalia, remained in the possession of "the Noble Grand." The fraternity did not forget their Minstrel and Limner, to whom they presented a valuable gold snuff-box in testimony of their regard and approbation of the manner in which he discharged his official functions in two capacities.

Pursuing his profession as a miniature-painter, he was elected, in 1836, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and subsequently filled the office of its Secretary. The Marquis of Wellesley, then Viceroy, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and many other distinguished men in Ireland, sat for him. The picture, however, which brought him most into notice, and which may be said to have established his character as an artist, here as well as in London, was that of the celebrated Paganini, who sat for him during his stay in Dublin. We recollect one day seeing the miniature in an unfinished state, and being struck by its admirable likeness to the original, Lover told us the way in which he roused the great violinist to animation of feature during a sitting. "Paganini being dull, I wished (said he) to excite his attention. I remarked to him the great beauty of a little capriccio motivo in one of his concertos, and hummed the air. Old Pag. cocked his ear.

" 'You have been in Strasbourg,' said he.

" 'Never,' I answered.

" 'Then how did you hear that air?'

" 'I heard you play it.'

" 'No! if you were not in Strasbourg.'

" 'Yes! in London.'

" 'That concerto I composed for my first appearance in Strasbourg, and I never played it in London.'

" 'Pardon me, you did at the Opera House.'

" 'I don't remember.'

" 'It was the night you played an obligato accompaniment to Pasta.'

" 'Ah, Pasta!' he exclaimed, and his beautiful eye brightened as if he rejoiced in the remembrance of that night.

" 'As Rhodrick Dhu

" 'Felt the joy that heroes feel
In warriors worthy of their steel,'

so Paganini seemed to rejoice in the remembrance of that remarkable occasion, when those two great artistes, putting out all their force, were mutually inspired and successively interchanged artistic supremacy. The name of Pasta was a connecting link in the musician's memory.

" 'Pasta! yes. How she sang that night.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'and how you played.'

" 'Ah!' exclaimed he, with a shrug, 'but that motivo; I did play it on that, but only on that, night in London. You must be a musician,' said he, 'for that is not an easy air to remember.'

" 'It was encored, signor,' with a complimentary bow, 'and so I heard it twice.'

" 'Ah!' said he, with another shrug, but evidently pleased; 'but still I say it is not easy to remember that air except for a musician.'

This incident not only roused Paganini to the animation which Lover required, but procured for him admission to all his rehearsals. Thus it was—Pasta inspired Paganini, Paganini inspired the painter, for he produced admittedly one of the best likenesses ever made of that distinguished man; and when he ventured to send it to the Royal Academy of England he did not overrate his own work, for we have heard it said, that Sir David Wilkie, Sir Martin Shee, and Chantrey, in criticising the picture, agreed that the violin (which, by the way,

was an elaborate study) put them in mind of Gerard Dhow. Circumstances which occurred at this time prevented his going to London at once, but he contrived to get there a day or two before the Exhibition closed, when he had the satisfaction of seeing his picture, and, what was still better, of receiving several commissions.

While thus temporarily located in London he painted some persons of distinction; among the rest a relative of Sir John Conroy, who was then Comptroller to the household of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Through Sir John's interest he hoped to have the honour of painting the Princess Victoria, but he was obliged to return to Ireland, where he passed the remainder of that year in the hope of transferring himself the following to the English metropolis. Again he was disappointed in carrying out his intentions. Early in the spring he received a letter with the Royal Arms on the seal—it was from Sir John Conroy! Could he at once go to London and paint a picture? This was, indeed, an opportunity any artist might have coveted, and of which he was eagerly desirous of availing himself; but a domestic calamity interfered, and he was compelled to write and explain to Sir John the reason of his not having answered his note by presenting himself in person; to this he received a kind reply, mentioning that he should *yet* paint the picture. But such high tides only serve once in a man's life! he lost the golden opportunity, which, had he been enabled to seize, might have placed the Court Guide in a position to chronicle a *Lover* instead of a *Hayter*,* as her Majesty's Miniature Painter in Ordinary.

His engagements as an artist did not prevent his employing himself in literary pursuits, for he gave the public a series of his well-known "Legends and Stories," the success of which was established and attested by popular accord and drew forth the highest praise from many contemporary authors; among the rest, Miss Edgeworth, whose keen sense of all things was as ready to discern and acknowledge merit in others as to make it evident in herself. The literary reputation he had thus acquired associated him with those who started the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. In the first and second numbers appeared his story of "Barney O'Reardon," almost as well known as the "Gridiron," which not only had (to use a stage phrase) a great run, but we think we can show that it conferred a practical benefit on a large portion of the travelling public of Ireland, of which, possibly, they may not be aware, and therefore we proceed to enlighten them. Mr. Bianconi, the well-known inventor and owner of the "Long Cars" of the Southern roads, was one day a passenger between Clonmel and Waterford, on his car which runs between these towns. To pass away the time he brought with him Lover's "Legends and Stories," then just published, from among which he selected the "Gridiron" for perusal, the fun of which he could well appreciate, and he bore testimony thereto with hearty bursts of laughter. He had but just finished the story, when the day, hitherto fine, suddenly changed, and down came a torrent of rain, which thoroughly soaked every one on the vehicle, including its worthy proprietor. Arrived in Waterford, his first care was to give directions to have the cushions well dried for use the following day, and, business-like, he waited to see his order carried into effect. When they were removed from the side of the car upon which he had sat, his vigilant eye at once observed that the seat was one pool of water, which had evidently no way for running off.

"I have it!" said he.

"I am glad of that, sir," says the driver. "Did you lose anything?"

"The 'Gridiron,'" said Bianconi.

"The Gridiron," echoed the driver.

"Ay," said Bianconi; "we must sit on Gridirons for the future, if we want to keep our passengers dry and comfortable."

"The Lord save us," grinned the ostler. "What is the maafter at, at all at all?"

But he knew well what he was at, for we need scarcely remind our Irish readers that of late years a wooden grating, *gridiron*-like, has been placed under the cushions of Mr. Bianconi's cars, which, to the great comfort and convenience

* Sir George Hayter occupies this high position.

of his numerous passengers, has effectually prevented the lodging of water on the seats.

Let us now follow our artist to London, where, upon the strength of his general reputation, he determined to establish himself as a miniature painter. The first picture he exhibited, after taking up his residence in the metropolis, in 1835, was a miniature of the Moolree Mahmoud Ishmael Khan, the ambassador of the King of Oude, who sat for him shortly after his arrival on his mission to England. He also painted Lord Brougham in his robes of office as Lord Chancellor, which was an excellent likeness as well as an elaborate and highly finished painting. Thomas Moore, too, has recorded how highly he appreciated Lover's acquirements, as evidenced in a picture of his son Russell Moore (since dead). A portrait of Lover's daughter Meta, when a child, in the costume of a Connemara peasant, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was afterwards engraved in "Hall's Book of Gems." These and many other works from his pencil brought him into full business in his profession, while his versatile talents secured for him introductions into the salons of the fashionable world as well as a place in the best literary society. His own songs, sung and accompanied by himself; his own stories, told as no one else could tell them, made him a welcome guest everywhere. At Lady Blessington's he was an *habitué* on her evenings of reception, and there as well as at other houses where literary and artistic merit met, the success of his songs was so great that he was induced to publish.

A writer in *Blackwood** thus favourably comments on Lover's varied talents:—

"A new poet in our day is a discovery worth recording; but a new poet, who is at once a musician, a painter, a novelist, and a poet, is quadruply worth wondering at. This is the case of Mr. Lover, a young Irishman, who has lately made his appearance at this side of the Channel. He is an artist of such skill as to have produced the very best small portrait, that of the Ambassador of the King of Oude, at the last year's Exhibition at Somerset House. He has written some short dramas, but witty, and some volumes of Irish romance, which we understand are very clever, and are illustrated by some sketches from his own pencil. But his poems are now the topic. We must confess that we have never been much captivated with what has passed for Irish song-writing in England. These songs which profess to be humorous—the play-house species, are absolutely barbarous, the essence of vulgarity, unrelieved by anything that bears the slightest resemblance to humour in Ireland, or in any other country under the sun; their wit is worthy of their authors, and their authors are worthy of the gin shop.

"Even the amatory songs which have had their day among us, have not altogether stolen into our hearts; they have treated of love alternately like a schoolmaster and schoolboy; there was too much about gods and goddesses, and too much about pouting lips and glossy curls. We doubt whether passion ever spoke the language of any one of them. They were pretty, and even poetical; but they wholly wanted truth; they had none of the intense feeling, the flush of fever, the mixture of sadness and playfulness, the delight and the agony of true inspiration. In the songs of the present writer we find much of the rich caprice, and not a little of the force of passion."

Taking up some of the popular superstitions of Ireland, a fruitfully poetic theme, he wrote several songs to illustrate them—"Rory O'More;" "The Angel's Whisper;" "The May Dew;" "The Four-leaved Shamrock;" "The Letter," &c., which commanded, we believe, the largest sale of almost any series of songs ever published. The great street favorite at this time in London was "Weber's Hunting Chorus," but "Rory" soon put out the pipe of the German Jager, and the Dhudeen beat the Meerscham. "Molly Carew" (which, with many other songs, followed the "Superstitions" in rapid succession) may be classed with "Rory O'More," though the difficulty of that tricky air, "Planxy Reilly," to which it is adapted, was in the way of its street popularity. The structure of the rhymes, terminating in lines of the most capricious lengths, preserved throughout four verses, is most ingenious, and the poetry is admirable. Here is a simile:—

"For your lips, oh machree, in their beautiful glow,
Faith a pattern might be for the cherries to grow."

* *Blackwood*, vol. xli., 1837.

And then the reflection thereupon arises—

"'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
But at this time of day,
'Pon my conscience, I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father."

"The Angel's Whisper," and "True Love can ne'er forget" (the story of "Carolyn," of whom it is related that when deprived of sight, after the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand), are examples of pathetic sentiment, in which the stories are condensed into the smallest possible compass. It has been justly remarked, that so earnestly does he treat his subject in the former, adhering closely to verb and substantive, dealing with actions and things, that the "adjective is only used three times, in one of which it assumes a compound form, and may, therefore, be said to have an application but twice."*

A second series of Legend Stories now appeared from the press; and in 1836 the novel of "Rory O'More" was written for Mr. Bentley. The management of the Adelphi Theatre was offered several dramatised versions of this popular work; but Mr. Lover was selected to put it on the stage, and Rory, in the hands of poor Tyrone Power, was triumphant in his third shape for over one hundred successive nights. Who that ever saw that admirable actor in *Rory O'More* can forget his delineation of the part; and how delicious was the richness of his unforced brogue in narrating the story of the Fox of Ballybotherum. And then there was *Gerald Pepper*, written for him by Lover ("The White Horse of the Peppers"), to bring him out at the Haymarket, in which he made a great hit. The "Happy Man" was from the same pen, and was entrusted to the same actor, with entire success. At Covent Garden, when Madame Vestris was lessee, a musical drama was produced, called the *Greek Boy*, in which she sang a charming barcarolle, "Gondolier, Row," and nightly obtained an encore. This drama was also one of Lover's. When Balfe took the English Opera House (now the Lyceum), he sent him a burlesque opera, called *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, in which that charming ballad "Molly Bawn," the *cheval de bataille* of the piece, was sung by Balfe himself, and soon became another street favourite—one of those *al fresco* spirits that loves open air, midnight, and the moon. How often we have heard it, when, to use the words of the song:—

"The stars above are brightly shining,
Because they have nothing else to do."

A handsome tribute was paid about this time to him, when his joint-stock reputation of painter, poet, musician, and dramatist caused him to be talked about. Forty Irish members of the House of Commons invited him to a dinner at "Grillon's," thus testifying their respect for his character, and appreciation of his genius.

Continuing to work hard at his profession, he used his pen as well as his pencil; and having commenced serial story writing, he undertook the additional labour of illustrating the numbers himself with etchings on steel. "Handy Andy" and "Treasure Trove" were thus brought out; but he soon found that he had been doing the work of three men instead of one. His eyes, hitherto severely tried by miniature painting, became so seriously affected that he was recommended to cease from his ordinary professional pursuits, and, unwillingly, he yielded to medical advice. Being thus in a measure deprived of the means of pursuing his former occupation, it occurred to him to become in public the illustrator of his own stories and songs, feeling that, if half the approbation were to follow in public, which always resulted from the exercise of the same thing in private, success was pretty certain. Some recommended him to try the effect of what

* Criticisms on "Popular Songs," No. 3.—"The Angel's Whisper." *Glasgow and Edinburgh Daily Mail*.

he could do quietly in the country; but he felt that it would be better to "take the bull by the horns," and make his first appearance in London, which he accordingly did, at the Princess's Concert-room, on the evening of the 13th March, 1844. To a man who had never done anything of the kind before, and with a voice of very limited compass, it was daring enough; but nerveing himself for the occasion, his first monologue received the unequivocal approbation of a crowded audience, and the next morning's papers contained most favourable notices of his performance. The entertainment was repeated only to be more successful, and after an extended run in London, he presented it to the public in the chief cities and towns of England, Ireland and Scotland. Two hours is a long time for one man, unassisted in any way, to keep people together, and, what is still more difficult, to keep them amused; but Lover succeeded in effecting this beyond all doubt. Song followed song, recitation followed anecdote in pleasing and attractive variety; and while the introductory parts of the entertainment were delivered with unaffected ease and fluency, his dramatic powers were ever ready to assist him in the rendering of his musical compositions, as well as to give effect to his stories and poetic recitations.

In America, whither he proceeded in the spring of 1846, his reception was most flattering, and in the best society (well guarded ring-fence as it is), he was treated with marked distinction. In the chief cities and towns of the States and also in Canada he gave his monologue, which he varied from time to time with new songs, stories, and anecdotes. The song of the "Alabama" was written while gliding down that beautiful stream. It is at once a charming sketch from nature and a transcript of his own feelings at the time. Here is the concluding verse:—

"However far, however near,
To me alike thou'rt still more dear;
In thought, sweet love, thou'rt with me here,
On the winding Alabama.

"The watch-dog's bark on shore, I hear—
He tells me that some home is near;
And memory wakes affection's tear,
On the distant Alabama."

Shortly after his arrival in New Orleans he sung the "Alabama" in a drawing-room, and fresh as he was from the river, the theme of his song, it was perhaps the more effective. Mr. Clay, the distinguished senator, was present, and requesting him to repeat it, paid him a most refined and elegantly turned compliment by saying, "For the future the Alabama will be better known through the Poet than the Geographer."

The Deer-hunt, and the sleighing in America, furnished subjects which he has treated in a lively and perfectly fresh manner. The similarity of sound between slaying the *Deer* and sleighing the *Dear*, was quickly seized upon and illustrated in a song full of point throughout. A husband is recommended to prevent his wife from scolding him:—

"If your dear's temper's crost,
Pray at once for the frost,
And fix her right into a sleigh;
If she would she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all.
In vain would she cry,
For the tears in her eye
Would be frozen before they can fall."

The autumnal couch and repose of the Forest-hunter is truthfully and picturesquely described in three short lines:—

"When the leaves falling red
Yield a ready-made bed,
Where they rest after slaying the deer."

The superstition among the Indians, that the "Great Spirit" forbade the use of gold to his children, is thus dealt with :—

"If gold had been good the Great Spirit had given—
That gift, like his others, as freely from Heaven.
The lake gives us white fish, the deer gives us meat,
And the toil of the capture gives slumber so sweet ;
Then give me my arrows, and give me my bow,
In the wild woods to rove where the blue rapids flow."

These extracts, from songs written in America, will serve to show that Mr. Lover's poetry was not a conventional thing following in the beaten track of every-day association, nor confined to Irish subjects, with which his name was so identified ; but fresh scenes produced fresh poetic combinations, alike truthful and just in imagery and illustration. Indeed, in a letter to a friend, he has described his sensations in the New World with a picturesqueness and force that makes his prose truly poetic :—

"Glorious Niagara! never can I forget the sensations with which my eye first caught the rapids rushing down to the falls ; the mighty mass of waters heaving, and foaming, and bounding onwards ; and then, when I first saw their headlong dash down the abyss, I lost all powers of speech ; for when I attempted words to tell what I felt, my tongue refused its office, my voice trembled, and I could scarcely refrain from tears. I threw off my hat in the spirit of reverential awe, and held out my hands towards the mighty giant, with his flowing robe, as if of molten emeralds, with a fringe of pearls and diamonds, for to nothing else in colour or brilliancy may be likened the vivid green of the waters, the flashing and whiteness of the spray. Then the mighty cloud that arises, steaming up from the vast cauldron below, a messenger, as it were, seeking heaven, whose Master had bidden the waters to fall there, to tell 'His will was done.' The god-like sun imaging his light in the spray, and adding prismatic beauty to that already so beautiful ! Down, down eternally fall those long festoons of snow-white waters, and the voice of God in the never-ceasing thunder of the cataract.

"How the flood below heaves, and eddies, and rushes on through the giant gap of the stupendous cliffs, clothed with the nodding verdure of the green summer ; while the leaves are sprinkled with the diamond-shower of the spray, adding beauty to the feathery lightness of the woods, and refreshing their verdure. How the momentarily-formed rainbows flit about upon the ascending spray, as it whirls around in the never-dying breeze of this enchanting spot—another blessing in the fervour of an American July. Oh, Niagara! Niagara! how endless are thy beauties, how vast thy sublimity. Never have I seen grandeur and beauty so combined as in thee!"

On his return to England in 1848, being more than two years away, he gave an entertainment, entitled "Paddy's Portfolio," which was a combination of Irish songs and stories, and an epitome of his American notes and experiences. In delineating transatlantic character he was at once faithful and humorous, but never descended to ill-nature or caricature. His recitations of "The Irish Fisherman," and "The Flooded Hut of the Mississippi," were delivered with a depth of feeling and pathos which always found their way to the hearts of his audiences ; and in his telling that exquisitely-droll story of "The Adventures and Mistakes of Jemmy Hoy," he invariably excited hearty and genuine laughter.

"The Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland," with several legendary ballads, &c., have been published in a collected form ; but since then Mr. Lover has written the words, and composed the music for many other songs. In his tale of "Handy Andy" we find a good specimen of that power of condensation, which we have before alluded to in this song :—

"An old man sadly said,
Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled—
Where's the snow ?
As fruitless were the task,
Of many a joy to ask—
As the snow.

* "Songs and Ballads, by S. Lover." Chapman and Hall.

"The hope of airy birth,
 Like the snow;
 Is stained on reaching earth,
 Like the snow;
 While 'tis sparkling in the ray,
 'Tis melting fast away,
 Like the snow.

"A cold, deceitful thing,
 Is the snow;
 Though it come on dove-like wing,
 The false snow.
 'Tis but rain disguised appears,
 And our hopes are frozen tears,
 Like the snow."

In the song "Forgive but Don't Forget," the second verse has a cumulative power of antithesis:—

"Oh why should friendship harshly chide
 Our little faults on either side?
 From friends we love we bear with those,
 As thorns are pardoned for the rose.
 The honey bee on busy wing,
 Producing sweets, yet bears a sting;
 The purest gold most needs alloy,
 And sorrow is the nurse of joy."

And then the way in which the old saying is reversed in the concluding four lines:—

"Forgive, forget—we're wisely told,
 Is held a maxim good and old;
 But half the maxim—better yet,
 Then oh forgive—but don't forget."

In the "Birth of St. Patrick," the conceit that the saint being born at midnight on the 8th, and the uncertainty arising whether the 8th or 9th was his true birthday, are ingenious:—

"For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock;
 And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock;
 For with all these cross-questions, sure no one could know
 If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow."

Then father Mulcahy making "confusion worse confounded," by declaring—

"No one could have *two* birth-days but a twin."

And winding up with the device, that as eight and nine make seventeen, so conflicting testimonies would be best reconciled by making the 17th the birthday; giving a good bit of advice, too, which might be well observed on more serious occasions in Ireland:—

"Don't be always *dividing*, but sometimes *combine*."

But here is his last, which none of our readers have yet met with:—

"COAXING CONNOR.

"Now let me alone, though I know that you won't,
 For I don't b'lieve a word, Coaxing Connor, you say;
 You swear that you love me, but maybe you don't,
 And 'tis with my poor heart you'd be wanting to play.
 That's a game you're well up to, with soothing arts
 For Jane, Bet, or Nance—me, or Molly, you'd strive;
 I ask but one trick for my poor ace of hearts,
 While you, wicked rogue, would be playing 'spoil five.'"¹

¹ For the benefit of general readers, we state that "spoil five" is a favourite Irish game at cards, in which the ace of hearts predominates.

"O! Peggy, your coaxing refusals among,
 I heed not the world, but the look that replies;
 With glances so bright, you've no need of a tongue,
 For, if you were dumb, you might talk with your eyes.
 Your sweet lips may serve other uses than speech,
 You could smile me to bondage, you know, Peggy dear;
 Be dumb, if you like—Beauty never should preach—
 But, oh, be not deaf, when 'tis Love bids you hear.

"'Tis *you've* play'd 'spoil five' with my senses, *machree*,
 For 'tis *your* voice I hear in the soft summer wind;
 In the fresh-blushing roses 'tis *you* that I see—
 Oh—I see you so plain!—though they say Love is blind.
 If I touch a sweetbriar—I say that's herself;
 If I e'er feel your hand—on my ear 'tis I feel
 But the taste of your lip—oh, like sweets on a shelf,
 'Tis kept far out of reach from the boy that would steal."

There are many other of Mr. Lover's songs and poems which we would gladly give extracts from, did space permit. But in those which we have given there is evidence of nature and truthful feeling, which make up for more studied and polished artifice. We believe he lacks what is called classical scholarship, but his writings are probably the fresher for the want of it. Schlegel, in his dramatic literature, when speaking of Shakspeare, says:—

"Our poet's want of scholarship has been the subject of endless controversy, and yet it is surely a very easy matter to decide. Shakspeare was poor in dead school-cram, but he possessed a rich treasury of living and intuitive knowledge. . . . The general direction of his mind was not to the collection of words but of facts. With English books, whether original or translated, he was extensively acquainted, and we may safely affirm that he had read all that his native language and literature then contained, that could be of any use to him in his poetical avocations."

Burns, too, was not prevented by want of classic lore from being a poet, and Spenser said, that in the early ballads of the Irish, wild as they were, there was much of "the pure gold of poetry." In treating Irish subjects, Mr. Lover is essentially Irish in spirit, and his illustrations are in strict accordance with the theme. What Lover has done for the popular superstitions of Ireland, another lyricist has more recently effected for those terse and pithy proverbs to be found in the mouths of our peasantry:—"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love;" "Welcome as flowers of May;" with many others which are all now familiar to lovers of song, and have been admirably given by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, a name second to none in that class of poetry with which he has identified himself. We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that these charming ballads may yet be collected in some permanent form.

In music Lover is not scientific, but he knows enough to write the symphonies and accompaniments to his own songs. His ear is so true that we never find him writing false harmony, and thus one will not be disposed to inquire, when hearing or reading his compositions, whether he is conversant with the mysteries of extended sixths, or diminished or German sevenths. Without toiling through the abstruse rules of music, he appears to have intuitively learned that which has taken other men years to acquire. We have stated before that his voice is of limited compass, but, like Moore, who sung his own melodies with such charming effect, he makes up for the want of organ, by clear articulation and expression, that musical reading of song which is so rarely to be met with in these days.

In mentioning Moore's name it reminds us, that when *he* launched his lyric bark he had no competitor. The Continent was closed against us, no foreign music then reached our shores. At such a time, when the world was tired of poor imitations of the stilted old style of music, nauseated with words in which Phillis and Chloe, Strephon, and any quantity of lambkins abounded, how welcome was the freshness of his songs! how sparkling their poetic beauty! and then, what a mine of wealth was at his disposal in the melodies which Buntings had previously rescued from oblivion, and to which the poet's words gave an imperishable fame. Time, however, has made great changes. The Continent

has now been open for years, and the lyric poets of the present day have difficulties to contend with to which Moore was a stranger. The fascinations of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Weber, are all in the field, and rendered more available to the public by the greater cultivation of foreign languages. It is, therefore, something to say for the subject of our memoir, that his songs have been popular in the days of such brilliant contemporaries; that they have lain side by side with their works on the piano-fortes of the accomplished, and have been hummed, whistled, and *organised* through the length and breadth of the land. While he effected this by his talent, he also achieved a first-rate reputation as a painter, was a successful novelist, a successful dramatist, and then appeared the *visû voce* illustrator of his works; and was again successful, in no small degree too, as public criticisms well attest. Dibdin wrote and performed his own monologue; but, with the exception of Lover, we know of no one else who did the same. He did more, however, than Dibdin, for he has written novels, and illustrated them himself, and composed the incidental songs, a literary feat which has no example that we know of. In a word, poet, painter, dramatist, he has won sufficient celebrity to make the fame of three different men, which we trust, like the shamrock of his own native island, may long continue to be

TERIA JUNCTA IN URO.

TWELFTH-DAY ; OR, THE LAST OF OUR HOLIDAYS.

Carrigbawn, January 7, 1851.

YESTERDAY, my dear Anthony, ended our Christmas holidays, and to-day finds me once more in the solitude and repose of my own study, communing in spirit with *one* friend, when so many others have been withdrawn from me in their bodily presence. But those joyous associations cannot last for ever, and well is it for us that they cannot. Though man is a gregarious animal, and has few joys that are not heightened by the sympathy of friends, and multiplied a thousand-fold by being reflected from the faces that he loves ; yet, believe me, there are times and seasons when the spirit seeks repose from excitement, and pants for solitude as the hart does for the water-brooks. I am thoroughly convinced, that most of the mighty events which have revolutionised society, and changed the destinies of mankind, were devised by man, not amongst his species, but apart from them ; and though, at first sight, this may appear somewhat paradoxical, both in regard to man's physical and psychological being, yet he who looks deeper into the matter will see that such is not the case. Though man be social in all his instincts and qualities, still is solitude as needful to his well-being as sleep is necessary to the refecation of an existence which seems *a priori* to abhor the negation of activity, mental or bodily. As the giant rises refreshed from sleep, so the soul comes forth from its silent, secret chamber, re-invigorated by that communion which it holds with itself—ay, and with a greater than itself—that primeval fountain of all thought—the Father of Spirits. In all ages and in all countries solitude has had its lovers and its eulogists. The heathen philosopher and the Christian moralist have alike proclaimed its holiness and its dignity. Were I to quote half that occurs to my memory, my dear Anthony, I should exhaust your patience long before I should find the end of my materials. Seneca has many fine reflections on the subject ; but be of good courage—I shall not inflict one of them upon you. Petrarch, in one of his elegant Latin epistles—which were as famous in his own days as they are neglected in ours—draws a most eloquent contrast between the man who dwells in the city, and him who cultivates a solitary life in the country. This, too, I shall spare you ; but I know not how to defraud you of the sentiments of one of the great lights of the early Christian Church, whose compositions are as redolent of the odour of holiness as was his solitary life of the spirit of devotion. Thus writes St. Jerome :—“*Sapiens nunquam solus esse potest, habet enim secum omnes, qui sunt et qui fuerint boni, et animum liberum quocunque vult, profert et transfert et quod corpore non potest, cogitatione complectitur : et si hominum inopia fuerit, loquitur cum Deo.*” This last thought discovers the real source of the moral elevation which solitude confers upon man. And so it has ever been ; the more he is withdrawn from the creature, the more he is in converse with the Creator. When one human being alone stood on the earth, God was ever present with him. When he found a companion to share the world with him, even still “they heard the voice of the Lord walking in the garden.” Then, as the race multiplied, the visible Deity was rarely amongst them, but He ministered by His angels ; and so, from time to time, as man mingled more with his fellows, he communed less with his great Spiritual Head ; and it is still the primeval yearnings of the soul for purer food than it finds in the world around it that has driven ardent and meditative men to deserts and mountain tops, to cells and caves. But a truce with these reflections, dear Anthony. I sat down to tell you all about our last merry meeting at the Park, and here I am lauding solitude like a hermit or a disappointed lover.

Despite of occasional defections from our band of friends, the main body held together up to “Twelfth-day”—that day which usage has long sanctioned as “the last of the Christmas holidays ;” and now we were all assembled for the last time around the festive board at “the Park.” Somehow insensibly, perhaps not unnaturally, a slight tinge of melancholy, or rather of pensiveness, spread

amongst us; for the endearing pleasures of social converse were dashed by the ever-recurring reflection that they were so shortly to end. Still the ever joyous voice of Uncle Saul kept us all from flagging, and every sigh was chased away by his bantering laugh and trustful hope in the future. And now the ladies had retired, the superabundant leaves of the table were removed, and the diminished portion was rolled nearer to the fire. The wind had risen high and gustfully without, and the rain pattered on the windows, while within, a little knot of true friends sat together, segregated, as it were, from the world and its storms—each bound to other, more or less closely, by those bonds of love which form the dearest, as they are the most enduring of existence.

Uncle Saul sent round the wine, and then threw a log of bog-deal on the fire that sent the burning peat in a thousand sparklets up the ample chimney.

"Well, old friend," said he to the Parson, "Twelfth-day is not now what you and I recollect it when we were youngsters. Ah! I remember the great plum-cake, with its mighty surface of frosted sugar, the drawing of characters, the choosing of King and Queen, charades and dancing, and I know not what. I protest it almost rivalled its great antecedent, Christmas-day. But now 'Little Christmas' is but the shadow of the substance, the ghost of the goodly festival which the Gregorian calendar so unceremoniously thrust out of its place."

"You say truly, my dear sir," said the Parson, "these things you mention seem but as of yesterday—but how, entirely are they passed away. Who now of those around us would recognise the truth of the picture of choosing the king which is so well described in the old rhymes with which our boyhood was familiar?—

"Then also every householder
To his abilitie,
Doth make a mighty cake that may
Suffice his companie;
Herein a pennie doth he put
Before it come to fire—
This he divides according as
His household doth require.
And every peece distributeth,
As round about they stand,
Which in their names unto the poor
Is given out of hand;
But who so chaunceth on the peece
Wherein the money lies,
Is counted King amongst them all;
And is, with showtes and cries,
Exulted to the Heavens."

"Ay, ay, dear Parson," I may say to each of those youngsters here, as honest Justice Shallow said to Falstaff, "Ha! Cousin Silence, that thou had'st seen that that this knight and I have seen!"

"Nay," said the kind old man, smiling good-humouredly at the rakish character with which my uncle had thus invested him; "I do not think I can respond with the knight: 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.' But if Twelfth-night has been shorn of some of its festal splendour, it has lost nothing of its interest to the Christian as the Feast of the Epiphany. It has been ever one of the chief festivals of the Church; and in its earlier ages attached itself most strongly both to the affections and the imaginations of the people. And what marvel! Can there be any event more suggestive of a thousand interesting thoughts, more picturesque and dramatic—let me say so with reverence—than the wonderful one which the day commemorates? Let us for a few moments, in imagination, transport ourselves from beside those blazing logs to the arid sands of the desert, and exchange the wild storm and the drenching rain for the stillness of the air, heavy with the spices of Araby.

"Not far from the banks of the fleet-flowing Tigris, stands one of those structures of which travellers speak with awe and wonder; those Pyramids which, ere Abraham left his native land, were raised, that man might watch the stars of heaven.

"'Tis evening—one of the kingly priesthood, who rules that land, enters the

pile to worship, as is their wont, the heavenly host, and study the laws by which they are guided. Hours pass on as he is so engaged, while 'the heavens declare the glory of God.' At length a star unknown, unseen before, shines forth to the westward—brilliant as the star of the morning, and baffling the lore of Melchior. With hurried steps he hastens to where others of his caste are seeking repose, and, awakening them from sleep, shews them this wondrous sight. Long and anxiously they gaze on this portentous light; till Gaspar, at length, breaks the silence, and, turning to Balthazar, exclaims—'Is not this the star thus spoken of by our forefather, Balaam?'

"I shall see him—but not now;
I shall behold him—but not nigh.
A star shall come out of Jacob,
And a sceptre arise out of Israel."

"And long and anxious still they gaze and commune with themselves, and ponder over the occult lore of Chaldaea; and, at length, the word goes forth amongst their followers, to prepare for a distant journey.

"And now, behold these venerable sages setting forth, star-summoned, towards the royal city of David, to visit 'the King of the Jews.' Swift-footed dromedaries bear on their backs the richest products of the country—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. A chosen band of followers attend them. How picturesque their appearance in the lonely and monotonous desert!—their striped *kafieh*, with its varied colours, bound round their heads by the *agal*, and the party-coloured *abayeh* thrown round their shoulders. Thus furnished, they traverse the wastes of Arabia, undeterred by its toils and dangers; after many days they cross the Jordan, and soon are within the walls of Jerusalem. But there they search in vain for the star-announced King. Desired to seek him diligently in Bethlehem, they quickly leave the city of David. And now see them descending from Zion's heights, leaving behind them its gorgeous palaces and gilded domes! Mark them now crossing the narrow valley, and ascending the sloping plain which hides Bethlehem from their view. Beneath lies the little peaceful, humble village. Ah! sure *this* is not the birth-place of a King. They are filled with perplexity and doubt, when—lo, the star!—the star! once more shines bright as when first it glittered upon them in their own land, and guides them through the streets of Bethlehem, till at length the 'lamp unto their feet' burns fixedly over the shrine that they have been seeking; and what do they find in the gloom of that mid-winter night? A hovel, and within a poor mother with her little babe! Ah! but *they* know Him: their purged eyes and enlightened spirits see deep into God's mysteries; and they behold Omnipotence in the feeble infant, and kingly splendour and majesty in the poor swaddling-clothes and the rude manger. And so they fall down and worship, and offer their precious gifts: and those mysterious kings and priests depart content to traverse again the toilsome way, for they have paid their homage to the King of kings. 'They appear and disappear, as did Melchizedek, the king and priest of old, having waited as shadowy guests upon the true Melchizedek.' Is there not something touching, sublime, in all this? What '*situations*' for the painter!—what material for the poet!—what an absorbing study for all mankind!" The worthy parson was firmly seated by this time on his "hobby," and he rode as pleasantly as did mitred abbot of olden time ever slip over the ground on his ambling mule. Pausing for a moment he seemed as if his spirit was contemplating the picture he had been painting, and then he resumed. "How thoroughly, in what are called the dark ages, did people understand and appreciate these striking points in the Epiphany! What a hold did it take upon their feelings and affections—what a mass of legends has grown out of the wanderings and the worship of 'the Three Kings!' What mysteries and miracle-plays in which Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar are the prominent actors, grew up under the sanction of the Church!"

"I remember," said I, venturing somewhat audaciously to slip in an observation, "to have read somewhere a curious mode, half dramatic, half religious, in which 'the offerings of the Magi' were exhibited in some of the churches in early times. Three boys, clothed in silk, with golden crowns upon their heads,

and each a golden vessel in his hand, represented the Magi. Entering the choir, and advancing towards the altar, they chaunted these lines :—

“ O quam dignis celebranda dies ista laudibus,
In qua Christi genitura propalatur gentibus,
Pax terrenis nunciatur, gloria celestibus ;
Novi partûs signum fulget Orientis patria.
Currunt reges Orientis stella sibi previa,
Currunt reges et adorant Deum ad præsepia
Tres adorant reges unum, triplex est oblatio.”

Then the first boy lifted up the vessel which he held, and said—

“ Aurum primo ;”

and the second did likewise, saying—

“ Thus secundo ;”

and the third—

“ Myrrham dante tertio.”

Then the first again—

“ Aurem regam ;”

The second—

“ Thus celestium ;”

The third—

“ Mori nutat unctio.”

Then they pointed to the star hanging from the roof, proceeded to make their offerings, and withdrew into the sacristy.”

“ Before we leave the subject,” said the pastor, “ I will repeat to you the beautiful application of delectable old Jeremy Taylor, for it lives in my memory. ‘ God,’ he observes, ‘ has drawn all the world to himself by one star or another ; by natural reason or by the secrets of philosophy ; by the revelations of the Gospel or by the ministry of angels ; by the illuminations of the Spirit or by the sermons or dictates of spiritual fathers, and hath consigned this lesson to us, that we must never appear before the Lord empty, offering gifts to him by the expenses or by the affections of charity ; either the worshipping or the oblations of religion ; either the riches of the world or the love of the soul ; for if we cannot bring gold with the rich Arabians, we may, with the poor shepherds, come and ‘ kiss the Son lest he be angry,’ and in all come and serve him with fear, and reverence, and spiritual rejoicings.”

The good old parson paused again. Whether he purposed a further excursion I cannot say, for Uncle Saul, after a respectful interval of silence, cried out, cheerily—

“ How is this ? I protest the bottles have somehow all congregated about me. Here goes for another round of the table !”

And accordingly he sent them sliding along the polished surface of the mahogany with great energy. This was in a manner holding the parson’s hobby by the head ; but Saul did it, as he did everything, kindly and gently, and the good old chaplain dismounted as graciously as if Saul had bowed down with uncovered head and held the stirrup. The bottles performed their circuit, undiminished by a single glass, so we all rose and went to the drawing-room.

Do you know, my dear Anthony, it is quite a magnificent sight to my mind to see the after-dinner entry of gentlemen *en masse* into the drawing-room. As the eagle flutters the sweet inmates of the dove-cote, so the triumphant advance of the male sex breaks into the formal row around the fire, invades the sanctity of the sofa or the ottoman, though every inch of it be garrisoned by the fair ones, penetrating into the most remote corners to which young ladies may have withdrawn themselves, and sitting down before the most inaccessible pruders and holding them in a state of siege. As the chess-board, which looks dull enough while the white and black pieces keep guardedly asunder, becomes an object of interest to every looker on when the hostile colours are intermixed in a general

melee—so the animation and picturesqueness of the drawing-room is infinitely heightened when we see in every part of it the pantaloons *chequering* the petticoats, and the black dress of the men interposed between, and, by contrast, setting off the lighter hues in which the fair sex delight to array themselves. Then what charming groups one sometimes discovers if he has only the luck to steal in unawares, and keeps a sharp look out about him. Here a couple of girls beside a small table, poring over prints, and it may be the arm of one thrown over the neck or round the waist of the other; or some languid and pale-faced woman reposing on that couch withdrawn a little from the fireside, while seated beside her on a low stool is a bright-eyed little one, who looks up laughingly in her face till she wins from her graver companion a smile or a caress; and then the piano-forte is sure to have its swarm of the sweetest clustering about it, for I have ever observed that they who love music most are themselves the most loveable; and though musicians are not necessarily beauties, yet trust me, my dear Anthony—and I flatter myself I know something about the matter—that musical women, in nine cases out of every ten, have deep, full eyes, gentle faces, and pleasing manners.

When I entered the drawing-room I cast my eyes around me, as my wont is, to select the party to which I should attach myself. The elderly ladies buried in the deep-cushioned chairs, were not particularly attractive, but I heard Abigail's voice in very earnest discussion, and I instinctively made my way towards it. I found her and Matilda in a warm debate on the subject of music, and I was instantly appealed to as an umpire.

"Jonathan," said Abigail, "I maintain that we can enjoy music better in the daylight and sunshine than at any other period. Of course I am right?"

"And I, cousin," said Matilda, "believe that the shadows of evening, or the glimmering of the moon, or the starlight, is the hour when we can most keenly appreciate sweet sounds. What say you?"

"A difficult question to answer, truly; and yet, you are each right in part."

"How so, most sapient cousin?" cried Abigail.

"There is a class of music, my dear Abigail, which sympathises best with light and life, with sunshine and animation. Such in general is the music of animate life. The carol of jocund birds, as they rise on the wing, or greet the sunbeams from thicket and tree. Such too is military music, the braying of the brazen trumpet, and the cheery sound of the shrill fife, for they speak of bustle, and things that stir the spirit; and such too was, I doubt not, the pipe of the shepherd upon the plains in the days when shepherds piped in good earnest. But," I continued, turning to Matilda, "there is a music deeper, intenser, more spiritual, which claims no kindred with the grosser things of day, which shrinks from glare and noise, and needs subdued light and holy silence to make itself felt. A music that, like the stars, comes out only in tranquil night. Shakspeare, who knew nature by instinct better than any other human being did by education, was of my mind. Remember how he places Lorenzo and Jessica:—

" 'The moon shines bright—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.'

"And again, Lorenzo says:—

" 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.'

"Portia, too, when she hears the strain, exclaims:—

" 'Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.'

"And Nerriisa replies:—

" 'Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.'

"And so it is in truth, my fair cousins. There is a music that is essentially of the night. Such as the pealing of bells, the wind that wanders through tree-tops, and strays upon lyre-strings, making wild melody. Have you ever chanced to be, at night, near a line of railway along which an electric telegraph runs? if so, and that the wind was blowing, you may have heard strains of the wildest, sweetest, most unearthly music. It is the soul of a mighty Æolian harp, whose strings are the wires of the telegraph, stretched from post to post. Such melody too is the plash and surging of waters. The cry of night-fowl, and the song of the nightingale, who owes so much of her celebrity to night and silence :—

"I think
The nightingale if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

"Ah, Jonathan, I am quite of your notion," said Herbert, who had joined us a few moments previously.

"Oh, to be sure you are," said Abigail, with a toss of her pretty head that made Matilda blush like a peony.

"Nay, I shall prove that I am in the right," replied he. "Listen to this little German song on the subject and be convinced." So saying, he sat down to the piano, and sang a wild and original air to German words, which in English are something like these :—

The Spirit of the Night-Song.

I.

Tongues of sweet bells on the air,
Deep shadows stealing along,
While through the skies
The day-light dies,
And wakes up the Spirit of Song.
Fair Night-Spirit, say
Where is thy lone home,
Where hid thro' garish day,
'Till sweet Night bids thee come.

II.

Where the wind shakes the green leaves—
Where the stream dances and sings—
Where slow the bee
Wends hummily,
At eve, on his home-bound wings.
Where stormy gales,
Over the deep rush along,
And the wild sea-mew wails,
There is the Spirit of Song.

Herbert's song was no sooner concluded, than a general movement towards the tea-table indicated that the mystery of cake-cutting and ring-seeking was about to take place. Uncle Saul, as *paterfamilias*, gallantly led up his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sampson Slingsby, to the table, and placing a knife in her hand, she cut the goodly cake into a multitude of substantial slices. Every one of us, man, woman, and child, benedict, celibate, wife, widow, and widower, took a piece; for he or she who coveted not the ring, rejected not the citron, the frosted sugar, and the fruit. Ah! could you have witnessed the examination of each morsel—how eagerly some scrutinised—how slyly others; how one laughed, and another pouted, and a third blushed; but at last it happened, that in the midst of the excitement, Matilda, in the quietest manner in the world, held up a tiny gold ring, and the next moment was assailed by the shouts and laughter of all the rest. Abundance of smart things were said by us all, and received with good humour by the young lady; and, indeed, with a great deal of grace, too, till Her-

bert paid his compliments, which he did in so awkward a fashion, that the poor girl was somehow quite embarrassed.

"Well, well," said Saul, "I must confess I have no objection to this good old custom, and all the gallantries that it leads to. But, bless my heart! in my early days we had infinitely more devotion, and young fellows were down on their knees to young ladies on the slightest provocation."

"Ay, ay," said I, "uncle; and with perfect impunity, they generally got up again quite heart whole."

"Sir," retorted my uncle, "a true knight was as ready to die in the service of his lady love, as he was to sing her praise."

"Well, uncle, I will give you a song of the sort you speak of, as it illustrates one of those sentiments which are not uncommon in the mouths even of our peasants, when in love. Did you ever hear amongst them that phrase, the most expressive of amatory thralldom imaginable, 'I love the ground you tread on.' It is not only highly poetical, but has a dash of orientalism about it that pleases my fancy."

"Ah!" said Jack Bishop, "who does not recall Lover's sprightly allusion to this expression, in his delightful song of 'Rory O'More,' and he sang the lines—

"The ground that she walks on he loves, I'll be bound—
Faith, says Rory, I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Let us have it, then, Jonathan, said Saul."

"With all my heart: listen, Herbert. I call it

"'I LOVE THE GROUND YOU TREAD ON.'"

I love the ground you tread on,
As flowers the dew they're fed on;
I deem the shade
Your form has made
Bright as where sunbeams spread on.
Your voice brings deeper pleasure
Than music's softest measure,
Yet still untold,
Like miser's gold,
My hopeless love I treasure.

II.

As lamps within the tomb, love,
Unseen 'mid damps and gloom, love,
With faithful light,
Through endless night
The worshipped dead illumine, love;
So in my heart for thee, love,
Though lone and dark it be, love,
The flame burns on,
Still turned to one
That's as the dead to me, love!

"That is a *love* of a song," said Jack Bishop; "isn't it, Miss Matilda?"

"Ah! my dear Jack, you are too flattering. Spare my blushes."

"Upon my honour I am sincere, Jonathan; I counted the word '*love*' no less than six times in the last verse."

"Oh! spirit of Grub-street, what a smashing criticism!—but what can one do when he must eke out the measure?"

"Well," said Jack, "I will give you another real Irish sentiment, which will try your sensibilities; so, young ladies, get your pocket-handkerchiefs ready." Jack sat down to the piano, which he touches admirably, and delivered himself of the following song, to the beautiful old Irish air of "Jack, the Jolly Plough-boy," with that rare combination of humour, pathos, and dramatic power, in which he is unrivalled.

WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.

"The night is fresh and calm, love,
The birds are in their bowers,
And the holy light
Of the moon falls bright
On the beautiful sleeping flowers.
Sweet Nora, are you waking?
Ah! don't you hear me *spaking*?
My heart is well nigh breaking
For the love of you, Nora dear.
Ah! why don't you speak, mavrone?
Sure I think that you're made of stone,
Just like Venus of old,
All so white and so cold,
But no morsel of flesh or bone.

II.

"There's not a soul a-stir, love—
No sound falls on the ear
But that rogue of a breeze,
That's whispering the trees,
Till they tremble all through with fear.
Ah! them happy flowers that's creeping
To your window, where you're sleeping——
Sure they're not chid for peeping
At your beauties, my Nora dear.
You've the heart of a Turk, by my *sowl*,
To leave me perched here like an owl;
'Tis treatment too bad
For a true-hearted lad,
To be served like a desolate fowl.

III.

"You know the vow you made, love—
You know we fixed the day;
And here I'm now
To claim that vow,
And carry my bride away.
So Nora, don't be staying,
For weeping or for praying—
There's danger in delaying,
Sure maybe I'd change my mind.
For you know I'm a bit of a rake,
And a trifle might tempt me to break—
Faix but for your blue eye,
I've a notion to try
What a sort of old maid you'd make."

IV.

"Ah! Dermot, win me not, love,
To be your bride to-night;
How could I bear
A mother's tear,
A father's scorn and slight.
So, Dermot, cease your suing,
Don't work your Nora's ruin,
'Twill be my sore undoing
If you're found at my window, dear"——
"Ah! for shame with your foolish alarms:
Just drop into your own Dermot's arms.
Don't mind looking at all
For your cloak or your shawl,
They were made but to smother your charms."

v.

And now a dark cloud rising,
 Across the moon is cast—
 The lattice opes,
 And anxious hopes
 Make Dermot's heart beat fast.
 And soon a form entrancing,
 With arms and fair neck glancing,
 Half shrinking, half advancing,
 Steps light on the lattice sill ;
 When—a terrible arm in the air
 Clutched the head of the lover all bare ;
 And a voice with a scoff,
 Cried, as Dermot made off,
 " WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR ! "

A peal of laughter, loud and long, followed the unexpected denouement of Jack's song, and the handkerchiefs were applied to wipe away the tears which mirth forced from the eyes of his fair auditory.

" You must give me that song," said my godfather. " I think I could make a tolerable shift to sing it."

" Not for the world," said Uncle Saul, " let it be Jack's song alone. There's not another man in the kingdom could do it justice."

It was now far in the night, but we still lingered, unwilling to break up, for we knew it was the last of our holidays.

" A plague of this parting," said my uncle ; " but for the hope of many another joyous meeting it would be grievous indeed."

" Ah, yes ! 'tis that hope that sustains us. Is it not, Herbert ?"

My friend made no reply to me, but he looked more than he said ; and so, if I am not mistaken, thought one of the young ladies.

" Come," I resumed, " do not disavow your own sentiments, I have them here in black and white. Deny your own hand-writing if you dare ! " And, thereupon, I drew forth a neat sheet of gilt-edged letter paper which Herbert, in a confidential mood, had, a few hours before, submitted to my critical inspection. " Listen my friends, to his ' Confessions : '"—

I.

There is an hour when the sad, sad heart
 Throbs wild and deep to the bursting sigh ;
 When the bosom's pang no words impart,
 And grief sits fixed in the tearless eye ;
 When the blood, from the pale damp brow retiring,
 Falls freezing and chill on the heart below ;
 Fears undefined and sorrows conspiring
 To darken the gloom of this hour of woe.

II.

'Tis the hour when hearts that would grow for ever
 In verdant affection, nor know decay,
 Are riven in twain, as the rude winds sever
 The circling vine from the elm away.
 Each form the other long retaining,
 One fond and enduring embrace to share,
 As if each heart were madly straining
 To stamp the other's impress there.

III.

There is an hour when the heart beats high,
 And the cheek is flushed with pleasure ;
 When joy beams out from the tearful eye,
 As it doats o'er a long lost treasure.
 When feeling's flood is freely flowing,
 Forgetting each sorrow and fear gone by,
 No thought, no care, no hope bestowing,
 Beyond this hour of ecstasy.

IV.

'Tis the hour, when hearts long wandering
 In fond embraces meet,
 When grief and absence lose the sting
 That poisoned affections sweet ;
 Bosom with bosom in rapture twining,
 Each face reflecting the other's smile,
 As the mirror is bright when the sun is shining,
 Though dark when his light is hid the while.

V.

The hour of parting from those we love
 Is like the decline of a glorious day,
 When the sun sinks down from his throne above,
 And chillness and gloom succeed his ray—
 Like morning's burst is the hour of meeting,
 That beams o'er the darkness and clouds of night ;
 The terrors and grief of absence fleeting,
 Like vapours away from the sunbeam's light.

VI.

Oh ! how could the bleeding heart endure
 To be torn from all that is dear,
 Did no sweet sustaining hope ensure
 A glad re-union near.
 Like the vesper-star still mildly streaming
 O'er the waste of night when the sun has set,
 That hope o'er the lone heart's ever beaming
 To cheer till some bright re-union yet.

"Hey-day ! young ladies," said Saul, "at your pocket-handkerchiefs again ! I protest Jack Bishop will not value the compliment if you are thus ready to bestow it on a rival bard."

"Nay, check them not, my dear old friend," said the good parson, in a voice tremulous with feeling, "they will not have the less firm hearts for the duties and trials of life for yielding to emotions that are an honour to our nature. Trust me God has given us all those finer sensibilities for good and holy purposes, and I love not to see man or woman without them. Only let us be heedful that by over indulgence they do not degenerate into weak and sickly sentimentality. Is it not meet that our spirits should feel a momentary disturbance at the thought of a separation, when we have all been so innocently happy ? When the band that has tied this little bundle of hearts together is cut, and we are scattered loose again on the world, say who shall collect and bind us up again as we were before—no bough that is now green and pleasant, withered, or stript, or broken ! It may be that His hand who can bind and can loose may bind us up again more closely even here ; but at all events He can re-unite us hereafter in a company never to be severed. And so let us now carry away this thought each to his own chamber."

In this solemn frame of mind the chaplain addressed himself to the duties of his calling, and we separated lovingly, sadly, but hopefully.

Thus, dear Anthony, in solitude or society,

JONATHAN FREEE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO. II.

HOW IS THE MANAGER TO PLEASE THE PUBLIC?

"Hard is his lot, who here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the varying shades of public taste,
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day."⁶

How often have these impressive lines of the great moralist and philosopher, forced themselves on my recollection, as I have sat in the uneasy solitude of my managerial chair, pondering on past expedients, and devising new ones. On one particular occasion, now a good many years since, I had with great difficulty, and at vast expense, collected an operatic company, combining several of the principal English artists of the day; and produced in succession two or three new operas, composed by native authors of established talent and universal popularity, which had been received in London with extraordinary applause. It had always been said, and I was completely a convert to the opinion, that the public I had to cater for, were enthusiasts on the subject of music, that opera was their *grande passion*, and that to carry a season through successfully, music, in its endless variations, must form the prevailing commodity. In the faith of this doctrine I had toiled on for years, bringing forward, one by one, every sparkling novelty that appeared in the market, until I thought I had reached the *ne plus ultra* of managerial skill in the experiment I am now alluding to. The opportunity could not have occurred but for a very unexpected position of the leading London Theatres, which left many of the most eminent performers available at an early season of the year. For once I was sanguine as to the event, and received many anticipatory congratulations from all who were aware of my plans. It was pronounced impossible that such combined attraction could fail; but somehow or other it did contrive to fail in spite of everything. The engagement began; the new operas were played off in order; the audiences were excited to positive en-

thusiasm; the press was liberal of panegyric; and even the "Free List" had been seen to applaud.

Those who are old enough will remember, and those who are not have doubtless read, that in the campaign of Saxony, in 1813, Napoleon gained two brilliant battles at Lutzen and Bautzen, but it so happened that he took neither guns, standards, nor prisoners. "Here," he exclaimed, "are two glorious victories, but where are the results?" Comparing great things with small, I found myself exactly in the same predicament. I heard the nightly shouts of approbation, I read the columns of praise in the journals, I received the most flattering compliments;—but I gazed on a consumptive money chest on the one side, and on an ominous looking ledger ("a huge memorial of misfortune," as Bailie Jarvie calls it) on the other; and as I counted the meagre receipts of each successive evening, I turned to my desponding treasurer with elongated visage, and exclaimed, "Where are the results?" while he, in obedient sympathy and hollow accents, re-echoed "Where?"

In this perplexing dilemma I sought for advice, as men generally do, and I found it most readily, as men always do. It is the only panacea which never fails to come when called for. If receipts could be commanded as easily, the manager's thorny couch would soon be transformed into a bed of roses. I assembled a cabinet-council of friends, whose opinions I thought worth listening to, and hinted with becoming hesitation that it was just possible we might be in error, and that perhaps the public did not always care quite as much for good music as was supposed. I ventured to suggest a reference to the books as a reasonable and business-like

* Dr. Johnson's Prologue on the opening of Drury-lane Theatre.

mode of testing the fact; but this was scouted down at once by acclamation, my refractory ministry rejected all my suggestions, and an amendment was proposed and carried, *nem. con.*, that the whole mischief arose from want of publicity; that it was impossible the matter could be known; and that we were in fact "wasting our sweetness on the desert air," because the public were ignorant of the treat they appeared to be neglecting. This decision rather astonished me. The engagement had already run through ten nights. I was half ruined with extra printing, double advertisements, walking posters, monster placards, and all the complicated machinery of puffing, by which the nobility, gentry, and public in general are usually made aware of the disinterested and unparalleled efforts which the spirited and indefatigable lessee of their national theatre, totally regardless of personal considerations, and heedless of impending ruin, was making for their special entertainment. I also retained some old-fashioned but mistaken notions, that the nightly applause and favourable report of well-pleased audiences were tolerably good announcements. But I was silenced, if not convinced, or like the worthy Dr. Primrose, "tired of being always wiser than other people." So I surrendered my own judgment, resolved to look closely into the fact, and adopt measures accordingly.

I sallied forth one brilliant morning, and wended my way, at high tide, through the leading thoroughfares where fashionable idlers "most do congregate." All the world was abroad, and I expected to meet everybody. I soon encountered one of the most theatrical men in the city—a regular playgoer. "Ah!" said he, "how are you? I am delighted to see you looking so well!" "Thank you," replied I, shaking hands cordially. "How goes on the theatre?" "Humph! tolerably." "Ah! managers are like farmers, always grumbling, never satisfied. Why you had a capital house last night; there must at least have been £300—I was there." I had just been looking over my unhappy ledger, which told me the actual receipt was £71 10s. 6d. !—but no matter, thought I, there's no use in making a poor mouth, so I'll put a good face on it, and encourage him. "Yes," said I, "it *was* a capital house, but we had six bad ones on the six preceding

nights, and one swallow, you know—" "Oh! yes, yes, I know all that, but you haven't given us any novelty." "Pardon me," I faintly put in, "we have had three new pieces within the last ten days; one of them a first-rate full opera, with every department unusually effective." "That's the mark!—why don't you stick to opera? it is the only thing that will go down here." "Possibly; but I can't play operas always, and I *have* stuck to opera pretty well. I have a very first-rate operatic combination here at present." "Indeed! I was not aware of that; who have you got?" This startled me a little, and I said, "Why I thought you were at the theatre last night!" Oh! yes, I was; but now I recollect I didn't go till the opera was over, and I only saw a stupid farce. D—d bore, those comic farces without jokes. Why don't you give them up?—they always send me to sleep. But what singers have you got?" "Miss Romer, Miss Poole, Templeton, H. Phillips, &c. &c.—what do you think of that?"—and I chuckled audibly, and looked and felt as conceited as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield, when permitted to argue with Squire Thornhill. "Capital," exclaimed he; "if you could only give us Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Balfe, along with them, it would do famously." A faint perception passed across my faculties of the utter impossibility of paying such a formidable septetto, even if operas could be specially invented to include their united talents. I was going to stammer out something to this effect, when a friend of my friend, who looked like a heavy dragoon in plain clothes, entrenched behind an unmitigated pair of black mustachios, and who had hitherto leaned silently on his arm, exclaimed, as if suddenly inspired, like Orson, "Get Grisi and Tamburini, too, altogether; that would be capital! We'd all come then." He is quizzing me, thought I, and I looked him steadily in the face, but there was not even a faint adumbration of an approach to a joke in his entire physiognomy. He returned my gaze with an air as solemn and collected as a bench of judges who had just delivered a stunning opinion. I remarked with diffidence, that Grisi and Tamburini were at that moment in Italy, which was at some distance; that they did not sing in English; and that it was probable, even if I could meet their terms, that they might ob-

ject to sing in the choruses, which was all that would be left open to them. "That's true," said he, "by — I never thought of that; but stick to opera and you'll do! Stick to opera and you'll do," reiterated my friend, again shaking hands tremendously, and the duumvirate strolled away. A few paces further on, I met another theatrical friend, whom I hadn't seen for weeks. "How are you, old fellow?" cried he, "when does the theatre open?—we want something to keep us alive." This was a staggerer, which had nearly sent me down the adjoining area; but I saved myself, and said, "We have been open nine weeks," and so passed on to a third. He had not been in the theatre for three months, although he declared he could scarcely live out of it. A fourth didn't go because it was cold; a fifth because it was hot; a sixth because there was a ball; a seventh because there was a dinner; an eighth because he had been out of town; a ninth, because his wife had sprained her ankle; a tenth, because his children had the measles; an eleventh, because his mother was ill in the country; and a twelfth was waiting for the command night, when he expected the most fun for his money. One did not like the *Sonnambula*, because it was old; another objected to the *Mountain Sylph* because it was new. An ultra-patriot declared he would only go on the nights when Balfe's operas were acted; an oppositionist on the other side, did not value native talent at a straw; there was nothing worth listening to but Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. One said, "You begin too early;" another remarked, "You keep us too late;" while a third suggested the advantage of always playing two operas on the same evening.

At last I was assured—"Your singers will be more attractive when they are better known." "Why, the engagement is more than half over," ejaculated I, with a despairing groan, "and I have lost already three hundred pounds." "No matter," said my comforter, "you'll do better another time; you know you couldn't expect to succeed all at once, but stick to opera, and it will be sure to carry you through." "While the grass grows," thought I, but though the proverb is somewhat musty, it appears I must digest it with what appetite I may. Thus I went on my path, I cannot say re-

joicingly, but collecting opinions as variable as the hues of the rainbow, and becoming gradually convinced of two important, although rather irreconcilable facts—namely, that all the world were enthusiastically fond of music, but that a very small section of the community either knew or cared to inquire that a very excellent operatic treat was nightly within their reach. It was a self-evident paradox, but hopeless to reconcile or expound, and subscribing to the sage advice of the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, I cudgelled my brains no longer on the subject.

Returning towards the theatre, I encountered my leader and musical director, foaming with indignation at a paragraph in a very influential paper. "What is the matter, my worthy friend?" said I. "Have you seen this, sir?" exclaimed he, almost inarticulate with ire, and handing me the article. "The choruses in the *Mountain Sylph* were weak and ineffective, and marred entirely the fine conceptions of the composer, owing to the slovenly manner in which they were executed." The last word in spiteful italics. "Is not this too bad," added he, "after the unusual applause bestowed on the choruses by the audience, and the written testimony of Mr. Phillips, and the other artists (here it is) declaring they are the best they ever heard out of London?" "Why," said I, "it is rather annoying, certainly, and may do us some harm, but it is only one among the thousand petty vexations that flesh, and particularly theatrical flesh, is heir to; and so common, that as Dr. O'Toole says, 'it is part of the system.' This writer can neither be incompetent nor prejudiced—both these casualties are impossible; but he is something hard to please, and as the majority are so decidedly with us, we must vote him in the wrong, and endeavour to live under his censure as well as we can." My anxious lieutenant was surprised at my apparent apathy. "But I would not put up with this, sir, at any price, if I were you," continued the indignant controller of harmony; "surely you will take some notice, or let me answer it; what will you do?" "Do?" replied I, calmly, "what Talleyrand always recommended in a row—nothing!" "I should laugh at such stuff as that," exclaimed

another friend who had just joined us and overheard the dialogue. "No, no," said I, "I cannot exactly do that either, though I may pretend to treat it lightly, and shall certainly take no notice; every one has a right to his opinion. I don't agree with him, but still I see nothing to laugh at." Now, I was once a mighty laugh, until the *res angustæ theatri* pressed rather too heavily to leave me either time or inclination for mirth or jollity. No stauncher disciple of Democritus ever took degree in his college, and though now, alas! considerably in what Macbeth calls "the sear and yellow leaf" of life, I still think it good philosophy to "daff the world aside and let it pass,"—when I can. But few people I have ever met with are such inveterate humourists as to enjoy jokes at their own expense, and it is not easy to laugh in good earnest at what may abstract sundry pounds, shillings, and pence out of our individual pockets. I

confess, for one, I never could do this. A criticism may be hastily written; such things have happened ere now; the judgment may be erroneous, and the writer not thoroughly master of his subject. Even professed critics are fallible, but still they include in their vocation the elements of much mischief, whether right or wrong, and lead the notious of many readers who dislike the fatigue of thinking for themselves, and believe all they see in diurnal print to be as true as gospel. Here are fair grounds for vexation certainly, and for some expenditure of temper, but none for merriment that I could ever discover, and I have always considered assumed mirth on such occasions as illustrating what the worthy and deceased Pierce Egan would have designated "griining over the left," or, according to more elevated and ancient classical authorities, Horace included, "laughing on the wrong side of the mouth."

FOREIGN DIPLOMACY.

In 1829 I happened to fill the important functions of stage-manager and director, under Mr. Bunn, at that time lessee of the Dublin theatre. Lord Byron says—"All times when old are good;" and, certainly, the old times of 1829, as they may now be called, when compared with the present, were, in a theatrical sense, better days than these which are feverishly galloping past us in the infancy of 1851. Still, they were bad enough; and, when contrasted again with the venerated antiquity which had preceded them, mere pigmies by the side of Patagonians. All was going wrong, although great efforts had been made, and the oracular information, conveyed through the play-bills, teemed, as usual, with overflowing and enraptured audiences, gorgeous spectacles, unheard-of exertions, incredible expense, additional pit doors to afford rapid egress to suffocating thousands, and all kinds of unimaginable effects, mechanical, physical, and intellectual. I once heard a caustic wit remark, with reference to our celebrated national orators, clerical, political, and forensic, that "the language had great power over them." Certainly, this applies, in its fullest force, to the conectors of play-bills and theatrical

announcements, in all their multifarious phases. These authentic documents partake of hyperbole to a degree difficult to be understood by those whose temperaments are "of the earth, earthy;" not sufficiently poetical to appreciate the high pitch of imagination such ingenious fictions sometimes ascend to, and in comparison with which, the four imponderable bodies (as settled by learned chemists), light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, are positively heavy and substantial. The season was drawing to a close with a formidable balance on the wrong side. It was necessary to strike a blow, and without delay. Accordingly, I was despatched to London with *carte blanche* credentials, to make what engagements I could, using my own discretion, and at any reasonable expense. Something *foreign* with a name was the great desideratum. At that time, Mademoiselle Sontag had just appeared. She was in the early bloom of her youth, beauty, and reputation, and the fashionable world "followed her, even at the heels, in golden multitudes." The leading star of the theatrical firmament for the day, there was an "Eldorado" in her very name, and to this bewitching syren I made my first application. I was referred to a certain Signor, or Monsieur, or Herr

Pixis, who transacted all her engagements, and to this functionary I presented myself without delay. I found him a thin, cadaverous-looking, emaciated individual, well begrimed with snuff, in "marvellous foul linen," like the poet in *Gil Blas*, and enveloped in a dingy dressing-gown of indefinable colour. I announced myself, and my business, and was received with all due courtesy. He spoke in what he thought was English, but we soon became mutually unintelligible, and the whole affair so distressing, that I suggested French as a resource which he readily acceded to.

I saw at once he was a German, and, as a matter of course, avoided taking him on his own ground. We now got on without difficulty. When I had explained such preliminaries as were necessary, he said, "Yours is a fine city?" "I should rather think so," replied I. "And a large and beautiful theatre?" "Equal to Covent Garden or Drury-lane," shouted I, with triumph. "A most intelligent public," continued my interlocutor, "and good judges of music?" "The best in the world," rejoined I. He took a handful of snuff, smiled grimly, and then continued:—"How much will your theatre hold?" We are coming to the point, thought I, as I answered, "at the prices we have named, when full in every part, about £430." "Good," said he, as he took a pen and wrote down, in well-defined figures, £430. "And what are your expenses?" "Why, with the large additions we must make to orchestra and choruses for such an occasion, at least £80 per night." "Good," again said he, and I saw a distinct 80 appear under the 430, then a line of subtraction, and finally 350 in large characters. A pause of some moments. "Eh bien," said I, at length; "Mademoiselle," said he, "shall come for £350!!!" I started, and nearly fell off my chair, but I recovered my equilibrium, and inquired patiently, "Do you mean £350 for the whole six nights we have proposed, or for each?" "Undoubtedly for each," replied he, with coolness enough to make a Quaker savage. I could have strangled the monster off hand, and for more than a minute felt strongly tempted to do so, but I thought I should be discovered in the act, and the thought restrained me. I am almost ashamed to confess, but truth

requires it, that I verily believe it was the fear of detection, rather than any religious or moral scruple, which withheld me from doing violence on him. As Mrs. Oakly has it, "I kept my rage down, although it nearly choked me." "Why, then," said I, at last, "you take it for granted that the house will be crammed to suffocation every night." "There cannot be a doubt of it," said he, solemn and oracular as a Priestess of Delphi, and as self-convinced as my uncle Toby on the certainty of soldiers getting into Heaven. I had many doubts, but it was useless to mention them. "Your proposal," exclaimed I, "is all on one side, even worse than 'an ill roasted egg,' and leaves us no possible chance of profit after this enormous risk and outlay." "But you are sure of your nightly expenses," said he, "which, I dare say, you don't often get, *et pour le reste, c'est votre affaire.*" I felt it quite impossible to endure more, so I got up, buttoned my coat, took up my hat, and, determining to upset him, if possible, said, "Did Mademoiselle Sontag ever receive £350 per night, for singing, anywhere?" "Oh, yes, often." "Where?" "In Germany." "I don't believe there are £350 in Germany." "*Plait-il, monsieur?*" He pretended not to understand me; so I repeated deliberately, "I don't believe there are £350 in Germany, and as I know there is not that sum in Ireland, I have the honour to wish you a good morning." This time I think he was really astonished, for he neither moved nor spoke; and, as I passed through the door, he followed me with lack-lustre eye, but sat still, looking as listless and stupified as old John Willett at the vacant space once occupied by his boiler. Thus ended my first essay in foreign theatrical diplomacy.

I next thought of a Signor Velluti, who was also very popular and attractive at the time, although the striking peculiarity of his voice might have produced untimely merriment among the denizens of our gallery. I found him in handsome lodgings in Regent-street, almost invisible within the folds of a brocade roquelaure, redolent of perfume, and yellow as a new coined guinea. He was rather more moderate in his demands than the fair songstress, and would have been satisfied with one thousand pounds sterling for four performances, "*ben assicurato*

nel banco reale "Oh!" I said, "as to the *assicurazione*, there will be no difficulty about that (we could as easily have paid the national debt); but the sum is preposterous, and any further discussion mere loss of time." Several other attempts convinced me that I could do nothing with the portfolio of foreign affairs, so I turned my thoughts to the home department, and finally secured the united talents of Young and Charles Kemble, to appear together in the various plays and characters in which their reputation was justly unrivalled. For the farces, we had already Tyrone Power, then in his noviciate as an actor of Irish characters, but rapidly developing the humour and ability which made him, in a very few years after, the most attractive star that visited our capital. A series of the noblest classic dramas in the language were on this occasion presented, in a style it would be hopeless now to look for, as the same materials are not in existence; but the result was, financial failure and a heavy loss to the management, as on no one evening did the receipts ever reach the actual expenses. The ways of the public are as unaccountable as those of fishes, who bite when they please, and not always when the most tempting bait is offered to them. And yet the converse of this dogma is a favourite theory with many writers and critics, who contend that the public invariably respond when adequate inducement is held out to them. I could enumerate endless instances on both sides of the question.

During the season of 1822-1823, Mr. Harris, then patentee, engaged the far-famed Madame Catalani for eighteen nights. In those days the audience were, in many respects, less *exigent* than they are at present, and had not been accustomed to Italian operas fully *mounted* (a vile phrase, as Polonius would call it), with aggravated band and chorus, and all the other expensive appliances. Madame Catalani merely came forward and sang two or three detached songs, in a sort of

intermezzo, and not even in character. She shared on each night, after £50 first deducted to help the manager's expenses. The houses averaged nearly £250, and thus an enormous profit was achieved by both parties. In 1827, probably influenced by the recollection of this, Mr. Harris engaged Madame Pasta for nine nights; but, unluckily, secured her £100 per night for each performance. She appeared in scenes selected from *Tancredi*, *Medea*, *Romeo e Guilietta*, and other popular operas, and a failing season was expected to retrieve itself by the astounding effect and attraction of her mighty genius. It was a dream not destined to be realised. Again the public declined the bait; the nightly receipts fell far below the sum secured to the lady alone, and the ninth performance closed on an empty exchequer, leaving us, as the bankers say, with "no effects" to meet an army of demands. Mr. Harris, the proprietor, was in London, and I, his prime minister, with my subordinate cabinet, in utter despair. I felt, like Othello, "perplex'd in the extreme," and at last resolved on a desperate expedient to raise our falling fortunes. With much difficulty, and vast expenditure of eloquence, I succeeded in persuading the great prima donna to re-engage for two additional nights, to take a moderate share of the receipts, with no specific sum secured, and to sing, in English, "Cherry Ripe," "Cease your Funning," and "God save the King." My old and valued friend, Terence Magrath, undertook to teach her the airs, and laboured with unceasing zeal to expound their hitherto unheard of mysteries. This time the public gorged ravenously; the two houses overflowed in every part—the English songs were rapturously encored, although perfectly unintelligible, as far as the words were concerned, which might as well have been Hebrew or Sanscrit; the treasurer grinned with delight; and an actual profit of thirty-eight pounds wound up an ominous speculation, which had very nearly closed with the loss of several hundreds.

A TRAVELLING PARTY IN SEARCH OF NOVELTY.

"ALL men have fancy, few have taste." The eccentric General Meadows, well known in the history of Indian warfare, once headed an order

on the fashion of wearing cocked hats, with this comprehensive sentence, as quoted by Sir William Napier, in one of the pamphlets connected with his

immortal history. And wisely has Providence ordained that our fancies and pursuits should be as various as our physiognomies; else, had we all the same bent, we should be perpetually jostling each other on the narrow highway of this busy world of ours. As it is, there is ample room for all; and if fifty men set out on a journey, each contrives to find a separate path, and a different resting-place, according to his personal habits, or in the phraseology of a once popular science, according to his phrenological development.

A "home-keeping" friend of mine, who had never crossed the channel, some time ago, in a fit of sudden desperation, resolved to visit England on a tour of pleasure, with his family; his avowed object being to look at and inquire into every thing scarce or curious in that *terra incognita*; and the terminus of his pilgrimage being, of course, the mighty, modern Babylon! He came to consult with me as to his route; what places he should stop at, where there was any object of note worth seeing, the best mode of travelling; and, in short, to obtain some sort of clue or guide through the labyrinth of perplexity and responsibility, in which he was rashly going to entangle himself. He was evidently nervous and frightened, but still determined; and when I hinted something about the advantage of stopping at home, he said he had stopped at home too long; that his contemporaries were getting beyond him, and assumed undue importance because they had actually been in strange places, which he had hitherto only heard or read of.

I felt considerably puzzled; as although I had known him for a good segment of years, our intercourse had been more on matters of business than taste, commercial rather than intellectual, and partaking largely of cases in law, complicated briefs, and bills of costs. I had never much studied his peculiar *idiosyncrasy*, if I may be pardoned for adopting a favourite term of modern invention, which I don't think I thoroughly understand. I wish some one would write a short essay or exposition on this word, for the benefit of country gentlemen, and unimaginative citizens.

"As pleasure is your object," said I, "and relief from business of every kind, you'll not mind expense. You'll

not faint at the apparition of an extra five pound note?" "Not at all," said he; "I've plenty of money—I've laid by a certain sum for the purpose, so I mean to enjoy myself, and see all that I can within the time." "How much time have you allowed yourself?" "Two months." "Good; a great deal may be done in two months, with money and activity. You must see every thing; let me consider—what road shall I recommend?—where are the most interesting objects? Do you care for cathedrals or old churches?" "Not I; they are all alike; zigzag windows and doors, and queer-looking pillars with hard names I never could recollect. When you've seen one, you've seen twenty." There's more in that, thought I, than appears on the surface, and he is a good deal nearer to the fact than he is aware of; but let it pass. "Or for colleges?" continued I. "Devil a bit; I had enough of them at old Trinity." "Or for rare and curious libraries?" "Oh, as to libraries, we have plenty of that sort of thing here, and capital ones, too; when I travel, I don't want to be bothered with libraries." We are getting over the ground, thought I, at high-pressure speed. There's no use in proposing a visit to Oxford, or Cambridge, or York, or Lincoln, or Canterbury, or the Bodleian Library, or the British Museum, or the matchless wonders of Althorp. I wonder whether he has any turn for old castles. "Would you like to see Kenilworth, Conway, Caernarvon, or Warwick Castle, or Windsor?" "Windsor! Yes; I've heard about Windsor, where the Queen lives and walks on the slopes, every morning, as I always see in *Saunders*; but as to old castles, generally, why I don't care a farthing for them." "Well, never mind them; what are they after all but mere walls, without roof or furniture, and no use to any one. Of course you don't want to see Wales, as you've been in Wicklow?" "Oh, bedad, no. Wales, after Wicklow, won't do at all. And as to mountains, anywhere, they look very well in pictures, but they are generally hid behind fog, or mist, or something else, and I'm a poor hand at the climbing. I prefer the high road, and an easy going car." Here he laughed heartily at his own joke, as he thought it, which gave me time to think what I should next propose. My stock of sugges-

tions was nearly exhausted. "There's no advantage," said I, "in a round-about and expensive journey through Wales, for the mountain-passes, and the ruined castles, and the lakes, and the Menai Bridge, are all familiar to us in every print shop, and every body knows they are sadly overrated." "Faith, I believe so." "I'll tell you your plan," said I, "I've hit on it to a point. Get over to Liverpool by the mail packet. The moment you land, box yourself and your party *tight* into the first train that starts; ask no questions; don't stir for your lives; you'll have nothing more to pay; you'll not be annoyed with seeing anything, and you'll find yourself in London before you can turn round. What do you think of that?" "A capital plan; I don't doubt but your right," said he, shaking me by the hand; "and I am very much obliged to you for the hint." With this he left me, determined to visit England, and see all the marvels of Saxony, on this last and most improved principle.

Some time after, I ascertained that he never penetrated as far as London at all, but broke down at Cheltenham, where he saw so many Dublin faces, and met so many familiar acquaintances, that he thought he was in Sackville-street, and found it impossible to tear himself away from the enchanting novelty. So there he lingered out his two months' furlough, as perfectly entranced as Rinaldo, when spell-bound by Armida, or Ulysses subdued by the intoxicating cup of Circe. He came home in ecstasies

with his tour, not caring a fig for London, but determined to visit Cheltenham again, with the earliest opportunity. His case reminded me of a jovial Londoner, who, soon after the peace of 1815, rushed over to Paris, in an agony of excitement, to see the wonders so long excluded from Cockney optics. He spent the entire summer there, and returned to England, almost mad with delight; but when questioned by his friends as to what he had seen in the French metropolis, frankly confessed that he had seen nothing at all. "All he knew was, he lived in Rue St. Jacques (pronounced *Jack*). Paris was the finest place in the world. He thought he was in London all the time. He met all his familiar associates, Tom Johnson, Bill Watson, Ned Taylor, Harry Sims, and all the rest of them. They dined, and got drunk together, every night, and he'd go again, next year; he'd be ——— if he wouldn't."

This section of our fellow-beings forms a numerous species, who walk the world in thousands, making money by bushel-loads, and are usually reputed, among their compeers, as "devilish shrewd, clever fellows." So be it. Useful, no doubt, they are in their generation; and, although lacking somewhat in the high scale of intellectuality, and the faculties of refined enjoyment, they form amusing as well as profitable subjects of contemplation to many more who love to suck wisdom from practical observation, and like to study man, and his peculiarities, in a *variorum* edition.

TOBIAS GUARNERIUS—A PSYCHOLOGICAL TALE.

SOME fifty years ago, my great grandfather journeyed to Bremen, where, for several days, he was detained on business. One dark winter's evening, as he was strolling about, near the Cathedral, he remarked, at the angle of a lonely street, a little shop, in the front of which hung two boards, red painted, and purporting to represent violins, thereby indicating the business carried on within, or rather intended to be carried on; for the whole stock was composed but of a trombone, suspended at the wall, a violoncello, bereft of strings, some three or four bows, and a tenor violin, which the master of the establishment was busily mending. With these exceptions, the place was perfectly empty, and, despite of the show-board affixed over the door, resembled a burgher guard-house rather than the shop of a musical-instrument maker.

The agonising wick of a half-burned candle projected its gloomy tints over the man working in this wretched abode. Little did he appear to care about perfecting the work in which he was engaged, for now and then he would lay aside the instrument, leave his chair, and stride up and down, his glance fixed, his movements abrupt and hurried, as a man haunted by some deep and torturing thought.

Partly through curiosity, and partly to shelter from a sudden snow-shower, my adventurous kinsman entered the shop, and, despite his being totally unacquainted with music, requested to be shown some violins.

"Violins!" brusquely responded the man. "Don't you see that I have none? I don't sell violins, unless you wish to take a bargain in this violoncello; it was given me as payment for mending the instruments belonging to the orchestra of the 'Learned Dogs.' Yes, sir," reiterated he, as my grandfather expressed a sneering incredulity, "and very successful concerts they were, too, for the members of the Great Council unanimously expressed their satisfaction. Come, buy my violoncello; I'll let you have it for ten crowns; here, lay down twenty florins and it is yours."

My relative objected that he could

not possibly purchase a violoncello, as he actually stood in need of a violin.

To this conclusive argument, the instrument-maker replied in so strange a manner, that his interlocutor at once suspected him to be something of a maniac, and his doubts were soon removed when he saw him walk about and make extraordinary gestures; moreover, at this moment an old dame came in, shrugging her shoulders, and beckoned that the poor fellow was not right in his mind.

The next day my grandfather left the town, without otherwise thinking of the strange being with whom he had come in contact. Three years afterwards, having returned to Bremen, he observed that the shop was closed, and on the dilapidated shutters remarked large red crosses, a circumstance which naturally awoke his attention. At supper-time he communicated his observations to his host, and told him of the strange reception he had met with, in that very shop, three years previous. The magistrate (for my grandfather's host was no less than the chief police magistrate) was an amiable man and a witty narrator; he made no difficulty in satisfying him on the subject, and at once recounted the following authentic story:—

"Tobias Guarnerius was the name of that instrument-maker. Barely could he, by his exertions, support his aged mother, whom you saw in his house, where she had been living since the death of her son's wife.

"He was the only workman of his profession in the town, and being of acknowledged practical ability, numerous musical artists and amateurs sent him instruments to repair. Through this, he might easily have led a comfortable and happy life; but, ten years before you chanced to meet him, he had been visited by a real calamity. One fine morning he awoke a prey to a fixed idea, the realisation of which he unremittently pursued, at the sacrifice of money, time, and health.

"Vainly had his wife represented to him the madness of his perversity, and vainly besought him not to reduce her to a state of misery; the poor woman

died, in a great measure from the grief she had experienced in seeing him squander the fruits of his labours. Still this dire occurrence stayed not the fever that possessed him. All he had, had been ingulphed into the abyss open before him—at first his savings, afterwards the money he could borrow from his friends; at a later period, his furniture, his goods, and lastly a portion of his clothes. However, his unsuccessful attempts deterred him not from the insane project he contemplated. At one time he had been compelled, from want of money, to cease his experiments, but, nevertheless, still cherished the hope of obtaining a result such as should, at some not distant period, render him celebrated, and amply compensate him for his labour and sacrifices.

"It is but right to say, that, had he attained his end, it would have been to him a source of fortune. Having had in his possession a violin of Stradivarius, for which amateurs had offered him an immense price, he imagined he could imitate the make of that celebrated artificer. Therefore he set to work. By using the same sort of wood as that which Stradivarius employed, and copying with mathematical precision the shape and dimensions of that model instrument, he expected to obtain from his own violins sounds equally powerful and harmonious. Still, despite all efforts, there ever was some slight difference; every unsuccessful attempt was instantly followed by another, as each time he detected some imperfection to which could be ascribed the inferiority of his work; so the task was ever to be recommenced. This was a sort of vicious circle, wherein the poor man indefinitely turned—an apprenticeship which might have lasted a life-time.

"However, after numerous essays, he had modified his primitive idea. One day he succeeded admirably, making a violin of irreproachable imitation; still the instrument, fashioned by his hands, proved, in the end, so much inferior to the Stradivarius, that he arrived at the conclusion, that, in the creation of this *chef d'œuvre*, there lay some element of a preternatural kind, which he had hitherto neglected to call into action.

" 'Who knows,' he gravely said, one day, to a natural philosopher, who, by a novel application of the theory of

sound, pretended to lead him to the solution of his instrumental problem; 'who knows but it is rather beyond the material world I should seek? words represent ideas, do they not? Now, the French instrument-makers call the sound-post 'the soul of a violin.' The soul! Do you understand me, sir? Perhaps, unwittingly, have I found, at last, the secret I have so long sought for.'

"A half smile was the philosopher's sole response; and poor Tobias again lost himself more deeply than ever in the labyrinth of his researches.

"It chanced, one evening, that a customer brought a bow to be mended, and forgot in the shop a book which, for several days, remained in Guarnerius' possession. During his leisure hours (scarce were they, for when his hands worked not, his poor brain was busily engaged), Tobias scanned this book—one of those venerable monuments of German patience and erudition, in the introduction of which the author asserted, with unaffected modesty, that he would discourse *de omni re scibili*! and a few other subjects. Indeed, you could see next to a chapter on 'The best form of government,' this title—'The art of taming a shrew.' Another contained 'A receipt for making Cyprus wine;' 'A dissertation on the morals of the eleven thousand virgins;' and, lastly, 'An exaltation of the benefits of baldness.' A tone of peculiar *bonhomie* pervaded this shapeless work, and coaxed on the reader most pleasingly; so much did it attract our monomaniac that, during half a day, it diverted him from his haunting thoughts.

"Unexpectedly, at the reverse of a page, this heading caught his searching eyes:—'On the transfusion of souls!' Scarcely had he read these words when as though the revelation of his long-sought-for secret were about taking place, he called out to his mother to close the shop, and having desired her to tell all visitors that he was absent from town, he madly rushed out and shut himself up in his chamber. He began to read that chapter which, in his mind's-eye, could not fail to be the most marvellous ever penned by philosopher.

"No human disappointment could be compared to that which awaited poor Tobias. But a second previously, he would willingly have given a pound of

his own flesh to be allowed to read those pages which were, in fact, but a wretched rhapsody, interspersed with quotations from the Scriptures, Aristotle, Plato, and the fathers of the Church. After a long series of ramblings, of abstractions, and conversations, the author concluded by this novel discovery—the soul is immortal ! But, alas ! for poor Tobias ; his hour was at hand ; his imagination had greedily seized upon the words suddenly offered to his diseased mind, that title which lent a sense of reason to his many visions ; in a word, he now pictured to himself the soul as a transferable substance, which, from its power of animation, was susceptible of translation.

“ Nor is it much to be wondered at, that in Germany (where philosophy is, so to speak, inhaled from the very air), our artisan, who had heard of metempsychosis, should have been gradually beguiled into that extravagant belief. From his hours of pondering over that chapter, he imbibed an indelible faith. Henceforth, his only thought was, what material process could enable him to apply to the making of his instruments the benefit of his psychological discovery.

“ Three months later, on St. Joseph's eve, every clock had long since struck one, and the whole city of Bremen was buried in sleep. Tobias' working shop was carefully closed, and, lest any one might detect, through the shutters, the light glimmering in his back room, a curtain of double-folded green baize had been spread before the half-glass door.

“ In truth, these preliminary precautions were not uncalled for, as our violin maker was now engaged in the most strange and unnatural occupation. In a red damask curtained bed, whereon, forty years back, Tobias had been ushered into the world, lay his aged mother, Brigitta Guarnerius, a prey to the pangs of agony—now succumbing a victim to consumption, after many months of lingering illness. There he stood, leaning over her chest, from which was heard issuing a frightful rattle. Not a tear bedewed his eye, nor did his features express the slightest sympathy for the awful sufferings of his dying parent. He seemed absorbed in the presentiment of some solemn and fatal occurrence, the expectation of which engrossed his whole being. Doubtless, for the purpose of

receiving some strange preparation, an extraordinary apparatus, never before heard of, nor described by human science, had been so placed as to establish a connexion between the couch of the old dame and a table whereon lay an unfinished violin ; a tube, visibly made from an alloy of different metals, and one end of which was funnel-shaped, covered the lips of the woman, and received her breath, which regularly ingulfed itself with a mournful noise. The other extremity of this tube was adapted to a post, similar to those placed upwards between the bottom and sound-board of stringed instruments, with this difference, that it was of an unusually great diameter, hollow, and so disposed as to shut hermetically, by means of an admirably cut out screwing lid, when the mouth-piece of the tube should be removed. Precisely above the point of juncture between the wood and metal, and as though to prevent any evaporation when the separation should take place, a sort of deal box was contrived, the damp and worm-eaten boards of which exhaled a nauseous, earthy odour, which, as also the rusty nails still remaining, indicated their having formed part of an object of larger dimensions.

“ At fifty-two minutes past one the breathing of the patient ceased, and her heart and pulse beat no more. A deep sigh was suddenly heard from within the tube, agitated, as it were, by a galvanic motion ; and that sigh was succeeded by a shudder, which ran along the metal, and rebounded in the bottom of the case connected with it. Instantly Tobias rushed forward ; his eyes wild, his breast heaving ; he pushed aside the tube conductor ; and, notwithstanding the incredible resistance which impeded his purpose, quickly screwed the lid on the end of the post.

“ Now, although the material proof of this monstrosity was never produced, it is generally believed that Tobias Guarnerius had confined within the unfinished instrument, the soul of his poor mother—the first soul he had chanced to meet wherewith to make his experiment. No sooner had the link been severed, by which the spirit was united to the body, now at the end of its earthly labour, than the soul sprang to return upwards ; being compelled to follow the narrow passage which was to impede its exit, it had, in its dis-

tress, fled to the very limit of the space free before it; doubtless, it might have escaped in spite of the short time the gaoler had been closing the lid. But all had been foreseen by his hellish imagination. The fir planks, covering the space over which the odious mystery was accomplished, had belonged to a coffin but recently taken from the churchyard. When striving to depart, the soul, horror-stricken by that atmosphere of death, had shrunk backwards. Then had Tobias imprisoned it to make it serve hereafter for the accomplishment of his monstrous purposes. However, such a frightful experiment could not take place without an awful punishment visiting its author. Scarcely was the deed consummated, when Tobias, stricken, as by an electric shock, fell on the floor, where he lay senseless long after sunrise.

"When awaking from his lethargy, he felt at first an utter prostration; his limbs being fatigue-worn as after a long journey; but it was no easy thing for him to collect his thoughts, and understand that which had happened him. At last he gathered sufficient remembrance of all that had passed during the night. His hand agitated by a shuddering which he ever retained, he approached the bed whereon rested the cold and lifeless body. He closed the eyelids lest a deadly glance should meet his; and, having covered the face, he experienced a tremulous sensation; for he imagined the angular shape, delineated beneath the sheet, assumed an air of reproachful defiance.

"A fortnight had elapsed; the remains of Brigitta had been laid in the grave; but the day of her funeral witnessed extraordinary occurrences: each time when, during the prayers for the dead, the priest had spoken of the soul of the deceased, the tapers, lighted round the coffin, were suddenly extinguished; and many other strange reports were heard afterwards. Tobias had seen and heard all; remorse soon gnawed him to his very heart, so strongly, indeed, that albeit he had realised the dream of his entire life, he had not yet dared to try the instrument which was now completed. However, in it dwelt a wonderful harmony, for whenever the wind merely passed over the strings, the violin exhaled sighs of an incredible sweetness.

"It having become known that Tobias had discovered his long sought for secret, musicians and amateurs daily crowded into his shop, some laughing at the dreamer, others asking, with earnest curiosity, when the violin-wonder should be heard; but Tobias ever delayed, asserting that as yet he was not ready.

"It so occurred, that a certain German prince chanced to pass through Bremen, who, above all accomplishments, possessed that of being a perfect violinist. His reputation as a *virtuoso* had spread throughout Europe, and whatsoever the importance of the town he visited, a concert was instantly organised; and oftentimes would his highness deign to number amongst the instrumentalists. The Burgomaster, wishing to gratify the illustrious performer, hastened to prepare a musical *soirée*, and informed Guarnerius that he would be pleased to have him make the first essay of his new instrument.

"At the moment Tobias received this intimation, he was becoming reconciled to his own conscience. The impression of terror he had received from the contemplation of his awful deed, like the memory of all human emotions, had gradually died away. In his then quietude, he found the following strange arguments that sprung to his relief:—

" 'We never know the decrees of Divine justice, nor can we tell who shall be lost, or who shall be saved. In the world's judgment, my mother led a good life—true; but will heaven confirm this judgment? And who can deny, but by detaining her soul here below, I perhaps spare her days of awful torments! Moreover, I am a good son (he added, with sublime sophistry. Others reverentially preserve the bones of their parents. I preserve the *soul* of my mother, nor will I part with it on any account. Between these examples of filial piety, is there not truly that same difference which separates the spiritual from the material.'

"Such were the reflections with which Tobias quieted his conscience.

"On the evening of the great experiment a new anxiety suddenly seized upon his mind: he began to question the satisfactory result he had so long anticipated. Had the soul been really transfused? Supposing it had for some

seconds sojourned where it had been imprisoned, might it not possibly have escaped by some subtle evaporation, thereby obeying the celestial law of attraction, recalling it heavenward? And what should not be his confusion, if, in presence of the whole assembled city, his superhuman creation proved to be, after all, but a wretched squeaking instrument, similar to the many he had made before. In truth his fears were rational, and rather than expose himself to so dreadful a disappointment, he would have conquered that religious terror which had hitherto prevented him from putting his work to the test; now would he have tried his violin had it still been in his possession! But acting as a man who knows the world, in the morning he had sent to the Burgomaster's residence the violin, placed in a costly case, of which he kept the key; *alea jacta est*; he could not change his resolution; in another half hour he would surpass the glory of Stradivarius and other masters in his art, or become an object of merciless derision.

"At the appointed time, all the guests of the grand festival being present, Tobias Guarnerius was ushered into the drawing-rooms. The general appearance of his dress was somewhat antediluvian, and told of a long suffered misery. Despite the particular pains he had taken, there was in his outward man something stiff and gaudy, which made of him a burlesque-looking individual. However, once seated in a corner, his face pale as marble, his motionless eye staring with dire anxiety at the *virtuoso*, who, for the first time, was about giving a voice to his creation, he no longer appeared grotesque; but sentiments of fearful emotion, akin to his own, pervaded the entire auditory.

"It were vain to attempt describing the agitation which passed through the assembly when the bow began to set the strings in vibration; the captive soul was then tortured by frightful agony, and lamented in dismal accents. Some people have even asserted, that from the first notes they felt as though they had been uplifted from the ground and had remained suspended in the air, amidst indescribable anguish; to others the perception of the sound was so deep and impressive, so profound and powerful

were their sensations, that they felt as though their skin had been torn off and their nerves left bare.

"But that which no human words could depict, was the ineffable sympathy of all the souls, recognising, although unable to account for the prestige, the voice of a sister calling to them, whose plaintive accents made them sink into profound melancholy, and finally into tears. Neither the grief of a mother weeping over her dead first-born, the tearful lament of a maiden on the day of her lover's desertion, nor the sorrowing accents of an artist, dying ere his genius' creation be achieved, can give an adequate idea of the bitter complaint of this daughter of Heaven, treacherously detained beyond its earthly time, and beseeching to be freed into eternal repose. No one, not even he who led the bow on the strings, could have remembered one single note of the tune played on Guarnerius's violin; no one could have told whether that which he had heard were a melodious song, or the wonderful tale of a sublime poet, whose admirable art would have depicted all human suffering, anxieties, and sadness in life; it spoke of all, from vague, regretful melancholy, with its endless desires, to deceptions the most heart-rending; but none could tell that at any time, or in any place, a harmony so deeply moving had struck upon his ear.

"When the music had ceased, the auditors recovering from the ecstasy and inward contemplation in which they had been plunged, turned their looks towards Tobias Guarnerius. At this moment, the artist so entirely prevailed over the man, that he had been deaf to the cry of anguish, echoing in every one's heart, which so profoundly ought to have moved him. Indeed, to this soul-gaoler, not only ought it to have been a lament, but also an awful reproach; yet he had heard nought but sounds of a heavenly harmony, superior to all that the masters in his art had ever produced; at last finding it solved, that problem of his entire life, he dropped on his knees, his clasped hands extended heavenwards, and tears ran down his face, now beaming with an expression of indescribable ecstasy. Only after a lapse of fifteen minutes did he recognise the Prince, who having roused him from his blissful *aparte*, by violently shaking him by

the arm, inquired whether he would take a thousand crowns for his violin.

"My violin for a thousand crowns!" responded he, with a wild glance and his wonted maniac-like laughter, "so you presume to set a price upon that which yesterday existed not, and does exist now? Would you like to buy the sun? *Mein Herr*, what would you pay for it, suppose, some fine morning, it were put on sale?"

"What meant these haughty words of the poor instrument-maker? Was his filial piety growing indignant at the bargain offered, or his vanity as an inventor revolting against this mean appreciation of his work? It was in the latter sense that the Prince interpreted the objections of Tobias, so he immediately doubled his offer; but the man insisted that he was not willing to sell his violin, his glory being now immortal. Unfortunately he had to contend with a royal wish, and one not easily deterred by obstacles; the Prince having drawn from his pocket a bundle of bank notes, amounting to 1,200 florins, scattered them on the table, with the contents of a superb purse, plentifully supplied with gold.

"For this—your violin?" exclaimed the noble *dilletante*.

On beholding this, poor Tobias, who had never in his life possessed as much as a thousand florins, sacrificed pride, filial piety, and every other sentiment; in a word, all his scruples suddenly vanished, as with a covetous eye he counted the notes, and valued rapidly the contents of the purse. Then affecting to yield reluctantly to an unsupportable constraint, he said:—

"Since you insist so positively, I consent. Take my violin and even the case into the bargain. But please bear in mind, that I do not warrant my instrument; if you take bad care of it, and it should get out of order, remember I will not undertake to mend it."

His highness's desire was such, that it did not allow him to consider one moment that there was any such chance to dread. Having ordered the violin to be carried to the Burgomaster's house, the Prince virtuously abruptly took leave of the company, to go and quietly indulge in the playing of his instrument, to the great displeasure of the neighbouring inhabitants, whose repose was completely out of the question during his first night of

violin enjoyment; nor had Tobias very peaceful rest; his mind being haunted by the same thoughts which had seized upon him at the Burgomaster's; 'his glory would be everlasting!—and now he was rich, immensely rich, a fortune of more than fifteen thousand florins!'

"To make himself the better conscious of this pleasing reality, he counted, one by one, every gold piece, every bank note; and when, his lamp being extinguished, his eye could no longer feast upon the sight, he still counted and caressed the notes and gold, and enclosed the whole in his purse, that he might weigh and hold his whole fortune in his hand; thus did he remain occupied until the rise of morning, when at length he fell asleep. He rested but a short time, and when he awoke, felt as though he had spent the previous evening amidst the joyous ravings of intoxication; he felt his head heavy, his thoughts uncollected, and his heart unsatisfied. An awful idea began to besiege him: not only had he stolen and detained, but lo! he had sold the soul of his mother; he now imagined that, at every hour, the purchaser would have the right of awaking and forcing it to sing. Perhaps he would sell it to some other person; whither then might it not journey? While tortured by these reflections, a man who belonged to the Burgomaster's household entered his shop; Tobias knew well this visitor, who, many years back, had been affianced to Brigitta, and on the eve of marrying her, when suddenly he was compelled to become a soldier. Many years afterwards he had returned and found her another man's wife; still he continued to entertain great friendship for her; and her husband, having entire confidence in her, far from experiencing any jealousy, had repeatedly invited him to visit whenever he chose; thus he had become almost an inmate of the house, and had many a time nursed little Tobias.

On the previous evening, from the antechamber, he had heard the violin within which Brigitta's soul sighed; instantly he had recognised her voice, for, however old a man may be, never are his lover's recollections utterly banished from memory. It was in the like heart-rending accents that Brigitta had lamented, that day which he could not forget, when they parted! During the night he remained sleepless, and

fancying he heard the voice of his mistress, he fell into the most torturing perplexities; wherefore, early in the morning he went to demand of Tobias an explanation respecting that supernatural event. The old man had not uttered three words when Tobias felt confused, and faltered in an embarrassed manner; however, he soon became more composed, and essayed to talk merrily on the subject, but Brigitta's old lover was not to be deceived by this; he retired still more perplexed, shaking his head, and muttering between his teeth:—

"There must be some wicked mystery in all this!"

"Already did Tobias suffer bitterly for his crime, when he thought it Heaven's secret only, but, how dreadful his pangs, when he knew that a mortal's attention was directed on the trace of his wicked deed! Now he began to tremble lest it might be referred to human justice; for several hours more he struggled against fear and remorse; at last overpowered by both, he repaired to the purchaser's for the purpose of entreating him to retake his gold, the price of his infamous bargain, and restore the violin. Tobias' intention was to break the spell and free the captive spirit, as soon as the instrument should be in his possession. But men do not ever command the means of retracing their steps in the path of evil, whereon they so easily enter. The Prince had left Bremen before daylight, and was already fifty miles off, so Tobias' first attempt proved fruitless. However, determined as he was no longer to bear willingly the weight of his fault, the guilty son did not hesitate; having hastily closed his shop, he walked to the outskirts of the town, where he could meet the public coach that should conduct him near the Prince's chateau. But when he arrived he could not gain access to his Highness, nor was he more fortunate for the two successive days, and at last being admitted to the princely presence, he heard that the violin had already changed hands. The royal dilettante had not been able to play on this instrument more than two days, so very irritable had it rendered his nervous system; his doctor having declared that the piercing, preternatural sounds produced by the violin were the cause of this derangement in the virtuoso's health. The Prince had sold it to an Italian, about making his tour of Eu-

rope, and who had left instantly for Paris, where he intended giving concerts.

"Tobias set off at once; he entered the French capital, unmindful of the many curiosities, which at another period he would have gazed upon so greedily; his thoughts were centered upon one sole object, that of knowing the address of Signor Ballondini. He was apprised of it without any difficulty, for, thanks to his violin, the artist had, from his first concert, gained a reputation; all the Parisian journals praising up his talents and the wonderful merit of his instrument.

"Tobias could not refrain from a moment of passion against the Italian who took to himself all the glory, whereas he, the maker of it, could claim so important a share. But this, thought he, his pride should suffer as an atonement for his deed, and he resigned himself not to complain; happy would he be, indeed, if he could regain possession of his fatal creation.

"As soon as he was informed of Signor Ballondini's address, he got into a *fiacre*, which he thought the most speedy means, but thanks to the proverbial slowness of that vehicle, he arrived at the virtuoso's lodgings exactly a quarter of an hour after his departure for Italy.

"Tobias followed him to Italy.

"It would be endless to describe all the places, and name all the hands, through which the wondrous violin passed. The most iron-like nerves could not endure its effects beyond a fortnight; and yet, no sooner had the proprietor thought of ridding himself of it, than another sprang up instantly, without allowing the instrument to lose any of its value. During two irksome years, unfortunate Tobias chased it through Italy, England, the West Indies, Spain, and lastly Germany, whether he returned having once more traversed France.

"After much fatigue and weariness, our violin-hunter arrived in Leipsig, where resided a bookseller who, he had been told, had recently purchased the instrument. This time, he arrived not too late, and the long-sought-for object was still in the possession of the person indicated. But, alas for Guarnerius! he had journeyed so many hundreds of miles, and through so very many lands, that howsoever rigid had been his economy, he nevertheless had exhausted his

funds, and now, on the point of purchasing the violin, the price of which had been constantly maintained to between 12,000 and 15,000 florins, he had barely a hundred florins left. He held council in his own mind, and all well considered, arrived at the conclusion, that of all thefts which man may be guilty of, that of a soul is undeniably the most odious; it became obvious to him, that the only possible means left to obliterate his former crime, was to commit another of a lesser kind; with the small sum he still possessed, he attempted to bribe a servant, and obtained admittance at night, within the bookseller's house, that he might steal the violin.

"But so ill-fated was this wretched man, that nothing could turn favourably with him. It so chanced that the bribed valet was an honest rogue, who having maturely reflected on the undeniable advantage of pocketing the price of a wicked action and not committing it, informed his master of the whole affair. Tobias was taken, cast into prison, and was nigh seeing his trials end in a dishonouring sentence. The dread of this misfortune brought to its climax a disease, which the violence of his ever-excited and never gratified desires, combined with his latter years of torment and agitation, had insensibly fostered in his constitution. In a word, an aneurism was ruptured, which necessitated his removal to the hospital.

"There, minute by minute, did he feel himself dying; and meanwhile the doctor, who treated him somewhat unceremoniously, had made him aware, that nothing could be done to restore his health; this naturally led him to expect he should escape the grasp of human laws; but, alas! he contemplated also the awful certainty of being soon summoned before Divine justice; there he knew he should have a difficult account to settle; still, he who had once been a devout Catholic, dared not now seek for consolation and better hopes in religion, terror-stricken as he was at the monstrosity of the avowal he had to make.

"One fine morning in autumn, a sunbeam was resting on his sick couch; this diffused cheerfulness around; a fresh breeze agitated the foliage of the trees beneath his window, and the birds chirped merrily in the branches. So much repose and happiness breathed in the air, that no one could have thought of dying on

that day. The sight of enraptured nature had uplifted his mind to his Creator, and his heart, at length, turned lovingly towards the Infinite Bounty. He mustered sufficient courage to entrust his secret to a priest, that he might obtain absolution; the chaplain came to hear his confession, and a laborious one it was. He unburdened his heart, but the emotion he experienced, considerably weakened him, inasmuch that as the priest proceeded with due unction and formal austerity, being in the habit of never giving absolution without previously quoting, at the very least, two lengthened fragments of his long since delivered orations on the Seven Deadly Sins. In this particular case, no portion referring specially to the moral state of his penitent, he had to combine several passages, borrowed from different sermons, which not a little complicated and lengthened the pious ministering; the last struggles of the patient, whose strength was visibly forsaking him, had already commenced ere all was accomplished. At last, he became utterly unconscious of what passed around, and the eloquent priest was ending his exhortations, when the squeaking and distant sound of a violin unpleasantly struck their ears. This noise, as may be inferred, had not the least effect on the sainted man whose office was now performed; not so, however, with poor Tobias, who felt this wild harmony echoing in the very marrow of his bones. He raised himself in a sitting posture, his hair standing on end, and a nervous trepidation contracting his features with dire anguish. He lent an attentive ear, and convulsively grasping the confessor's arm—

"'Hark! hark!' he exclaimed in a lamentable tone, 'hear you my mother's soul rising against me?' And after horrible contortions, which lasted several minutes, he gasped his last breath.

"Truly the wretched patient had been wrongly affected, for the sounds he had heard came from the violin of one of the hospital attendants, who, as of wont, the review of his patients and their tending being over, as also the dead being interred, practised the science of music, a propensity strongly developed amongst individuals of his avocation.

"At the very second which marked Guarnerius's last moments upon earth, the bookseller, the possessor of the

violin wonder, heard from within the case a loud vibration, similar to that of a string swiftly touched; having opened the case to examine the instrument he felt a slight breeze, not unlike that produced by a heavy breathing, pass before his face. All the strings had broken at the same time; the bridge and sound-post had fallen, and were heard rattling within the violin, which, however, was not otherwise damaged. An instrument maker was desired to repair this, but to no purpose; notwithstanding his efforts the violin had lost its wondrous properties. The change the more remarkable was, a total absence of its former over-exciting power. However, such as it was, dilettanti still considered it a *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship.

"Several months afterwards the rumour of the death of Tobias having spread through his native city, the Burgomaster's old servant, who had hitherto kept complete secrecy, communicated to his friends his suspicions, and the curiosity of the Bremese having been long since awakened by the mysterious disappearance of Tobias, he had but little to say to make the good people believe his report. They gathered before the shop, which had remained closed for more than three years, they broke the front part and rushed into the interior. Several objects of a suspicious kind, especially the transfusing apparatus and some few books, printed in foreign type, were found, and assisted not a little in throwing an unfavourable tinge over the memory of the instrument-maker,

who happily left no one after him to bear his accursed name. The two following months were spent by the clergy in offering masses, paid for by the pious inhabitants of the city, for the soul of poor Brigitta Guarnerius.

"The morning after the act of popular justice I have related, the red crosses, which you observed on the shutters, were seen, but none could tell whose hand had traced these signs.

"Since this catastrophe the neighbouring people, yielding to the influence of their superstitious minds, assert that, during the night, sinister noises, of a most unearthly nature, are audible within the gloomy walls.

"Never since Tobias's departure has the landlord been able to find a tenant for the place, so he is at last determined to have it pulled down, an event which will give no slight satisfaction to the peaceful inhabitants of Bremen."

Thus related the witty and humorous magistrate. My great grandfather, naturally fond of ghostly and psychological narrations, cordially thanked his host, and hastened to repair to the shop, once inhabited by poor Guarnerius, with the intention of spending the night in that strange dwelling, and of witnessing with his own eyes whatever preternatural apparition might take place, which should contribute to the illustration of his psychological journal, from which we have extracted the pages now offered to our readers.

WATTS'S POEMS.*

THIS is a very beautiful volume, almost too profusely illustrated. In a graceful and unambitious preface, Mr. Watts tells us that, in the year 1824, he published a volume of poems, entitled "*Poetical Sketches*"—that from 1824 to 1837 he was engaged in superintending the annual publications, called the "*Literary Souvenir*," and the "*Cabinet of Arts*;" and that the poems now collected have, for the most part, appeared in one or other of those publications. With his own poems are published, also, in this edition, some by Mrs. Watts. Many of the poems are of great beauty and true originality. There is no straining for effect. There is no repetition of faded sentiment. The style is not cast in any affected mould of either ancient or modern time. It would not be possible to assign a date to any one of the poems from peculiarity of phrase, or from anything except the occasional references, always in a spirit of generous appreciation and sympathy, to his contemporaries. Mr. Watts tells us of his studies having been for many years interrupted by laborious occupation, and the incessant and harassing cares connected with some mercantile undertaking, which it appears returned to him little or nothing for the toil of ten years; and which, in some way or other, entangled him for nearly seven years more "in the meshes of the Court of Chancery." Whether the equity proceedings are but commencing, or whether they are at an end, we are not informed; but Spenser himself, pacing up and down the antechambers of Queen Elizabeth's long-winded secretaries, or loitering "in passages that led to nothing," could scarcely, from his recollections of his own experience, have been so well qualified to imprecate bitter and memorable curses on "the hell it is in suing long to bide," as a man, in this our day, who, himself fettered in a chancery suit, could, at the same time, think of marshalling verses

* In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ;"

The Black Graces—as Law, Physic, and Divinity have been called—take care to drive away, as far as they can, from their haunts, all that would seem to belong to the Muses; and if the professors of the black arts, presided over by the sable sisters, cannot, with much chance of success, think of cultivating poetry, how little can it be possible for the victims selected for what often is a life-long sacrifice. If we understand Mr. Watts rightly, we have to congratulate him and ourselves on his having got rid of the Court of Chancery; and there is the hope that this volume may be the precursor of others as beautiful—more so they cannot be.

The original form in which many of the poems were brought before the public, commanded a very general circulation. Mr. Watts's poems appeared in annual volumes with poems of Joanna Baillie, of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, and of Southey; and it is not too much to say, that even among the works of such associates Mr. Watts's poems were often distinguished as those which afforded highest pleasure, and which, both in England and America, were most often reprinted. Mr. Watts records with delight and pride, which he may well feel, the fact that, so long ago as the year 1826, Sir Robert Peel wrote to him to express the pleasure which two of these poems—"The Death of the First-born," and "My own Fireside"—gave him; "to have written which," said Sir Robert, "would have been an honourable distinction to any one." Sir Robert did not overrate the merit of those poems, which are of very great beauty; and Mr. Watts tells us that, eighteen years afterwards, he placed at his disposal a treasury appointment for his son, and that, even in the last months of his life, he gave evidence of the interest he took in the poet's welfare. The letters of Southey prove how earnestly Peel felt it his duty and his interest to protect, as he best could, what are the fair rights of literature. There can be no doubt that, among what are called practical

* "*Lyrics of the Heart.*" By Alaric A. Watts, Esq. With 41 engravings on steel. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

men, there is a temper of depreciating all those who are not seen engaged in the bustle of daily business, and that the true claims of retiring and industrious men are in this way thrust aside, being treated as nothing by more active competitors, and being probably altogether unknown by others. This cannot be helped; but the small annual sum—we believe it is but twelve hundred a year—on which literary pensions are charged, should at least be kept sacred for this purpose. On it is, however, now thrust every claim that cannot be otherwise disposed of. We have no objection to the State providing as it best can for widows and orphans, but we grudge this small fund even to the widows and orphans of literary men. Still more do we think it ought not in any case to be the fund from which annuities are to be provided for any other. Give literature its fair rights, allow it its own proper weight, when the persons who are engaged in the administration determine the fitness of persons for such appointments as the service of the State requires; and, then, do away this fund altogether, or apply it to the widows and children of those prematurely cut off. The provision is plainly insufficient for its alleged purposes, and furnishes a kind of excuse to those who shrink from examin-

ing the state of mischievous dependence on uncertain resources, on which such men as Southey, for instance, are thrown for procuring their daily support. How Southey kept heart and intellect alive in the perpetual struggle is hard to realise to one's self. He had, however, from first to last, the earnest sympathies which admiration of his poetry created among a devoted class of admirers he had enlisted for him, when he infused his own nature into the "Quarterly Review," and gave it a life in death, the stronger enthusiasm of applauding political feelings. He was not as entirely as others thrown on mere literature for support, for before he received an annuity from the country (judiciously increased by Peel during his short ministry of 1835), his support was in part supplied by private means. Still, with all this, he never was other than a poor man—wearing out his life in toil for the booksellers—consoled, however, by the belief that in this course he was purchasing what poets have called immortality. There is an early poem of Southey's forced upon our recollection, which as it is short, and likely to interest such readers as may not before have met with it, we may as well print:—

"ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

Taken at two Years of Age.

And I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dies o'er the sleeping surface!...Twenty years
Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
Who once so dearly prized this miniature,
And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
Beholding me, with quick-averted glance
Pass on the other side! But still these hues
Remain unalter'd, and these features wear
The look of Infancy and Innocence.
I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments...There were
Who formed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
Each opening feeling: should they not have known
If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
Impending storms!...They augur'd happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue

Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
 And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,
 That thou shouldst tread PREFERENCE's pleasant path.
 Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
 Stray in the pleasant paths of POKSY,
 And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,
 There didst thou love to linger out the day,
 Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
Spirit of Spenser! was the wanderer wrong?"

Mr. Watts' poems are for the most part, we may say altogether, descriptive of elementary feelings, or conditions of the mind—a dangerous class of subjects. Wordsworth has succeeded in this class of subjects, only partially, and by an artifice which we regret Mr. Watts has not adopted, as it would have rendered his task lighter, and where he was successful would have made the success, if not higher, yet in some respects of happier issue. Wordsworth's most domestic poems have the scene transferred to other fields and other firesides than his own. The feelings that he gives

to inanimate nature seem borrowed from things external to himself. What he gives he seems to receive; and in this way, where there is something with which the hearer does not altogether sympathise, he does not seem accountable for failing to interest the sympathies; and where he has won entire favour, our kindly sympathies towards the poet can be more gracefully claimed, as seeming to be claimed for another than himself. In his pretty poem of "The Pet Lamb," for instance, Wordsworth explains this, or suggests an explanation:—

"I heard a voice; it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink,'
 And looking o'er the hedge before me I espied
 A snow-swite mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

'Drink, pretty creature drink,' she said in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
 This song unto myself did I oftentimes repeat;
 And it seemed as I retraced the ballad line by line,
 That but half of it was her's, and one-half of it was mine.
 Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
 'Nay,' said I, 'more than half to the damsel must belong,'
 For she looked with such a look, and she spoke with such a tone,
 That I almost received her heart into my own."

We think that as far as possible some outward object, which the hearer can realise to himself, should be also before the poet's mind; that, in short, every poem should have something of scene, something of time and place; and that, except where it subserves some purpose of contrast, the poet's "own mind though the haunt and the main region of his song," should scarcely be immediately presented to the thought. Some personation or other must be interposed. The mask of antiquated language or manners will sometimes produce a similar effect; and verses overlooked at the time they were written, have a charm for after days. Extracts from Withers's verse and Herrick's, are in this way among the popular volumes which publishers find an

interest in reprinting. The passages in which Milton presents himself before his reader's eye, in his great poem, have, from contrast, a romantic effect. It is a strange and startling thing to be recalled from the superhuman phantasmagoria of the *Paradise Lost*, to the poet's own dreams of early life,—his visions of writing epic poetry, in which he should recall the fabled knights of Britain or Armorica, and to his old age in darkness and with dangers compassed round, which we know to be no fabled darkness, and no imaginary dangers. We think, in ordinary circumstances, the poet is wise who, except in verses of mere playfulness, retreats behind some mask or other.

The opening poem of this collection is written in this playful tone. We

wish, as Mr. Watts's chosen subjects are of a domestic character, he had let us into some secrets that are carefully concealed. We have no wish to penetrate the mystery which hides the names of the "Nine Sisters," to whom the first poem is addressed, still less to learn their age; but we should wish to know his own. We wish the poems had been given dates, that, as we are to have the poet's own individual mind, and own domestic circle as our subject, we should find a biographical interest in the volume; but this is concealed from us; and whether the nine divinities or humanities were addressed by a stripling, or a middle-aged man, who had been already writing pathetic addresses to the first grey hair, or not, is one of the things of which we know nothing. We are afraid that our friend, however, must be regarded as grown somewhat old. "Time," in the third stanza, is not easily intelligible, except on this supposition: an engraving by Greatbach, from Stothard, gives us the ladies; the eldest of the nine is probably still in her teens; indeed, of the whole group, little can be said on this delicate subject of age, as the artist has made them all of very much the same time of life. Each, as the judicious matrons say, is the same age as other young ladies.

Beauty and youth are the gifts of the painter: the poet has something better in store for them. "Painting, mute and motionless, steals but one glance from time." But the poet dares to tell of change that has already come, and of change that is yet to be. We had thought of quoting but a few stanzas from the poem, but it refuses to be broken into parts. It is one, and it is perfect.

"TO NINE SISTERS.

"Let other bards their homage pay
To Sisters all have dubbed 'divine';
A love sincerer prompts my lay,
To hymn a less immortal NINE.
What hath my humble lyre to do
With goddesses too fine for earth,
Whose simple music ever drew
Its power from spells of lowlier birth!

"A wild Æolian lute, whose strings
By nature awayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to
move;—
Fond, brooding thoughts, and visions soft,
Of fireside peace, and home-bred love.

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"In years long past, when life was new,
Ere Time or Care had touched my brow,
My earliest songs were given to you;
Come back and be my Muses now!—
Now that my heart is faint and worn
With many a vigil dark and long,
And I have learned those hues to mourn,
That brightened once my hopes and song.

"The smiles that lit my path of yore,
And bade my lyre responsive thrill,
May plume my flagging wing once more,
May raise my drooping spirit still:
Oh, could that sunshine bring again
The high resolves my boyhood knew,
Haply, I then might 'wake a strain
Worthier a poet's fame and you!

"The bounding pulse, ingenuous glee,
That spring-like, rich, romantic gleam,
Which tinges every thing we see,
And makes our youth one blessed
dream,—
A summer day, of deep delight,
When not a threatening cloud is near,
When all is beauty to the sight,
And all is music to the ear!

"And such my life when Hope was young,
And the bright world before me lay,
And visions of enchantment flung
Their glories on my lonely way.
Yes, such was life to me, when first,
Inspired by you, my gentlest NINE,
Fresh from the fount of feeling burst
The strains that wreathed your names
with mine!

"Ye, too, are changed: the playful child,
My Muse of mirth in other days,
That bade me share her gambols wild,
And charmed me with her winning
ways,—
Is now a child no more;—but moves
With slower step, sedater air;
With many a grace her Poet loves,
But not the smiles she used to wear.

"And ye, o'erstepping then the bound
'Twixt girlhood's bloom and woman's
beauty,
Whose hearts the hallowed bliss have
found,
Of matron love, and matron duty,—
Long o'er your happy circles reign,
And watch love's budding flowers un-
fold;
But never can you be again
The gladsome band you were of old!

"Yet ye shall be my Muses still,
By Memory painted as of yore;
Still shall my sharp responsive thrill
To spells it oft hath owned before:
The meeter inspiration far
Those unambitious chords to move,
Whose cherished themes so often are
Childhood's sweet smiles and Woman's
love.

"Let loftier bards their tributes bring
 To nymphs of more uncertain mood;
 Whilst grateful memory bids me sing
 A fairer, kinder Sisterhood:
 For them may Faith's bright beacon shine;
 Its grace in God's good time be given;
 So shall they shame the heathen Nine,
 And be immortal, too, in heaven!"

The poem, "Ten Years Ago," we should wish to print, but it has been printed often before. It is of touching beauty, and would almost tempt us to unsay what we have said, and said not without much consideration of the subject, on domestic joys and griefs as the *direct* subject of poetry. We must transcribe one stanza.

"Have we not knelt beside his bed,
 And watched our first-born blossom die;
 Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
 Then wept till Feeling's fount was dry!
 Was it not sweet in that sad hour
 To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
 Our bud had left its earthly bower,
 And burst to bloom in Paradise:—
 What to the thought had soothed that woe,
 Were heartless joys—ten years ago!"

"The Painter's Dream" is a poem illustrated by two admirable engravings, one from a sunset, after Claude, by Barrett, and the other from Titian's *Mirror of Diana*, by Stothard. Both pictures are very beautiful. It may be as well here to mention that the illustrations, though all engraved for this volume, are often but loosely connected with the poems to which they are attached. "Considerable difficulties," says Mr. Watts, "present themselves to the painter who undertakes to illustrate poems of this description, a failure being almost inevitable whenever an attempt is made to identify a design with the incident rather than the sentiment of the poem. It is for this reason that several of the subjects of the engravings are rather emblematical of the poems they accompany than representations of the particular scenes they describe." The "Sunset from Claude" not only brings Florence before the poet's eye, but a hundred associations connected with Florence rise up before his mind, and are embodied in words often in themselves pictures. We are not sure whether the state of mind into which the poet passes is properly to be called reverie or not, for his dream seems obedient rather to outward suggestion than to inward impulse—the spell of Claude's *Sunset* still moulding and

controlling his thoughts—but the halls and galleries of some imagined Florence are thrown open before him:—

"Where am I, where?—I live, I breathe again!
 What glorious triumphs of the days of old
 Are gathered 'round: Ausonia, France, and Spain,
 Your brightest dreams I see; I have not
 toiled in vain!"

Some single lines are very happy:—

"There Snyders' yelling bloodhounds burst
 their chain:
 There gorgeous Rubens' emblemed Triumphs
 rise;
 And Vandyck's Charles uplifts his mild,
 reproachful eyes!"

A line which precedes these is probably that which suggested the second illustration—

"There golden Titian's living beauties glow."

Interposed between "a Greek Temple" by Roberts, and "Morning in Greece" by Danby, the last represented by one of the most delicately finished engravings we have ever seen, are some pleasing lines—utterances less distinct than those from which we have quoted—still very graceful, and well worthy of being preserved.

"Time cannot chase the glowing forms from earth

That people still each valley, hill, and stream;

He may not drive from our domestic hearth
 The fond beliefs o'er which we love to dream:

The old traditions linking many a name
 With deeds, even now, that wake a wondering thrill;

With tales of gentle hearts and souls of flame,
 Whose loves and sorrows stir our pity still."

We wish we had room for "the Poet's Home," one of the most pleasing pieces in the volume, but it should be read in the book itself, where it illustrates and is illustrated by designs from Stothard and Howard.

"Sunset from Richmond Hill" by Barrett, is beautifully engraved. The verses do not quite please us; nor indeed do we think Mr. Watts ever very successful in that class of compositions in which the same expected cadence returns. Every stanza echoes in its last line something about Richmond Hill—"How bright a heaven is Richmond Hill," &c. We have the ear fatigued by recurring sounds, and the

mind baffled by mere sound. Such poems should be very short, or rather should not be at all; and the worst of it is, such poems have always something about them that leads us to suppose them favourites with the author. In this instance the picture is far better than the verses. In a scene from *Faust* by Madame Colin, the verses, in their turn, far surpass the illustrative plate; and we think also the verses entitled "The Youngling of the Flock," are far superior to the infant's head from Sir Thomas Lawrence, which head, though engraved by Lewis, and from Sir Thomas Lawrence, we feel it impossible to look at with pleasure. What cruel step-mother could have thought of getting such an infant's head made thus immortal? Or was it

the maternal or grand-motherly passion that actually shaped such features into beauty? and are we insensible to that power of imagination which has sought gratification in such a face? We are told by those who have looked on it longer than we have, that it is a face in which an artist would find beauty. The verses are tuned to that under-song of domestic love in which Mr. Watts excels.

"Love and Friendship" is a very pretty painting of two children, one wingless, one with wings. In the list of illustrations prefixed to the volume it is called *Cupid and Psyche*.

A print from Stothard of "Cupids blowing Bubbles," engraved by Greatbach, gave us great pleasure, and has suggested to Mr. Watts some happy lines.

"TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

"Thrice happy Babe! what radiant dreams are thine,
As thus thou bidd'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign
To be, like thee, a careless child once more.

"To share thy simple sports and sinless glee;
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight!

"To feel a power within himself to make,
Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes;
To dream of sunshine, and, like thee, to 'wake
To brighter visions, from his charmed repose.

"Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,
Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.

"Yet Life hath bubbles, too, that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears.

"Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine;
(What new illusion e'er can match the first?)
We mourn to see each cherished hope decline;
Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst."

We have given to this volume more space than we had originally intended; not more, however, than it well deserves—and we close it with reluctance; not, however, without first se-

lecting for our readers one of several poems by Mrs. Alaric Watts, which are printed in her husband's volume. The fine lines which follow accompany a print of Amiens Cathedral:—

"AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

"The doors unfold! I gaze with breathless thrill;
All that my fancy pictured there appears;
Strange that stone walls should have the power to fill
The heart with gladness, and the eye with tears:
Like a tired child that gains its mother's breast,
I enter in, and feel my soul at rest!

" I might not speak, too sacred seemed the spot ;
 I could not sigh, for peace was with me then ;
 The world with all its idle cares forgot :
 Oh, were thine architects but sinful men !
 An atmosphere of heaven seemed breathing 'round,
 Thy walls bade welcome, though without a sound.

" Silence descended like a brooding dove ;
 Pontiff, procession, all had passed away ;
 Motion was not, save the hand of love
 Pointed from twilight to the perfect day !
 I stilled my heart, and held my breath to hear
 Words that seemed whispering in my dreaming ear.

" ' Hath love of glory taught thine heart to sigh,
 Honour's bright wreath, the thirst for high renown,
 Lured thee, from step to step, to climb on high,
 Then dashed the chalice and the votary down ?
 Foiled, crushed, and trampled spirit, draw thee near,
 A world-rejected heart is cherished here !

" ' Hath love beguiled thee with his promise fair,
 Bliss unalloyed, affection's self unchilled,
 Won thy young heart to give thee back despair,—
 A poisoned cup from sweetest flowers distill'd ?
 Leave withered hopes for those that ne'er grow sera,
 A love unchangeable is promised here.

" ' Gifted of nature, spendthrift of the mind,
 A golden idol is thy master-taste ;
 Let go each cherished sin, howe'er refined,
 The hidden talent, feelings run to waste :
 Dreamer awake, shake off thy coward fear,
 Gird up thy loins, and know thy strength is here !

" ' Regretful spirit, brooding o'er the past,
 Achievements high conceived, but never won ;
 Draw near, and down thy heavy burthen cast,
 Remorse for " good received and evil done :"
 Give passion utterance and free way the tear,
 Sorrow that worketh joy awaits thee here !

" ' Heart-broken prodigal, why stand afar ;
 This House of Refuge, is it not for thee ?
 World-spent and wearied with life's ceaseless jar,
 Shake off thy bondage, triumph, and be free :
 Welcome awaits thee, plenteous is the cheer ;
 Peace to thee, weary one, thy rest is here !

" ' Sorrowful spirit, whatso'er the grief
 That forged thy fetter, make that grief thy plea ;
 He who in suffering was the Martyr-Chief,
 Hath balm for all, whatso'er the wound may be :
 A shadowy path leads to a cloudless sphere,
 But till ye gain it, know your home is here ! "

From our notice, imperfect as it necessarily is, our readers cannot but have gathered that this volume is illustrated in the highest style of modern art: since Rogers's *Italy* no such volume has been produced; at least, no such volume has met our eyes.

The price of the book will of course render it impossible that many persons to whom the poems are calculated to afford great pleasure should be purchasers. Ought not Mr. Watts to print the poems in a separate volume?

SEWELL'S HORACE.*

"Yonder's foul murder done!"

When a translation of Horace, at once literal and rhythmical, is put forth by a scholar of Mr. Sewell's standing, expectation is naturally excited, and many must, like ourselves, in ignorance of its demerits, have added this volume to their already somewhat redundant editions of the works of the little fat bard. Were disappointment the only result likely to follow from perusal, not a word should we have said upon the subject. It would only have been the breaking down of one scholar more, where many had broken before him. But the book is ushered into the world with such peculiar pretensions, veiled under a very equivocal humility; and the name of Mr. Sewell is so likely to carry it into quarters where its influence may be injurious, that we are tempted into a consideration of its claims to the character it professes, of "reconciling the two things, strict accuracy and something of a poetical character."

In the preface, we are informed that the translation is a specimen of rhythmical translations from the classics which Mr. Sewell has prepared for the use of his academical students. "It is scarcely necessary," he says, "to explain why such translations of classical poetry should be rhythmical. Without rhythm, poetical phraseology becomes bombast; and the unadorned language which the simplicity of the ancient writers so frequently requires, when stripped of the rhythm, loses all its charm. Moreover, the habit of composing in rhythm forms the ear to a delicate perception of its powers and laws, even in writing prose." All excellent truisms, to which no exception can be taken; but Mr. Sewell has a theory behind of a rather startling novelty. While pupils are learning their Latin Grammars, they are to be exercised in the language, not in Horace or Virgil, "but in detailed words, separate phrases, taken out of their con-

text;" a somewhat dreary exercise, and scarcely such as we should select for quickening the zeal of intelligent boys. But Mr. Sewell proceeds:—

"The next thing would be to provide for classes, not Virgil, for instance, or Homer, but as accurate, and at the same time as poetical a translation of them as could be procured; accuracy, strict word for word accuracy, being the most essential condition. And then the master, with the original in his hand, should lead them on to write Virgil and write Homer. Every lesson will thus be a lesson in composition, a lesson in grammar, which they cannot but learn when compelled to practise; at the same time an exercise of thought; at the same time an opportunity of acquiring a vast amount of synonyms and forms of expression suggested by the whole class, with the certainty of selecting the best. When in this way boys have composed themselves, as it were, the great compositions of antiquity (in which they will soon acquire an extraordinary facility), they may then be led to read them, not merely construing them literally into English, which, I think, should rarely be required, except upon paper, when they have time to study their work carefully, and arrange their language rhythmically; but reading them off (which is most important) in the original language, and then, with the book closed, giving an account of the meaning of each sentence as it was read."

That Virgil, Horace, and Homer should not be put into the hands of boys before they have made considerable advances in Latin and Greek, no one who has seen the distaste engendered by hopeless puzzling over the difficulties they present to unprepared minds, will for a moment dispute. It is a wrong to these great poets, and a greater wrong to those who, but for the dislike occasioned by this ill-advised drudgery, might, in after years, have drunk from these sources unfailing draughts of instruction and delight. Yet this mistaken practice, grievous as it is, but which, as the science of education advances, is happily becom-

* "The Odes and Epodes of Horace, translated literally and rhythmically. By W. Sewell, B.D., Fellow and sub-Rector of Exeter College, Oxford. London. 1850."

ing every day of less frequent occurrence, seems to us to be infinitely preferable to the plan thus gravely proposed as a substitute for it by Mr. Sewell. Observe what this plan truly is. Boys utterly without experience of what Latin poets have done, are to be set to write Latin poetry. And out of what materials? First, a knowledge of the laws of grammar and prosody, gathered from exercises in detached words and phrases; a translation in English, "as accurate and, at the same time, as poetical as can be procured;" a "*Gradus*," perhaps, and, of course, a Greek or Latin Dictionary. And with these they are "to write Virgil and write Homer." But as, according to Mr. Sewell, they "will soon acquire an extraordinary facility" in doing this, the leading them subsequently, as he proposes, to read the great compositions of antiquity, which they have by this time "composed themselves," seems rather a superfluous office. To ask Faraday to witness an ordinary experiment in magnetism would be about as reasonable. But until we have some very conclusive evidence of the possibility of constructing an ode of Horace without knowing what an ode of Horace is, which is the case put by Mr. Sewell, the theory may be left to the nakedness of its own absurdity.

Leaving it, therefore, behind us, let us proceed to examine the specimen which Mr. Sewell has given to the world of the sort of translation—"the combination, namely, of the literal with the rhythmical"—out of which our sons are to learn their Horace, and to have their ears "formed to a delicate perception of the power and laws of rhythm," while they, at the same time, become "excellent grammarians."

We open the book at hazard upon the third epode "*Parentis olim si quis*, &c., addressed to Mæcenas by the poet, under the torturing after-consequences of an excess of garlic, in the viands of the luxurious *eques*. This amusing piece of badinage takes the following shape in our translator's hands:—

"If a wight, upon a time,
Ever has, with hand of crime,
Wrenched his sire's aged neck, I ween
'Tis that he hath eating been
Garlick—deadlier, without question,
E'en then hamlock. O digestion,

Hard as iron of the reaper!
What's this poison, which so deep here
Is turmolling in my chest?
Has the blood of viper, dressed
In these vegetables, passed me
Undetected? Or, to blast me,
Has Canidia meddling been
With your pestilent cuisine?
When Medea fell in love,
All the Argonauts above,
With their brilliant captain, Jason,
Meditating how to place on
Bulls a yoke untried before;
'Twas with this she smeared him o'er;
'Twas with presents dyed with this
Having 'venged his harlot miss,
Off on snake's wings she did caper;
Nor did ever such a vapour
From the stars besiege about
E'en Apulia's land of drought;
Nor did gift upon the shoulder
Of that wonder-working soldier,
Hercules, take to inflammation
With a fiercer conflagration.
But if e'er, jocose Mæcenas,
Aught thou fancying hast been as
This, I hope and pray your fair
May present her hand to bar
Your kias, and on the side recline
Of sofa farthest off from thine."

Literal and poetical? Let us see. First, as to its being literal. "*O dura messorum ilia*," says Horace.

"Oh digestion,
Hard as iron of the reaper!"

says Sewell, meaning thereby, let us presume, "Oh, the strong stomachs of the reapers!" but, nevertheless, writing simple nonsense, digestion being a function, not an organ; and "reaper," for "reapers," not being justified by the villainous expletive which is dragged into the next line to rhyme with it.

"*Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga
Perunxit hoc Jasonem,*"

says Horace, in which it will puzzle a conjuror to find any warrant for Medea falling in love—"all the Argonauts above"—a singular locality, truly, for amorous inspiration. But even this is tame beside the absurdity of the—

"'Twas with presents, dyed with this,
Having venged his harlot miss,
Off on snake's wing she did caper,"

as an equivalent for Horace's,

"*Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
Serpente fugit alite.*"

Who would gather from this doggrel, that Medea had wreaked her vengeance upon the lady, whom Mr. Sewell designates with such peculiar grace? According to all English dictionaries, to avenge a person is to avenge a wrong done to that person, not to avenge your own wrong upon him. The translation of *insedit* (settled upon) by "besiege about;" of *efficacis Herculis*, by "wonder-working soldier, Hercules;" and

inarsit, by "take to inflammation," would sadly perplex an unhappy school-boy to restore into the original Latin. Literal, assuredly, this version is not. Is it poetical, then? The reader has already settled that question in the negative. "As poetical as can be procured?" Let us hope not, while we try whether we can ourselves run off Horace's pleasant Iambics into corresponding English.

A BLAST AGAINST GARLICK.

If his old father's throat any impious sinner
Has cut with unnatural hand to the bone,
He had garlick, more noxious than hemlock, at dinner,
Ye gods! what strong stomachs your reapers must own!

With what poison is this that my vitals are heated,
By viper's blood—certain, it cannot be less—
Stew'd into the potherbs, can I have been cheated?
Or Canidia, did she cook the damnable mess?

When Medea was smit by the handsome sea-rover,
That in beauty outshone all his Argonaut band,
This mixture she took to lard Jason all over,
And so tamed the fire-breathing bulls to his hand.

With this her fell presents she dyed and infected,
On his innocent leman avenging the slight
Of her terrible beauty forsaken, neglected,
And then on her car, dragon-wafted, took flight.

Never star on Apulia, the thirsty and arid,
Exhaled a more baleful or pestilent dew,
And the gift that invincible Hercules carried,
His shrivelling back burn'd not fiercelier through.

Should you e'er long again for such relish as this is,
My prayer shall be this, friend Mæcenas, I vow,
That your girl with her hand may arrest all your kisses,
And lie as far off as the couch will allow!

Turning over the pages, we drop upon another ode in Horace's most sportive vein, the eighteenth of the First Book, to his friend, Varus—

"*Nullum, Vare, sacra vitæ prius severis
arborem*," which comes out of the Sewellian crucible with the following extraordinary distortions:—

"TO VARUS.

"Thou may'st not plant a single tree before the hallow'd vine,
O Varus, round about the soil of Tivoli benign,
And walls of Catilus; for heaven hath doomed that *all shall be
Harsh to unmoisten'd lips*; and ne'er by other arts do flee
Our soul-corroding anxious thoughts. Who, after draughts of wine,
At warfare with its burden dread, or poverty, doth whine.
Who tells not, Bacchus sire, of thee, and thee, the queen of *grace*,
O Venus rather! yet that not a wight should dare *transgress*
The boons of Liber temper'd right, *there* warns the brawl fought out
With Lapithæ *above* their wine, brawl of the Centaur rout;
There warns us Evius *little mild* to the Sithonian throng,
When with but narrow bound to check their lusts, 'twixt right and wrong
They draw the line with greedy soul. O Bassareus the fair,
I'll never shake thee 'gainst thy will; nor drag to open air
Mysterious symbols, mantled o'er with leaves of *mottled ray*.
Hush thou thy Berecynthian horn, thy tambour's maddening bray!
Which blind conceit, dogs close at heel, and vaunt, that far too high
Uplifts her vain, fantastic crest, and confidence, the spy,
Lavish of secrets, more than glass transparent to the eye."

This is a difficult ode to construe in the original, on account of its numerous ellipses, and mythological allusions. Still construed it can be. But who shall say as much of Mr. Sewell's version? How are we to discover Horace's "*Siccis omnia dura Deus proposuit*;" literally, "For Jove has made all things appear difficult to men who never drink," under the Oxford tutor's "For Heaven hath doom'd that all shall be harsh to unmoisten'd lips." What, too, can be meant by saying that "thoughts flee by other arts?" And, oh, will any diviner explain to us, how "a wight" is to "transgress the boons of Liber temper'd right?"

"When with but narrow bound to check their lusts, 'twixt right and wrong
They draw the line with greedy soul."

So far is Horace from saying that the Sithonians "draw a line 'twixt right and wrong with greedy soul," that he says precisely the reverse:—*Avidi libidinum discernunt fas et nefas exiguo fine*. "Carried away by their passions, they lose sight of the bounds that divide right from wrong." This is intelligible, at least, and tolerably literal. Passing on, our feet are caught among foliage of a very odd kind, "leaves of mottled ray," of which Sir John Hooker himself would be puzzled to find the originals. They must be peculiar to Exeter College. But as this is a literal translation, we must, no doubt, accept them, such as they are, for "*variis frondibus*," just as the "*arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro*," "incontinent frankness, lavish of secrets, more transparent than crystal," is to be held as adequately represented by "confidence *the spy*, lavish of secrets, more than glass transparent to the eye." What urchin would not be driven to despair, were he asked to convert this obscure doggerel into the long Alcaics of the original? Or sup-

When the social Chuckster finds himself before Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, of a morning, with a melancholy uncertainty as to how he comes there, an accusing policeman of the 2 Division unconsciously uses the words of Horace, when he states, that our festive friend has taken a glass too much, *modici transiit munera Liberi*. But culprit and magistrate would be alike bewildered were the minister of justice to protest, that he had found the gentleman at the bar with his pockets inside out, reposing under a pump, in consequence of having "transgress'd the boons of Liber temper'd right." Not less perplexing are the lines:—

posing him to have reached the happy state of being led to read the original, imagine how his difficulties would be enhanced by an interpretation being put into his hands more obscure than the thing to be interpreted; suppose him, too, requested to accept this as a model version of his author, and to go and do likewise, how his ear would be refined by the delicacy of the rhythm, and his ideas of English verse elevated by the simplicity of the structure, and the beauty of the rhyme! This at an age, too, when our young men are familiar with Shakspeare, and the older lyrists, and with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Tennyson, among the moderns!

Before leaving this ode, we shall endeavour to give some faint reflex of its meaning, premising that we by no means profess literal accuracy, which in rendering a poem of this description is not desirable, even if it were possible; but such an indication of its spirit as our command of English will allow:—

THE PRAISE OF WINE.

Let the vine, dearest Varus, the vine be the first
Of all trees to be planted, of all to be nursed
On thy snug-lying acres, round Catilus' walls,
Where the sun on the green slopes of Tivoli falls!
For to him who ne'er moistens his lip with the grape
Life's every demand wears a burdensome shape,
And wine, and wine only, has magic to scare
Despondency's gloom, or the torments of care.
Who's he, that with wine's fiery fumes in his brain,
Of the travails of war, or of want will complain,
Nor rather, Sire Bacchus, thy eulogies chaunt,
Or thine, Venus, thine, ever beautiful, vaunt?

Yet that none may abuse the good gift, and o'erpass
 The innocent mirth of a temperate glass,
 A warning is set in the wine-kindled strife,
 Where the Centaurs and Lapithæ grappled for life;
 In the madmen of Thrace, too, a warning is set,
 Who, lost in their bacchanal fury, forget
 The bounds that dis sever the right from the wrong,
 And sweep on the tide of their passions along.

Bright god of the vine, I never will share
 In orgies so vile and unholy, nor tear
 The clusters of various foliage away,
 That keep thy blest mysteries hid from the day.
 Then clash not the cymbals, and sound not the horn,
 Dread sounds, from whose maddening accents are born
 Blind self-love and vanity lifting on high
 Its feather-brain'd head, as 'twould strike at the sky,
 And frankness, transparent as crystal, that shows
 In its bubbling incontinence all that it knows.

In the graver odes Mr. Sewell is not a whit more successful. Take for example the beautiful verses to Apollo, the thirty-first ode of the first Book—

"What of his newly consecrate
 Apollo does the bard *entreat*?
 What prayer, from patera outpouring
 The fresh-distilled juice *emit*?

"Not for the rich crops of fertile-teeming
 Sardinia, not of Calabria,
 That sultry land, the herds of beauty—
 Not gold, or Indian ivory;

"Not meads, which Liris eats away
 With tranquil stream—that voiceless
 river.
 Prune they the vine with hook Calene,
 To whom of such a life the giver

"Hath Fortune been. And charged with
 wealth,
 The trafficker may *drain him dry*,
 From flasks of gold his wines recruited
 By wares of Syrian spicery.

"He, precious to the gods themselves,
Forsooth, as thrice in every year,
 And four times to the Atlantic main
 Repairing, free from harm and fear.

"Me may the olives nurture, me
 The chicory, and mallows light;
 To me, Latonia, grant the boon,
 My gather'd gains to use aright:

"Both strong of health, and, I beseech
 thee,
 Alike with perfect reason left;
 And an old age to pass me, neither
 Diagraced, nor of the harp bereft."

Is it too much to say, that all the simple grace of the original has evaporated in these uncouth lines? Even

if they possessed the merit of being literal, which they do not, are they fit to be placed before a young scholar, unless in learning Latin he is to unlearn English? Is "charged with wealth" English—or "drain him dry his wines"—or "wares of spicery"—or "alike with perfect reason left"—or "an old age to pass me?" Where such flagrant offences against ordinary grammar abound, it is useless to comment upon the absence of the lighter graces of composition, otherwise these seven stanzas would afford abundant materials. Rather do we prefer attempting to repeat in English, however inadequate, the delightful impression which this characteristic ode conveys in such flowing and graceful language:

TO APOLLO.

What asks the poet, who adores
 Apollo's virgin shrine—
 What asks he, as he freely pours
 The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain that waves along
 Sardinia's fertile land,
 Nor the unnumber'd hosts that throng
 Calabria's sultry strand;

Nor gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
 The spoil of far Cathay,
 Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
 Gnaws silently away.

Let fortunes favoured sons the vine
 Of fair Campania hold;
 The merchant quaff his spicy wine
 From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
 Who scathelessly can brave,
 Three times or more in every year,
 The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light,
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoe, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth.

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire—
An old age not unhonoured, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!

It would be easy for us to accumulate proof upon proof of Mr. Sewell's failure in the task he has undertaken, and we might do so more conclusively by quoting some of the odes which are less familiarly known. But giving him every advantage in taking those which, being most commonly quoted, may be presumed both to have had all the benefit of continued meditation and elaborate working out, our next quotation shall be the ode to Virgil, the twenty-fourth of the First Book, upon the death of Quinctilius:—

"*Quis desiderio sit pudor, &c.*

"What shame or limit can there be
In yearning for so dear a head?
Oh, teach thou me, Melpomene,
Funereal dirges! thou, the maid,
To whom with harp the sire of heav'n
A voice of melting tone hath given.

Does then the sleep eternal of death
Quinctilius whelm? To whom, O when
Shall Modesty, and unbrided Faith,
Sister of Justice, and to man
Unveiled, Truth an equal find?
He died by many a noble mind

"Bewept—more sorely wept by none,
Than by thyself, my Virgil. Thou,
As fond and duteous as a son,
Vainly, alas! art asking now
Of heaven, Quinctilius! Not on terms
Like these entrusted to thine arms.

"What, though with more of witaeries,
Than Thracian Orpheus, thou a shell
Attune, e'en listen'd to by trees,
Ne'er can the blood return to swell
That phantom visionary form,
Which once with wand of shuddering
charm

"He of no mercy to unlock
The fates to pray'r, he, Mercury,
Hath driven to join his sable flock.
Hard fate! Yet that doth learn to be
Lighter by patience, whatso'er
It is forbidden to repair."

It is difficult to believe in the fact of any man deliberately hazarding the publication of such nonsense as this. Is "Truth to man unveiled," actually considered in Exeter College to be a correct rendering of "*Nudaque Veritas*?" and do the "noble minds" of that region weep?

"Quinctilius, not on terms
Like these, entrusted to thine arms."

Terms like which? None have been mentioned. Again, where is the warrant for the blood returning "to swell that phantom visionary form?" or where the poetry of such a suggestion? And what must we think of this bathos, remembering Shakspeare's beautiful image in a similar case of the blood never more returning

"To blush and beautify the cheek again?"

What, too, is "a wand of shuddering charm," or Mercury's incomprehensible attribute, "No mercy to unlock the fates to prayers?" And oh, ye shades of Priscian and Lindley Murray, what can be intended by these sphinx-like lines—

"Yet that doth learn to be
Lighter by patience, whatso'er,
It is forbidden to repair?"

Turn them which way you will, these words produce only inextricable nonsense, which no amount of patience can learn to be lighter. "The tutors in our colleges," says Mr. Sewell, "have to teach the first laws of grammar." Have not some of them to learn them? "Forbidden as we are to repair" the Sewellian version, we shall have the hardihood to essay one of our own, which shall, at all events, have the merit of being intelligible English.

TO VIRGIL.

Why should we stem the tears that needs must flow,
Why weep that they should freely flow and long,
To think of that dear head in death laid low?
Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
Melpomene, in whom the muses' sire
Join'd with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!

And hath the sleep that shall be broken never,
 Closed o'er Quinctilius, our Quinctilius dear ?
 Where shall be found, within earth's limits ever,
 One that in worth might be esteem'd his peer ;
 So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
 Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust ?

He sank into his rest, bewept of many,
 And but the good and noble wept for him ;
 But dearer cause than thou, Virgil, hadst than any,
 With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim !
 Alas, alas ! not to such woful end,
 Didst thou unto the gods thy prayers unceasing send ?

What, though thou modulate the tuneful shell,
 With defter skill, than Orpheus of old Thrace,
 When deffleest he play'd, and with its spell
 He moved the list'ning forest from its place ;
 Yet never, never can thy art avail
 To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale ;

Whom with his black, inexorable wand,
 Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
 Hath forced to join the dreary spectral band
 On their sad voyage to the Stygian gate.
 'Tis hard, great heavens ! how hard ! but to endure
 Alleviates the pang we may nor crush nor cure.

From this touching tribute of sympathising friendship, let us turn to another ode to Virgil, the twelfth of the Fourth Book. "*Jam veris comites*," &c., where, in a vein of graceful pleasantry, Horace invites him to

dinner, introducing the theme with some of those expressions of delight in the return of spring, which he always welcomed with such peculiar zest. We give our own version first :—

TO VIRGIL.

Now the soft gales of Thrace, that sing peace to the ocean,
 Spring's handmaids, are wafting the barks from the shore,
 There is life in the meads, in the groves there is motion,
 And snow-swollen torrents are raving no more.

Now buildeth her nest, while for Itys still sadly
 She mourns, the poor bird that was fated to shame
 The line of old Cecrops for ever, by madly
 Avenging her monarch's unsanctified flame.

On the young grass reclined near the murmur of fountains,
 The shepherds are piping the songs of the plains,
 And the god, who loves Arcady's leafy-clad mountains,
 The god of the flocks, is entranced by their strains.

And thirst, oh my Virgil, comes in with the season ;
 But a choice cup—and that you would relish, I guess—
 Must be bought by a perfume from me, and with reason,
 Thou friend, and chief pet of our youthful noblesse.

One small box of nard from the vaults of Sulpicius
 A cask shall elicit, of potency rare,
 To endow with fresh hopes, dewy-bright and delicious,
 And to wash from the heart every cobweb of care.

If you dip in such joys, come—the better the quicker !
 But remember the fee, for it suits not my ends
 To let you make havoc, scot-free, with my liquor,
 As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

To the winds with base lucre, and pale melancholy !
 In the flames of the pyre, these, alas ! will be vain ;
 Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly,
 'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane.

Mr. Sewell does not venture to put this ode into rhyme ; and it will test the "delicacy of the reader's perception" to detect the rhythm of the following lines :—

"Now the spring's *pursuivants*, which soothe the sea,
 Thracia's light airs, the *threaden* sails are fanning ;
 Nor neither meads are *stark*, nor rivers *growl*,
 Swollen with a winter's snow

"Her nest she *fixes*, Itys sadly wailing,
 That hapless bird, and the undying shame
 Of Cecrops' hall, because she ill-avenged
 The savage lusts of kings.

"Stretch'd on the tender herbage, to the flute
 The *sleek-fed* lambs' protectors hymns are singing ;
 And charm the deity, whom flocks delight,
 And Arcadie's dark hills.

"Thirst have the seasons brought to us, my Virgil ;
 But if thou fain wouldst quaff of Bacchus, pressed
 At Cales, thou, of noble youths the client,
 Wine shalt thou win with nard.

"One little nard-shell will a cask elicit,
 Which, in the stores Sulpician, now reposes,
 Bounteous to give new hopes, and efficacious
 Care's gall to wash away.

"Unto which joys, if thou art hasting, swiftly
 Come with thy *bargain* ; little am I musing
 With cups of wine, all giftless, to imbue thee.
 As rich in a full hall.

"*Sooth*, set delays aside, and thirst of lucre ;
 And of the black fires mindful, while *you* may,
 Mingle a short-lived folly with *thy* counsels ;
 'Tis sweet in fitting place to drop our wisdom."

Mr. Sewell, it is to be feared, did not drop his wisdom in a fitting place, when he published such a translation as this, and called it literal and rhythmical. We have marked with italics a few peculiarities, which would hardly be tolerated in a schoolboy's theme. "Harsh involutions, which will present difficulties of meaning to those who have not the original before them," the preface had told us to expect ; but certainly, we were not prepared for the involutions of the second and third verses, which leave the reader in doubt, whether Itys is the hapless bird who "ill-avenged the savage lusts of kings," or whether it is the "sleek-fed lambs" who sing "protectors' hymns."

One other specimen, and we relieve our readers from the Sewellian torture.

It shall be the exquisite ode, *Æquam memento*," &c., the third of the Second Book.

"TO DELLIVS.

"A soul true-balanced in distress
 Mind thou maintain ; and not the less
 Midst blessings, one attemper'd, mild
 From joy presumptuous and wild ;
 Oh, Dellivs, thou about to die,
 Whether each hour in misery
 Lived hast thou, or on elbow *sank*
 On some sequestered grassy bank,
 Hath blessed thee throughout days divine
 With inner seal of Falern wine ;
 Where giant fir and poplar white
 A hospitable shade delight
 To blend with *boughs*, and struggles ill
 To huddle past with slanting rill
 The fitting crystal water. Here
 Wines and spiced unguents bid them bear,

And sweet rose-blossoms of a date
Too shortlived; while as yet the state
Of things, and age, and sable twine
Of the three sisters grant it [what?] thine.

Thou shalt retire from parks amassed
By purchase oft, and mansion vast,
And villa, which that amber river,
Tiber, doth lave—retire for ever;
And of thy wealth up-piled on high,
Thine heir shall have the mastery.
Be rich, from Inachus of yore
A child, it matters not, or poor,
And numbered with the rabble-rout,
Thy life unlivened *ake thou out*
Beneath the sky, the victim still
Of nought-compassionating Hell.
There is a hand to *one same spot*
Bringing us all; of all the lot
Is turning in the *vase about*,
Sooner or later to spring out,
And in the boat embark us, sent
Into eternal banishment."

Some ingenuity was necessary to divest this ode of its quiet beauty and melancholy grace. In this, however, the sub-rector of Exeter College has succeeded to perfection; not only is the sentiment gone, the sad earnestness which looks gravely through Horace's frankest smiles, but not an indication of the verbal felicity of the exquisite original is left. What wonder! Are Horace's finish and refinement to be shadowed forth to an English reader by a writer who is so reckless as to use "sank" as the past participle of sink, and to translate "*prisco natus ab Inacho*" by "from Inachus of yore a child;" and to convert "embark" from a neuter into an active verb; and to tell us that rose-blossoms are "of a date too short-lived," as though they were so many hills and promissory-notes! When absurdities so flagrant abound, it is superfluous to advert to the want of discrimination which places the full stop after the "*trepidare rivo*," which should follow the "*interiore nota Faleri*," and so disconnects the beautiful locality for the suggested revel from the revel itself; or the bad scholarship which offers Hell as the equivalent for Orcus—a mistake which, in a school-book, is peculiarly to be condemned.

There is not one translation in the whole volume against which objections equally grave might not be urged. Such desperate inversions for the sake of rhyme no ordinary imagination could conceive, and the rhymes themselves exceed the bounds of the most

extravagant license. "Austere" and "her;" "flower" and "gore;" "name" and "slain;" "scourge" and "Lycurge;" "roof" and "enough;" "fall" and "still;" "soul" and "full;" "profuse" and "Mercurius;" "slain" and "sin;" are laxities of prevailing occurrence. But intolerable as these outrageous dissonances are, they are more excusable than the perversions of meaning which abound at every turning. Thus the beautiful apostrophe to the lyre—

"O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovi, O laborum
Dulci lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti!"

is burlesqued into—

"O Apollo's pride, and guest
At the banquets glad caressed
Of imperial Jove. O shell,
Sorrow's sweet and soothing spell,
Unto me, with one appeal
Calling, teem with blessings still!"

Again, in the Ode to Barine, the eighth of the Second Book—"Te suis matres metuunt juvenis" is rendered—"The mothers dread thee for their youthful steers!" and the familiar "*Non si male nunc et olim sic erit*" of the tenth Ode of the same Book is transmuted into—

"Not if fortune is now in ill plight, doth it follow
She will be so hereafter alike."

But even this is overtopped by the following travesty of the "*Auream quisquis mediocritatem diligit*," &c., of the same Ode:—

"Whoever is fond of the golden mediety,—
Secure is he free from the scum of a den
Out of fashion and slovenly,—free in sobriety
From a mansion but formed to be envied
of men;"

where, if free in sobriety, we are left in an unpleasant state of doubt as to what the gentlemen in question may be at when in a state of intoxication. In the same exquisite vein of comicality is the following stanza of the thirteenth Ode of the second Book—"Ille et nefasto," &c., descriptive of the planter

of the tree, from whose fall Horace narrowly escaped with his life:—

"Him could I fain believe must both have broken

Even the neck of his own proper sire,
And his home's secret chambers to have soaked

With the night-blood of friend and guest
for hire!"

in which Mr. Sewell, with a dexterity quite his own, contrives to violate nearly every rule of English grammar. But this is a peculiarity to which his readers soon become familiar. For example:—

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae,"

is a sentence of no remarkable difficulty to construe; but what does Mr. Sewell make of it? We quote his words correctly:—

"If o'er him fall
The shatter'd globe, without alarm
The crumbling wrecks will smite him still!"

What in the name of all the gods at once does this mean? How is the shatter'd globe to fall over a man who is standing upon it? And supposing that such an incomprehensible manœuvre were to be achieved, is there in the nature of things any reason why the crumbling wrecks should feel the least alarm in smiting him?

And this is the book from which our Oxford tutor gravely proposes that the youth of England shall sip their first relish of him who is in a peculiar degree the bosom poet of the English gentleman? From this he is not only

to learn Horace, but to learn to "write Horace" before he sees the original; "to compose himself these great compositions of antiquity;" to have his ear formed "to a delicate perception of the power and laws of rhythm;" and "to accumulate and compare a great variety of forms of expression, synonyms, and kindred phrases!" Had such a book emanated from a man less distinguished than Mr. Sewell it might have been left to find its way to the trunkmakers with certain celerity. But the world is a foolish world, judging by names more often than by merits, and we have heard and seen these miserable travesties praised in quarters from which a sounder judgment might have been expected. For schools the book is written, and to schools it may find its way. No class of books ought to be more jealously watched than those which are destined for such an object. First impressions are all-important in matters of literary training, and a bad schoolbook carries with it a train of evil, the ramifications of which no foresight can estimate. Therefore have we thought it necessary to speak of a volume which Oxford scholars must regret should ever have seen the light, and to show that it fails utterly to fulfil the promise held out by the author in his preface, of being "as accurate and at the same time as poetical a translation as can be procured." Horace may safely be left to commend himself to our youth as heretofore without Mr. Sewell's aid. Against all such attempts as this the wise and witty friend of Mæcenas recorded his own protest when he said—

"Non prave factis decorari versibus opto."

THE LEGEND OF CASTLE-GREGORY.

IN THREE PARTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are people in the world with that decided constitutional predisposition for adventures, that so far from having to seek, they can seldom avoid them; such persons cannot pass "a crossing" without just coming in the nick of time to save some lovely child or interesting female from the wheels of a crashing omnibus. Should such an one take that passage now called a "ha'p'orth of danger," from the Hungerford to London Bridge, by one of the cheap steam-boats, he is sure to come in for a "collision" or a "blow up," from whence he obtains (in addition to the eclat of testifying before the coroner) "tales of moving incident by flood or flame" to narrate for a month after; passing through Smithfield, he witnesses the tossing of a butcher's boy by an angry bull; or roaming the green glades of Windsor, he lights on the Queen out airing, and gets, gratis, as near a stare at majesty as loyalty can desire; in fact, romantic incidents will find such people out, even if we could fancy them travelling, "packed and labelled," by one of Pickford's vans, or consigned to that fast exploding *ne plus ultra* of dilatory dulness, the "heavy Falmouth coach," in which

"Yawn answers yawn, each sleeper has a brother,
And every snore re-echoes to another."

Such an one am I. I have never yet "done the tour" from Dan to Beersheba, but I *may* some time or other; and in such case I feel convinced that, so far from returning with the cry, "all is barren," I shall reap a full crop of adventure, and find incidents springing to my camel's foot at each league I travel. I seldom leave home without having to add some fresh "jotting" to an "Anecdote Book" which I shall leave behind me one of those days as a mine of "Romances of Real Life," into which, probably, no one will take the trouble to dig, only because the incidents treasured up therein happen to be "facts stranger than any fiction."

I cannot give stronger proof how adventures thrust themselves upon me, than by stating that I found the materials of the following legend in the dirtiest, ugliest, least interesting village probably in all Ireland. Some years ago, Castle-Gregory, "barony of Corkaguiny, county of Kerry," boasted the distinction of being the largest aggregate of thatched cabins in the kingdom; but as if the "premier baron" should by a "step in the peerage" sink into the junior viscount, so has Castle-Gregory of late years lost its proud distinction by a "beggarily sprinkling" of slated houses, making the squalid misery of the adjoining hovels more marked. Its sameness is not even relieved by a church tower, as that edifice stands in the hamlet of Killiney, about half a mile distant; the steep street is crowned by one of those hideous chapels which gazetteers, having nothing better to speak in their praise, generally designate "a substantial cruciform structure." The only business of *interest* carried on is (pardon the pun, reader) a petty usury practised by some close monied *hunts* who have grown "snug" upon profitable leases granted by the "Rowan" family, from whom the estate passed by purchase to its present owner, Lord Ventry, the leviathan proprietor of the district. Its natural productions are, children at no stint, and (until the famine of 1847) pigs in proportion; its gentry, the curate, the priest, and the dispensary doctor; and these gentlemen being (one perforce, the others perchance) celibates, I don't suppose such a thing as a polka pelisse was ever seen in the vicinity, except on the person of some lady tourist whirling meteor-like by, gone before well seen, on her way to explore those grand natural epics beyond, the Bay of St. Brandon, with its silvery strand and majestic swell, or Connor Hill and Brandon Mountain, gleaming forth incentives to curiosity from the misty grandeur of their recesses.

Such is Castle-Gregory; and being such, a more unpropitious field for adventure has, I suppose, seldom presented itself; and yet here it was that a truant disposition led me to the materials for the following chapters, which in a practised hand might be drawn out into a "three volume historical romance," but which in mine will only aspire to occupy a half-dozen pages of this magazine. Thus it chanced:—

I was driving through one of dirty Castle-Gregory's dirtiest lanes, *en route* to Connor Hill and Dingle, when my eye was caught by the colour and shape of a large stone, forming the rather incongruous corner of one of the hovels. Its colour bespoke it limestone, a scarce and costly article in that region of clay-slate and conglomerate; its arched shape indicated that it had once formed part of some regular architectural doorway or window, and through all its dirt and discolourment I thought I could distinguish some formed characters cut in relief. An old inscription has always a charm for an antiquarian; I was in the land of *Ogham*, too; and in short, without regarding appearances in the eyes of the Castle-Gregorians, I stopped my car, and in an instant was on my knees, poring over the ancient fragment, and endeavouring to make out its character before applied to its present "vile uses"—a cut stone in a cabin—"Alexander stopping a a bunghole!"

There was an inscription certainly—well cut letters, easily made out, but not so easily connected into sense or meaning. I had soon taken a sketch of the stone and a copy of the characters, and while doing so, it struck me as "rather odd" that nobody seemed to mind my position or occupation; no crowd gathered; no one seemed to think that in employing myself there and thus I was doing anything uncommon; in fact, I afterwards discovered that this stone was the Castle-Gregory sphynx, defying all decipherers, and that the whole village had a kind of pride in the possession of a block little less perplexing to the local antiquarians than the "Rosetta Stone" had long been to the student of hieroglyphics.

While thus engaged, a comely, portly, well-clad individual approached me, intelligence in his eye, and civility in his manner; and in recording our conversation I take the opportunity of re-

cording on these pages my sense of the good-will and cordiality with which I was aided in obtaining the materials for my tale, by the priest's clerk at Castle-Gregory, the shrewd and civil Mr. Patrick Cummane. If my friend had a fault (which I doubt), it was "a weakness" "towards words of learned length," and Latin quotations! Yet I incline to think that this should rather be set down as part of the racy sententiousness of his character. I had afterwards much intercourse, written and oral, with my friend, Patrick Cummane; and I should not like to dissociate my recollections of him from the "sesquipedalia verba," and delicious fag-ends of Latinity, with which he generally garnished his quotations. May he live to use them as long as is agreeable to himself, and "may his portly shadow never grow less."

"That's a complicated old stone, sir," was Patrick's first self-introductory address to me.

"Yes," I replied, just beginning to make out something of a date in numeral letters; "I suppose it belonged to some old building hereabouts. Where is Castle-Gregory?"

"Where's Castle-Gregory! is it, your honour?" returned Patrick. "Sure it is hereabout, and beyond us: '*mea paupera regna*,' as the poet says; the largest thatched village in Ireland, as the statisticians asseverate; but I suppose it's the ould ancient castle *itself* your honour means. Why, then, it's gone! long and many a day ago; stick or stone isn't to the *fore*, except that one forement you, and its fellow, that's somewhere else about the village, left to 'puzzle posterity,' as I heard ould people say. And 'tis them that prevaricate the literati in style," continued he, warming with his subject. "'Tis many a day that 'the black priest' (rest his soul, he was the learnedest priest in the mission since Father Maurice Fitzgerald of the island, died)—many is the day he sat upon that stone, in wonderful deliberation and dubiousity; and 'tis often he said, that they might as well try to decipher the pyramids of Egypt themselves as 'the stone of Castle-Gregory.'"

"Well, my friend," said I, "the pyramids, as the black priest called them, meaning, I suppose, the sacred language of Egypt, have been deciphered; and I don't think your stone so very difficult either. The letters are

plain Roman capitals. Here is a date, which I make out somewhere in the sixteenth century; and if I had the fellow of this arch-stone, of which you spoke just now, and some little clue to the history of this place, I should not despair of being able to solve the mystery."

"Why, then, sir, as you seem curious about such things, 'twould be a pity not to forward your auspicious intentions," replied Patrick. "The stone you must have; 'tis somewhere about the village, I know; and if your honour is coming back this way from Dingle, in a day or two, the stones must be laid out all ready for your deciphering propensities. And there are some stories, too, about the old castle that's gone; and if your honour will 'deign to lend an ear,' 'I can a tale or two unfold,' as the poet says."

"My friend was obviously an original, and as obliging as original. I

thanked him much for his civility, of which I gladly availed myself. The mysterious stones were placed at my disposal in a few days after. The stories were duly told, in the quaint verbosity peculiar to my friend ; who, to his credit be it spoken, declined any remuneration for some labour and trouble, which it must have cost him, to minister to my curiosity. In due time, the inscription was deciphered, in the characters copied below, and which may be termed the framework of the legend that follows, with a few historical facts interwoven. There they stand, in all the oracular brevity which so long perplexed the local antiquarian ; whether their interest be lessened by being woven into a " story of real life," remains for the reader to decide :—

HV. H.ET: EM: ME.E: V.D.M. AD. MDLXVI.
IO.B. M.H.O.

PART I.—THE BLYTHE BRIDAL.

CHAPTER 1

"It stands fair and firm at last!" said old Gregory Hoare, as he looked up at the barred windows and strong walls of the fortalice which he had just completed for the protection of the broad and rich grant held by him, as tenant-in-chief, under the "Desmond."

"True for you, master," responded his right-hand man, and confidential follower—a stone-mason by trade, who had also been the principal builder of the fortress. "Where's the Moore, or Lahive, will dare to cough now, as he passes down to Letterough."

"Lahive!" exclaimed Gregory Hoare, his fierce grey eye lightening as he spoke, "I wish I saw one of the name come nearer than Aucushla River, with his hat on his head; and as for the Moores, I hope never to see one of the breed inside the walls, unless it be tied neck and heels, like vagrants and trampers, as they are, all of them, man, woman, and child; and let alone Moore," continued he, warming up with the subject, "I'd like to see Hussey of the Dangan,† himself,

coming to try his hand, or break his head against your work, Jack, my boy—that is, in the way of unfriendliness. I mean."

"It's a proud day, master, when a Hoare can raise his head as high as any Hussey of them all," chimed in his attendant—"ay! and lodge 'the Thiernach' if he came the way. Long may your honour live to reign over it; ay, and your son, and your son's son after him," he added, making a kind of side bow to "Black Hugh," as he was called, his master's only son, who stood lounging against the castle doorway.

"That's true, father!" suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what are we to call our castle, now that it's built. HUSSEY has his keep at the other side of the mountain, and why not HOARE, at this; *Dangan y Horah* will sound just as well as *Dangan y Houssah*, any day."

Gregory Hoare paused for a moment, and then hastily replied, "No! by the blessed saint, whose mountain is

* *leat tpioca*.—Lettreagh, the Half Cantred, or Barony.

† *Dáimseán-a-hurraich*, the fastness or stronghold of Hussey. Vulgarly called "Dingel-d'y-Couch."

looking down on us, I wrought for it, and I thought for it; and many a Hoare will come after me, who, maybe, will think little of the old man that first gave him a strong place, and a fair estate in the world; none of my name shall ever cross that threshold without thinking of him that first reared the walls—it shall be Gregory's Castle, in the name of God; and you, Jack," continued he, laughing, "shall christen

it in your 'finishing pot,' for which you were asking a while ago."

"Very good, master, CASTLE-GREGORY let it be for evermore—success and long life to you," said the obsequious dependant, as the old man disappeared into the castle, in order to procure for his master-mason the finishing libation, without which, according to Irish *pre-Matthewite* ideas, no work was luckily concluded.

CHAPTER II.

GREGORY HOARE, while running over the records of his local feuds and jealousies, as related in the preceding chapter, had not observed how his son's brow darkened, while he spoke so bitterly and contemptuously of the MOORES, a family of some importance in the district, between whom and the Hoares many causes of jealousy and rivalry existed. Indeed, there were many things which Gregory Hoare overlooked, while engrossed by the intensity of his desire to become a castled chieftain; in fact, while he had been erecting his fortress of lime and stone, his son had been building a castle of his own in the clouds, laying his own plans of visionary felicity; and of all the fair spirits of earth and air, whom should he have selected to minister to his day-dream of happiness but EILEEN MOORE, a daughter of the sworn foe of his house and name.

I don't know how it is, but these Montague-and-Capulet affairs seldom end well. *Romeo and Juliet* is a beautiful play, but a shocking story of real life; little good ever comes of those love-matches which take their rise in the rule of contradictions; and when we see some young "hopeful" bent on "following his own vagary," against the will of "old square-toes," God only knows how much the love of opposition may mingle with the fancy for a fair girl, to bring about an ill-suited marriage; in such cases, it is not very wonderful that a youth, who often execrated parental obduracy, through all the moods and tenses of courtship, should afterwards, when he comes to wear "square-toed shoes" himself, and finds his "goddess made of clay,"—ay, and, perhaps, of very unmouldable clay, too—that he should then, I say, occasionally acknowledge to himself and others, that he might

have done better if he had looked a little through the spectacles of "old square-toes," and availed himself somewhat of the bought wisdom of experience, before he had pronounced the irrevocable words, "for better, for worse, 'till death us do part."

Whether our legend leads to any such conclusion, remains to be seen. Hugh Hoare was yet in full career of "following his own vagary;" all the world about (Castle-Gregory) knew that "the young master" was "making up to Miss Eileen Moore;" but as all knew the fiery temper of the sire, and the dogged mood of the son, no one ventured to whisper to old Gregory that his heir, the only hope of his house, was wandering day after day through the holly woods of Shauntalive, which once flourished gay and green in that now denuded district, with the daughter of his most hated foe. The present was all to these young people; and if ever they sent a thought into the far future, it was merely to rest for a moment on the lover-like hope, that "somehow," or "sometime," they knew neither how, nor when, their union might be accomplished.

All this while, Hugh Hoare stands, with dark brow and flushed cheek, leaning against the doorway, his disgust at the shocking idea of his lady-love being tied "neck and heels" mingling with annoyance at his father's rejection of his suggestion about naming the castle. The shrewd stone-mason perceives his dissatisfaction, but, with the usual cunning of his country and class, waits for some hint by which to frame his course, so as to keep well with the "young master" as well as "the old."

"I think, Jack," said Hugh Hoare at last, "my father might have given the Hoares some share in the name of their own castle. We shall all be dead

and gone one of these days, and when our seed and breed is vanished from Letteragh, who will ever know that Castle-Gregory belonged to *us*, more than to Gregory the Great, that my father is so proud of being named after?"

"Well, then, that's true enough; never a thought I thought of *that*," chimed in the accommodating Jack Barrett. "Gorrah but, Master Hugh," he suddenly exclaimed, "what's that you are saying about—about the family vanishing out of the barony—what's to ail you when (with a knowing wink) you get your own fancy, from having as many sons and daughters as there are days in the week?"

"Ah, Jack," said Black Hugh, despondingly, "that will never be; didn't

you hear my father about the Moores, just now?"

"Ah, what about that?" retorted the practised time-server, "won't you be your own master one of these days, and then what is to keep you from clapping your own name, in letters a foot long, on that door-cheek you're leaning against; aye, faith! and putting Miss Eileen at the top of the table the day after——"

"Hold your nonsense," replied the young man, turning hastily away, as his father appeared with a case-bottle of spirits and a glass, under the influence of which he soon heard the double-faced Jack Barrett wishing "the old master" a "long life and happy reign over CASTLE-GREGORY."

CHAPTER III.

HUGH HOARE became, to all intents, his own master much sooner than his flattering follower, or any one else, anticipated. Old Gregory, having accomplished the darling wish of his life, and seated himself in petty independence in his own strong castle, began, like Alexander, to look for new worlds to conquer, and for lack of better objects, soon entered on an active feud with his neighbours, the Moores.

A dispute about the bounds of their respective possessions soon engaged them in as "pretty a quarrel" as two litigious, hot-headed Irishmen need desire. After sundry attempts to settle the dispute upon the land, after Dandy Dinmont's fashion, with their "clabhal-peens," the matter was carried as a "plea of novel disseizin" before "The Desmond's" seneschal in his court at "the Dingel," which then held an extensive jurisdiction over the barony. Gregory Hoare was foiled at law, the case ruled against him, and he returned home doubly embittered against the Moores, and in as flaming a passion as a choleric man had ever indulged during a long life.

It was the last act (but one) of that bitter, life-long enmity. That very night saw the old man stricken by a fearful attack of paralysis. After long wrestling between life and death, he was restored, but to a state little better than a living death—his faculties were obviously impaired to childishness, his articulation reduced to some indistinct mummings; and it was only when his

eye lighted up with impatience at finding that his son or servants could not comprehend his unexpressed wants or wishes, that you saw any resemblance to the once proud, imperious Gregory Hoare. He thenceforth wandered harmlessly about his own dwelling on fine days, glad to be led out in the sunshine to the green knoll before the castle; and then the old man would look up at the tower he had built, smile feebly, and endeavour to utter something which to the listeners sounded like "that's Castle-Gregory!"

This event necessarily made a great change in Hugh Hoare's position and prospects. We should wrong the young man if we supposed that his natural feelings as a son did not receive a considerable shock at the calamity which had befallen his father; but as the old man's incapacity became evident, Hugh Hoare, by degrees, began to assume the direction and control of affairs, and to transact all business of importance with the same decision as if he were already, by inheritance, the head of his house.

One or two years rolled on; the old man's mind seemed gradually subsiding into the imbecility of childhood, while his bodily health gave no indications of his death being near, and Hugh Hoare, now arrived at mature manhood, began to hold parley with the thought, that he need not await his father's decease in order to his union with Eileen Moore.

When the thought first presented

itself, the young man repelled it as something parricidal. The occasion of his father's original illness, the dreadful imprecations on the "seed, breed, and generation of Moore," which were the last articulate sounds he had ever heard his father utter; these considerations caused him to shrink with a kind of instinctive horror from bringing a daughter of that hated family under a roof-tree which still called the old man master; but again the thought would come back, coupled with the idea of his father's evident uncon-

sciousness of all passing events, of Eileen's wasting form and fading cheek, and of their youth passing away. Conjoined to all these, came the pious reflections which men so gladly dwell on, when they happen to second inclinations, that family feuds were unchristian, that neighbours should dwell in peace and amity; and under all these combined influences, Hugh Moore at last arrived at a decision, that his nuptials should no longer be delayed, and the "merrie monthe of Maie," 1566, was fixed on for his marriage.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL this while Jack Barrett, who continued a recognised "hanger-on" at the castle, was gradually possessing himself of the same place in the young man's favour which he had formerly occupied with his father. By degrees he arrived at the familiarity of an established favourite, and maintained his ground by means of that ready, fawning flattery, in which the lower ranks of Irish are adepts, beyond, perhaps, any other class of men. If a speculation may be indulged as to the origin of this trait of national character, I would trace it to the policy observed in the plantation of Ireland by the English, which, by establishing a marked distinction of races, and an ascendancy of the "Saxon" above the "Celt," reduced the latter to the use of cunning and deceit as the means for obtaining, first, toleration, and, ultimately, an unsuspected ascendancy over their haughty masters, who never supposed that the crouching, submissive follower, seeming to live, and almost breathe, by their sufferance, was really influencing their thoughts, and deciding their actions in matters of moment; and yet such has ever been the case in Ireland. There are few families which have not some "sense-carrier" attached to them, who humours the master's whims, moulds his ideas, cringes to him, flatters him, and "manages him!"

Of this class was Jack Barrett. Like others of his degree and calling, a strange mixture of fidelity and duplicity, he felt a thorough devotion to "the family under which he was bred, born, and reared." Yet to the head of it he did not hesitate to practise the most fulsome adulation, the most in-

sincere show of deference; and, after chiming in with all his prejudices and fancies, would, the moment his back was turned, entertain his cronies by boasting "*how nately he had humbugged the master*," being ready at the same moment to "run to Cork, bare-foot," or "clear a fair or patron," at "the cost of a fractured skull," if "the master" gave him the slightest intimation of his pleasure. This class of men seem peculiar and indigenous to Ireland, and the modernised personification of it has been drawn with the hand of a master, in Mr. Lever's immortal "Micky Free."

The day for Hugh Hoare's wedding was fixed, the preparations in progress; and on a lovely summer's evening, the young man and his follower stood on the very spot described in our opening chapter. Near them, in an easy straw chair (mahogany was not yet even in kings' houses), sat old Gregory, smiling in helpless imbecility—the individuals the same, and yet how changed in all their relations!

The evening breeze began presently to blow chilly from the broad bay of St. Brandon. The old man acknowledged it by a slight shiver, and a restless look round for his attendant to lead him to his chamber. He retired slowly and painfully, without evincing the slightest recognition of any surrounding object, not even of his son, as he passed him in the door-way.

"Well, Master Hugh," said Jack Barrett, when the old man had disappeared, "you see how things come about. There you are, glory be to God for it, and Miss Eileen will soon be *at the top of the table*, and nobody to say ill you did it. Didn't I tell you

that you would be your own master one of these days?"

"Why, Jack," replied the young man thoughtfully, "you made a guess, and 'tis the will of God that it is come nearly true, and there's no doubt I'm going to be happy sooner than I expected; but for all that, I don't know how it is, Jack, when I see that poor old man creeping like a dumb thing about his own castle that he built, and was so proud of, I wish ten times a day that he was himself again, supposing he kept me all my days a bachelor."

The filial feeling expressed in these words was incomprehensible to the parasite, who had nothing better to offer than the coarse remark—"Ayeh! you might as well expect the walls of the castle to dance a jig at your wedding, as to think that the old master will ever mind anything again; and that's true, master," he continued, changing the subject as if a sudden thought had struck him, "one part of my saying is come to pass, and what's

to hinder the rest? there's the handsome bit of limestone over the doorway still; and if your honour only says the word, I'll have yours and Miss Eileen's name carved there against the wedding-day, to stand 'in secula seculorum,' as Father Casey says."

"What a scholar you are, Jack," returned his master, laughing; "I don't know, and yet I would like to mark my wedding-day well enough. Well," he said, "I leave it all to you, Jack; I know you'll cut the letters in style, at all events; and now that you mention Father Casey, I think you may as well step down to his reverence and ask him what to put upon it; he'll give you something tasty and scholar-like, you know. I'm going over to the Moores for a week, and I won't be back again until *the day*; so mind you have all complete and finished before then."

"Never fear me, master," said Jack Barrett, "I'm the boy that will do it in style, and Father Casey *will give me the Latin*!"

CHAPTER V.

FATHER CASEY was a retired, studious character, of simple, unpretending habits: he was revered in the district as an amiable man and a profound scholar; and to him Jack Barrett resorted, with his "master's compliments, requesting an inscription for the door-way of Castle-Gregory."

"What kind of inscription does your master want?" inquired the priest.

"Well, then, he leaves it all to your reverence," replied Jack; "only his own name must be in it, and Miss Eileen's name, and the day of the marriage; and then you may make the rest out as you like, to 'puzzle posterity.'"

The simple priest thought for a moment, and then said—

"I'll do it, my son, '*more Romanorum*.' I think an inscription of *initials* will be most classical and concise."

"Anything your reverence pleases," replied Jack, to whom the word '*initials*' conveyed no definite idea, whether the intended inscription was to be English or Arabic.

In a few minutes the priest produced to the expectant workman a paper,

with the following mysterious letters inscribed:—

HY.H.ET.EM: M.E.E.—V.D.M. AD.
MDLXVI.

Jack Barrett received the paper, and, after gazing hopelessly at the characters for a while, he insinuatingly said to the priest—

"If your reverence would be pleased to English these letters for me, *I'd work them the easier*."

"Willingly, my son," replied the priest. "The symbols run thus:—

"*Hugh Hoare et Eileen Moore me effecere. Quinto die Maii. A. D. 1566.*"

which, being interpreted, meaneth no more than that Hugh Hoare and Eileen Moore got these letters cut on the fifth of next month."

"My mind's aisy now," replied Jack, receiving the paper again, and turning to go away.

But Jack's mind was not yet "aisy," as he termed it: as he turned to go away, a new and ambitious thought seized him; and, considering himself

as the builder, if not architect of a castle, which he used to call, "the neatest bit of work in the barony, or the barony next it," he suddenly conceived the wish to perpetuate his own name as well as his master's.

With sundry scratchings of his head, and much roundabout explanation, he made his wish known to the priest.

The good man paused. "Black Hugh may not like it," was his first suggestion to the ambitious workman; but presently the classic recollection of the crafty builder of the Pharos, who carved his own name in stone under his employer's in plaster, came into his mind, and decided him to grant Jack Barrett's request. "Ambition is confined to no class or rank," thought he: "why should not this poor man aim at leaving a name behind him as

well as his betters?" Whereupon he added to the paper the following letters:—

IO: B. M: H.O.

which he indicated to mean—

"Johannes Barrett. minister. hujus operis."

And after translating for the benefit of the applicant, he dismissed him as happy as a king, to record his own and his master's glories upon the door-stone. It sometimes occurred to Jack Barrett, as he proceeded with his work, that his moody master might take offence at the freedom of his proceeding; but he trusted to the chapter of accidents, to the good humour belonging to a wedding festival—above all, to his own wheedling tact and address, to obtain pardon for the liberty he was taking.

CHAPTER VI.

THE wedding-day came at last. I cannot say the marriage-bells rang merrily; for I question if there be, even now, a bell in the barony to ring out a marriage peal. But a merry wedding there was, no doubt; a bright day, a great gathering of both "factions" to the "drag-home;" and a proud man that day was old William Moore, as his comely daughter rode towards her own castle, beside her handsome husband.

We have said little hitherto of William Moore, "Sly Will," as he was popularly called; nor need we say much now, as our tale has little reference to him. Enough to say that his general character was that of a close, cautious, reserved man, an overmatch in small matters, requiring craft or cunning in their management, for his once choleric antagonist, Gregory Hoare, though far inferior to him in boldness of conception or capacity of mind. Hence the latter had held the higher station in general respect, and was on the whole the more prosperous and successful man of the two. It was only on occasions when impetuosity or recklessness brought Gregory Hoare into some petty dilemma, or within reach of his competitor's small cunning

in some trivial matter, that William Moore used to obtain an occasional advantage; and it is probable that the contemptuous opinion which Hoare entertained of Moore's abilities in general caused him to feel doubly incensed whenever he was overreached or foiled by so contemptible an antagonist.

Such was "Sly Will Moore," who generally disguised his satisfaction in attaining any of his objects, by an affectation of soft simplicity in his manner, and mode of expression. Seldom had any one seen him betray such unequivocal marks of exultation and joy, as he displayed while escorting the new lady of Castle-Gregory homewards; he galloped back and forward through the procession, he had a laugh for one "co-clien" of the family, a broad joke for another, and wink for a third, who whispered him in passing: "*You done it neatly, Will, at last.* We have Hugh Hoare with us *now*, in spite of all old Gregory's ill-will, and who dare say against us now, from 'Camp to Conminole.'"^{*} All this was highly gratifying to the crafty old man, but it was when the walls of Castle-Gregory caught his eye, with the summer sun shining bright upon them, and a white flag

^{*} This is a remote point of this wild barony, "next door to America," as it is sometimes described. "I wished myself as far as Conminole," is a proverbial expression, to signify I wished myself ever so far removed from some unpleasant spectacle.

streaming in the breeze in honour of the occasion, that William Moore's exultation came to a crisis; his little cunning eye lighted up, he rose in his stirrups, waved his hat in the air, and calling out, "Three cheers for Hugh Hoare and his bride," led the way himself with a lusty hurrah!

Meanwhile, preparations for the arrival of the bridal rout had duly progressed. Jack Barrett's work was done; the door-stone engraved in clear clean-cut letters; the rooms were clean swept, and garnished with choice and fresh rushes, which even yet did service as carpeting in royal houses. A huge rude banquet was prepared for the hall; a coarser but not less plentiful one for the barn, where Jack Barrett was to play the part of Amphytrion to tenants and dependants; the servants, from the master's nurse to the henwife, all stood in their best to receive the bride on tip-toe of expectation.

One part of the preparation must not be forgotten—the best bed-room, an apartment of good proportions, and commanding as lovely a view of Brandon bay, and its bold head, as the loophole windows would permit, was to be prepared for the bridal chamber. This room had from the first been occupied by Gregory Hoare himself; he had continued in it through all his days of sickness and imbecility, and it was considered a critical and hazardous experiment to remove him; but on a review of the sleeping accommodations of Castle Gregory the bed-rooms of which, like all erections of the date, were constructed upon the pigeon-hole principle of allotting to each inmate little more room than the space in which to lie down, it seemed a matter of necessity, that if the new comer was to be suitably lodged, the old man must vacate his chamber for the use of the bride.

This remove was effected only on the day preceding the marriage: the old man on returning from his daily back in the sun, was led, not to his old accustomed bed-chamber, but to a smaller room hitherto occupied by his son, and looking eastward over the castle front and entrance. At first, old Gregory evinced no sense of the change, but presently, at intervals, he was observed to look round him with a surprised and displeased air; he sometimes knit his brow, when, putting forth his stick, he felt the opposite wall

stand closer to him than it used to do. Through the night the old woman who watched him observed his sleep to be more broken and restless than usual; in the morning, however, he seemed placid and listless as before. The warm sun from the east pouring through his window, in a way it had never done in his former apartment, seemed to cheer and gratify him; and having breakfasted, he sat before the window, apparently gazing on vacuity, as listless and unobservant as usual.

While he thus sat, unheeded by all whose attention was engrossed by the expected bridal peasant, the cry at length passed, "Here they come at last! They are over the Ford of Tullaree—they will be on the long Causeway in 'the crack of a whip.'" And at the word, every inmate of the castle crowded to the entrance to get a first look at the handsome bride. Even old Nelly, on whom devolved the watching of Gregory Hoare, forgot her charge in the excitement of the moment, and was in the midst of them. On they came amid shout and hurrah; the pipers played with all their might; the followers of the family wished "blessings and welcomes" to the handsome couple; and long and high rung the cheer, led by "Sly Will Moore," as before, when Hugh Hoare, gallantly leaping from his horse, assisted his bride to dismount from her's.

It was done, and Hugh Hoare prepares to enter his father's hall, with his fair wife upon his arm. He paused, however, for a moment, to see what the priest's Latinity, and Jack Barrett's handicraft had done to commemorate his nuptials. He easily recognises his own and his wife's initials, but the additional memorial of Jack Barrett puzzles him sorely. He determines, however, to postpone investigation to another day, and turns once more to enter his castle door; his father-in-law, and the connexions of both families, following in close and festive array.

In the very threshold, however, a horrid obstacle awaits him: through the crowded servants, curtsying and smiling welcome all around, he suddenly perceives a palsied hand tearing its way, and pushing them aside; and right before him, in unnatural vigour, every feature quivering with excitement, the eye glistening with renewed intelligence and former angry recollection, and his crutch-stick lifted and shaking

in impotent fury, stood old Gregory Hoare!

As he sat in his window, unheeded and alone, the shouts and tumults of his son's wedding procession had acted as a stimulus upon the old man's torpid faculties; he saw a vast, an unusual throng approaching his castle; they crowd about the door-way; they prepare to enter; and, foremost among them, bustling and conspicuous, joyous and exulting, he recognises a face not seen for many a day, but branded into his memory—the face of the enemy of his long life, old William Moore; and under the strong excitement of this hateful vision, he becomes Gregory Hoare once again, fully alive and nerved to the purpose, that he will resist his enemy's entrance; spurn him

—crush him. In the strength of this determination, he makes his unnoticed and unassisted way down the stairs. No longer feeble, he forces a passage through the crowd; he stands in his own doorway; he sees neither son nor son's wife. Through the dense crowd his eye singles out William Moore, and him alone. At him he brandishes his crutch in impotent rage, and in the effort falls dead upon the threshold!

"It's an unlucky wedding, Tim," whispered one guest to another, as they turned their horses' heads homewards; "there's a fine dinner within, they say, but if the life left me for hunger next minute, I could not taste bit or sup, after such a welcome home from a dead man."

PART THE SECOND—"THE BLOODY BANQUET."

CHAPTER VII.

It would have required a large measure of domestic happiness to counter-balance the horrible incident which marked the commencement of Hugh Hoare's wedded life, and this requirement was wanting; the marriage was not a happy one; there were dark shades in the character of both husband and wife, and these were brought out into strong relief by domestic trials and sorrows. The sons and daughters came, according to Jack Barrett's prophecy, "as many as the days of the week," but some of them scarce survived the week of their birth; others died at various stages of their progress to maturity, and at last, after eighteen years of marriage, Hugh Hoare and Eileen Moore were left with one surviving child—a daughter. He had become an irritable, moody, dissatisfied man; his wife a petulant, discontented woman, a thorough proficient in the art of provoking her husband; their violent affection had long subsided into indifference to each other, or rather, had taken the direction of engrossing love for their only daughter Marian.

To other causes of disagreement between the husband and wife, was added one, strange in those days, though unhappily not uncommon in our own—they differed violently in politics. The Desmond wars were, in their time, what the repeal question was lately in the South of Ireland; and Hugh

Hoare may be taken to represent the "Unionist," while his wife enacted the angry "Repealer." Now here would be the place for a practised tale-maker to invest this story with the requisite historical character, by introducing a long disquisition upon the life and fortunes of "The Desmond"—"*ingens rebellibus exemplar*"—including a treatise upon the rise and progress of that resistance to the English Queen, which terminated in his downfall and death. The scissors, that great engine of modern authorship, applied with any common dexterity to the "*Pacata Hibernia*," to Spenser's, or any other contemporary work, would supply the book-maker with a good half volume; it must, however, content my readers to receive from me a "brief and abstract chronicle," how that the Desmond branch of the first great Geraldyn English invaders, after having planted his broad principality with numerous English settlers, among whom the Hoares, the Husseys, the Moores, the Rices, and others, were distinguished, had, in process of time become, and most of his followers with him, so thoroughly identified with the country of his adoption, as to be styled "*Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior*;" and hence arose the remarkable fact, that when occasion came for upholding what were then, as now, called "Irish interests," as distinguished from English, none, no, not

even "The O'Neil" himself were found more violently anti-English, than some of the naturalised descendants of the "Sassenach"* stranger. This, however, was by no means universally the case, and thus it happened that when Desmond raised the standard of defiance, and in addition to "five hundred gentlemen of his house and name," summoned his feudal retainers from all parts of his broad principality to his support, a considerable diversity of interest and action was exhibited; the *many*, with true Irish zest and heedlessness, plunging into the cause of rebellion; the *few*, either in loyalty or sagacity, adhering to the English rule as most likely to prevail "in the long run." This division, which pervaded the whole district at the time we write of, reached not merely to the neighbourhood, but to the very hearthstone of Black Hugh Hoare. His connexions the Moores were Desmond men; he himself continued, though not very actively, to maintain a communication with the Lord President of Munster; he furnished occasionally supplies to the Queen's Admiral, Sir William Winter, who watched the coast against foreign invasion; and finally, held himself in readiness to receive a garrison, or forward a military movement against

the insurgents, whenever the course of war might roll towards his remote district.

His wife, on the contrary, sympathised warmly with "her own people," wished success to the Desmond cause with her whole heart, to which, though she could give little effective help, she nevertheless brought the aid of a sharp, shrewish tongue in frequent verbal skirmishes with her husband, whom she constantly reproached for unfriendliness to her "kirn and kin;" it was "like old Gregory's son," she used to say. She upbraided him, moreover, with ingratitude to his feudal lord, "the great Earl who had made a man of him and his:" nay, so far did retort and party acrimony sometimes urge this violent woman, as to cause an expression of hope that "she might live to see the day when the Desmond would have his own against the English heretic Queen, even if she had to beg his mercy for her husband, at the gallows foot." Hugh Hoare generally took all her violence with calmness, if not with patience; and it was only when she had arrived at some such climax of intemperance as this, that a warning gleam in his dark eye ever told her that she had gone too far.

CHAPTER VIII.

HITHERTO we have said little of the daughter and sole heiress of Castle-Gregory, Marian Hoare, who nevertheless has been growing all the time from a weakly child into a fair and comely young woman, the spoiled idol of both parents, and, truth to say, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes" throughout the barony. It seems a very curious, and yet not unusual, failing in parents to forget the advancing age of their children, until in some unexpected event they burst upon

them with the feelings, passions, aims, and objects of men and women. Hugh Hoare and Eileen Moore, who had themselves roamed the woods of Shauntalve, in the dreamy days of courtship, seemed never to conceive the possibility of their daughter resorting to the broad strand of Brandon for a similar purpose. They saw her, day after day, turn the head of her little Kerry pony in that direction; they knew that she might canter for miles on that level beach without meeting a pebble to

* It is a curious fact, that though "Sassenach," in strict propriety, means *Saxon*, and such is still its application in the kindred Gaelic, in Ireland this word has been divested from its original application, and is now appropriated to signify, not the *nation*, but the *religion* of the Saxon invaders of Ireland. In Scotland or Wales, if you ask a native a question in English, which he cannot understand, the reply will be "NIEL SASSENACH," or "DYM SESNAC," "no English;" to the same question in Ireland, the reply will be "Njl beapla" literally "no English," while "SARACH" is universally applied to mean "a Protestant!" This is a remarkable diversion of a word from its proper meaning, but the policy of it is obvious, and the result a marked and probably irremovable separation of creeds and races, which presents Ireland to the world with "two nations struggling in her bowels, and tearing her to pieces!"

cause a stumble; they saw her return, day after day, with the freshening colour of health spread upon her fair cheek, and they were satisfied. How very odd, that old people should thus forget the days when they were young! They felt assured against the danger of her falling on a stone, or into a slough: strange, that they never felt any alarm about the more dangerous accident of their daughter's "falling in love."

And yet this "accident" had happened. Marian Hoare did not ride alone along the shores of St. Brandon's magnificent bay. Softer murmurs than those of its mighty breakers filled her ear, as she paced its sands; and when she looked up into the recesses of the grand amphitheatre of the mountain range of Brandon, it was not merely to discern the grand features of nature in these wilds: her object is best expressed by those exquisite lines of the noble poet's "Dream," in which he describes a maiden as—

"Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew."

For by a singular coincidence it happened, that on most days when Marian Hoare turned her pony's head westward from Castle-Gregory, young Walter Hussey of the Dangan might be seen urging his horse down the pass of Connor Hill, at a rate which made it matter of surprise how he ever arrived at the bottom without a broken neck. The tourist who, seated at ease in his carriage, now descends the fine and picturesque road which winds round the pass, and forms a monument of modern engineering skill, if he casts his eye down the precipice, and traces that grass-grown zig-zag line on the face of the rock which once formed the only passage of this terrific defile, can alone understand the daring character of young Walter's daily feat; and then say of young love what the poet sings of old gold—

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis."

How these young people first met, or by what accident an acquaintance between them first grew up, it matters not to inquire. But young Walter Hussey and Marian Hoare, while yet boy and girl, were deeply and passionately in love; and like other boys and girls before and since, the present was everything to them. Day after day, as they met, increased their attachment, while

neither had yet bestowed a thought as to how it was to terminate.

At length the flame of the great Desmond insurrection burst forth, and put an end to those "piping times of peace," when Walter could cross Connor Hill alone, and Marian direct her rides anywhere she pleased without a guard. The petty chieftains of Cork-aginny began to take their sides in the civil war as elsewhere. Hussey as well as Hoare sided with the English, while the Rices, Ferriters, Fitzgeralds, Moores and others, collecting their kernes on Desmond's behalf, pillaged the country far and near, and plundered the possessions of their own immediate neighbours with rather less mercy than those of others.

In those devastations the dangan or fastness of Hussey suffered considerably, being a place of much strength and importance, entrusted by the Desmond to Hussey as a favoured follower. The fierce Earl was specially incensed at his presuming to hold it for the English, and directed his adherents in the district to reduce it at all hazards. In this they succeeded, after a long and close siege, in the course of which Walter Hussey's father died of the hardships which he had shared with his garrison. The town and Hussey's castle fell into the hands of Desmond's followers, who burned most part of it and pillaged the inhabitants in the most unsparing manner. Young Walter Hussey himself, when resistance was no longer maintainable, made his way through a thousand dangers to the English fleet, then riding off the coast, and at length gained the camp of the Earl of Ormond, then engaged in organising forces for the effectual suppression of the insurrection in the South. From this commander he received an important commission, and ardently waited the marching of the troops into Munster, in order to avenge his father's death and the ruin of his house and fortunes, upon Desmond's adherents.

Meanwhile Castle Gregory, partly by its own strength, partly because it lay somewhat out of the direct line of hostile operations, continued to be held by its owner with jealous care, as a stronghold in a disturbed district for the English. Possibly his connexions, the Moores, entertaining hopes that Hugh Hoare would one day or other join their party, contrived to avert any serious attack from the fortress of their relative.

CHAPTER IX.

THE state of affairs being as described in the last chapter, there arrived at Castle-Gregory, on the same day, from opposite quarters, intelligence of such conflicting character as first perplexed and then excited its lord and master not a little.

From westwards came a rumour, that a strong Spanish force, marshalled by several native chieftains of importance, and by a nuncio directly accredited by his Holiness the Pope, had effected a landing on the coast beyond "the Dingel;" that they had brought with them weapons to arm, and money to subsidise the whole country; that they had already unfurled a banner, consecrated by the sacred hands of his Holiness himself, to which recruits were already flocking from all quarters; and that a strong fortress was already in progress of erection on the shore of "S'merwick," or "St. Mary's Harbour," to which, from the prodigious amount of treasure deposited therein, they had given the name of "Fort-del-Ore," or the "Fort of Gold."

The steadiness of Hugh Hoare's loyalty was considerably shaken by these tidings. He began to reflect, that he stood almost alone in the district, far from English aid, and with little power to resist the assailants, by whom he could now reckon on being almost daily attacked; he was, moreover, a rigid Catholic, and the idea of resisting a "blessed banner," if advanced against him, began to look ominous in his mind; in fact, he was more than half disposed to open negotiations, through his connexions, the Moores, for giving in his adhesion to the Desmond cause, when the arrival of fresh intelligence from another quarter gave his plans a direction altogether different.

From the eastward, "spurring, and fiery red with haste," and with all the demeanour of a man who rides "with his life in his hand," and hopes to keep it by not giving assailants time to stop him, there arrived at the castle, about noon, a mounted soldier, despatched by the Lord General from his headquarters at Castle-Island, giving the owner of Castle-Gregory notice of the descent of the Spaniards in his neighbourhood, but bidding him also to be of good cheer, and to hold his fortress stoutly and fearlessly, for that in a few hours

after the messenger he might look for the arrival of such a force in the district as would be sufficient to protect the loyal, punish the disaffected inhabitants, and also check the further progress of the foreign invaders. The missive added, that the force intended for this service would march in two bodies; one under the command of Lord Grey, the Queen's Deputy, who considered the service of sufficient importance to take the command in person, would proceed by the wild fastness of Glauagault, driving before him all marauding parties in that direction; while a second body, under Colonel Zouch, a distinguished commander of the day, would take the route by Castle-Gregory, and avail themselves of Hugh Hoare's well-tried loyalty and known intelligence to forward their operations towards a junction before Fort-del-Ore.

It was quite as well for Hugh Hoare's loyalty that its trial did not continue a few hours longer, or the missive might have found him awkwardly compromised; arriving at the moment it did, it gave stability to his wavering purposes; he at once decided to abide by his old friends, and to give all aid in his power to the progress of the English forces; and as a first step proceeded to prepare an answer to the Lord General, expressive of his anxiety for the protection of the Queen's troops, and unreservedly placing his services and castle at the disposal of their commander.

Far different were his wife's feelings on this occasion; she beheld the English trooper arrive, with a lowering eye, and as his jaded horse was led to the refreshment of the castle stables, she could not help muttering to herself an imprecation on "the sleepy Moores, that didn't hamstring the horse, and break the rider's neck before he crossed Acushla Ford;" and when her husband directed her to see that the wearied man had ample refreshment, while he prepared an answer to the despatch just received, she left the room, muttering "There's sour milk and small beer, and the kitchen-maid can serve them to the Sassenach, without my troubling my head about him;" and in fact Hugh Hoare was obliged in person to give direction that the

man's wants should be supplied with the best cheer the house could afford, or he might have left the Castle as hungry as he entered it.

An answer to the communication was soon despatched, announcing the dutiful satisfaction of the writer in the prospect of the speedy arrival of his allies and protectors; and no sooner had he seen the trooper's horse turned eastwards again, than Hugh Hoare set himself seriously to the task of providing for the reception of the military force promised to him.

As far as regarded the rough fare needed for hungry soldiers, his plans were easily laid and executed, from the recesses of *Glen-tan-assig* (the Glen of Rivers), and *Glen-a-boe* (the Sow's Glen). Hoare could easily command from his numerous herds the raw material for an ample military banquet, which very simple cookery would soon make palatable to guests who brought with them the patent sauce of hunger; but when the state of his cellar came under review, its stock was found to consist of little more than the "sour milk and small beer," which his angry wife had indicated as the cheer to which she would welcome the Sassenach. Hugh Hoare was no royster, his reserved habits repelling either "coshering" or company-keeping; and hence his house was worse prepared for an inroad* of convivial campaigners than most others in the country. In this dilemma, however, his measures were promptly taken.

The services of the "right-hand" man were called into requisition. Jack Barrett was despatched "hot-foot" to Tralee; and, at the same time, a boat directed to run up with the tide, and strict was his master's injunction that he should return with the ebb of next morning, with as many runlets of wine and barrels of strong ale as he could obtain on so short a notice. This was a mission after Jack Barrett's own heart; he knew that a negotiation touching liquids could never terminate in a "dry bargain;" and he proceeded to execute it "con-amore," or, as he himself would have expressed it, "with all the veins of his heart!"

A busy man was Black Hugh all that day, and the next doubly busy—because departments of preparation, which usually fall to the mistress of a household, now devolved upon him, in consequence of the inveterate ill-humour of his wife, who not only refused him all aid from herself, but also contrived to paralyse the activities of her daughter Marian, who would gladly have relieved her father of some portion of his trouble, but for her mother's malicious sneer at "her readiness to entertain the stranger officers," as something unfeminine and unmaiden-like; the hint was sufficient to drive the gentle girl to her room in tears, and to leave Hugh Hoare unaided to go through all the vexatious and petty details of preparation for an influx of stranger guests.

CHAPTER X.

At last the preparations of Castle-Gregory were complete; the fattest cattle slain; spits turning—cauldrons boiling; Jack Barrett's mission successfully accomplished, and sundry vessels of wine and beer safely stowed in the Castle cellars; the Castle itself made ready for as many guests as it could accommodate, and the hamlet, already rising around it, noticed to prepare quarters for a large force of common soldiers; and now all is ready.

And, as upon another memorable occasion before recorded, expectation stands a tip-toe, and the "cry is still they come;" they are rounding the gentle slopes of the green eminence of Tullaraigh. Partisans glancing and feathers waving in the bright sun, the English troops defile in gallant array along the causeway leading through the low grounds to the Castle, and their arrival may be expected in a few minutes more.

* The early statutes of Ireland abound with proofs of the way in which the inhabitants were subject to inroads of self-invited guests, who, of their own will, or by delegation of some great lord, lodged, lived, assessed the occupiers of the soil as they pleased. "Coyne and Livery," a Desmond invention of exaction, which Sir John Davis hints was "borrowed from the devil," was a variety of these practices. One short statute, 18th Henry VI., will clearly explain the state of the case:—"If any lord, or other, shall bring or lead, from henceforth hobbellers, kernes, or hooded men, either English or Irish rebels, or other people or horses to lye on horseback or on foot upon the king's subjects, without their goodwill and consents—if any do so he shall be adjudged as a traitor."

Here I would fain pause for an invocation—"Musa mihi memora"—high names and bright recollections crowd upon me, each of which might furnish an episode which would swell this tale considerably; but I must forbear, and content myself with little more than a roll-call of gallant historic names, which convert even this dirty village into classic ground, when I remember the distinguished individuals who once careered over its causeways.

Foremost rides the gallant ZOUCH, afterwards Captain-General of Munster. His calm eye, lighted up with all that sagacity and decision of purpose, which afterwards enabled him, on a memorable occasion, to crush rebellion by the capture of an arch rebel, Sir John of Desmond, the great earl's brother, and best and most formidable commander.

Next in place, but far beyond in a world-wide fame, careers the chivalrous RALEIGH, whose well-timed and vivacious gallantry the stately Elizabeth had already condescended to acknowledge, not only by the pleasantry of dubbing him "Sir Walter Lack-cloak,"* but by the familiarity of "capping verses" with the youth whose court-fortune was then considered as established.

With him rides his kinsman, Captain DENNY, who soon after returned a knight-banneret, from a stricken field of battle; the same of whom old Fuller quaintly writes, that "by God's blessing, the Queen's bounty, and his own valour, he achieved a fair estate in the county of Kerry, in Ireland;" and on whose stately monument in Waltham Abbey, once† appeared a panegyric, which declared him to be

"A courtier in the chamber,
A soldier in the field,
Whose tongue could never flatter,
Whose sword could never yield."

With these came many a gallant brave, among whom young Walter Hussey, once more at the head of a

force with which he hoped to retrieve former reverses in the district, was not least distinguished; but all these we must pass over to make mention of thee, oh gentle EDMUND SPENSER, Secretary to the Lord Deputy, and a future chronicler of the events of this campaign, but far better known as the creative genius, who gave to the world the exquisite conception of

"Heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb."

What hadst thou to do, oh gentle Edmund, in these rude wilds, and martial company? Sooth to say, these gallants all were attracted by the self-same magnet, to place themselves under the command of Zouch, for that "particular service." For even Spenser, whose duties attached him more specially and personally to the Lord-Deputy, had preferred a request to be allowed to march with the second body of the troops on this occasion, to view, as he pretended, the grand scenery of Connor-Hill and Brandon more closely, but in reality to obtain a glimpse of the budding beauties of the far-famed heiress of Castle-Gregory.

These expectations seemed doomed, however, to disappointment. Hugh Hoare welcomed his guests to the castle, and all that it afforded, with punctilious and stately courtesy; but neither his haughty wife nor beautiful daughter lent grace to the reception by their presence. The banquet proceeded in due course and solemn regularity; but the host was left to do the honours of his table unassisted and alone.

We must leave host and guests for awhile, to review what was passing in other parts of the castle, in order to conduct our narrative to a connected conclusion.

And first, let us betake ourselves to the small sleeping room commanding the castle entrance, from whence, on a former occasion, old Gregory Hoare

* This refers to the well-known incident of Raleigh flinging his laced cloak to form a foot-cloth for the Queen in a miry passage, an act which laid the foundation of that favour on which he afterwards rose so high—to fall so very low, even under the axe of the headsmen.

† The tomb of Sir Edward Denny still stands on the south-east aisle of Waltham Abbey; it yet contains a long eulogy on Sir Edward Denny's valour and virtues, couched in the euphuistic style of the day; but the pillar which contained the above distich is wanting—it has fallen down, and been thrown aside. Sir Edward Denny's descendants yet remain, fully able to restore the monument of so distinguished an ancestor; but, if from any cause they neglect to do so, it is much to be wished that, in these days of "restoration," some antiquarian or architectural society would rescue a rich and curious monument from the ruin to which it is fast hastening.

had emerged on the day of his death. Here now sate his daughter-in-law and granddaughter, each gazing, but with very different emotions, on the gallant array of the English troops, as they drew up on the esplanade before the entrance. The young girl's wonder at the martial spectacle before her was mixed with a shrinking from the curious gaze of so many reckless, bold-looking men, as they scanned the building—perhaps taking an estimate of its strength; perhaps hoping for a passing vision of its fair inmate. In her mother's curiosity was secondary to religious and party animosity; and the unfeminine bitterness of her imprecations and remarks bespoke the intensity of her hate to all she looked upon.

"Ill befall your keen eye," was her remark, as the veteran commander took his measure of the defences of the castle, with a soldier's observant glance.

"May the skene of a Gallaghglas redden your white plume for you," muttered she, while young Walter Raleigh made his charger to carracole and curvet for a few minutes, before dismounting.

"But, mother of God!" she exclaimed suddenly, "why, Marian, girl, look there! if it be not that traitor to God and man, young Wat Hussey, of the Dangan, in a Sassenach buff coat and bandaleers. The coward could not keep the stronghold given him by the noble Desmond; and now he is riding, a hireling, among the Saxon cut-throats! May all the saints —"

"Hush, mother! for mercy's sake," cried Marian, drawing back from the window with burning cheek; "don't say such shocking words. Walter—young Hussey may not be to blame.

They say the Desmond men treated his old father, and all his people, most barbarously. For any sake, don't speak so loud, or the strange officers will hear above all the noise."

"Hear!" screamed the virago louder still—"what care I who hears? I'll make the barony ring with Hussey's disgrace before to-morrow night; the very dogs shall bark his shame before he sees Smerwick Harbour. As for the Sassenach churls below, little fear of their listening to anything for a while but the play of their own hungry jaws, and the gurgle of our wine as it goes down their thirsty throats; but"—and here she laughed a short, malignant laugh—"I'll stint the measure of their merry-making before the evening is done, or I am much mistaken."

The angry woman passed from the room as she uttered these words. She left her daughter too much confused by the sudden and unexpected vision of her lover, and shocked at the vindictive hate expressed towards him by her mother, to be able to consider what might be the meaning of her obscure parting expressions. For many a day afterwards, however, the gentle girl dwelt on the self-accusing reflection that if she had at the time inquired into her mother's meaning, she might have averted the catastrophe which quickly followed. As it was, she remained in her room, brooding over the painful delight of having her lover so near; this thought again fading into the unmixed bitterness of anticipation, that on the morrow he would march again through a hostile district, where, as her mother bitterly said, "the very dogs would bark hatred against him," probably to his death.

CHAPTER XI.

TURN we now to the lower part of the castle, where, in the deserted kitchen, from whence the steaming and smoking joints have passed up to the hall, and are fast disappearing under the assaults of hungry men, sits the wearied cook, resting from her labours, and colloquing with her ancient gossip and ally, the aged nurse of Hugh Hoare.

"May I never stir, Ally, dear," whispered the cook, confidentially, "if I don't think there's something wrong with the mistress; she's not like herself

at all these two days past. Seldom with her that a dinner left this kitchen without a good scolding for sauce to it, but to-day or yesterday she hadn't the civility to give one a word, good or bad—not so much as 'get out of that,' or 'bad luck to you.' Never believe me, Ally, dear, but I don't like it."

"Arrah, Biddy," replied her companion, shaking her head, "I'm fearing it's too true for you. *There's a black shadow before that woman ever since a day I mind, though you don't:*

'twas before your time; but I thought it *then*, and I thought it *since*, when them darling childer were carried off one by one, and I think it *now*, that there's neither luck nor grace before the wife that marched on to her husband's house over her old father-in-law's corpse. God between us and harm, woman dear!"

"That may be, too," continued the cook; "but it's not what happened long ago, I'm thinking of so much as what is happening this very moment. She's *too quite* (quiet) altogether; and 'tisn't that, but just now, when Jack Barrett left the cellar-door open, when the master called him in a hurry, she went in in the dark, and when she came out in a little time, there she was, laughing, laughing, not agreeable or hearty-like, either, but, for all the world, like Tom Buck, the natural; and where do you think she is, now? go to the little window, and you can see her yourself. May I never live, but she's squeezed in behind the pantry-door, laughing—laugh—laugh as if her heart would break. I tell you, Ally, dear, there's something strange about the woman, and you'll see it."

While these ancient cronies thus communicated their suspicions, Jack Barrett, installed as major-domo on this grand occasion, rushed into the kitchen; but, before we relate what happened next, we must betake ourselves to the castle hall, and see what is passing there.

About twenty cavaliers surrounded Hugh Hoare's board, and shared his hospitality. The grave courtesy of the commander, the light mirth and playful wit of Raleigh, and the courtly bearing of Denny and others, caused the entertainment to pass agreeably enough—Hugh Hoare himself playing the part of an attentive host with intelligence and cordiality. They conversed upon various topics—the state of the mountain passes, the strength of the invading Spaniards. At length, in a pause of the conversation, Colonel Zouch, with a civil inclination of the head, said, "we lack nothing at your hospitable board, courteous host, but the smiles of your fair lady, to give zest to the good cheer and generous wine."

A shade rested, for an instant, on Hugh Hoare's brow, as he briefly replied, "Mistress Hoare keeps her chamber."

"Let us hope, sir, that no indisposition deprives us of the grace of your lady's presence," broke in the volatile Raleigh. "With leave of my noble commander, I crave permission to propose a cup to the health of your lady and fair daughter, the repute of whose charms has reached us, martialists, even in our distant camps."

"Wine, there; a flowing cup to grace the gallant cavalier's toast," cried Hugh Hoare, glad of a diversion from the painful subject of his wife's absence.

At the word, down hasted Jack Barrett for a replenished supply of wine to the cellar, as already described. He bustled through the kitchen, into the dark passage, whereupon was heard a plash, a curse, and in another instant he reappeared, and, with glaring eye, exclaimed, "in the name of all the devils in hell, who has set the cellar afloat?"

The old woman stared aghast!—a low laugh was heard from the pantry—Jack Barrett heeded neither; but, rushing to the castle hall again, called loud and hasty, "master, master—you're wanted, you're wanted!"

Black Hugh Hoare arose, already fretted by the delay in serving his guests with wine, and doubly irritated at this abrupt and untimely summons; finding the terrified man outside the door, he asked him angrily, "What, in the fiend's name, he wanted."

"Not a word, master, until you see yourself," cried the unfortunate attendant; "as sure as God's above us, some misfortune has set all the wine abroach; there's a foot deep on the cellar floor, and not a drop left in the barrels."

This provoking incident set all Hugh Hoare's angry passions in flame; cursing the stupidity of his attendant, to whose neglect he attributed the mischance, he rushed down stairs to see if any remedy could be found for it; when, as he did so, urged by all the demons who delight in evil, his luckless wife encountered him full in the passage, and, with a smile of malignant triumph, exclaimed, "As well I waste wine on the cellar floor, as *you* on the English belly-gods!" These words, the first she had addressed to him for two days, brought all her provocations to a crisis, by revealing the cause of his annoyance in his wife's petty malice, and enraged the angry man to

madness. With all his evil passions in full play, and without a moment for reflection, he struck the ill-fated woman with a knife, which he scarce knew that he held in his hand, and, in an instant, she lay before him a lifeless corpse on the floor.

As the wild yell of the terrified servants rung through the hall, the English guests started from their seats in dismay—their first natural thought, that some treachery was intended against themselves, and they prepared to do all that desperation could dictate to men in such circumstances; but as the first clamour sank into wailing, and as soon as it was ascertained that the

wretched master of the castle had, in a paroxysm of rage, slain his ill-fated wife, horror became the predominant feeling, and Colonel Zouch was compelled to think of the duties which devolved on him as the chief—in fact, the only constituted authority in that distant and distracted district. His measures were promptly taken; he intimated to his wretched host, who was stupified and paralysed by his own monstrous act, that he must consider himself a prisoner; and, resigning the corpse to the distracted menials, placed strong guards in and around the castle for the remainder of that dreadful night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE watch of that mournful night devolved by routine military duty on Walter Hussey, whose deep interest in the tragedy, and those concerned in it, was wholly unsuspected, either by his commander or comrades. During the hours of that terrible watch, as he heard the deep hollow moans which broke at intervals from the chamber of the wretched prisoner; and again, as the plaintive cry of a girl ascended from the lower part of the castle, where the doubly orphaned daughter mourned beside the untimely bier of her who, with all her faults, had been a mother, and a fond one, it may better be imagined than described what were the young man's feelings; he turned over in his mind all the consequences of the horrid event: to the wretched father, ruin, and a shameful death; to the guiltless girl he loved, double disgrace, as the child of a murderer and his victim; while upon his own prospects of happiness a deep, gloomy cloud seemed to settle, through which, not even youth and love, these two powerful illusionists, could see one gleam of hope or comfort.

As the cold, grey dawn broke, the young soldier heard light and cautious steps, ascending the stairs towards the gallery where he kept ward. Instinctively he knew that it was Marian Hoare, in her misery shunning the light of coming day, her trembling and tottering steps upheld by an attendant, and retiring to hide her sorrows and tears in her own darkened room. Walter Hussey made one step forwards as she passed him, and then stood fixed. His feelings

were too deep for utterance, for worlds he could not have articulated one word of sympathy. Marian Hoare, too, looked up as the mailed tread rung on the stone floor; she recognised her lover, and "Oh, Walter!" "Oh, Marian!" convulsively burst from each, and was all that passed as the unhappy daughter rushed to bury her distresses, and stifle her agonised sobbing, in the solitude of her darkened chamber.

With the day, came need for a decision; what was to be done? "Crown's quest law," did not then run current in Corkaguiny, and even though it had, Colonel Zouch's paramount duties admitted of no delay. The guilt of Hugh Hoare, taken "red-handed" in the fact, was too clear to admit of question, and Zouch decided to carry the prisoner along with him to the strong Castle of Gallerus, which the Lord Deputy had indicated as the rendezvous of the troops, before they proceeded to the attack on Fort-del-Ore.

With this view, he ordered a horse to be made ready for the conveyance of the prisoner, under a guard of mounted troopers; and as the time for departure approached, Colonel Zouch prepared for a painful interview with his late host and present captive, who now descended to his own hall, heavily manacled, and carefully guarded.

A few hours of suffering had done the work of years, and made a fearful change in the wretched man's appearance. As Colonel Zouch and his officers looked on the haggard cheek and bleached brow of their late stately entertainer, they could scarce believe

that they saw the same individual: he had undergone that dreadful process to which deep mental agony sometimes subjects the sufferer.

"His head grew white
In a single night
As men's have done from sudden fears."

As the English commander regarded him, he felt painfully the change which the black event of the last night had caused in their relative positions.

"I regret," he said, "that we ever met, seeing the terms on which we now stand, and must soon part; but it is a cursed deed, and must be answered to God and man, and my painful duty will be done when I have placed you as a criminal within the doom of the Lord Deputy."

"Let duty be done, sir officer," returned the prisoner in a hollow but firm voice, "without doing me the slightest grace. I know that I have offended foully and fearfully against God and man; let justice have its penalty; never did debtor long to discharge his obligation as I do." After a pause he added, "You spoke but now of the Lord Deputy's doom; may I be informed what it is like to prove?"

"Death and confiscation," returned the officer sternly; "your neck to the cord, with short shrift, and your castle and broad lands to the Queen's disposal, are but too like to be Lord Grey's sentence in such a case; ay! and that with brief interval, too."

"Welcome death, come it how and when it may," retorted Hugh Hoare, gloomily; "and for confiscation, what care I, who am about to look my last upon castle and lands for ever; and yet"—here the father's breast heaved, and his dark eye filled, as he continued: "yet, yet, I should not say I care not, when I think of my child, my only child. Oh! Marian," groaned the wretched parent, as he hid his bowed head in his hands.

Colonel Zouch, stern soldier as he was, turned away, obviously affected by this burst of parental remorse and sorrow. There was a pause of a few moments. Hugh Hoare continued buried in his bitter emotions, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning hastily, he saw the ingenuous countenance of young Walter Hussey filled with sorrow and sympathy.

"Unhappy neighbour," said the young man, "this is no time for cere-

mony or waste of words; the less that my concern in your misery lies deeper than words can utter. To say then briefly what I once hoped to tell in other and prouder circumstances,—Hugh Hoare I love your daughter Marian; love her more deeply and devotedly in this dark hour than when in peace and hope the shore of Brandon first witnessed our promise to each other; and if"—continued the young man earnestly, "if I tell it now, in this terrible moment, it is with no selfish view to my own happiness, but to send you forth on the solemn road to your fate, with one gleam of comfort in the assurance, that Marian Hoare shall never want a devoted protector until Walter Hussey's head is laid low, and his heart ceases to beat for ever."

Wonder at this unexpected communication, for a moment banished all other considerations from the wretched father's thoughts; the high personal character of Walter Hussey, well known to him, and the conviction of sincerity which his manly earnestness at once impressed upon the hearer had the intended effect, and shed one gleam of gladness over the doomed man's prospects; he wrung his hand as warmly as the manacles would allow, and in a low earnest voice said, "Young man, in this solemn hour I trust you—trust my all of earthly concern to your pledged word; in a short time the shadow of my disgrace will fall less darkly on your's and Marian's path. I leave you and her such blessings as a blighted wretch like me can bestow, and do not think little," he continued, "of wedding with a father's blessing on his child's marriage, however worthless and degraded he who bestows that blessing may be; for eighteen miserable years," added he, sighing heavily "up to the present bitter hour, I have felt what it was to want it in my own."

As he spoke these words, he became once more composed and collected, and declared himself ready to commence his fatal journey; the guard drew up before the Castle door, the horses stood ready for the order to "mount and march;" and for a moment Hugh Hoare rested for the last time in his own fated doorway—it was but for an instant—and yet in that brief space his eye glanced upon the carved stone, which commemorated

his and Eileen Moore's eventful union. By a singular coincidence, which, in the distraction of the time, all had before overlooked, the date bore witness, that on that *very day*, and almost at the self-same hour, Gregory Hoare had died on the very spot where his ill-fated son now stood. As he noted this the whole tide of terrible recollections connected with the coincidence rushed at once upon Hugh Hoare's soul; his whole life of cross and care springing from the terrible incident of the old man's death, and rising to the climax of murder for his wife, and a shameful end for himself—all flashed upon him at once with a blasting power; his broad chest heaved with emotion; his brow blackened almost to the hue of a negro, as the blood-current filled the veins of his throbbing temples to bursting. It was

but for a moment, and the frame-work of the strong man yielded, a blood-vessel gave way, and, the victim of his own dark and unsubdued passions, Hugh Hoare lay a corpse on the very spot where his father had expired eighteen years before.

The night was closing darkly, when two women, Jack Barrett and another, conducted a cart, whereon lay two dark objects, from Castle-Gregory towards Killyninch church-yard; they were the coffins of Hugh Hoare and his wife. Two old women peered out into the night after them, and, as they closed the door, the nurse whispered to the cook, "wasn't that a fine feast, and a fine keeping of a wedding-day? Well, any how, I'm glad his father's son didn't come to the disgrace of the gallows."

PART THE THIRD—"THE BLOW-UP."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the dark incidents we have been recording, it is a pleasure to offer the reader one fair passage, unstained by blood or sorrow, for perusal; for one generation, at least, the proverb was falsified which asserts that

"The course of true love never doth run smooth,"

and the fortunes of Walter Hussey and Marian Hoare seemed for awhile to reverse the evil destiny attached to both their houses. "The evil came not in their days."

When Colonel Zouch proceeded to join the Lord Grey at Gallerus, he judged it prudent to leave a strong garrison in Castle-Gregory, and, alike for considerations of the public service and in compliance with the young man's earnest request, he intrusted the keeping of the fortress to Walter Hussey, whose services entitled him to ask such a trust, and whose knowledge of the defiles and mountain passes enabled him to use the force under his command to the best advantage in maintaining communications with the troops before Fort-del-Ore, and in clearing the dis-

trict of Desmond's marauding parties. The result of the siege of Fort-del-Ore is matter of history; it proceeded for many months, during which the besieged endured extreme distresses, the English fleet cutting off all communication by sea, and the aid they expected in Ireland failing them completely; in fact, the very daring of their attempt to establish a Spanish post upon the soil of the queen's dominion, insured their final defeat, by directing all the energies of her officers to its frustration. Terms of mercy were often sought by the beleaguered men; and when they finally surrendered at discretion, they were to a man executed in cold blood—an act which Spenser attempts to palliate, but which to this day leaves a blot on the otherwise stainless scutcheon of Arthur Lord Grey de Wilton.* We follow the history no further than by saying, that long before the siege terminated, Walter Hussey, as well by his services and sufferings as by the mediation of his commander and co-mates in arms, had so well pleaded his claims with the Lord Deputy as to obtain a re-grant

* Since this was written, the writer has lighted on some historical documents in the British Museum, which completely disprove the charge of either treachery or cruelty against Lord Grey.

from Elizabeth of the castle and lands of the luckless Hugh Hoare, together with sundry other portions of the great forfeited Desmond fief. Walter Hussey, no longer of the "Dangan," became Lord of "Castle-Gregory," "Minard," "the Magheress," and "Bally-borgan," and in no long time after the happy husband of Marian Hoare.

Strange, but true it is, that when we arrive at a "happy marriage," the novel always seems of necessity to end—"the tale-teller's (like Othello's) occupation is gone," the sameness of contented wedded life furnishing no salient points of interest either for narrator or reader. The principle of this seems the same on which profound thinkers have pro-

nounced a session of parliament which produced no other result but the passing of a solitary turnpike act, to be the best symptom of a peaceful, healthy state of the nation, though it nearly starved the newspaper reporters to death. We have literally nothing to record of the quiet loves and peaceful lives of Walter Hussey and Marian Hoare, save that they continued in wedded happiness through the rest of Elizabeth's reign, through the peaceful rule of James the First, and that they died within a short time of each other, about the commencement of the reign of the First Charles, leaving an only son, Walter Hussey the Second, the heir of their fortunes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE world contains many a "crux," as a knotty point is termed in the schools, which serves from age to age to exercise the conjectures and perplex the wits of the ingenious. Among these difficulties, which it would be a pity to solve, for the same reason which makes it cruel to break a toy-puzzle, we do not hesitate to set down the definition of "*loyalty*"—especially of *Irish* loyalty—a question sufficient to perplex wiser heads than were ever set on Irish shoulders, had our poor countrymen been as celebrated for sagacity as they have ever been for blunders; it would have been impossible for them always to understand when they were fighting on the *right* side, when on the *wrong*. Sir Francis Wronghead, who "said ay, when he ought to have said no," and was shoved out into the lobby of the House of Commons, with the loss of ministerial favour for ever, has not been worse treated than poor Paddy, who has often been doomed and denounced as a traitor, when in his heart of hearts he meant to be loyal to death. This puzzification has often had curious results; men knew not whither to turn; and there are instances to be found in the private records of our country, when two friends, taking opposite sides in civil conflict, have mutually transferred their estates and exchanged protections with each other, to be used as the event of the conflict might prove. Nay, stranger still, there have been cases of the same individual in a dangerous time going about armed with King

James's warrant for martial law in one pocket, while he carried the certificate of his Protestant neighbour to his good conduct and humanity in the other! Such are the inconsistencies, which will continually meet the eye of the explorer of the domestic records of Ireland in the 16th and 17th centuries; the history of which period might well bear for its motto the epigram:—

"Treason can never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Or if a motto be sought in loftier strains, it may be found in the lines of Ireland's own poet, writing possibly with his country's history full in his remembrance:—

"Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name;
Whom but a day's—an hour's—success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."

I introduce these reflections, which are capable of application to conflicting opinions of all shades of diversity, in order to cover the break in our narrative, which must now pass over a considerable period of time. We left one Walter Hussey sitting down prosperous and rewarded for having loyally fought the battles of England's sovereign against her rebel subject Desmond; we resume our tale with the fortunes of another Walter Hussey, in arms *still* for the king, though against "the king's commission," for thus per-

plexed were the watchwords of party in those days. Walter Hussey was one of those "friendly Catholic rebels" who engaged in the great conflict of 1641, with the intention, as is oftentimes supposed, of making a diversion in favour of the unhappy Charles, when hard pressed by his turbulent "Commons of England." To this day, reviewing the maze of the Queen's intrigues, and the mystery of "Glamorgan's Commission," it is very hard to decide the question, whether the great Irish rebellion of 1641 was or was not fomented by encouragement from the Court of Charles.

Be that as it may, poor Walter Hussey ("the worse luck his") banded in most magnanimously among the best of

"The gallants who fought for the crown,"

and held his own with high hand through most of the wars of that day; ay, and might have held out until he came within terms of amnesty as well as others, were it not that an evil destiny must be accomplished; and therefore in a luckless day, Cromwell of the Iron Hand, who was reducing all Ireland in the same ruthless spirit which had quenched the conflagration of Tredagh in the blood of its garrison—determined to detach some of his iron-sided troopers to beleaguer Castle-Gregory, under the command of Colonels Le Hunt and Sadlier, grim-visaged Roundheads, men after his own heart, to whom he gave his usual significant commandment when he meant mischief—namely, "to see that they did not the work of the Lord negligently."

How this command was executed must now be briefly told. The siege grew straiter day by day, until at last, as a fine May morning dawned (*the fa-*

tnl fifth once more), Walter Hussey, with all the garrison which the chances of war had left him, made a desperate *sortie*, and cutting his way through the iron fence of the besieging force, betook himself by the defile of Magh-an-a-boc, to his castle of Minard, at the other side of the mountain.

How his enemies, with the quest of bloodhounds, pursued the doomed man thither; how, after a desperate defence, he died, undermined, blown up, and so mutilated as to be recognised only "by the red stockings which he wore by way of distinction;"—these are all matters written in the local history of the place and time. It only remains for us to sum up the brief memoir of Castle-Gregory's final day, now arrived after a duration of more than three quarters of a century, and we shall have seen it from its cradle to its grave.

It was about mid-day, on the 5th of May, 1649, that Colonel Sadlier, having directed that the castle should be dismantled and rifled—a command which his grim followers executed with all the solemnity of men going to a field preaching—gave the word to break up his leaguer, in order to pursue the traces of his flying foe through the mountain passes.

He had scarcely proceeded a mile on his march towards Glen-a-boc, through which his course lay, when a thin smoke was observed to rise through the grated windows of the castle, then a bright flame flashed at intervals; presently was heard a terrific explosion, re-echoed from the surrounding hills like thunder, and all was over. Castle-Gregory, which, during its short continuance, had been the scene of so bloody "a three act tragedy" of real life, was no more.

CHAPTER XV. AND LAST.

As the evening of that final 5th of May fell, two individuals might be seen groping their way among the scattered and blackened ruins of the castle, which covered the ground in every direction. One, was an old man, in the extreme verge of human existence, with his white hair streaming over the collar of his cothamore; the other, a young child, with his elf locks curling round an infant face; they looked like personifications of the past

and present, of life in its dawn and its decay.

"I can't see at all, Johnny, a-lannah (my child), the night is falling—and, Gold help me—it is nearly dark night with me always; but your eyes are young, God keep them to you, my child—look about you, and if you can see the arch-stones of the door-way lying anywhere, for the love of God, lead me to them, and let me sit down.

The stones, which had been only

shaken out of their place by the explosion, were easily distinguished by their size and shape; and the little boy, as he was directed, led his great grandfather, for in such relation they stood to each other, and placed him sitting on one of the stones.

The old man never attempted to identify them with his eye; but his hand wandered vaguely over the smooth face of the stone, until he found the carved letters so often alluded to, when solemnly lifting his dim eyes to heaven, he said, "Glory be to God, for all he was pleased to leave me to witness. My young hands reared these walls for one angry man, and carved these letters for another. I was young yet, when I saw a woman's foolish anger provoke a man's wild pas-

sion, and anger dip itself in blood; and now the anger of man does the bidding of God upon all, and lays this strong castle in the dust for evermore. God's name be praised for all things, but his ways are wonderful."

The old man sat awhile in solemn meditation—his little unconscious descendant gambolling around him—and then feebly returned to his home at no great distance; and the next morning old Jack Barrett, "the Father of the Barony," as he had long been called, was found quietly dead in his bed, without groan or struggle.

So ends a strange eventful history.

"I cannot tell how it might be,
I say the tale, as 'twas said to me."

R.

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

"By sails and oars did Geoffrey Rudel find
The death that he desired."—PETRARCH.

"Irat et dolent m'en partray
Bien mon vey cet amour de leanch
Et mon vey qu'oura la veray
Car sont trop neutras terras leanch."
From the Provençal of Geoffrey Rudel.

"SHE'S far away—
She's far away;
Alas! my love is far away."
'Twas thus that Geoffrey Rudel sang,
The minstrel prince of Blaye.

One lady's name,
One lady's fame
He heard where'er crusader came.
The wand'ring palmer told her praise,
And many an exile's prayer had she;
Her beauty filled the minstrel's lays,
Or fired the Frankish chivalry.
They left the maids of sunny Rhodes,
And the battle-fields of Jewery,
Both prince and peer who wore the cross,
To win the flower of Tripoli.
A princess of the western line—
Of gentle Raymond of Toulouse,
Her sires had fought in Palestine,
Where'er Duke Godfrey's banner flew;
And now her name in love's sweet tone
Was heard along her father's shore:
It soothed the murmurs of the Rhone,
And sighed along the sedgy Loire.

And thus one minstrel sadly sung,
 As aye he swept his matchless lyre,
 The tale of passion as it sprung
 Forth, burning from his heart of fire :—
 “ Oh, happy birds, for ever free*
 To sing of love so light to mine,
 That I must grieve o'er, silently.
 The shepherds with their pipes do rove,
 The children on their tabors play,
 While I alone in sadness pine
 For her so loved, so far away.”
 Thus sung the gallant troubadour
 That ruled the lands of Blaye.

And though his eye ne'er knew the bliss
 Of lingering o'er that loved one's face,
 He sighed along the troubled wave†
 That washed his own beloved strand :—
 “ It's oh ! to be the meanest slave
 That waits by that fair lady's hand—
 It's oh ! to find a lowly grave,
 And lie within that lady's land.
 No more I'll wander, lorn and lone,
 The banks of my beloved Garonne ;
 No more I'll walk this wild-wood shade—
 The forest flowers are dead to me ;
 No home can be my home, sweet maid,
 Save thy fair land of Tripoli.”

His lance was foremost in the lists,
 His lay within the lady's bower ;
 But long in vain the fair Guienne
 Will mourn her absent troubadour.
 For o'er the ocean-well wide
 Now floats his melancholy lay ;
 The rugged seamen weep beside,
 As still he sings—“ She's far away.”
 His lyre so sweetly murmured on,
 Where swept the waves like liquid gold,
 But wildly, boldly, rung its tone
 Where stormy waters roared and rolled.
 And now triumphant hope it told—
 Now did it wail in wild despair ;
 And now to gentler fancies mould
 Its tones upon the ocean air.

But sadder grew both lay and lyre—
 The minstrel's heart had lost its fire ;
 And as the long-sought lady's land
 Arose before his languid eye,
 And ere his bark had touched the strand,
 He knew that he had come to die.
 But still he sung in broken tones—
 “ Oh ! welcome death, when hope is dead :
 The land will hold my mould'ring bones
 That this beloved one doth tread.”
 He gave the groves of his Garonne
 For a grave by lonely Lebanon :

* Translated extracts from Geoffrey Rudel's poems, in which frequent allusion is made to the distant object of his affections.

† The Bay of Biscay.

And still his prayer was, once to see
The peerless maid of Tripoli.
And lo! ere death had closed his eye
A beauteous vision met its view,
Such as the fervent ecstasy
Of inspiration never drew—
And well his heart the loved one knew
His lonely dreams had cherished long,
When fancy half-prophetic grew,
And showed the subject of his song.
The lady kissed his pallid brow,
And many a tear of sorrow shed—
He gently smiled on her, and lo!
The minstrel's gallant spirit fled.
The voice of song was hushed in death;
But she so loved when far away,
In sorrow drank thy dying breath,
Thou princely troubadour of Blaye.
She said, while weeping by his side—
"No other heart hath earth like thine;
And I will be thy widowed bride,
And wed thy memory to mine.
Adieu, adieu, ye glittering throng—
Ye joys that now no longer bless;
No song is left like Rudel's song—
No love within the world like his."
And drooping as a willow wand,
She's ta'en the circlet from her brow,
The rings from off her velvet hand,
The bracelets from her arm of snow;
And rich attire and princely halls
She's bartered for a convent's gloom,
Where, 'mid its sad and silent walls,
She raised her minstrel lover's tomb:
And there in prayer long pined away
Such beauty as men seldom see,
Till by the Troubadour of Blaye
Was laid the Maid of Tripoli.

The above poem, wild and incredible as the devotion that it depicts may appear, is founded on circumstances that, if not historical, have all the authenticity that writers nearly contemporary with the hero, and the universal credit of those of two succeeding ages, can give them. St. Palaye, in his "*History of the Troubadours*," gives the narrative of the romantic passion of Geoffrey Rudel for the Countess of Tripoli, whose beauty was a world-wide theme at the time of the last crusade. His voyage to see his unseen lady-love—his death on his reaching the shore—her visit, and her subsequently retiring into a nunnery, are all given as matters of fact; and three centuries after, the marble mausoleum that she raised to the memory of her lover was still to be seen. Such devotion, however we may regard it, was not inconsistent with the romantic love of those chivalric times.

BUTLER ON DEVELOPMENT.*

It may be doubted whether this, though a posthumous publication, has suffered at all by the circumstances under which it has now issued from the press. The zeal of Mr. Butler's friends has probably reproduced these letters in as complete and accurate a form as he would himself have been disposed to give them, had Providence been pleased to spare him to us longer. They bore, indeed, at their first appearance, some marks of haste upon them; but those defects were not such as none but the author himself can safely remedy. There was no fault of the first concoction—hardly a vestige of imperfect plan or execution in the reasoning, or the arrangement, or even the style. Though, in their immediate composition, “the work,” as Mr. Woodward tells us, “of hurried moments, snatched from labours of beneficence to the starving crowds who flocked around their author's residence,” that work was but the expression of thoughts long revolved in the capacious mind of one whose words, “like airy ministers,” were ever ready at his will to range themselves in well-ordered files to execute their service to his intellect. The imperfections of which we speak were such as were, under his circumstances, unavoidable. They were occasioned by want of time, and opportunity for a careful examination, and weighing of some authorities cited upon minor parts of the argument. In correcting these blemishes, his editor has judiciously availed himself of the help (always readily given when worthily sought) of Mr. Gibbings, a gentleman whose large and recondite bibliographical erudition would be rare in any country, and is almost unique in this. It is not, we think, too much to say, that the joint labours of two such able commentators upon this part of the work have presented the documentary literature of the question, upon the whole, in even a fuller and fairer shape than Mr. Butler him-

self could have given to it. The honest vigilance with which they have discharged their duty is indeed worthy of all praise; nor will any but low and narrow minds see anything in the stern accuracy with which every, the least, error of statement or citation is noticed and corrected, but what real friendship, as well as truth, demanded from them. Could there be any discrepancy between the demands of these, they would, no doubt, have nobly determined with the Stagirite, *ἰσὺν ἀληθείᾳ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*. But in this case there could be none. There can be no doubt that the great man who has been taken from us would be the first to blame the cowardly and false friendship which should dissemble or extenuate any error into which he might have fallen from personal partiality to himself.

“Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem nil mendosum et mendacem?”

If Mr. Butler, writing in a remote and almost savage region, beset night and day by the unfortunate cries of a starving population, fell now and then into some mistakes, the greatest of those errors may find more than a parallel in the blunders of an antagonist who laboured under no such disadvantages, and who yet could confound Paul of Samosata with the Apostle; while, at any rate, the genuine candour of his character kept him clear from those wilful prevarications which disgrace the statements of the faithless priest of the oratory. The contrast, indeed, between the two men is striking. Both learned, both expert dialecticians, both masters of no vulgar rhetoric: but the causes in which these potent arms are wielded were not more different than the spirit which actuated the combatants. One heartily believing in the power of reason to elicit and establish truth, and faithfully applying that power to the

* “Letters on the Development of Christian Doctrine, in reply to Mr. Newman's Essay.” By the Rev. William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1850.

discovery—the other avowedly sceptical, without faith in the efficacy of the instrument which he affects to use; choosing first the object of his faith, and then looking round for topics to vindicate that faith to the intellects of other men. Even at first sight one is struck, as in the comparison of two countenances—with the honesty stamped upon the face of the one work, and the guile which lurks under the hypocritical features of the other. There is something, indeed, in Father Newman's manner of even approaching a subject characteristic of the peculiarities of his mind. He has, partly from nature and partly from inveterate habit, a sort of intellectual squint, which incapacitates him from taking a straightforward view of anything. The mind's eye glances off from a direct survey by a kind of instinct to the sides of what he contemplates, and, losing sight of everything that is most obvious to others, lights upon some collateral relation to accidental circumstances, and fastens there. This sinister power of descrying, and readiness to seize the wrong handle of everything, is (curiously enough) what gives him, with many, the reputation for depth of thought, which he is certainly far from deserving. The deep relations of things are, to be sure, not obvious; but it is only a confused judgment which concludes that therefore unobvious relations are profound. A relation wholly casual and accidental is often much less obvious than a necessary and essential one; nor is it depth, but a kind of superficial subtlety which is required for tracing such remote but non-essential relations of things. With that sort of superficial subtlety Father Newman is largely endowed; and to this invaluable gift of logic he adds a rhetorical talent most serviceable also to a sophist. His wares are all exhibited in a many-coloured and uncertain light, which makes it very difficult to take an accurate survey of the showy fabrics which the voluble and persuasive dealer exhibits for your custom; and, in this deceitful medium, a thousand tricks are successfully played off, which it would be no easy task to mark and enumerate one by one. Infinite are the resources of dialectic *legerdemain* in this dextrous manipulator of arguments, and everything is continually changing shapes under his magic touch. Sometimes a word

or two slipped in at the right place, "with careless heed and giddy cunning," carries a conclusion far beyond its premises. Sometimes a dazzling illustration so diverts the reader's eye from the true point of the question, that it is changed upon him in a twinkling before he can look round. Sometimes, where the straight and beaten path would lead too plainly to an undesirable position, he is beguiled, upon some specious pretext, into a trackless fairy land, and led up and down its mazes until the safer and direct highway on which he started is forgotten. Truth, when it is to be opposed, is skilfully blended with error, and then the error brought strongly into light, while the truth is cast into the shade; and falsehood, when it is to be recommended, is mixed with truth, and made to pass current under the gilding. While, during the whole process, there is such an air of sanctity thrown around the performer as secures the sympathy of the simple, and makes the very suspicion of craft appear little short of blasphemy. What, for example, can breathe more holily the spirit of devout sincerity than the solemn appeal to the reader's conscience with which Father Newman, fresh from the regenerating waters of his second baptism, prefaces his *Nunc Dimittis*?—"Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations."

"At cum aspicias tristem, cave frugi censes?"

This is the same man who tells you (p. 330), that "Faith is not necessarily or ordinarily based on reason, but connected with the previous hope of the things believed;" that (p. 331) "the majority are to believe first, &c., prove afterwards;" that (p. 327) "we must begin with believing and that conviction will follow;" that, under Catholic teaching (p. 337), "arguments will come to be considered rather as representations and persuasives, than as logical proofs;" and that, "on religious subjects we may prove anything, or overthrow anything, and can arrive at the truth but accidentally, if we merely investigate by what is commonly called reason; which is, in such matters, but the instrument, at best, in the hands of the legitimate judge, spi-

ritual discernment." (Univ. Sermons p. 40, cited by Ward, Ideal, p. 44.) With a sophist, thus unscrupulous and versatile, Mr. Butler undertook to deal, and he was eminently well qualified for the task which he undertook. The "Essay on Development" (like all that singular writer's works) was calculated to produce a strong effect upon the minds for which it was intended. He knew, it is probable, that upon a mind thoroughly Protestant it could produce no effect whatever; that to such a mind it would appear a mere *petitio principii* from one end to the other. But he knew also (for how could the teacher be ignorant of the progress of his pupils?) that there were many who had been led on step by step to the proper point of preparation, at which most of his assumptions might be easily identified with principles which they had already implicitly allowed as probable; and where, when the alternative was suddenly presented of either falling back upon private judgment or advancing into Romanism, any bridge across the narrow stream of doubt in front would be eagerly preferred to the ignominy and peril of a retreat. Successfully to gain the ear of persons so circumstanced, something more than a mere logical refutation was required. The question was to be handled by a philosopher. It is not enough, in many cases, to show merely that your adversary's reasoning is inconclusive, and does not prove his point; or even to establish the opposite of his conclusion. You must trace to their source the errors and prejudices which gave his sophistry its seeming force. You must disentangle and draw out the threads which he has twisted into a web of specious argument; you must show that his principles, when fairly pushed to their consequences, lead to those very conclusions from which the minds on which he works most, passionately revolt. You must speak to men's hearts as well as their heads. You must show that the promise of "conviction" which he makes as the consequence of "faith," is a promise which will not, which cannot be fulfilled. This is what Mr. Butler has done in the present case; and it was a case upon which he could speak feelingly. He had known, experimentally and from within, the system which the "Essay on Development" presents as

the end of controversy; and his inquiring spirit had found in the Church of Rome, not the mother of Certainty, but the nurse of Doubt; and he has invincibly shown that Father Newman's plausible scheme is itself but a new "development" of the incurable scepticism of Popery. To this conclusion it must come at last. The long-sighted already see it to be inevitable; but in the meanwhile it is melancholy to think how many simple souls are embarked, as it were, in the crazy ship of the infallible Church, under the flag of St. Peter, the sails filled with the fresh breeze of newly-risen Faith, and all unmindful of the whirlwind in which their summer voyage is destined to end, and which now—

"Hushed in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

The principles of the "Essay on Development" are, as Mr. Butler has clearly pointed out, essentially sceptical; and all the strength of the book is expended upon these principles. The poor precarious hypothesis of an infallible director, by which the sceptical tendency of the rest is to be corrected, is so manifestly a make-shift foisted in upon the consistent tissue of the general argument, so easily—and indeed so naturally—detached from it, that there can remain little doubt of the ultimate fate which must await the curious fabric. The unsightly patch of Roman Infallibility will be removed, and return to the brokers of frippery who supply such paltry wares; and the remainder will be worn as a gay covering for the nakedness of unbelief until its gloss wears off, or some newer garment becomes more fashionable:—

"Sceptical it assuredly is, if a doctrine may deserve that evil name (and I am quite alive to the responsibility of affixing it), which involves in a doubt dark as that of utter infidelity, all the plain historical grounds of a Christian man's belief, and gives him absolutely no proof at all in return. This indeed has ever been in various degrees a characteristic of the more daring champions of Romanism; though hardly ever so undisguisedly exhibited as now. For, in fact, it is the very consummation of that credulity which is the *intoxication* of intelligent faith, that it exults in adopting the premises of the Infidel, and is delighted to show how it can reach to undoubting conviction by the very path which timid reason dreads as the precipice of unbelief. It despises the slow

and feeble digestion which cannot convert perilous poison to nutritive food ; it thinks scorn of the man who cannot extort his predetermined conclusion from any data at all, or is afraid of the company of the Gibbons and Voltaires the whole way to the one last step. 'I will make every other proof so vain,' is its vaunt, 'that you must be either Satan's or mine!' The writer of this volume has ever been rather too much addicted to what he has himself styled this 'kill or cure' method of proof ; his present performance differs in this only from the ingenious mischief of his former of the same kind, that he has in this case unfortunately forgotten altogether the 'cure.' One by one he detaches from under us (to apply Moore's beautiful fiction) every foothold ; and at length leaves his bewildered disciple clinging with the hands alone, the weak relaxing hands, to the chain that suspends him over the abyss. 'Scripture?' It is so ambiguous and esoteric, that 'plain and logical' comments are certain to lead to heresy. 'Primitive belief?' Christian truth, in the sense required, is not primitive. Roman authority? It is forced to rest upon the unproved assumption that a claim never made for centuries may yet be indispensable to salvation. Universal and perpetual Church infallibility? It is hardly disguised,—it is most surely involved, as I have demonstrated,—that it cannot be made to fit the facts of Roman theological history without contradiction. While, under all suppositions alike—even universal infallibility, wheresoever placed,—the guide of faith is but an explorer of truth, gaining on it by degrees, slowly and painfully making her way to its complete comprehension : she does not see truth, she only feels after it ; she has the gifted touch of the blind indeed, but that is all ; she will come to know it in its integrity some time or other, but in the mean time she cannot profess to give more than fragments and samples of the will and the truth of God. We may call her 'infallible ;' but infallibility is no more than a word, though a long one ; the word can work no charm. If in reality the Church is sure to go wrong (as the theory insists) unless there be infallibility to direct it ; if the infallibility that directs it (as again the theory involves) be itself completely dependent on, and directed by, the movement of the Church—guided by that which it alone can guide ;—if the general development urgently demand a superintending authority to keep it from confusion and error ; and yet that superintending authority (as the new doctrine maintains, and all history attests) only gives utterance to the general development itself of the age in which it happens to speak ;—once more—if the original Scripture revelation be an inscrutable enigma which might lead to anything, and prove anything, and be consistent with anything, until expounded by an authority which that incomprehensible revelation alone

can guarantee, and which, after it has been guaranteed, is itself essentially mutable, confessedly unrecognised for ages, and to this day unable distinctly to define itself ; in what but utter unbelief can such a medley of conflicting suppositions end, except so far as the mercy of Heaven may confound the logic of its authors, and force them to break the laws of reasoning, that they may keep the laws of God? Such, meanwhile, is unquestionably the present position of this theory : if it is to be further prosecuted,—if a 'school' of development theology is to be founded in our age, he must be strangely dull or strangely devoted who can doubt where it must end ; who can doubt what must be the last miserable result of a scheme which first discredits all the old grounds of belief, and so far unquestionably cooperates with the Infidel, in order to exalt in their place a specific source of authority ; and then by virtue of the very reasoning brought to establish that authority, implies that the authority itself is shifting, changeable, uncertain,—and so far teaches the disciple, what I am quite ready to believe it has not taught the master,—to take the second step with the Infidel as well as the first."

No unprejudiced person, we think, acquainted with the prevailing philosophy of Germany, and the direction in which Mr. Newman's studies were early turned, can doubt that the theory of development has its origin in the modern Pantheistic system, which goes under the name of Hegelianism ; and to the source from which this shallow river springs thither it must inevitably turn again. Accepting Mr. Newman's description of Christianity as correct, the transcendental philosopher will soon teach men to regard it as nothing but a developed modification of the true Pantheistic religion of nature ; suitable, in its vulgar shape, for the ages during which it could boast of chronic continuance, but requiring to be a little rectified by esoteric teaching, to suit the requirements of the present and the future. Mr. Newman has given us his notions of truth in a remarkable passage, which has always appeared to us the very key of the whole book :—

"When one and the same IDEA," says he, "is held by persons who are independent of each other, and are variously circumstanced, and have possessed themselves of it by different ways, and when it presents itself to them under different aspects, without losing its substantial unity and its identity, and when it is thus variously presented, yet recommended to persons similarly circumstanced ; and when it is presented to persons

variously circumstanced under aspects, discordant, indeed, at first sight, but reconcilable after such explanations as their respective states of mind require, then it seems to have a claim to be considered the representative of an objective truth."—pp. 31, 32.

Now, if the history of Christianity, *i. e.*, of the human mind, *working out* a religion under certain conditions, during a few centuries, on a *part* of the earth's surface, be sufficient to prove that the ideas which the Roman Catholic system involves are true, the still older development of Polytheism in the world's history must be equally conclusive as to the fundamental ideas of natural religion. The next step is an easy one—to define those fundamental ideas so as to be common to the two systems—Heathen idolatry and Romanism; and the result equally easy—the establishment of that good old scheme of Pantheism, which is the only adequate scientific statement of mythology. Upon this transcendental view of the matter, it is obvious that the Christian doctrines received in the Catholic system will necessarily be regarded as results of the "assimilating power" of the genuine old religion of nature—a view much more correct and philosophical than that which treats the polytheistic ideas as assimilated by Christianity. That Mr. Newman's principles make abundant provision for still larger assimilations of the same kind, is proved by Mr. Butler in the following striking passage:—

"Bishop Stillingfleet, as I remember, quotes in one of his treatises the case of certain sectaries, mentioned by St. Augustine, who identified our Lord with the Sun; the Bishop arguing (against the common Romish evasion), that sun-worship, even under that supposition, could ill be excused from the imputation of idolatry. A modern growth of these Christian Guebres might, however, on the new system, make out no feeble case; the public religious recognition of this great visible type of the True Light is but a fair 'development' of 'the typical principle'; the justifiable imitation of the guilt of heathens, in its adoration, is but an instance of the transforming powers of the 'sacramental principle'; while it requires but the most obvious use of the great instrument of orthodoxy, 'mystical interpretation,' to find the duty hinted (clearly enough for watchful 'faith,' though obscurely to the blinded and undevout), in those passages that speak of a 'tabernacle for the Sun,' and we know the Jews *adored* towards the 'tabernacle,' or Deity itself being a 'Sun'—or the 'rising of

the *Sol Justitie*' (for these things sound more solemnly in the ecclesiastical language)—or 'a woman clothed with the Sun,' which woman herself we know to be the object of just adoration, and whose 'clothing' may fairly be included in the worship, by the well-known 'principle' of material contact, on which so much of the supernatural virtue of relics is founded. Indeed the whole body of the righteous are promised to 'shine as the Sun' in the heavenly kingdom; an expression which, though it appear superficially to refer to a period not yet arrived, the Church has correctively developed into an assurance of their present beatification, and consequent right to worship; while it must be at once manifest, that if any representative emblem of the *Deity* may demand religious prostration in our churches, the analogous emblem of the 'deified,' in the great temple of the material universe, may fairly expect a participation in that honour. It is true, there is an express command (Deut. iv. 15), 'Take heed lest when thou seest the sun, &c., thou shouldest be driven to worship them,' &c., but so there is a command, at least as distinct and imperative, against the worship of *images*, which Mr. Newman instructs us has been repealed under the Gospel, and was never more than a mere Judaic prohibition ('intended for mere temporary observance in the letter,' p. 434), his chief reason being, that the Jews kept it and yet were punished, which, it is obvious, is equally applicable to the glorious development and high privilege of sun-worship which we are humbly vindicating. As to 'early anticipations,' there is that plain and irresistible one, the custom of turning to the east in portions of the public service, which can, in no wise, be better explained than by supposing a primitive sun-worship, or, at the very least, an instinctive undeveloped 'tendency' thereto (which will answer as well), of which the Fathers indeed take little notice, because this entire mystery was part of the *disciplina arcani*. But you will say, —for what will not the frigid and sceptical spirit of 'Protestantism' allege, to escape the unwelcome control of legitimate development?—that this very custom appears to be condemned by the high authority of St. Augustine, and something very like it attributed to the Manichees. Undoubtedly; but our new instructor has shown us (p. 351) how to discover, in the utmost extravagancies of heresy, only the impatient strugglings of premature truth,—embryo Catholicism, born before its time; as *he* treats Tertullian's Montanism, we treat the brilliant, but too eager anticipations of Manes. While, again, Augustine lived, after all, in but the childhood of the Church; he who certainly knew nothing of transubstantiation, and has given (doubtless corrupted by the Syrian school that misled Chrysostom and Theodoret) such sad triumphs to heresy on that head, may well be regarded as not absolutely in-

fallible upon this. Still, you may murmur, at how late a period does this novel graft upon the Christian stock appear! Vain surmises of a mind that cannot rise to a due conception of the generative energy of that prolific faith (comp. Newman, p. 71), that even in old age can multiply its family of legitimate developments! For more than a thousand years the Church had to wait for the full manifestation of the Gogorian development of absolute spiritual and temporal supremacy, plainly as it is revealed in the very first chapter of Genesis; for nearly fourteen hundred she had to wander in the darkness of a vain belief that the commands of the Last Supper were to be strictly observed, nor knew how ('for some wise purpose, doubtless,' p. 366) it would add infinitely to her happiness and her orthodoxy to break them! But has—*you persist to urge*—has the Church pronounced in favour of this, so as to warrant me to consider the Worship of the Sun a just and correct development of her admitted principle of relatively worshipping matter as an emblem of God? Perhaps not; but *how could a development ever take place if you were to wait first for her authoritative command?* All the developments by which the mediæval theology is distinguished from that of Ignatius or Cyprian, grew up through the gradual expansion of tendencies in individual minds, and were only at length stamped by the seal of ecclesiastical authority. The verdict of Rome is the consummation, not the outset of development. The chosen instrument of a new development must prepare for struggle and conflict; storms and tempests must precede the sacred calm; the protracted warfare of intellects is indispensable to win for the Church these new territories in theology. The most characteristic, perhaps, of all developments of the Gospel—the assertion of the indefeasible right of Christian men to bow down before wood and stone—was the result of a century and a half of conflict in East and West; and so little are you to be discouraged by the opposition of modern enlightenment in forcing a way for any doctrine (however apparently monstrous) you espouse, that it is notorious that, in that struggle, nearly every divine of character in the Church of the West, including the royal saint, Charlemagne, himself, was opposed to the innovation. Since 'development' is the law of the Christian Revelation, it is clearly the duty of every man, in the first instance, to push to the utmost, by every art of ecclesiastical influence and agitation, whatever he may conceive to be a *just* development; he cannot know it to be *not* so, until Rome—not of late very forward to decide—has spoken; till then it is plainly his positive duty to press his point; the conviction he feels is evidence *for*—and he has no evidence as yet against—his being the elected instrument of Heaven to herald into the world a new 'de-

velopment of Christian doctrine.' On what conceivable ground, consistently with this theory, should the *heliolator* delay to propagate his views, or hesitate at once to offer his humble contribution to the ever-growing accumulation of Christian theology? Rome is not the moving power, but the criterion, of development; the candidate must strive *before* the judge can decide. The theory of development itself, has it waited for the sanction of the Vatican?

"How the slight and humble instance of development which I have ventured to suggest may be carried further, and the heavenly bodies *at large* made the basis of a new exhibition of the principle of relative and typical worship, such passages as Job, xxxviii. 7, Ps. cxlviii. 8, 1 Cor. xv. 41, &c. &c., will readily suggest to the thoughtful reader, practised in exploring the depths of Scripture with the sounding-line of mystical interpretation. Indeed it may be questioned whether, on the same invaluable principles, we may not reconquer to the standard of the Gospel (under some slight decorous changes of name and circumstance), the whole long-lost territory of Pagan dogma and worship; a scheme said to have been partly contemplated by some of the literary cardinals at the court of Leo X."

But the most amusing application of Mr. Newman's principles is that which brings Protestantism itself within the developments of Christian doctrine, in Letter IV., which is unfortunately too long to be extracted. But we must make room for one other passage before we conclude:—

"Regard for one moment the position of *an individual speculator*, under this theory of the perpetual development of doctrine, by the mind of the Church. Suppose him even a devoted Romanist, and I desire to know what conceivable authority this theory supplies to govern him, to repress his wildest heretical fantasies, over and above what is admitted on any theory of philosophic rationalism?

"A strong and novel fancy enters his thoughts. He recurs to the past records of the Church. It may be, he finds nothing there absolutely to preclude it; nothing, at the worst, which he himself cannot (remembering what an infallible Church has already done in this way) sufficiently interpret as permissive. If so, it may be *true*, and not only true, but (tremendous to think!) it may be a *great fundamental, unrevealed truth*, a truth like the Trinity and Original Sin, which grew up in just this indirect way; or like the worship of the Virgin, or the Papal supremacy, which, when they first occurred to some private doctor, had no whit better authority. The growing convic-

tion that his precious treasure may be the first glorious gleam of a coming development, is not very likely to diminish his eagerness to cherish and promulgate it. His priest, his bishop, has plainly no authority to interfere; a bishop might as justly have suppressed the *first* mention of Purgatory or Image-worship; manifestly nothing under absolute infallibility has any lawful right to overbear what *may* be as important a development as either. To apply to Rome in every such private case would be impracticable and ridiculous; the repose of Rome is not to be disturbed to satisfy the uncertainty of every individual conscience; and, after all, Rome itself is admitted not to be final and absolute in the matter. Where, then, shall he apply? What restraining authority exists on earth to control him? An *Ecumenical Council*, a *new Lateran* or *Trent*, *must be called*; or this man is justified, by virtue of the theory of development, in living and dying in his private heresy, as long as he believes it *may* be unrevealed truth. No other conceivable remedy exists; and even supposing the absurdity got over, of convoking such an assembly to cure every in-

dividual dreamer's crotchets, the Ecumenical Council itself must deal timidly enough with one who may be the chosen of God; when it remembers that (by virtue of the same theory) half the Councils of the Church would confessedly have gone astray on half the doctrines it now believes!

Justified, therefore, in his independence, our development goes forth 'to open the mind of the Church' to his dogma. It spreads—spreads justly, if prelates but understand their duty, for how shall they venture to deny the possibility of the new apostle's mission? Whatever their personal opinion of the doctrine, they cannot forget how the best and gravest prelates of the eighth century were as deeply persuaded of the peril of Image-worship as they, yet *that* development ultimately justified itself by its success. Discussion arises, discussion for years, and millions die in the new belief unwarned, unhindered; for where is the authority that shall dare to interdict its diffusion; or who is there whose duty is not rather to watch and wait upon the providential movement, 'lest haply he be found fighting against God?' "

TUBULAR CONSTITUTIONS.

"Curious tube of mighty power,
Charmers of an idle hour—
Object of my warm desire."

HAWKINS BROWNE.

SIR,—When I was a boy, I was wonderfully curious to know what was meant by the term "Clerk of the Pipe."

I used to consider within myself, *what* pipe? and wavered in my determinations whether this clerk, mysterious, dark, might be clerk of a shepherd's pipe, an organ pipe, a gas-pipe, a water pipe, or a tobacco-pipe.

After much vain inquiry, I at length consulted a gentleman of the law, who, also at length (being first duly feed) informed me that the clerkship of the pipe was one of those enviable offices, called sinecures; and that the term "pipe" was a part for the whole "pipe," for the Pipe Rolls, of which this snug gentleman was keeper, or clerk, and for which he had some pretty considerable of a salary, with pretty considerable of nothing at all to do for it.

Now, sir, I had often heard of civil and religious liberty, and the liberty of the rolls, and the Master of the Rolls,

and the Deputy-Master of the Rolls; these pipe rolls, however, are another batch of the same bakery; they are called Pipe Rolls, because they are made up for the office, tubularly, or in the shape of so many pipes or rolls. Such was my discovery of the nature and office of Clerk of the Pipe.

Whether this desirable situation be still in existence I really cannot say (though for the sake of the occupant thereof, it is to be hoped so); but it strikes me forcibly, that, if non-existent, it is in contemplation to revive it for our benefit in this green—I had almost said, *very* green island; and that the first-to-be-newly-created Clerk of the Pipe is, or was intended to be, no less a personage than our *last*, though not *least*, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland.

If your genius inclines you to recollection, good Mr. Editor, you may recollect that Lord John Russell, during the debates in the last session of Par-

liament upon the proposed removal of our Viceroy, took his stand, or rather, I should say, his *stride*—for never was argument so narrow on so broad a basis—on the pillars that stem the tide of MENAI; like the Colossus of Rhodes, or rather of rail-roads, his Lordship be-straddled the metallic ligament of the son of Stephen; hence, like that Rhodian concern (I do not allude to the celebrated Rat-Powder of that name, sir, I assure you), he extends in his right hand the beacon light of peace and union to both nations;

"Ye gods, annihilate both time and space,
And make two nations happy."

His Lordship, who, in truth, proves himself thereby an almost universal genius, has desperately solved the hieroglyphical Edipisms of Bradshaw; and having got himself into a line, which you and I, Mr. Editor, with oft-exploring finger, and oft-imploing eye, never could do, expounds to an admiring world the Sphynxian theory of the United Kingdoms.

Slippery thing that UNION. Yet slippery as it is, we have it—by the tail—at last; his lordship has pounced upon it, has netted it in the inextricable net of Bradshaw. Indistinct and misty, oftentimes, appeared that UNION; in fact, many people said, and were sure, they couldn't see it at all, yet now by the light of both nations, I mean Bradshaw, extended in the hand of the colossal John, we have it—as clear—yes, as clear as mud!

Bradshaw has been translated by Lord John; since the days of CHAM-FOLLION, so great a feat has not been achieved in the hieroglyphical world—here it is. The countries are united by Bradshaw—thirteen hours of disunion only—a poor baker's dozen of inconsiderable hours is interposed between; as in the matchless *fresco* of Guido Reni, our Aurora is flying over, with Lord John, Bradshaw, and the Hours in her train.

Which way is she flying?

Ah! there's the only weak point in the master-piece, Mr. Editor; and I tell you, that she certainly does not appear to be flying *our* way?

Now considering that this new and improved tubular mode of uniting nations, which the disaffected would call "piperly," is determined on by Lord John, though his lordship's determination on *any* subject is rather indetermi-

nate; and as the incomprehensible Bradshaw has been declared to be his Lordship's

"GUIDE, Philosopher, and Friend,"

I would venture through your columns, which I may truly call Basaltic, to suggest to Mr. Bentham—I mean Mr. Bradshaw, the Bentham of Lord John—the extension of this system of governmental metallic *macaroni*.

Why a great tube and principle, malleable and ductile as it is, should not extend across other straits than the Menai, I know not. Why not across the straits of Dover? why should it not be hammered into the heads, and riveted to the hearts of our Gallic brethren and through them of the Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine continent?

England might, through the centre of her tubes, centralize all Europe—Asia by a pipe across the Bosphorus; America is, and would require too great a bore; Africa, or at least the Cape, seeming determined to cut the connexion, might be *cut*; the Cape to cut her own capers.

Fancy, Sir, our happiness as West Britons, when we should behold the terrestrial globe, as our countryman Lord Rosse does the celestial, through gigantic and Titanic tubes of true Britannia metal. London, the polished speculum, reflecting from its capacious disk the doings of all nations; Robert Stephenson, our Galileo, who, in the darkness of the midnight of our ignorance, displays to our admiring eyes the glories of centralization; the heaven—a heaven entirely on one side, however—of true Imperial Government opened to us at last!

We Irish are to be governed in future, as sailors in a storm, by means of a monstrous speaking trumpet.

Our grievances, lisped through the great whispering gallery of the Menai, will swell into voices of thunder, on the East British side, and the thousand benevolences which our centralized Executive intends to confer upon us, will make us kick up a tremendous racket of gratitude at our end of the aperture.

Bradshaw, expounded by Lord John, is to be our deliverer out of the House of Bondage and out of the land of Egypt. As No. 45 was the number of the *North*, so is No. 13 to be that of the *West Briton*.

Now that the Government has se-

cured the "*pipe*," they will not, surely, object to pay the piper. As for us, the day of our Destiny, or rather of our Deputy, is over; our Lord Lieutenant will be a Lord *Left-tenant*; our General Governor will be a General *Gone-over*; the Shamrock of Ireland must pale before the *Tube-Rose* of West Britain. It is a great bore, certainly, our being in future to be governed in this manner, and the manner of our being governed in future is a great bore!

Like Pyramus and Thisbe, the brother and sister countries, Mr. Bull and the Fair Hibernia will interchange their amorous endearments through a hole in the wall. ROBERT, the Son of STEPHEN, doth enact the part of Wall.

"In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Stephenson, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, TAURUS and HIBERNIA,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This strong-cast iron and these rivets show
That I am that same wall—the truth is so,
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

It is to be hoped, sir, that the whisperings of the great Mr. Bull and the fair Hibernia will be of the nature of the communications of Mr. JOSEPH ADY—"something to their advantage," but not to the same *No-purpose*.

If this latest-found, though by no means best-beloved, measure of centralization, based upon the splendid "spread" of Stephenson—not that which we swallow, but that which swallows us—and the enigmatical numerals of Bradshaw, should be persisted in—if Stephenson the Great, Bradshaw the Oracular, and John, the reverse of Great—the triumvirate of centralize

union—"trios junctos in uno"—should work out their apparent determination to "*carry our Lady to London*," the effect will be this. *This* will be the effect. We have seen what iron, cast and malleable, *can* do; we shall see what iron, malleable and cast, *cannot* do. We shall see that hours of themselves neither unite nations nor separate them; Bradshaw, or any other enemy of mine, may write a book, but the truth will not be in him; John, or any other Minister of mine, may expound Bradshaw, but the truth will not be in John.

"We measure distance by the heart."

as the charming HELEN FAUCIT—I mean the ingenuous Mr. MARSTON, speaking through the heaven's gate of those charming lips, expresses himself. It is not in a baker's dozen of hours of intercommunication that union consists, nor in any dozen or half-dozen of hours, nor in "piperly" contrivances of whatever magnitude. If this were true, everybody that sits next to everybody must be in love with everybody!

When this tubular constitution breaks down, which I foresee, if attempted, it will, though the tube itself may last till doomsday; when Lord John, this second TUBAL CAIN, finds out, as find out he will, that his metallic conductors, however they may shock our nerves, have no power to affect our hearts, I would venture, however humbly, to intimate my new invention. This, I confess, has never been tried, but I should hope its startling novelty may not be received as conclusive evidence against its utility.

It is only this—if you want to UNITE the countries of Ireland and England, "JUST CONSULT THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. F.

From the "Hole in the Wall," Phoenix Park.

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IRELAND—THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

In a back street in this city, where the footfall of the pedestrian is seldom heard, or the bustling barrister seldom seen, and far removed from the ordinary courts of law, stands an unostentatious house, differing in nought from its fellows, as far as external appearance is concerned. Should the visitor's curiosity prompt him to enter, after pushing open the door that swings freely upon its hinges, and following a narrow passage, he will find himself in a moderately sized room, fitted up like a county court-house. There three judges, sitting upon elevated seats, preside; and from twenty to thirty professional persons—a few of them barristers, the rest attorneys—occupy the almost empty benches. The observations addressed to the court are short and pertinent—for they brook not long speeches—and their final decision is immediately pronounced in language equally explicit. This, at least, is generally the case. Impressed, perhaps, with an idea that these are *puisse* matters of no public importance, he is about to retire to some more interesting spectacle, when he suddenly discovers that this is the **INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT**.

Of all the measures that have ever been passed for the improvement and regeneration of Ireland, none are likely to prove of so bold or so comprehensive a scope as the Act to facilitate the sale of Incumbered Estates. A superficial legislation had often directed other enactments against the eye-sores that emanated from the diseased condition of the country; but this act strikes deeply at their origin; it is co-extensive with the evils it is intended to remedy, and boldly grapples with them at their source. To dispossess the hereditary owners of the

soil, to break up gigantic estates, to apportion them among a different class of persons, to pay off the incumbrances that hang like millstones round the necks of the inheritors, to introduce new strength, capital, and life-blood into Ireland, to create a yeomanry class—a peasant proprietary, to sweep away the Chancery suits that have been accumulating in a multiplying ratio for years, to unfetter land and throw it into the market, to diminish absenteeism, to place the landlord and lessee in a more wholesome position, with new arrangements for the tenant, and a new system for the people: these, to a certain extent, are among the results likely to follow from this act. The vital importance of the measure was, however, but little understood, even by its framers. It was looked upon more as a temporary expedient to meet a temporary emergency, than as a great and comprehensive plan destined to work a social revolution unexampled in the history of this country.

When we reflect upon the amount of land about to pass through the ordeal of the Incumbered Estates Court, its territorial extent, its pecuniary value; and when we consider the short time that has elapsed since the commission was first constituted, and the rapidity with which so large a proportion of the Irish soil has been brought into the court, it is natural that we should feel a desire to examine the social condition of Ireland at the time, in order, if possible, to ascertain by what agency so great and so sudden a change has been brought about, and how it has come to pass that the landed proprietors of this country, once wealthy and powerful, have been reduced in so short a time to helpless poverty.

In order to examine these matters

fully, it would be necessary to review the social condition of Ireland for many years past. But as this paper cannot extend beyond prescribed limits, we propose to trace as shortly as possible the steps by which this consummation has been brought about.

The evils which we have seen in our days are the results of many causes, all tending to the same point. It is not to the embarrassed condition of the landlords, nor to the potato failure, nor the poor-rate, nor the "Public Works"—it is not to any one of these alone that the fall of the ancient proprietors of the soil can be traced. It is to a series of circumstances, extending over many years, and closely connected with the social condition of the country; with the statutes by which we are governed; with the executive administration of the laws; with the religion, the morals, and the habits of the people.

For several years preceding the famine the condition of this country was steadily improving. Farms were consolidated, substantial houses were built for the tenants, an improved system of agriculture, better descriptions of stock and farm implements were introduced, flax was receiving the greatest attention, and extensive works of drainage and reclamation were undertaken. Such was the condition of Ireland in the year 1846, when the potato, the sole support of seven-eighths of the people, suddenly disappeared, and put an end to these progressive movements.

The principal obstacle to the progress and improvement of Ireland has invariably been attributed to the subdivision and subletting of farms; and the great outcry always raised against the landlords for adopting what was called "the clearance system," is a sufficient evidence that they, at any rate, were not *participes criminis*. It is difficult for persons not acquainted with the south and west of Ireland to believe that a gentleman's estate could ever be partitioned not only without his permission, but against his positive will, among persons little removed from the condition of paupers, and not even possessed of "a commodity of a good name." Yet such was constantly the practice in this country. A hut was raised in a night upon some remote portion of his estate; at first it resembled a thatched hay or turf rick; after a few days it was elevated into the re-

semblance of a cart-shed, and gradually assumed the appearance of the neighbouring cabins. It was a point of honour with the surrounding tenants to conceal the fact from their landlord, and as soon as he discovered it he generally found that he had to undergo all the difficulties and expenses of a regular ejectment before he could dispossess the intruder. The fee-simple of the land, in many cases, would not have been worth the expense; and the odium that attached to his conduct in the neighbourhood was generally sufficient to deter him. All sorts of expedients were resorted to in order to assist the pauper in this praiseworthy crusade against the landlord. A patient ill of typhus fever was often placed by the road-side in a ditch; a few branches and a little straw formed a kind of shelter, and in process of time a small mud hut bid defiance alike to the weather and the landlord. Another expedient was often adopted, previous to the potato failure, by a tenant, holding perhaps a hundred acres or more, whose lease was within a year or two of its expiration. Such a person would often subdivide his farm, receiving large fines from the poor ignorant people, sometimes equivalent to five or even ten years' rent. And such was their intense desire to become the owners of a small lot of ground, that no friendly caution was sufficient to deter them from so absurd and ruinous a bargain. If there were no covenant in the tenant's lease against underletting, the landlord had no remedy; and even if such a covenant existed, a suit instituted shortly before the determination of the tenancy, against a party who had probably left the country, would, even if possible, have been worse than useless. The landlord had therefore, no option. He was obliged, at the conclusion of the lease, to bring his ejectment against the premises, and, though a just and generous landlord, to incur all the odium that should have been heaped upon another. Such were among the expedients sometimes resorted to where the landlord resided upon his property, or where an active agent filled his place. In the absence of both, or often with the connivance of the latter, affairs were managed in a more open manner. It was no extraordinary thing for a person who had gone abroad for his health or amusement to find his

whole estate crowded with paupers at his return, after an absence of only three or four years; bogs, swamps, plantations, and moors being all covered with squatters. On the introduction of strangers such artifices were practised, but the custom of subdividing their farms among their children, both sons and married daughters, was looked upon as a species of legal right with which the lord of the soil had no power to interfere, and no cause to complain. If any objection were made, the single room, of which the cabin generally consisted, was partitioned into two by a division made of wickerwork plastered with mud, and handed over to the new married couple; and little by little a second door, and finally a second house became planted upon the estate by imperceptible degrees. And this took place again and again, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the most indefatigable landlord.

To receive even a faint impression of the extent to which subdivision of land had been carried in Ireland, it will be necessary for a person who has not the opportunity of obtaining personal information to turn to two maps given in the Report of Lord Devon's Commission (*Appendix 14, 1*). The first figure shows the subdivision effected in one generation. The townland contains 205 acres, and was formerly held by two tenants, but had been subdivided, at the date of the Report, into 422 separate lots! held by twenty-nine tenants.

"The people had been in the habit of subdividing their lands, not into two, when a division was contemplated, but into as many times two as there were qualities of land to be divided. They would not hear of the equivalent of two bad acres being set against one good one, in order to maintain union or compactness. Every quality must be cut in two, whatever its size or whatever its position. Each must have his half perches, although they be ever so distant from his half acre. And this tendency is attributable to the conviction of these poor ignorant people, that each morsel of their neglected land is, at present, in the most productive state to which it could be brought."

The next figure shows the new division proposed by the tenants, by which each holding would be in two lots distant from each other. The united length of an average farm

would be about *one hundred times its mean breadth*; and one of the farms containing 1*l.* 1*s.* 15*p.* would have had a length of 266 perches, and a mean breadth of 4-5th of a perch, or the length would have been 332 *times its breadth*!

As we feel that the awful crisis that has occurred, and which called so imperatively for the Incumbered Estates Act, was almost wholly dependent upon these phases in the internal economy of the country, it will be necessary to examine the subject a little farther, not for the sake of vindicating the conduct of the landlords, but in order to place the true merits of the case clearly before the reader. The report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the occupation of land in Ireland says:—

"The cause which most frequently, at the present day, leads to the eviction of tenants on a particular estate, is the wish of the proprietor to increase the size of the holdings, with a view to the better cultivation of the land; and when it is seen upon the evidence, and in the return upon the size of the farms, how minute these holdings are frequently found to be previous to the change, it cannot be denied that such a step is in many cases absolutely necessary, and called for by a due regard to the interests of both landlord and tenant. It frequently happens, that upon the expiration of a long lease the landlord finds his property occupied by a multitude of paupers, who had obtained an occupation of a few roods or acres, either through the want of a clause against sub-letting in the former demise, or the failure of the landlord through some legal defect, or his own neglect to enforce that covenant, if existing. Many of these poor people are found living in a most miserable way, and quite incapable of managing their land property, or so as to derive from their small holdings a sufficient supply even of food for their subsistence."

The Select Committee of the House of Lords, in 1825, also refer in their report to the minute subdivision of land, the extreme difficulty of preventing it, and the number of persons intervening between the head landlord and the immediate occupier. And they state, that they observe with satisfaction, that the increasing intelligence of landlords is now endeavouring to supply a gradual remedy to the subdivision of land, and that they entertain a confident expectation, that, for the mutual benefit of both landlords and tenants, this remedy will

be as extensively applied as circumstances will permit. The Committee on Emigration in 1826 and 1827, speak of the growing conviction among the landlords in Ireland, of the mischief of the system of under-tenancy, and of the excess of population which attends it. In like manner, the Select Committee, in 1830, describe the advantage of agriculture during the war, the consequent demand for labour, and augmentation of the population; the increased value of the land, and so the temptation for subletting. After alluding to the wretched condition to which the sub-division of land and an over-population had reduced the people, their Report proceeds:—

"Such was the state of things so soon as a fall in prices occurred after the peace. A change then began to take place in the system of managing lands. The great decline of agricultural produce prevented many of the middlemen, as well as the occupiers, from paying their rents; an anxiety began to be felt by the proprietors to improve the value of their estates, and a general impression was produced in the minds of all persons, that a pauper population spread over the face of the country would go on increasing, and the value of the land, at the same time, diminishing, till the produce would become insufficient to maintain the resident population. The new system of managing lands was that of consolidating farms, and bringing the landlord and tenant more immediately in contact. It is stated to lead to better husbandry, to farm buildings, and more comfortable habitations, to the gradual improvement of the quality of the soil and quantity of produce. Lower rents are assumed, but on an average of years larger rents are paid; and a race of yeomanry is likely to spring up and to be encouraged. *These benefits are so strongly felt, that all the witnesses concur, that they are universally recognised by the landlords and agents, and are carried into practice as far as circumstances will admit.* The risk to be apprehended is, not that the proprietors of lands should be insensible to these considerations, but that they should, in some cases, proceed with too much rapidity."

Such having been the policy of the landlords, ever since the year 1825, it will naturally be asked how it happened, under such circumstances, that the evil continued to increase? The causes were manifold. The creation of the forty-shilling freeholders was one of the principal encouragements to the sub-division of estates. As long as they continued to vote with their landlords, they increased his political power, at a

time when political influence was of no mean value to the holder. As soon as the late Mr. O'Connell, by their assistance, had defeated the landlords of Ireland at the elections, he consented to the act for disfranchising them, and abandoned them, unconditionally, to the mercy of the irritated proprietors. A few ejections which, unfortunately, took place from these motives, served to give a political tone to the question, which seems, even to the present day, to attach to the improvement and consolidation of farms.

The next great impulse in favour of the multiplication and sub-division of farms is the unexampled increase of the people. It was a leading feature in Mr. O'Connell's policy, that "captives Israel multiplied in chains." All his power, he was well aware, resided in the prejudices and bigotry of the lowest of the people. With the enlightened Roman Catholic population he had but little influence, and there were but few of them that did not, at some time or other, come in for the full vial of his wrath. His power lay altogether with the lowest: he could pander to their prejudices, avail himself of their ignorance; awake the bad passions of their hearts, and appeal to their real miseries; and the more the population increased the more powerful he became, not only in the number of his supporters, but in the accumulated ignorance and vice that resulted from adding to an already superabundant population.

In this policy Mr. O'Connell was materially assisted by the Roman Catholic priesthood, who, apart from the fact that they were actuated by motives similar to his, had also a direct personal interest of a different kind in the increase of the population. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Roman Catholic priest is altogether paid by fees. The poorest person in the parish often pays an annual sum equal to that paid by the wealthiest farmer; marriage fees, christening, and stations, sometimes amounting to £10 each, form the residue of his income; and it will be in the recollection of the reader, that Mr. O'Connell, in one of his speeches against the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy, in the latter part of his life (for previous to the granting of Emancipation he had given his sworn evidence strongly in favour of such a measure), said, that it was

not in the power of the British exchequer to pay them as they were then paid. For these and many other motives, which it is unnecessary to specify, early marriages and the increase of the population have been encouraged and fostered in Ireland in every conceivable manner by the Roman Catholic priesthood. The miseries that must result from adding hundreds of thousands to the already superabundant population, and from bringing new labourers to compete, in a market already overstocked, the disease, the crime, and the distress they propagated, were all set at nought; the result was, that the stock of labour was increased till wages fell to zero; that the habitations of the poor became crowded; that disease was disseminated; that theft, and all manner of vice and iniquity have been resorted to in order to procure subsistence; whilst, more painful still, multitudes perished of want.

And here, if it were not digressing too much from the matter in hand, we may be permitted to express our regret that the exertions of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the very great influence they possess with the people, are not directed *less* to the furtherance of agitation, with all the evils that follow in its train, and *more* to the suppression of the crimes and outrages that disgrace this country. Against the single sin of immorality, which, according to Malthus, has the effect of reducing the population, and of superseding the rites of matrimony, their efforts are, it is true, from motives of personal interest, directed; but murders, accompanied with unexampled barbarity, take place in their parishes, and the criminal continues at large, by their sufferance, and meets with the sympathy of the people, receiving a welcome and a shelter in their homes; and yet, that voice, so ready to denounce from the altar their landlord's acts, is seldom raised against the criminal. Farm houses are attacked nightly, the peasant is beaten—often murdered; cornstacks are burned, horses are houghed and maimed, cattle robbed, honest men put in fear of their lives, and capital driven out of the country, to wing its way—carrying with it happiness and the fruits of industry—to some more congenial clime; during all this time we seldom hear the voice of the priest; but should a Scripture-reader arrive in the neighbourhood, or a

clergyman open a school, or a pious layman distribute a few copies of the Book of Life in that desolate region, the Roman Catholic priest is immediately upon the alert; the cry is raised—the Church is in danger!—and his over-pious soul is agitated with the most anxious solicitude lest the ungodly should lead any of his flock astray from the holy paths in which he has taught them to walk!

The combined effects of the increase of the population, and the subdivision of farms, led by easy stages to the adoption of the potato as the universal food of the lower orders, as an acre of potatoes will feed as many persons as four acres of corn. The act for the abolition of the distress of growing crops gave also, unintentionally, a great impetus to its cultivation. As the potato, even if left in the ground the entire winter, would not be much the worse; whereas, any other sort of farming produce would be completely destroyed if not harvested at a particular season; and thereby rendered liable to distress.

The facility, then, afforded of defrauding the landlord was a great evil in itself. It made the tenant ready to promise a high rent for the land, and willing to trust to artifice or chance for the performance or escape from his contract, instead of making him feel that in industry and integrity lay the only road to prosperity. Another great evil that the exclusive use of the potato entailed upon the Irish people was, the inability under which it placed them of accommodating themselves to the particular circumstances in which they might find themselves. In other countries the labourer has the power, should he be overtaken by illness, or should his employment fail, of falling back upon a cheaper and coarser food, at his discretion; and, again, should his industry and good conduct lead to an improvement in his wages, his family immediately feel the benefit; but the Irish cottier lives upon the extreme verge of human subsistence, and the least reduction in his daily food leads to inevitable starvation. It is this circumstance that made the famine fall so suddenly upon the people of this country. As long as the potato lasted they were as well off as ever; the moment it failed, hope even forsook them. Again, the tendency of the potato system is to foster habits of

laziness and improvidence.* A man, in a few weeks, can till and plant a sufficiency of potato ground to support him and his family for an entire year. For the other eight or nine months he has nothing to do, except to fatten his pig with the skins of his potatoes, and to collect manure for the next year's sowing. He thus acquires habits of listlessness and idleness, and energy and enterprise soon cease to be numbered in the category of his virtues. Lastly, the important relations of employer and employed cease to exist with the cultivation of the potato, and all are soon reduced to one common level.

Such being the condition of the tenantry previously to the years 1846-7, let us shortly examine the position of the Irish landlords about the same time.

By the Act called "Pigot's Act," in consequence of its having been introduced by the present Chief Baron, every facility was afforded to the landed proprietor of borrowing money upon the security called a judgment. Upon being registered, it immediately became an actual charge upon all lands, tenements, rectories, tithes, rents, and hereditaments; and upon all estates legal or equitable, in freeholds, copyholds, or leaseholds, of which the debtor then was or at any subsequent period might become entitled to, in possession, remainder, reversion, or expectancy, or over which the party had a general power of appointment. This judgment was to be binding upon himself and all claiming after him, and to affect, with scarcely an exception, everything on earth of which he then was, or subsequently might become possessed. The judgment was a short printed form, with a few blanks, scarcely requiring even the assistance of a professional person to fill them up; and neither the phraseology, nor the expense, nor the solemnity of the document, was calculated to remind the debtor that he was binding in the firmest meshes of the law all his present and future estates and interests.

As soon as a judgment was obtained against a party, the creditor was en-

abled to issue his execution against the debtor's person or goods; and one year after it was obtained he was entitled to place a receiver under the Courts over his property, out of the annual rents and profits to pay both the principal and interest of his debt; and he was also entitled to file his bill in Chancery for a sale of the property.

The costs which the party was entitled to who appointed the receiver, and the profits made by the receiver and his solicitor, held out to the creditor the greatest temptations to proceed to the recovery of his debt in this manner in preference to any other. Under the ordinary proceedings, also, in a Court of Equity, for a sale, a receiver was appointed pending the suit; and the rents paid by the receiver from time to time into Court served as a spoil to pay interest and costs, and to allay the inconveniences that would otherwise have emanated from protracted delay—a delay, under these circumstances, more advantageous than injurious.

The expense of appointing a receiver is about £34; and the costs of the receiver's solicitor, on an estate of £800 or upwards, averages from £75 to £300 per annum. In addition to these costs, every trifling matter connected with the management of the property must be brought before the notice of the Court, upon which occasions every person connected with the matter is entitled to appear, by their solicitor, at heavy costs; all ultimately paid out of the estate. The result of what we have stated was, that the rental of estates under the Courts amounted, before the sales under the Incumbered Estates Courts, to more than seven hundred thousand pounds a year!

The legal difficulties against which the receiver had to contend in the management of the property, and his direct interest in its bad management, led to the results which always flow from such a state of things. The tenant was exposed to constant hardships and difficulties, and, at the same time, deprived of the encouragement he had hitherto received from the approbation

* A noble lord who once filled a high official situation in Ireland, having heard that the entire potato crop in this country had failed, was asked—"What are the Irish to do?"—"Let them do," said he, "what many an honest Englishman is often obliged to do—let them fall back upon their bread and cheese!" The writer once told this story to an English gentleman, who answered—"And wasn't he right?"

of a kind and generous landlord. In his place he found a person generally harsh, unjust, and ignorant; and even in the few cases in which he was willing to exercise the functions of an indulgent landlord, so hampered and tied down by the regulations of the Court, and so practically unacquainted with the respective wants and characters of the tenants, as to fail signally in his exertions to make those over whom he was placed happy and prosperous. Under such circumstances the tenants soon become discontented and impoverished; and the best properties were rapidly brought to the verge of ruin.

As an example of the almost incredible manner in which property deteriorates under the management of the Courts, we may mention the estate of Mr. D'Arcy, of Clifden, on which, during the period it was subject to receivers, eight years' arrears of rent were suffered to accumulate; and *In re Perceval*, where, in a rental of £800 *per annum*, the arrears due in 1849 amounted to £6000!

The following tables, taken from the Parliamentary Reports, will place these almost inconceivable facts more strongly before the reader. We omit fractions:—

| | 1841.
£ | 1842.
£ | 1843.
£ |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Arrears of rent due when receiver last accounted, | 347,226 | 299,554 | 290,992 |
| Arrears due at his appointment | 39,358 | 3,105 | 39,265 |
| Difference | 307,868 | 296,449 | 251,027 |
| Costs paid by receiver since his appointment } | 25,529 | 15,357 | 19,741 |
| Gross loss to both creditor and debtor | 333,396 | 311,806 | 270,768 |

It must also be borne in mind that where an estate was affected by several mortgages or judgments, it was impossible to sell a portion, no matter how advantageous the price offered, without the concurrence of all the creditors, or without a suit in Chancery, even though every farthing were paid to the prior incumbrancer; and it was a rule of law that a judgment creditor who released a portion of his debtor's lands from his judgment released the whole! Bound in these mazy and inextricable difficulties, the landlord found himself unable, by a sale of a part of his estate, to reduce the rest to a more

manageable form, and was obliged to refuse every offer made for the purchase of a portion of his property, no matter how agreeable to himself and how advantageous to his creditors. The law, therefore, held out every inducement to an owner to incumber his estate, and threw every possible obstacle in the way of his extricating it from the unfortunate position into which his own folly, or the folly of his ancestors might have plunged it. If, in addition to the above facts, we take into account that most estates in this country were charged with heavy jointures and portions in bygone days, that subject to such charges they were generally limited in strict settlement, and that Irish titles to land were seldom free from objection, we shall be enabled to form some opinion of the condition in which the landlords of Ireland were placed previously to the famine.* Now let us turn to the events immediately connected with the failure of the potato.

In the course of the year 1846, Sir Robert Peel introduced under the 9 and 10 Vict., c. 1, the fatal measure, better known as the "Public Works Act." Under it public works, consisting principally of roads, were undertaken on the application of the magistrates and principal cesspayers, and the expenses attending them were defrayed by advances of public money, half of which was a grant, and half a loan, to be repaid by the barony. The largest number employed under this system was 97,000, in August, 1846. It is almost inconceivable how so great a statesman as Sir Robert Peel could have lent himself to such a system as this. Opposed alike to experience, to practice, and to theory, it struck at the very root of the social fabric, and introduced calamities sevenfold greater than those it was intended to remedy. It is fair, however, to presume that the Right Hon. baronet calculated that the potato failure was only a temporary evil to which the country might never again be exposed; and that such a system would not only palliate present suffering, but obtain for him future gratitude and popularity. These measures were brought to a close in the month of August, 1846, and their practical effects may be

* The laws relating to judgments, &c., have lately been amended by an Act of Parliament.

judged from the following extract from Sir Charles Trevelyan's pamphlet :—

"The first symptoms of neglected tillage appeared in the spring of 1846, and they were worst in those districts in which the relief works were carried on to the greatest extent. The improvements in progress on the Shannon and the arterial drainages were also impeded by the preference which the labourers showed for the Relief Works."

On the 29th of June, 1846, Sir Robert Peel announced his resignation in the House of Commons, and was succeeded by the present government; shortly after which the fatal principles involved in his act were re-enacted in the 9 and 10 Vict., c. 107.

As soon as it was mooted abroad among the people that this act was passed, the most extravagant representations were made to the Government of the failure of crops and of impending famine, and this measure unfortunately held out to every class in the country a strong inducement to swell the cry. To the landlord, already pressed for money by the nonpayment of rents upon the previous year, it held out the prospect of relief to his almost insolvent tenants, saved them from destruction, and enabled them to fulfil some of their engagements to him, whilst at the same time it permitted all parties to ward off present destruction at the expense of future risk; and individuals and nations alike are ever more influenced by immediate misfortune than by a greater evil that is more remote. To the cottiers and farm servants it afforded what they had never enjoyed before, ready-money wages; and in fact there was scarcely an individual in the country who was not placed in a better situation for the time being than if prosperity had existed, and not a famine in the land.

The evils of this system soon began to be felt. Large masses of labourers, brought together with scarcely anything to do, and superintended by one of their own ilk, became naturally demoralised. The advantages the famine had brought upon the country, and the prospects of its continuance, were eagerly discussed, whilst the unwelcome information that some short-sighted farmers were resuming the peaceful pursuits of industry were always received with marks of unmitigated disapprobation. In a short time affairs became more alarming, bands of

armed men ranged the country, and threats and intimidations soon did their work. We are far, however, from asserting that intimidation was absolutely necessary in order to discourage the cultivation of the soil. There are two methods by which the conduct of others can be influenced—punishment and reward; and in this country, whilst the whole current of public opinion, among the lower classes, was directly opposed to the re-assumption of industrial activity, the high wages offered by the Government operated as a bribe to carry out the misguided principles of the turbulent.

But it may naturally be asked whether the landlords of Ireland were *all* so blind or so selfish as not to oppose themselves to a system pregnant with future calamities and misery to themselves and to the people? But where are the landlords of Ireland? The landlordism of Ireland is in England; and most of those who acted throughout these transactions were only the agents of absentees, with no pecuniary interest in the matter, and obliged to yield, to a certain extent, to the pressure from without. The state of Ireland was also so much exaggerated in England that these parties had instructions, generally, to give every assistance to the relief of the poor. And when, here and there, a resident landlord did step forward and attempt, by his influence, to oppose the fatal tide, the unpopularity, the danger, and personal injury to which he was exposed, soon proved to him how hopeless it was to attempt to cope with a state of things far beyond his limited powers. The retrograde progress of the country is thus described by Sir Charles Trevelyan :—

"The Lord Lieutenant in vain directed that no person rated above £6 for the poor law, should, except under very special circumstances, be eligible for employment. Thousands upon thousands were pressed upon the officers of the Board of Works in every part of Ireland, and it was impossible for those officers to test the accuracy of the urgent representations which were made to them. The attraction of *money wages* regularly paid to them from the public purse, or the 'Queen's pay,' as it was popularly called, led to a general abandonment of other descriptions of industry, in order to participate in the advantages of the relief works. The fisheries were deserted; and it was often difficult even to get a coat patched or a pair of shoes mended,

to such an extent had the population of the south and west of Ireland turned out upon the roads. The average numbers employed in October was 114,000; in November 285,000; in December 440,000; and in January, 1847, 570,000. It was impossible to exact from such multitudes a degree of labour which would act as a test of destitution. Huddled together in masses, they contributed to each other's idleness, and there was no means of knowing who did a fair proportion of work, and who did not."

Beggary, in those days, had become an honourable profession, and industry a thing to scoff at. The money paid at the Government works was looked upon, not with the feeling of shame that generally goes hand in hand with eleemosynary relief, but as a communist system destined for the future to support, in idleness and affluence, the entire population of the country. The pauper looked upon himself as a Government officer, and when a farmer presumed to blame his labourers for their idleness, their constant answer was, "Shall we work for you harder than we work for the Queen? we get a shilling a day from her for doing nothing!"—In the month of March the expenses were:—

| | |
|------------------|------------|
| Labour and plant | £1,024,518 |
| Extra staff | 26,254 |
| Total | £1,050,772 |

Enormous as these expenses were, it is a melancholy fact that they failed to convey relief to the really destitute. It was, as it is and ever has been in Ireland, to the lusty, froward, hypocritical brawler, that the good things of this world were given, while those who stood in real need of such assistance—the sick persons and young children—the fatherless, the orphans, and the widows—were neglected and despised. And we are satisfied that a statistical table, compiled from the voluminous returns to Parliament, and setting forth the amount of money paid to Government officers and inspectors, and the amount paid for tools, machinery, &c., and the hire of horses and other similar expenses; and also setting forth, *contra*, the amount actually paid to, or that found its way into the *poor man's* pocket, would be one of the most valuable documents that could be prepared; and would prove, beyond doubt, to the generous public of Eng-

land, that the sums so liberally voted by Parliament, or so munificently subscribed by private individuals, failed to carry relief to the really destitute, because the greater portion of it was wasted in the numerous channels through which it had to pass before it reached its destination; and of the amount that finally came to be distributed in wages, but a small proportion was allotted to the really deserving.

When we reflect upon the enormous sums of money expended, nominally at least, upon the purchase of labour; and when we call to mind the multitudes who gave their physical powers in exchange for the "Queen's pay," exceeding, upon two several occasions, the almost incalculable number of *three millions* of people, it is natural that we should turn to the localities in which they were employed, expecting to find some conspicuous monuments of their labour, rising, like the Pyramids of Egypt, great memorials to all ages of the mighty works then and there undertaken. Or should the economic tone of the present age have given a more useful direction to the forces employed, perchance we should expect to find some more practical result commensurate with the expenses incurred. Nearly ten millions of money were expended, and where are the fruits of it? Some great ship canal, perhaps, uniting Galway bay with Lough Corrib, and Lough Corrib with Lough Mask; or roads opening to civilisation—to its blessings—to its duties—the almost untrodden regions of Connemara; some great harbour of safety on the rock-bound shores of the Atlantic, offering a refuge to the storm-tossed bark, and inviting within its smiling precincts the wealth of the western world; or some great network of railway traversing the country in all directions? No; the memorials are sought in vain. They have passed away like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, and are found nowhere! No work likely to tend to civilise the country, to develop our resources, to promote our commerce (such as it is), to improve the sanitary condition of our towns, to drain our unwholesome marshes, to bring to the surface the wealth that lies hidden in the bowels of the earth, remains. No aqueduct to supply pure water to the people, no drain to carry off impurities from their closely crowded quarters, no public edifice to

beautify and adorn our country, and at the same time to elevate the mind and foster good taste and noble sentiments; no bridge, no harbour, no quay, no fishing station, no single one of these things can be found throughout the length and breadth of the land as the fruits of ten millions of money—as the handiwork of three millions of people!

But it will be asked—"Has all this been done, and do no monuments remain?" The doings in Henrietta-street show its effects upon the gentry; the thousands who crowd the emigrant vessels, winging their eager flight to distant shores with the residue of their capital, show its effects upon the farmers; and the workhouses crowded with thousands doomed to eke out there an unprofitable and wretched existence, show its effects upon the poor, as well as the countless multitudes that perished of starvation and disease, many of whose half-buried corpses the famished dogs tore up from their graves! The whole amount of labour purchased with nearly ten millions of money was all, with exceptions, of course, but so trifling as not materially to affect the statement, wasted, partly in the construction of the *outlines* of a few country roads, which still remain uncompleted to this day; but principally in cutting down the hills upon the roads in the south and west of this country, and throwing the hilly portions into the hollows! It was, it is admitted, a necessary, a wholesome, a merciful policy, to look, not to the works executed, but to the relief afforded. Rations of food to the poor would have assisted them; but how were they relieved by the expenditure of almost incredible sums upon tools and implements, and carts and horses, bought and hired with wholesale recklessness, till there was scarcely a spade left in the country to till the ground, or a horse to plough the land? Or how were the poor relieved by the payment of money wages when there was no food to buy? A false policy, whether undertaken for the sake of gaining popularity with the ignorant, or of weakening a powerful opponent, will always increase and perpetuate the evils it was intended to mitigate or cure.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes in this country that labour has always been plentiful beyond the demand, and wages consequently low. But such as it was, it formed the basis of calcula-

tion upon which the farmer hired and cultivated his land. It is evident that if wages rise above a certain amount, the cultivation of land becomes impossible. The high wages paid at the Government works, and the small amount of labour exacted, together with many other circumstances, that will naturally suggest themselves, brought about in Ireland this very consummation. The labourer preferred one shilling per diem from Government to half a crown from a farmer; and the natural result followed; the land was left waste, and the farmer, in many cases, forsaking his farm, swelled the evil by also becoming a recipient of Government donations. The next year the farmer, instead of being in comfortable circumstances, was in the poorhouse, the ordinary supply of food in the country was diminished by non-production, and the community had lost, to that extent, the benefit of the most valuable natural agent in the production of wealth—land. The whole scheme, which we have attempted to detail above, was described by Sir John Burgoyne as "the grandest attempt ever made to grapple with famine over a whole country."

It may be asked, what should the Government have done under such circumstances; every system is open to objections? It is scarcely necessary to point to any of the admirable plans suggested to the Government at the time, by numbers of individuals, any of which would probably have proved more advantageous for Ireland than the system adopted. The English poor-law might have been introduced, and would probably have saved the country. Lord George Bentinck's railway scheme, too, is still fresh in everybody's mind; and the more it is studied, and the more dispassionately it is considered, the more does our admiration rise, at the boldness of the statesman's mind who conceived it, and the enlarged principles upon which he based so comprehensive a measure. But a very small change in the system that was adopted would have stripped it of its most objectionable features. Had food-rations been given instead of money wages, most of the evils of the system would have been "mitigated." Necessity at last compelled this alteration; and the great principle of free trade having been abandoned, Sir

Charles Trevelyan thus describes the effect:—

"The relief works had been crowded with persons who had other means of subsistence, to the exclusion of the really destitute; but a ration of cooked food proved less attractive than full money-wages; and room was thus made for the helpless portion of the community. *The famine was stayed.* The affecting and heart-rending crowds of destitutes disappeared from the streets; the cadaverous, hunger-stricken countenances of the people gave place to looks of health; deaths from starvation ceased; and cattle-stealing, plundering provisions, and other crimes prompted by want of food, were diminished by half in the course of a single month."

Had this self-evident alteration been made at the commencement of the "public works," how many thousands would have been saved from an awful death; how much human suffering and immorality warded off; how much treasure would the country have econo-

mised; how many hundred landed proprietors would have been saved from ruin!

Such was the state of this country at the time the new poor-law was imposed. The people were demoralised, self-reliance was annihilated, and industry was unknown. Free trade had lowered the value of land; a famine had increased its natural effects; a distemper had destroyed a great portion of the stock; the pig had vanished with the potato; and the silly attempt at a rebellion served only to expose us to ridicule, and to banish from the country the little capital that remained; whilst the taxation in many places, particularly where the public works had been most extensive, exceeded the annual value of the property rated. These facts appear more clearly, by referring to the statistics of some of the unions, shortly after the Public Works were abandoned and poor-rate imposed:

| Name of Poor-law Union. | Number of daily Rations. | Rate of Expenditure per Annum on out-door Relief. | Annual Value of rateable Property. |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Ballina | 55,300 | £210,140 | £95,700 |
| Ballinrobe | 48,300 | 183,540 | 85,200 |
| Castlebar | 36,800 | 139,840 | 50,900 |
| Swineford | 52,000 | 197,600 | 46,000 |
| Westport | 46,600 | 177,080 | 38,800 |
| Total of five unions ... | 239,000 | £908,000 | £316,600 |

"The population of these five unions, which include the county of Mayo, is 418,000, of whom considerably more than half were receiving daily rations. The expense, it

will be seen, amounted to nearly three times the value of the property assessed to the poor-rate. Take again the following list:—

| Name of Union. | Rate of Expenditure per Annum on out-door Relief. | Annual Value of rateable Property. |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Clifden | £62,700 | £22,420 |
| Dunfanaghy | 20,140 | 10,540 |
| Gort | 106,400 | 53,000 |
| Kenmare | 57,380 | 24,600 |
| Kilrush | 148,960 | 59,400 |
| Scariff | 89,680 | 44,600 |
| Skibbereen | 186,960 | 98,200 |
| Tuam | 150,100 | 86,230 |
| Total of eight unions ... | £822,320 | £398,990 |

"There the expense was more than double the value of the rateable property. The fol-

lowing unions were in nearly as desperate a condition:—

| Name of Union. | Rate of Expenditure per Annum on out-door Relief. | Annual Value of rateable Property. |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Donegal | £40,660 | £31,600 |
| Ennis | 181,860 | 101,200 |
| Galway | 143,260 | 100,770 |
| Listowel | 128,820 | 97,500 |
| Newcastle | 138,700 | 109,500 |
| Roscommon | 123,120 | 85,800 |
| Trillick | 155,040 | 113,850 |
| Total of seven unions | £861,430 | £640,220 |

"These unions contain 1,447,000 statute acres, and a population of 613,000, amongst whom were distributed 226,700 rations, at an expense exceeding by one-third the value of the rateable property. An excess of the same kind, but not to so great an extent, appeared in ten other unions, viz., Bailieborough, Carrick-on-Shannon, Clogheen,

Dungarvan, Dunmanway, Enniscorthy, Kesh, Killarney, Milford, and Sligo. The area of the ten unions is 1,676,400 acres, the aggregate of expenditure, on out-door relief only, at the rate of £854,230 per annum, and the value of property £807,900. Putting these several classes of unions together, we obtain the following result :—

| | Area in statute Acres. | Rate of Expenditure in out-door Relief. | Rateable Property. |
|--------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Five unions..... | 1,302,000 | ... £908,200 | ... £316,600 |
| Eight unions..... | 1,340,900 | ... 822,320 | ... 398,990 |
| Seven unions..... | 1,447,800 | ... 861,460 | ... 640,220 |
| Ten unions..... | 1,676,400 | ... 854,230 | ... 807,900 |
| Total of 30 unions | 5,766,600 | £8,446,210 | £2,163,710 |

"From the 'Dublin Evening Mail.'

"The Baronial Sessions for public works have done their business, and left behind them on the land an impayable burden. But, as if that were not enough, the Temporary Relief Act is brought in to hasten the operation; and we accordingly find the poor-law guardians laying on rates which, in most instances, exceed double, in some treble, the value of the property out of which they are to be paid. Thus, as will be seen from the statements we subjoin, the guardians of the Nenagh union are but fresh from the exploit of laying on a rate for the next *three months*, which, taken as the modus for the year, would, in some electoral divisions, amount to 24s. not in the pound, but to the pound; and in one division to 86s. to the pound!

"The guardians of Schull have rated the union 12s. 6d. in the pound for three months—that is to say, at the ratio of £2 10s. to the pound on the year! The electoral division of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, is rated at 10s. 10d. for *three months*, or £2 8s. 4d. to the pound for *twelve months*!

"In those instances it is obvious that all income from land is anticipated and absorbed from one year up to two years and a-half. How are people to live in the meantime? Is not landed property, under such circumstances, worth much less than nothing? Here we have not only the beginning of the end, but almost the end of the beginning. It is but a few years since many proprietors in England abandoned the land rather than encounter the poor-rates to which it made them liable. What with the accumulation of rates and taxes in Ireland, we may speedily expect to see our farmers and gentry resorting to the same desperate means of escape.

"As the matter stands, we entirely agree in opinion with the Relief Committee of the Kilworth Electoral Division (with whose resolutions we shall wind up our extracts), that as—'no act of parliament—no civil or military power can compel men to pay money that they have not:' so, the liens now laid upon land in Ireland in consequence of relief measures, &c., never can and never will be

paid. We subjoin the statements alluded to above :—

"From the 'Tipperary Vindicator.'

"'FEARFUL TAXATION!!!—At an extraordinary meeting of the Nenagh Board of Guardians, held on Wednesday at the county court house, Nenagh, R. U. Bayly, Esq., in the chair, a rate was struck for the ensuing three months for the support of the union workhouse, and for the temporary relief act. In many of the electoral divisions the rate on the annual valuation will be twenty-four shillings in the pound, and on one electoral division it will amount to thirty-six shillings in the pound. Where this money is to come from is the question.'"

"From the 'Cork Constitution.'

"'RELIEF RATING.—In Schull, we understand, a rate of 12s. 6d. in the pound has been struck for three months! It is a good beginning, but where or how is it to end? We have asked elsewhere, how are landlords or occupiers to pay it; we ask here, how are the clergymen to pay it? They pay, not upon valuation, but upon income, and without any deduction for the 25 per cent. It is pretty plain that in the case of Schull, a second rate within the twelve months (should, happily, the first not effect it) will leave the incumbent largely in debt to the poor house; that, in fact, if things go on in this way, must be the ultimate refuge of many who have heretofore been themselves the most active administrators of relief. In the division in which Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, is situated, a rate of 10s. 10d. has been struck, also for three months. The necessity for this rate is said to be occasioned by the number of paupers in some mountain property of Lord Stuart de Decies (we have heard that there is as many as 6,000 of them on Slievegrine). Whatever the cause, we agree with the writer of a letter from this quarter, that the confiscations of Cromwell were nothing to the confiscations of Lord John Russell. Landlord and tenant had better look to it.'"

In many of the above unions, where the local guardians objected to the imposition of a tax which the land was utterly unable to pay, they were dismissed, and vice-guardians under the entire control of the Government appointed in their stead, with what regard to economy will be seen below. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

"CASTLEBAR UNION.

"In the days of the elected guardians (out of whose pockets a large portion of the rates came) the paid officers of the house, with their salaries, stood thus :—

| | | |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------|
| Master..... | £35 | } With
rations. |
| Matron..... | 15 | |
| Schoolmaster..... | 15 | |
| Porter..... | 8 | |
| Clerk of the Union..... | 40 | |
| Total..... | £113 | |

"Those were the only paid officers of the house, except the physician, Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains, and a nurse appointed a few days before the board ceased to work.

"The beef rations allowed to the master and matron was 5½ lbs. per week each.

"THE OFFICERS UNDER THE VICE-GUARDIANS.

| | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------|--------------------|
| Master..... | £60 | } With
rations. |
| Matron..... | 30 | |
| Assistant Master..... | 20 | |
| Schoolmaster..... | 20 | |
| Porter..... | 12 | |
| Two Overseers at 10s. per week each..... | 52 | |
| Matron, Auxiliary House..... | 15 | |
| Schoolmistress, for same..... | 15 | |
| Master for 2nd Auxiliary ditto | 20 | |
| Clerk..... | 80 | |
| Assistant Clerk..... | 50 | |
| Deputy Assistant Clerk and runner..... | 26 | |
| Two paid guardians, with travelling expenses, say..... | 800 | |
| Inspecting Officer, with travelling expenses..... | 700 | |
| Ten Relieving Officers at £50 each..... | 500 | |
| Supervisor of Reliev. Officers | 80 | |
| Town Serjt., at 10s. per week | 26 | |
| Total..... | £2,506 | |

"The beef rations allowed to the above nine persons now is 7½ lbs. per week, at a cost of 2s. 11d. each—£1 6s. 8d., or £68 5s. per year for beef alone—which, added to £2,506, amounts to £2,574 5s., exclusive of groceries, bread, fuel, candle-light, rations to nurse-tenders, &c. It must be also recollected, some of the relieving officers are paid £60 per annum. With all this well paid staff, the poor are famishing for lack of food."

In the preceding observations we have endeavoured to place before the

reader a correct view of the social condition of this country previous to the failure of the potato, of the laws which encouraged the incumbrance of property, and which, by fettering its transfer, took from the owner the power of disembarassing himself.—We have also traced the unprecedented and extraordinary measures devised by the Government to alleviate the unparalleled miseries endured by the starving people, remedies not based upon economic principles, nor hallowed by the *prestige* of former success, but extorted by faction, and yielded to ignorance. The natural effects of these experiments immediately developed themselves; the poor failed to be relieved, the country was plunged into helpless poverty; and we have no doubt but that were the same system introduced into any portion of England, the same results would immediately follow; the labourers would fly to the "public works," the farmers would be annihilated, the landowners ruined. Owing to the failure of the payment of rents, and the heavy poor-rates, the mortgagors were unable to pay the interest upon their debts, and, of course, bills were at once filed to call them in; and land fell in value, partly owing to the depreciation in every species of property in consequence of "the bad times," and partly in consequence of the enormous quantity of real property brought at the same time into the market.

Such was the condition of the country at the time the Act for the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland was passed. It was a bold and comprehensive measure, and almost imperatively called for by the circumstances of the country at the time. The practical working of this act having been already considered at some length in a former article, it is not necessary now to traverse the same ground; it will, however, be advisable to supply some information to the public upon points not generally understood, and to explain some mistakes into which many appear to have fallen.

The great difference that exists between the Act for the Sale of Incumbered Estates, and the old regime under the Court of Chancery, may be briefly stated as follows:—The Court of Chancery commenced by ascertaining the rights of the parties, and concluded by selling the property; the Commission-

ers commence by selling the property, and conclude by ascertaining the rights of the parties. The enormous length of time over which a Chancery suit extended was wholly irrespective of the sale of the land. The sale in the Master's Office was regulated by nearly the same principles as those which regulate the sales by the Commissioners; and in many respects we must plead guilty to a decided preference for the old method. There was no crowd of idle lookers-on, no haste, no fuss, everything was conducted with regularity in one of the Masters' Offices (of which there are now five), and the highest bidder was generally declared the purchaser; but liberty was reserved to any one, within a limited period, on undertaking to pay the purchaser his costs and expenses, and on making a substantial advance on the sum offered, to re-open the sale, in which case the property was set up a second time, and the public were again permitted to become bidders. This system was beneficial to all; for whilst it gave any one who might, by unavoidable circumstances, have been kept away from the sale, the power of giving a larger sum for the property; and whilst, by imposing upon him the obligation of paying the costs and expenses, and of making a substantial advance on the bidding, it prevented such an application being unnecessarily made, or being made by any one but a *bona fide* purchaser, it secured to the owner the full sum already bid, which could by no possibility be diminished. This excellent system, sanctioned by long experience in this country, has been abandoned by the Commissioners, and it therefore frequently happens, that an estate for which an inadequate sum has been offered, and the sale of which is postponed to a future day, fails to realise an equal amount upon the next occasion, which could not possibly happen, were the sales conducted upon the same principles as the sales under the Court of Chancery.

Another difference, also, between the proceedings of the two courts, was decidedly in favour of the Court of Chancery. There the land was sold, *together with the arrears of rent* due by the tenants. Under the Incumbered Estates Court the arrears of rent are not sold, but after the lands have passed into the hands of a new purchaser, his tenants are liable to be harassed with

endless litigation, for monstrous accumulations of arrears, at the suit of the former owner, who has no longer, of course, any interest in their welfare. The last important distinction we shall enumerate is the parliamentary title the Commissioners are empowered to give. But an act of Parliament, consisting of twenty lines, might at any time have given, and should still give, the same powers to the Court of Chancery.

Now when we hear that the bill for the sale of the property *In re Waldron*, was filed in 1784, or *In re Williams* in 1802, and that the property comprised under those titles was at last brought into the court in Henrietta-street, and sold in a few months, we are apt to ask no more; but the person who thought that litigation in those cases was at an end, would rest under an egregious error. It is only the first step. The land is changed into money, and that is all. Every trust, every settlement, every complicated dealing, every accusation of fraud or covin, every right of minors, or idiots, or married women, all remain; they are only transferred from the land to the money. It is, of course, a great advantage to the country that land should at once be released from litigation and transferred to new parties, free and unfettered; but it would be ridiculous to expect that complicated facts and rights of parties which it took a Sugden or a Plunket an entire month to master could be disposed of in as satisfactory a manner in a shorter period. It is the sale of property that engages at present the greater portion of the Commissioners' time. It was to the apportionment of the funds and to the investigation of the rights of the parties, that the Court of Chancery principally directed its attention.

Having taken a retrospective glance at the darkness of the past, let us now look forward to the hopes that seem to beam in the future. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy returneth in the morning. Hitherto all has been sadness and gloom; a dark cloud appeared to hang over our country with dreary portent, and our right arm was as it were deprived of its force. Now-permanent good seems to rise out of transient evil; vitality takes the place of apathy, activity of inertness, energy of despondency, industry of idleness, hope of despair. Let us examine some of these things.

However painful it may be for us individually to see so many once wealthy landed proprietors reduced to poverty, and some even—for we have seen it—dying in the union workhouses in utter destitution; and to see others, like the ill-fated heiress of Connemara, obliged to fly from the land of her fathers, and to seek a livelihood in remote regions; yet when we look upon the matter in a broader view, we are forced to admit that Ireland, as a country, will be greatly benefited by the change, and that a few must sometimes suffer in order that the many may benefit. How great and many are the advantages likely to result from the breaking up of the great estates, and their division among a large number of proprietors? Absenteeism, which has always been the great curse of Ireland, will be greatly diminished, and by the sale of estates, not only the non-resident proprietor, but the non-resident mortgagee, will be shaken off. The new proprietor will be in general a more thrifty and economical person, more a man of business, and more likely to manage his property beneficially; for a person whose industry has enabled him to save enough to purchase an estate, will carry with him the same habits of business by which he was originally enabled to become a landed proprietor. He will bring foresight, and new blood and vigour into the neighbourhood, and introduce all the advantages that a particular locality ever receives from the acquisition of strangers. He will not only have no incumbrances to cramp his energies, but in all probability a large sum of ready money in his hands. New purchasers always lay out large sums in fancied or real improvements, sometimes to gratify themselves, oftener to give employment to the people, and purchase a welcome in the neighbourhood. Such a practice adopted upon many contiguous properties will have the effect of lightening the poor-rate considerably. The number of landlords being so much increased, each person will be judged of not as “a landlord,” but according to the merit or demerit of his own individual acts. The difficulty of getting agents over small estates, which is always very great, will be a discouragement to parties to leave the coun-

try; for where the estate is large, and the agent's income no mean competence, of course there is no difficulty in getting persons of talent and integrity to act: but with a small estate it is almost impossible. And lastly, a large proportion of the estates being purchased by farmers, a kind of shield will be extended between the proprietor and the reverend or the irreverend agitator. Where the Protestant landlord stands alone he is like the orphan at school—“Hit him hard; he has no friend,” is the order of the day. But where a number of proprietors, differing in state, station, rank, and religion, exist, they stand together, and draw, each from different sources, assistance for the whole.

A small but very interesting book now lies before us.* The matter contained in the work was originally communicated to the *Daily News*, in letters in the “*Times* Commissioner's” style, and is now republished in a neat little volume. The author has examined many of the most important estates throughout the south and west of Ireland that appeared likely to be sold under the Incumbered Estates Court, and has dotted down the facts relating to each, in an agreeable and light manner. His remarks are principally directed to the value of these estates as investments for capital, particularly for English capital. The remarks he makes upon our social condition and prospects are extremely clear, and pertinent, and full of hope. In relation to the matter we have been considering, he says:—

“That outrages of every kind in Ireland have latterly been materially checked, is satisfactorily attested by the criminal records of the country. This is attributable to these causes; to the famine, which, by levelling all classes, has prevented the exercise of arbitrary power by one over another; to the poor-law, which has afforded food and shelter to many that otherwise must have died wretchedly; to emigration, which has included in its tide many of the most reckless and desperate characters in the country; and to the improved administration of the law, which, by the action of stipendiary magistrates, who are respected, and of a police who are held in apprehension, leaves little ground to a criminal for hoping that his crime will not be discovered and punished. Less, however, from any of these measures, than from the opera-

* *Incumbered Estates of Ireland*. Bradbury and Evans, London. J. McGlashan, Dublin. 1850.
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tion of another influence, it is to be hoped that in future, agrarian outrage will be entirely prevented. One of the greatest and most beneficial effects which may be expected from the operation of the Incumbered Estates Act, will be, that of giving the people of Ireland an interest in the soil. The very fact of breaking into smaller portions the great landed properties of Ireland will do much; still more will be accomplished by the circumstance, that the new proprietors will be men freed from those multifarious difficulties and embarrassments which have crippled and contracted all the operations of the old ones. But the consummation above all to be desired is, that the new landowners will have sufficient foresight and discretion to adopt new principles in their relations with the people. Instead of letting their lands to middlemen and cottiers, they must, by liberal dealings, create a body of yeomanry tenants upon lease, with interest in all the improvements they may make; and with power of employing an adequate amount of labour in the soil. This is the measure, and almost the only measure, which will entirely put a stop to outrage, whether in Tipperary or elsewhere. Let all have their fair share of interest in the property of the land, and it is certain, that all will be interested in the preservation of order on the land. I argue, therefore, for the County of Tipperary, the highest moral and social benefits from the working of the Incumbered Estates Act. Of this great and important county a full fourth, I should say, must, sooner or later, come under the operation of the Act."

The more the social condition of Ireland is studied, the more evidences will be discovered of the onward progress of the country, and of the rapid rise likely soon to take place in the value of landed property. The estates at present in the market are necessarily selling at an undervalue. The owners are *forced* to sell, the purchasers must be *tempted* to buy. The consequence is, that land sells "twenty per cent. under prime cost." But this state of things must alter soon. Let us now consider, briefly, for our limited space is almost exhausted, the circumstances likely to affect the future value of land in this country. It is well known, that any great change is, invariably, accompanied by a panic, and that every panic is followed by a reaction. Sometimes the panic and reaction oscillate for a time; but, sooner or later, things find their own level. Thus, free trade and the potato failure created a panic in the supposed value of land: the panic is almost over, and land is already beginning to recover its former

market value. The heavy poor-rates have ceased, the idleness, and loss of self-dependence, superinduced by the Government works are vanishing, and land must steadily rise in value till it reaches a price almost equal to its former estimation. The railroads that traverse a great portion of this country will also add to the value of landed property. Seed, manure, implements, and a hundred other things, will be more easily brought to the farm from a distance; and stock, farming produce, even milk, will be exported with ease. The tendency of railroads is to enhance the value of things in remote districts. Independent of advantages arising directly from the opening of a new line of railroad, there are many other benefits that spring indirectly from the same source: habits of regularity are generated; a respect for machinery and the results of modern science created; a conviction of their own backwardness, coupled with a desire to advance, is implanted in the minds of the people; and thus, civilisation and improvement, which, otherwise, take much time in fashioning, are introduced into the district, indirectly, almost in the plenitude of force. With an improved condition of the people, an improved system of agriculture will become general. Cattle, for which there is so great a demand in England, will engage more of the farmer's attention, and take the place of corn, with which foreigners enter so much more easily into competition with us, and by this means the depreciation, produced by the free-trade measures, will be, to a great extent, counteracted. The increased cultivation of flax, for which the soil of this country appears so peculiarly adapted, and to the rising demand for which it would be difficult to assign a limit, will also tend to enhance the value of land. The processes lately discovered for the manufacture of peat into charcoal will have the effect of turning to profitable account the useless wastes and bogs that seem at present only incumbrances. The improvement in the surrounding estates will add to the value of those which the owners are fortunate enough to retain; and the cessation of agitation and agrarian outrages that must ensue from the change of proprietors—from the in-

creased demand for labour, and the possession of land by Roman Catholic gentlemen-farmers—will all be followed by the same result. It would be impossible, however, to arrive at a fair estimate of the present selling price of land in the market, without taking into account the fact, that an immense sum of money remains, for the present, in the Incumbered Estates Court, locked up and incapable of being applied to the purchase of land; or even of being lent out upon land in the nature of a mortgage. This is the more to be regretted, as all the money now lying in the court has been, upon some previous occasion, invested upon the security of land; and it is much more probable that a party who has been already connected with real property will lay out his money in its purchase, than a funded proprietor, or any other person who has never had any such dealings. When the distribution of the funds advances *pari passu* with the sale of property, and the large arrears, now lying in the court, are distributed, a considerable rise may be expected in the sums offered for the lots, from time to time submitted to public competition. And, on the other hand, if the sales advance more rapidly than the distribution of the purchase money, and if the amount locked up in court continues to increase, the value of landed property must be proportionably depreciated.

We have endeavoured to trace in the foregoing pages the insecure basis upon which Irish property rested, and the unsoundness of the entire social condition of the country, requiring only the advent of some fortuitous circumstance—like the failure of the potato—to dissolve society into its constituent elements, and lay the entire artificial fabric low. We have now seen the worst. For the future all must be improvement. Things are already beginning to mend; and once they commence, their progress must be rapid. Ireland at present holds out encouragement for the employment of capital, and the exercise of foresight and industry superior to that offered by any

foreign country, and by any of our own colonies. Yet we see hundreds of English farmers annually taking out their implements of husbandry and their capital to New Zealand or the Cape, not afraid of Kaffir or Hottentot, or the perils or inconvenience to which they must necessarily expose themselves in those remote lands. "Before you do so," we would say to them, "visit Ireland—visit Tipperary ere you go. We have no doubt but that when you become acquainted with the generous and hospitable people of this country, in whose very faults even may be traced the 'gleams of future glory,' you will put up your household gods among us—among a people of like passions with yourselves, governed by the same royal sceptre, and subservient to the same laws. By the rich you will be hailed as the pioneers of civilisation; by the poor, to whom you give employment, as benefactors and as friends. Again, we would say, visit *even Tipperary* ere you go!"

Turn where we will there is hope for the future. In our undrained marshes, in our unfenced fields, in our unclaimed and uncultivated lands, there is hope. If capital and skill had already brought things to the highest state of cultivation and improvement then our state would be sad indeed. But when we know how large a return waits upon a small outlay of capital, and with how much facility our produce might be increased twofold or threefold, so as not only to feed and give constant employment to the entire population of the country, but even to call for more assistance, it is easy to see how rapidly unparalleled suffering may be succeeded by unexampled prosperity. And we feel well assured that as soon as the dark night of sorrow, which has hung over our country with such dreary portent, paralysing our exertions, and prostrating our energies, shall have passed away, we shall be found, like the fair valleys of the Nile, when the waters have subsided, clothed in richness, in fertility, and in verdure.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE.—NO. I.

BERNARDIM RIBEIRO.

Portuguese poetry is like a time-honoured Olive, that in its prime was rich in luxuriant leaves and fair fruit, but is now drooping in decay; its foliage thinned, and its fruits degenerated, and giving no sign of throwing up vigorous saplings from its root.

It is, however, sometimes pleasant to let memory recall the flourishing times of a good old tree in its declining age: thus a few reminiscences of the better days of the Lusitanian muse may not be unacceptable now in its decadence, and the specimens we offer through the medium of translation we may symbolise as leaves, preserving the form, and in some degree the colour, though not the freshness, of their original existence.

The literature of Portugal is not so full in all its departments as that of Spain; but it is more rich in lyric and pastoral poetry than its Castilian rival, and the Portuguese muse flourished before the Spanish existed. "Portuguese songs," says the editor of the "*Lusitanian Parnassus*," "are coeval with the language itself;" but the early versifiers are difficult to be understood, and are often unintelligible, even to natives of Portugal, at the present day.

But though King Diniz in the thirteenth century, and his son, King Alfonso IV., encouraged Portuguese poetry by their own examples, it was not till the fifteenth century that it approached the rapid and vigorous development in which it flourished under King Emanuel, surnamed "the Great," and "the Fortunate." Emanuel loved literature and science, and assiduously studied geography, navigation, and astronomy: that he was also a believer in judicial astrology is not surprising, considering his era. He particularly delighted in history, frequently causing the chronicles of his predecessors

to be read to his son, afterwards John III., for his instruction, and to himself for his recreation. He was reputed a good Latin scholar, and took pleasure in conversing with learned men at his table; and was anxious that the young nobility should be well educated. He wished to render his Court the most polished in Europe; and, therefore, endeavoured to compose it of men distinguished for cultivation and for honourable sentiments, and of women esteemed for their accomplishments and virtues.

This respectable Court was, however, in danger of becoming gloomy and austere under the auspices of the Queen (Mary of Arragon, second wife of Emanuel), for her Majesty appears, from the testimony of Damian de Goes,* to have been a sombre devotee, who was rarely seen to smile, but was wholly absorbed in religious exercises and conventual observances; and whose recreations consisted only in needlework, in which she kept her ladies employed as well as herself, firmly believing a moment of idleness, or of mere recreation, to be sinful. Yet she was a woman of large and consistent benevolence, and unrelaxing alms deeds. She was sister of Katherine of Arragon† (the unhappy first wife of our eighth Henry), who bore a strong resemblance to Mary in habits (though of more amiable temper), for Katherine wore the Franciscan dress under her robes, and followed monastic rules of prayer and fasting; and was a great adept at the needle, in the use of which she and her sisters had been strictly reared by their mother, the great Isabella of Castile, herself the most notable sempstress in Europe, who piqued herself on making all her royal husband's shirts, besides executing quantities of ecclesiastical embroideries, &c. Katherine and her

* Author of the "*Chronicle of King Emanuel*."

† Shakespeare, with his usual historical fidelity, even in minute traits, represents Katherine (in his play of Henry VIII.) at work with her maids in Kimbolton Castle.

sister, Mary, had a singular coincidence (but only in one respect) in their matrimonial lot; both married their brothers-in-law. Katherine was the widow of Henry's elder brother, Arthur; and Mary, in wedding Emanuel, married the widower of her eldest sister, Isabella; but Emanuel was as respectable a husband as Henry was the reverse.

The triste example of the Portuguese Queen was counteracted by the cheerful inclinations of Emanuel, who loved music and dancing. He kept a band of chamber music to play to him while at table: and often, after he had retired to rest, he sent for his Moorish musicians to sing beside his bed, to the accompaniment of their national lutes and tambourines; and he frequently gave balls, and joined, himself and his family, in the dances. Queen Mary died in 1517, leaving many children, to whom she seems to have been a stern and cold mother. Her successor, Emanuel's third wife, Eleanor, sister of the Emperor Charles V., was of a much more genial disposition, and testified great affection for her step-children.

Amid this estimable and cheerful Court, was a man who became the most admired poet of his time; and is even still held in high consideration, Bernardim Ribeyro. In early life, Ribeyro had studied the law; and was subsequently appointed by the King to the office of gentleman of the chamber. The principal ornament of Emanuel's court was the Infanta Beatrix, the second daughter of his Queen Mary. Beatrix, born in 1504, was fifteen at the period of her father's remarriage; but her mind and manners were in advance of her age; she was accomplished, intellectual, high spirited, and extremely handsome; and Ribeyro, although a married man, had the weakness and the misfortune to become deeply enamoured of her; notwithstanding such insuperable barriers as her high rank and his marriage vows lay between them. Beatrix, besides his passion, became his genius, and his muse, at whose inspiration he poured forth verses that served at once to immortalise his name among his countrymen, and to solace and nourish his intense and unhappy love. But in his situation, it was of the utmost importance that the *object* of his audacious attachments should be sus-

pected by none, save herself. Hence, in all his works, there is a studied obscurity and mystery, and a strain of enigmatical allusion, a great part of which remains hidden beneath an unlifted veil; and the rest would never have been intelligible, but for the light thrown upon it by those chroniclers who point to the Infanta as the idol of Ribeyro's worship. It does not appear that the poet's presumption was ever discovered by the King, who not only patronised him, but also did him the honour of causing his paternal Arms to be emblazoned on the walls of the Heraldic Chamber, added by Emanuel to the Palace of Cintra.

Ribeyro's poems are pastoral and lyric. He does not attain to sublimity; he is not rich in original or sparkling ideas; and is often diffuse, even to tediousness; but his verse is sweet and flowing. Though he is addicted to repetitions, and plays upon words, there is something pleasing in the antique quaintness of his conceits, and his effusions breathe a sincerity, an earnestness, and a tenderness that prove him to have written from the fulness of his heart: his was no imaginary passion of which he sang for mere effect; he loved truly (though not sanely), and he felt deeply and enduringly.

It is difficult to conjecture what degree of encouragement Ribeyro might have received from the young princess. In one of his eclogues he says that his beloved (concealed under the name of the shepherdess Catherine) had regarded him with favour, and that he had once reckoned confidently on her partiality, believing that he had deserved it, but that he had found himself in error. From the reputation for prudence and for pride which Beatrix maintained through life, we may naturally infer, that while she accepted Ribeyro's poems graciously, as literary productions worthy of her notice, she discreetly abstained from seeming to comprehend their personal application.

One of Ribeyro's *cantigas*, or songs, though it carefully conceals the name and rank of the lady to whom it is addressed, reveals too plainly his heart's preference of *her* over his wedded wife. Like all the old *cantigas*, it consists of a *mote*, or motto, i. e. a prefatory idea, which serves as a text for the "gloss" or paraphrase in the succeeding stanzas, called *voltas*, or variations. The

motto of the following cantiga is literally—

"I am not married, lady,
For though I gave my *hand*,
I did not marry my heart."

THE CANTIGA.

MOTTO.

"O lady! never be it said
That nuptial bonds my fate enslave;
For sooth to say, when I was wed
My *hand*, but not my *heart* I gave."

VOLTAS.

"And to thy charms no wrong I've done,
For, lady, long before we met
I pledged my hand, an empty one;
That pledge I now in vain regret.
Yet still my heart, my eyes are free,
And loving bachelors for thee.

"That marriage valid is, they say,
That free-will made, unford'd, unbought;
Then thus I tender to thy sway
Love, liberty, and soul, and thought.
Blest since my *hand* I gave elsewhere,
That still the *heart's* thy nobler share.

"When first I saw thee, lady mine,
Though words my feelings dar'd not tell,
I plac'd thee in my bosom's shrine,
And there for ever shalt thou dwell.
What if the *hand* another's be!
The *heart* has still been kept for thee.

"If I be wed it is to care,
For thy dear sake, my only love;
Speak not of other ties—forbear,
While loyal to thy charms I prove.
To live alone at *thy* command,
So wills my heart that's in *thy* hand.

"In me no change has marriage made;
It has not chill'd affection's glow,
Nor hope of kind return forbade—
Then scorn me not as wed, but know,
That though I gave my hand alone,
The loving heart is all thine own."

There is a melancholy softness in Portuguese verse which renders it peculiarly adapted for pastoral poetry; and of this advantage Ribeyro availed himself in his eclogues, which are distinguished, not only as being among the oldest specimens of the kind in Portugal, but as surpassing those of his contemporaries in Spain. In these pastorals, while he describes the scenes wherein he nursed his romantic love,

the banks of the Tagus and Mondego, and the neighbouring shores of the sea, he disguises under the garb of shepherds and shepherdesses the true characters of himself and his friends, and the lady of his affections, and makes allegorical allusions to the circumstances in which they stood. The following extract from Ribeyro's third eclogue will afford a specimen of the characteristic style of these poems, in which he loved to repeat, to return upon, and to "ring the changes" (so to speak), on particular words and ideas.

"Woe is me! Where shall I wend?
Knowing not (such cares control me),
What to do my griefs to end,
Have I one consoling friend?
Is there aught that can console me?

"Sad my song responsive glows
To thy music, plaintive river;
Telling, as remembrance grows,
All my last enduring woes,
Woes that last, enduring ever.

"Friends have fled—do sorrows flee?
Mine still cling; nought else remaining,
Mournful end they work for me,
Though themselves are doom'd to be
Never ending, never waning.

"'Hope not good,' saith my despair,
One there is who hope denying,
Wills thee nought but ill, howe'er
Thou no thought save good dost bear
To that heart so un-replying.

"Ah, my days in sorrow cast!
Ah, my days o'er-cast with sorrow!
Panting, longing, how ye've pass'd!
Languishing from joy, at last,
Joyously a ray to borrow.

"Anxious days, ah, let me rest!
Must ye not grow sad to view me,
Thus by all my cares oppress!
Boding, too, with troubled breast,
More, still more, that shall pursue me."

The repetitions of words and phrases in these stanzas, remind us of some similar examples in the heroic Epistles of Ovid, a poet very likely to have been a favourite with Ribeyro; e.g.:

"*Anna Soror, Soror Anna, meae malè
conscia culpæ
Jam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.*"

Epis. 7.

* Nam sam casado, senhora,
Que ainda que dei a mão
Nam caser o coração.

"Hei mihi! quid feci? quo me furor egit
amantem?"

Impia quid dubitas Deianira mori

Tu quoque cognosces in me, Meleagre, Sororem,

Impia quid dubitas Deianira mori?"

Epis. 9.

"Bis tamen adverso redierunt carbasia vento,
Mentior ah demens! ille secundus erat;
Ille secundus erat, qui me referebat euntem."

Epis. 21.

The year 1521 brought with it a sad event for Ribeyro, the loss of her whom but to behold was felicity. The Infanta Beatrix, then about seventeen, was sought in marriage by the reigning Duke of Savoy, Charles III., then aged thirty-five. King Emanuel deferred giving a definitive answer; and, anxious for his child's happiness, secretly despatched his secretary, Silvester Nunez, into Savoy, to obtain private information respecting the disposition of the Duke, and the habits and manners of his court and family. During the time that the negotiations were pending, Ribeyro suffered agonies of suspense and sorrow. He often wandered alone in the woods, and spent whole nights in their solitudes, embodying in verse the deep feelings of his love. What were the sensations of his unfortunate and neglected wife we have not been told by the biographers, but it is not difficult to form some idea of them.

The Portuguese envoy's report was favourable to Charles of Savoy, and Emanuel accepted him as his son-in-law. On the 7th of April, the Ducal Ambassador, being introduced by the Prince of Portugal, was received by Emanuel and his Queen Eleanor in great state, in a spacious room brilliant with innumerable lights in silver candelabra, and decorated with rich tapestry and cloth of gold. The Infanta Beatrix, and her elder sister, Isabella, were seated on cushions of magnificent brocade, and attended by a crowd of the most illustrious nobility of the kingdom. Then Don Martinez da Costa, Archbishop of Lisbon, solemnised, in due form, the ceremony of betrothment between the young Infanta and the Duke of Savoy, who was represented

by the Ambassador M. De Balcisan, as his proxy. A melancholy scene, notwithstanding all its splendour, for Ribeyro, if, in his official capacity, he happened to have been present. The evening concluded with a grand ball, at which the king, the bride, and all the royal family danced.

Emanuel, who loved display, indulged his taste to the full on this nuptial occasion. Garcia de Resende, the chronicler of Don John, Emanuel's son and successor, wrote a long and minute account of the departure of Donna Beatrix for Savoy, in which he dwells with great complacency on the pomps and ceremonies of the embarkation. The fleet for her convoy consisted of eighteen sail (exclusive of the Admiral's vessel), fully equipped and armed. Vast expense was lavished on the decoration of the vessels, not only by the king, but also by the nobles who accompanied the royal bride; and among them the Archbishop of Lisbon, who equipped, at his own cost, one of the largest and most sumptuous of the convoy. The Infanta's ship, the Santa Catherina of Mount Sinai, was elaborately carved and gilded in all parts; the saloons, ante-chamber, and the royal bed-room, were rich in cloth of gold and splendid furniture, as was also the chapel fitted up for daily mass. Over the quarter-deck was drawn a gorgeous awning of blue velvet and yellow satin, relieved with white silk, and richly fringed, hanging over the sides of the ship almost to the water. Other handsome awnings were displayed over the fore parts of the Santa Catherina, which was all in a flutter, with no less than eighty-four pennants and ensigns, besides two immense flags, one at the poop, the other at the bow, with the royal arms emblazoned in gold. In fact, the Infanta's ship was, according to Resende,* "of an awful magnificence, delightful to behold, but of which he dared not write;" and its companions were suitably decorated.

On the 4th of August the dazzled eyes of the loyal and admiring Portuguese were rejoiced by beholding all the suite of the Infanta-Duchess mustered like troops for a review. Resende revels in ecstasy in the reminiscences of the velvets, brocades,

* "Era cousa espantosa, e muito para folgar de ver, e nao ousar de escrever."

borders of pearls, gemmed girdles, golden chains, chased weapons, embroideries, &c. ; never, he declares, did the Peninsula see an assemblage so richly, so elegantly clad. (N.B.—Many of the nobles mortgaged their estates on the occasion.) And the horses and mules went as gay as their riders, and sonorous was the music of the numerous bands. On the same afternoon the royal family rode through the streets of Lisbon, hung with tapestry, escorting the betrothed princess to take leave of the Queen Dowager,* Donna Leonora. Queen Eleanor and the bride were carried in a horse litter, covered with cloth of gold, and followed by the king and five of his sons, in rich array, on splendidly caparisoned horses ; Don Alfonso, the Cardinal-Infant, in rochet and hood, and scarlet gown, and red satin hat, mounted on a mule, with crimson velvet hangings ; the Infanta Isabella, on *her* mule, with gilded trappings ; and a host of equerries, pages, and ladies in waiting, all so glittering, that Resende calls it “a very lustrous affair.”

After the royal adieux were over, there was at court, that night, a grand ball, opened by the king and the bride, followed by all the royal family (save the Cardinal), and by all who were going to Savoy, and many who were not. After some hours of incessant dancing, the court sat down to be refreshed by the sight of—a puppet show ! representing the marriage and embarkation of Donna Beatrix, performed by dolls, “admirably well made and managed, and very natural, being a matter remarkably well regulated, and very applicable,” saith Resende.

On the 5th of August, the Infanta-Duchess set forward to embark, escorted by the king, the Ambassador of Savoy and his suite, the royal family, crowds of nobles, and the entire households of the king and queen, including the officials in every grade. Amongst them must have been Ribeyro, in virtue of his office : his eyes and heart must have ached with the glare of the pomp which celebrated, as a festival, that event over which he mourned as his greatest calamity. That very pomp ought to have cured him of his presumptuous folly, marking,

as it so forcibly did, the wide distance between himself and the object of his vain love ; he, the mere insignificant unit, amid the crowds of attendants collected to do homage to *her* who, perhaps, did not perceive him, as she moved forward in the procession, leaning on the arm of her young step-mother (then but twenty-four years of age), who showed her every affectionate attention. The way was covered with tapestry, and the royal barge filled with brocaded cushions, and decked with gold-embroidered flags of crimson and white damask : it was towed by two other gaily-adorned boats, their crews in full uniform, and followed by innumerable vessels of all sizes, each with its band of music, streamers, and green boughs, and flowers. On shore, the multitudes on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, were past calculating ; and such shouting of people, thundering of artillery, and sounding of trumpets, was never heard in Lisbon before, or, perhaps, since. Emanuel and his queen, after leaving the Infanta-Duchess on board the Santa Catherina, returned to the city ; but the Infanta Isabella, and the Infants, her brothers, remained with their parting sister, to render the departure of their beloved one from her family as gradual as possible. They must have slept but little in their floating palace ; for, all night, the boats rowing round it, filled with musicians, kept up a perpetual serenade.

The following days were festivals. The Infanta-Duchess gave a grand fête, on board, to their Majesties and the nobility ; and the next morning she held a farewell levee, at which many tears were shed ; especially by the Prince of Portugal, who was strongly attached to his sister.

At length, on the 9th of August, the last leave was taken of the bride by her family. Emanuel remained for some time closeted with his daughter, alone ; and when he left her, his eyes were red from weeping. With sobs and tears, and repeated embraces, the royal family tore themselves away, and descended to the boat that bore them back to shore ; and poor Beatrix stretched herself out of her cabin window, and watched them with streaming eyes till the last glimpse had

* Sister of Emanuel, and widow of his cousin and predecessor, John II.

vanished. Her heart seemed prophetic that among them was some one soon to be separated from her by barriers more impassable than any on earth, and by a gulf deeper than the sea. Her father survived their parting but four months; he died in the December following.

After the departure of Beatrice, Ribeyro spent his time wandering in despair among the woods, and along the sea shore, venting his grief in song. In one of his eclogues, in which he disguises the Infanta-Duchess under the appellation of the shepherdess Catherina, he alludes to her marriage with his more fortunate and more richly-endowed rival. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Ribeyro, as the shepherd Persius, and one of his friends. Persius complains of his hopeless griefs, and Faunus endeavours to reason him into resignation, by sensible, trite arguments. The eclogue, consisting of 340 lines, is too long to give entire; we shall, therefore, only offer some extracts. It commences by describing Persius as a happy and careless shepherd till he saw Catherina, and became so enamoured of her that he neglected his flock, suffering his sheep to grow meagre, and passing his nights without rest. He had hoped that Catherina regarded him with some favour; but another shepherd won her by his promises and gifts, and carried her away to another land; and Persius sent his soul after her, though his body remained behind. Faunus, seeing the neglected state of his friend's flock, and observing the grief to which he is a prey, inquires into his sorrows, and offers him consolation; and the complaints of Persius, and the reasonings of Faunus, are the subjects of alternating stanzas, which abound in repetitions and plays upon words. To the first speech of Faunus, Persius replies, telling of his comparative happiness in his love before the object was snatched from him by his rival, and of the subsequent increase of his misery:—

"Who can cure a cureless sorrow?—

How, when strong misfortune reigns,
Leave to Fortune's care to-morrow
(Risking nought) whate'er remains?

Say not, Good shall greet me gladly,
Mine is ill surpassed by none:

Still I must remember sadly,

What I lost another won.

Once to bondage I consented;

Then its ill seem'd weal to me:

Now depress'd and discontented,

Far from all the world I flee.

Once that mead* rejoiced me ever,

Mead where lov'd my flock to go:

Ah! a change of cares doth never

Bring the ill-starr'd aught but woe.

On a rock how oft reclining,

Where the riv'let flow'd around,

Lonely, tranquil, unreining,

Have I woke my flute's soft sound.

Nought mistrusting, no one fearing,

Fondling all affection's pains,

On the stream I gaz'd, whose cheering

Murmur mingled with my strains.

But a shepherd I ne'er heeded,

One who pastured far away,

And whose flocks mine far exceeded,

For my grief came by one day.

He that pleasant mead perceiving,

Boldly made him master there;

Then I felt—ah! deeply grieving—

Deeper since grew my despair.

FAUNUS.

"He who for light cause complaineth,

Merits grief while lasts his breath;

Or of life, which he disdaineth

To be reft—if just be Death.

Madness wild, or purblind folly

Must it be, beyond dispute,

Thus to doat on *her* so wholly

Who hath blest another's suit.

PERSIUS.

"Well I know I vainly languish,

But can Passion *coolly* love?

Or its fierce unreasoning anguish

With calm Reason's word reprove?

Vain, I own, it is to cherish

Sad remembrance of the Lost:

But that mem'ry ne'er can perish

Which such deep, fond longings cost.

FAUNUS.

"Sterner trials prove man's mettle;

Stout hearts are in danger known;

For when calms around them settle,

How can courage then be shown?

Wherefore tho' thou grief endurest,

Bravely bear! nor life refuse:

For the conquest proudest, purest,

Is when man himself subdues.

PERSIUS.†

"Can the hope for which we've panted

Be forgot by mind and heart?

Can the mem'ry soul-implanted

Pass, till soul itself depart?

* Here Ribeyro symbolizes Beatrice as the mead, and his affections as his flock.

† We continue the stanzas of Persius consecutively, omitting those of Faunus for the sake of brevity.

While along life's pathway faring,
Never wilt thou see me rest :
How can man repose, while bearing
Death within his aching breast ?

" Oft in times of deepest feeling,
Shelterless all night I lay ;
But fond hope my sorrows healing,
Lull'd me on my couch of hay.
Now no spot of rest remaineth ;
Now my life no rest could know :
Hope is lost ; my heart retaineth
Nought from which a hope could grow.

" I my pain to no man telling,
Sooth'd it only 'mid my sheep ;
And, afar from human dwelling,
Laid me in the fields to sleep.
But since this, the sternest pressure
Of my woes, me seems I hate
Field and flock ; though late my treasure,
Now they cannot soothe my fate.

" Oft to rivers cool I wended,
And beneath their willow shade,
Slept from noontide heat defended,
With my lambs around me laid.
There, where gladly once I hasted,
Deem'st thou peace still lives for me ?
Scenes where pleasure once I tasted,
Now I shun, I loathe to see.

" Woes are lessen'd in revealing ;
Would that words could tell my grief ;
Could but free the stifled feeling,
Give the pent-up heart relief.
No ! my weighty cares defying
Every hope their end to see,
Make me feel, while wishing, sighing
For release, it cannot be.

FAUNUS.

" Hence with sadd'ning recollection !
None can bow to ill resign'd,
Save of good some sweet reflection
Glances cheerly on his mind.
Chace the care thy peace that marreth ;
He whose courage bears him best
When ill-fate most fiercely warreth,
Be he lauded, lov'd, and blest."

After the marriage of the Infanta, Ribeyro's passion seems rather to have increased than diminished by absence ; and unable to endure his bereavement any longer, he ventured on the audacious step of following Beatrix to Savoy ; and he presented himself before her at her court with such unmistakable indications of the cause which led him thither, that the young Duchess gave him a severe but well-merited repulse, which shewed him the necessity and propriety of at once withdrawing his unwelcome presence, and he returned, crest-fallen, to Lisbon.

It was probably after this misadven-

ture (as we may infer from internal evidence) that Ribeyro wrote his strange and mysterious poem entitled "The Vision," in which he personifies his Care, his Desire (or love), and his Memory ; alluding with studied obscurity to the cause of his sorrows and his recollections ; and also to some circumstances which are now inexplicable, veiling them in language purposely oracular. His Desire he represents as a man clad in mourning, unable to speak from passionate weeping, and having his face bathed in blood ; which clearly appears an allusion to the wound inflicted on his silenced and mortified love by the indignation of Donna Beatrix. He images his Care as an old man (marking the long existence of that feeling in his mind) and as nursed in a foreign land (Savoy), though its birth-place was by the Tagus ; and his Memory he depicts as an over-wearied female, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and almost expiring from lassitude and sorrow. This romance is not marked by the repetitions and plays on words which characterise Ribeyro's poems in general : it is written with earnestness, as if inspired by real and deeply-felt circumstances, recorded by the poet for his own gratification alone, and adapted to his own comprehensions, while it perplexes that of others. The style is so extremely simple, that were we to imitate closely its plainness, our translation would appear to the English reader too bald and meagre.

"THE VISION."

" My sorrows led me forth one day,
Along that mountain's foot to stray,
Lav'd by the river winding free,
Where love so oft has warr'd with me ;
And as the waters swept between
The tall old trees, and thickets green,
Sometimes all silent was their glow,
And sometimes murmur'd soft and low.

" 'Twas opening summer's evening hour ;
The birds began in every bower,
Their strains that gladden'd all around—
And to the plaintive sighing sound,
Where rippling current sped along,
They pour'd the music of their song.

" Then while I heard, did mem'ry all
My mournful strains and plaints recall :
'Twere better die, methought, than bear
The retrospect of grief and care,
Reviewing all through which I've pass'd—
'Have pass'd,' I said ?—before me cast,
Along life's path lies many an ill—
My future is but suffering still.

"The ceaseless-flowing waters brought
To mind of those sad streams the thought
Which from my eyes, all dim with sorrow ;
Gush down my cheeks in many a furrow :
Yet tears are but my only pleasure,
Now in my grief's exceeding measure,
The bliss that once I deem'd my own,
(But lost) I know not *how* has flown
And ah ! too sure, too well I know
It only came to glance and go.

"While Thought thus wrapt me, I descried
A man upon the river's side,
Whose beard and hair of silv'ry hue
Reach'd to the earth, so long they grew.
I look'd on him with deep amaze ;
Then fall on me he fix'd his gaze,
And spake : ' These waters also wend
Their drops with Tagus' tide to blend.' "

"Behind him, clad in black attire,
Alone and sad, stood my Desire ;
With hand on lip, like one dismay'd,
Whose anguish utterance forbade,
Weeping in silence, while his face
Was wet with many a bloody trace.
Me, too, beheld that grey-hair'd man
Dissolv'd in tears, and thus began :—
' I am thy Care ; I who was nurs'd
In foreign land, though here my first
Life-breath was drawn ; and he whom there
Thou see'st, that form with mournful air,
Is thy Desire, first known to thee
In evil hour ; for ne'er will he
Forget thee,† but o'er land and sea }
Will track thy steps, relaxing never ;
And follow but to wound thee ever.'
When this I heard, burst forth my sighs :
For then I knew my tearful eyes
Had lost, for ever lost, the one
Sole good they lov'd to look upon.
To me that good none ever gave ;
I have it not, I ne'er can have,
Nor even hope it ; for so blest
Merely to view it, unpossess,
Was I, that in my heart nor scope,
Nor room, Content had left for Hope.

"While thus in musings, sad yet fond,
I gaz'd upon the banks beyond,
At once the vision'd forms were gone,
I saw no more, I stood alone.

"Then where the river downward flow'd,
I took to Montemor the road ;
On the south bank I paus'd to rest,
With all my troubled thoughts oppress :
There, from rude rocks of dizzy height
Where birds that ' hideous make the night' }
Take refuge daily from the light,

Fancy upon her arm (methought)
Led forth a female form, o'erwrought
With weariness, so that her feet
Could not sustain her ; and to greet
Me Fancy spake : ' Forlorn one see !
This is thy hapless Memory.'

"On that dear face I look'd, until
My heart and soul it seem'd to fill,
The first, last object of my gaze—
Wide, widely glanc'd, with wand'ring rays,
Her large blue eyes, whence ceaseless welling,
Tears bath'd her cheeks, like torrents swelling :
(Now for awhile there seem'd to be
A truce between my woes and me)
Her wavy locks, like threads of gold,
Did Mourner's veil of black enfold ;
And in her woe's extremity,
Seem'd she as one about to die.
On me a stealthy eye she cast
Some while, then fix'd me full at last,
Struck her white bosom, and in tone
Lamenting, spake these words alone :
' Since all my life is dark and drear,
Why was I doom'd to periah here ?
I groan'd with anguish while she said,
And to console her forwards sped.

"Just then the sun set, and the sky
Grew dark with night—I long'd to die,
And for I could not, rail'd with hate
Against my life, against my fate.
Soon from a lofty mountain came
A distant voice, that called the name
Of ' Bernardim Ribeyro'—then
Another answering spake again,
' Behold him there ! ' I looked around,
'Twas all obscurity profound.
Then did I close my eyes, and ne'er
Have oped them since—how could I bear
To look on aught since I have lost
Thee whom I lov'd and treasure'd most ?
To glad me nothing can I see ;
Ill, only ill, remains for me."

The discouragement Ribeyro had received from the Princess Beatrix was well calculated to disabuse his mind of, at least, some of its delusions ; and to make him, in some degree, sensible of his reprehensible folly in cherishing an extravagant passion for the wife of a reigning prince, the daughter of his own sovereign. We may, therefore, with all probability, conjecture, it was after his return from Savoy, that he assumed, in his own home, that deportment which won for him, from Portuguese writers, the reputation of

* This obscure expression seems to mean that Ribeyro's tears flowed down to fall into the Tagus, and to pass on with its tide to the sea, to be carried towards Savoy.

† An allusion, we think, to Ribeyro's love-pilgrimages from Portugal to Savoy, and back ; and to his pertinacious passion which only produced to him pain and disappointment.

a kind and affectionate husband. For it is contrary to common sense to believe, that he could have sought or fostered conjugal happiness while he was spending his nights rambling about the woods in lover-like despair; and his days in addressing to the object of his wild flame, such verses as the *can-tiga* before quoted. Certain it is, that after his vain and daring visit to Savoy, he resigned his post at the Court of Lisbon, and withdrew into retirement. But whether it were, that the court had grown distasteful to him from the absence of Beatrix; or that his mind had become enlightened on the true nature of his duties, and the true source whence he should seek for happiness, we have not data to decide. Perhaps these, and other motives and feelings mingled and worked together; for, according to a sensible German proverb: "Everything in the world has more than one reason." "*Alle Dinge haben ein paar Ursachen.*"

In Ribeyro's retirement his own slighted wife became so much endeared to him, that when she died, his excessive grief for her loss threw him into a deep melancholy, from which he never recovered, and he did not long survive her; but the date of his death is not recorded.

We are unacquainted with the personal history of poor Donna Ribeyro; but she appears to have been one of those "obscure martyrs," and domestic heroines of endurance, whose memorials the recording angel loves to confine to his own pen. She must have been meek, patient, devoted, and magnanimous; since, insulted by her husband's avowed preference of another, neglected and deserted for a worse than phantom love, still, forbearing and forgiving, with an enduring tenderness, and a generous pity, she re-conquered his rebel heart back to its lawful allegiance (a greater and more difficult victory than any achieved on the battle field), soothing his retreat, and rendering herself so necessary to his well-being, that without her his life became a blank. Donna Ribeyro, however, had not had the pain of seeing herself cast aside for an unworthy, or degrading object. She had no cause to *despise* her husband; and could, there-

fore, the more easily forgive, and the more cordially desire to win back his alienated, but not disgraced affections. A *degraded* heart she would neither have *hoped* nor *wished* to recover.

Besides his poems, Ribeyro wrote a prose romance, which is entitled "*Menina e Moça*," (i. e. the Young and Innocent Maiden). It is a singular composition, containing many passages of considerable beauty and pathos. Bouterwek* says:—

"In point of intricacy this fragment has no parallel in the whole range of romantic literature. The mysterious Ribeyro has here employed all the powers of his inventive fancy, in giving utterance to his enthusiastic feelings, and in minutely expressing the sentiments of his heart; while, at the same time, he has confounded and changed characters and events so as to secure every circumstance and allusion against every malicious interpretation. . . . It would be impossible to furnish an abstract of the tale of love and heroism which forms the subject of this romance. Even on a perusal of the whole, so great is the obscurity, that nothing can be comprehended of the circumstances without the utmost effort of attention. That Ribeyro has clothed, in the disguise of this story, the most interesting events of his own life, is a fact which admits of no doubt."

And as those "most interesting events" were closely connected with Donna Beatrix, it was of the highest importance that Ribeyro should mislead the conjectures and interpretations on that delicate subject; content to be the sole possessor of the key that unlocked those, to *him*, treasures of memory. The title of the fragmentary romance bears an allusion to the writer's hopeless love: "*Menina e Moça*;" or, the *Saudades* of Bernardim Ribeyro." The word *Saudades* has no corresponding word in English, and must be translated paraphrastically.† "It is the most refined, most tender, and ardent desires for something absent, accompanied with a solicitude and anxious regard, which cannot be expressed by one word in any other language." The nearest approach to the meaning of *saudade*, made by any single word with which we are acquainted is, the Latin *desiderium*; or the Greek, *Πιδος*; but even those are far from the compre-

* History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature.

† See Note to the *Spectator*, No. 204.

bensive expression of feeling in the Portuguese word.

Ribeyro's romance opens with the commencement of a narrative by a nameless lady, dwelling on a wild and lonely part of the sea shore. She relates, that while a young and innocent maiden (*Menina e Moça*) she was carried away from her father's house to a foreign land, and from that period had been doomed to a life of solitude and wretchedness (apparently an allusion to the removal of Beatrix from Portugal to Savoy, and to her misfortunes on the spoliation of her husband's territories by the French). The lady proceeds to say, she has discovered a female still more unfortunate than herself (perhaps Ribeyro's neglected wife), and at this point the obscurity begins; for the *Menina* breaks off her promised story, and the second female becomes the speaker; lamenting the vanished days of chivalry, and eulogising the virtues of the former knights and ladies. She says, the wild valleys which she inhabits were once the scene of brilliant and memorable events; but instead of relating them, or continuing her own adventures, she diverges into an intricate tale of love and valour, appertaining to the olden times of chivalry, which is left unfinished. The romance was never published by Ribeyro; from which circumstance, and from that of his never having concluded it, we may infer that the extravagance of his passion had become sobered down, by time and reason, and his long alienated affections had returned to their home, since he desisted from completing a work that would have testified to the continuance of an error, which he would once have called his constancy. It was not till after the author's death that the romance became known to the world.

Between Ribeyro and Petrarch are a few coincidences; both were natives of the genial south; both loved the wedded wives of other men, with a hopeless passion that gave a colouring to their whole lives; both dedicated their muse to the effusions of their love, and by such dedication obtained their celebrity. But the parallel proceeds no further; in their styles they were

widely dissimilar. True, both were addicted to conceits and plays upon words, Petrarch punning on his Laura, and the Laurel (*Lauro*), and Ribeyro on his own name, as *Ribeiro*, masculine, a river, and *Ribeira*, feminine, the river's bank, in allusion to his beloved one; but the style of Petrarch, who lived upwards of a century before Ribeyro, is as polished and studied as that of the later poet is plain and even careless. Petrarch is tender, but the feeling of Ribeyro is more earnest and energetic. It is evident that Petrarch wrote for public approval, but Ribeyro solely for his own gratification and solace. We may instance the sonnet of Petrarch which commences:—

"Vol ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri, ond' io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore."*

We cannot recollect in any of Ribeyro's poems a similar allusion to his probable readers or hearers; he never appears to have contemplated publicity. Neither Petrarch nor Ribeyro possessed much invention; but the mystery of the latter gives him an air of greater originality; the verse of both is soft and melodious, but from the genius of the two languages, the Italian poet seems somewhat effeminate beside the more manly Portuguese. In concluding our remarks, we would recommend the Italian reader to compare Petrarch's visionary canzone, commencing:—

"Nel dolce tempo della prima etade,"

with Ribeyro's vision; he will be interested by some features of resemblance. The date of Ribeyro's death has not been recorded, consequently we do not know whether, like Petrarch, he survived the object of his long-cherished attachment.

Donna Beatrix is interesting to us, not only as the lady of a poet's love, but also as the niece of a celebrated Queen of England, on whose melancholy fate Shakspeare has exercised his pathetic powers; and thus a few concluding words relative to the Infanta's subsequent history may not be misplaced. Though married to an

* Ye who do hear, in these my scatter'd rhymes,
The echo of the sighs with which my heart
I nourish'd in the error of my youth.

amiable and devoted husband, the lot of Beatrix was one of many and deep sorrows. She was the mother of seven sons and three daughters, but of her eldest child, Adrian, she was deprived by death after her heart had been accustomed to cling to him for thirteen years, and all the rest save three died in their infancy. The survivors were, Emanuel Philibert, who succeeded his father, and the princesses Mary and Isabella. By her great talents, still more than by her beauty, Beatrix gained a complete ascendancy over her husband, who was pious, just, accomplished, and a lover and patron of literature, but deficient in moral courage and political abilities. And this ascendancy was fatal to the interests of Savoy, and to the welfare of the Duke and Duchess, for the latter, proud of her connexion with the Emperor, Charles V. (who was the nephew of her mother, and the husband of her elder sister, Isabella) she induced the Duke to espouse the Imperial cause in the wars between the Emperor and Francis I., in consequence of which the French troops overran the territories of Savoy, and the Duke saw himself divested of all, save Piedmont, by

which he and his family were reduced to a state of extreme distress. Beatrix sustained her reverse with a courage and constancy that excited general admiration, and she nobly supported the mind and spirit of her husband till he had the affliction to lose her in 1538, a year doubly disastrous to him. Beatrix died on the 8th of January at Nice, at the age of thirty-four, in the maturity of her beauty, and in the June following the Treaty of Nice was ratified, by which the Duke, deserted by the Emperor for whom he had suffered so much, was despoiled by the French of all that had till then remained to him in Piedmont, being reduced to the possession of Nice alone, where seventeen years before he had received as his bride the lovely young Portuguese, with her magnificent and numerous suite; and at Nice she died, a mother bereaved of nearly all her children, a sovereign princess deprived of her dominions and her court. Charles of Savoy survived his wife fifteen years, but would never entertain the idea of a second marriage. He died in 1553, aged sixty-seven.

M. E. M.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A REMNANT OF "FONTENOY."

THERE WAS NO resisting the inquisitive curiosity of my companion. The short, dry cough, the little husky "ay," that sounded like anything rather than assent, which followed on my replies to his questions, and, more than all, the keen, oblique glances of his shrewd grey eyes, told me that I had utterly failed in all my attempts at mystification, and that he read me through and through.

"And so," said he, at last, after a somewhat lengthy narrative of my shipwreck, "and so the Flemish sailors wear spurs?"

"Spurs! of course not; why should they?" asked I, in some astonishment.

"Well, but don't they?" asked he again.

"No such thing; it would be absurd to suppose it."

"So I thought," rejoined he; "and when I looked at yer 'honor's' boots (it was the first time he had addressed me by this title of deference), and saw the marks on the heel for spurs, I soon knew how much of a sailor you were."

"And if not a sailor, what am I, then?" asked I; for, in the loneliness of the mountain region where we walked, I could afford to throw off my disguise without risk.

"Ye'r a French officer of dragoons, and God bless ye; but ye'r young to be at the trade. Arn't I right now?"

"Not very far from it certainly, for I am a lieutenant of hussars," said I, with a little of that pride which we of the loose pelisse always feel on the mention of our corps.

"I knew it well all along," said he, coolly; "the way you stood in the room, your step as you walked, and, above all, how ye believed me when I spoke of the spring tides, and the moon only in her second quarter, I saw you never was a sailor anyhow. And so I set a thinking what you were. You were too silent for a pedlar, and your hands were too white to be in the smuggling trade; but when I saw

your boots, I had the secret at once, and knew ye were one of the French army that landed the other day at Killala."

"It was stupid enough of me not to have remembered the boots!" said I, laughing.

"Arrah, what use would it be?" replied he; "sure ye'r too straight in the back, and your walk is too reg'lar, and your toes turns in too much, for a sailor; the very way you hould a switch in your hand would betray you!"

"So it seems, then, I must try some other disguise," said I, "if I'm to keep company with people as shrewd as you are."

"You needn't," said he, shaking his head doubtfully; "any that wants to betray ye wouldn't find it hard."

I was not much flattered by the depreciating tone in which he dismissed my efforts at personation, and walked on for some time without speaking.

"Yez came too late, four months too late," said he, with a sorrowful gesture of the hands. "When the Wexford boys was up, and the Kildare chaps, and plenty more ready to come in from the North, then, indeed, a few thousand French down here in the West would have made a differ; but what's the good in it now? The best men we had are hanged or in gaol; some are frightened; more are traitors! 'Tis too late—too late!"

"But not too late for a large force landing in the North, to rouse the island to another effort for liberty."

"Who would be the gin'ral?" asked he, suddenly.

"Napper Tandy, your own countryman," replied I, proudly.

"I wish ye luck of him!" said he, with a bitter laugh; "'tis more like mocking us than anything else the French does be, with the chaps they sent here to be gin'rals. Sure it isn't Napper Tandy, nor a set of young lawyers like Tone and the rest of them, we wanted. It was men that

knew how to drill and manage troops—fellows that was used to fightin'; so that when they said a thing, we might believe that they understood it, at laste. I'm ould enough to remember the 'Wild Geese,' as they used to call them—the fellows that ran away from this to take sarvice in France; and I remember, too, the sort of men the French were that came over to inspect them—soldiers, real soldiers, every inch of them. And a fine sarvice it was. Volle-face!" cried he, holding himself erect, and shouldering his stick like a musket, "marche! Ha, ha! ye didn't think *that* was in me; but I was at the thrade long before you were born."

"How is this," said I, in amazement, "you were not in the French army?"

"Wasn't I, though? maybe I didn't get that stick there." And he bared his breast as he spoke, to show the cicatrix of an old flesh-wound from a Highlander's bayonet. I was at Fontenoy!"

The last few words he uttered with a triumphant pride that I shall never forget. As for me, the mere name was magical. "Fontenoy" was like one of those great words which light up a whole page of history; and it almost seemed impossible that I should see before me a soldier of that glorious battle.

"Aye, faith!" he added, "'tis more than fifty, 'tis nigh sixty years now since that, and I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was in the regiment 'Tourville;' I was recruited for the 'Wellon,' but they scattered us about among the other corps afterwards, because we used now and then to be fighting and quarrellin' among one an' other. Well, it was the Wellons that gained the battle; for after the English was in the village of Fontenoy, and the French was falling back upon the heights near the wood—arrah, what's the name of the wood? Sure I'll forget my own name next. Aye, to be sure, Verzon—the 'wood of Verzon.' Major Jodillon—that's what the French called him, but his name was Joe Wellon—turned an eight-pounder short round into a little yard of a farm-house, and, making a breach for the gun he opened a dreadful fire on the English column. It was loaded with grape, and at half musket range, so you may think what a peppering they got. At

last the column halted, and lay down; and Joe seen an officer ride off to the rere, to bring up artillery to silence our guns. A few minutes more, and it would be all over with us. So Joe shouts out as loud as he could, 'Cavalry there! tell off by threes, and prepare to charge.' I needn't tell you that the devil a horse nor a rider was within a mile of us at the time; but the English didn't know that, and, hearin' the order, up they jumps, and we heard the word passin', 'Prepare to receive cavalry.' They formed square at once, and the same minute we plumped into them with such a charge as tore a lane right through the middle of them. Before they could recover, we opened a platoon fire on their flank; they staggered, broke, and at last fell back in disorder upon Aeth, with the whole of the French army after them. Such firin'—grape, round-shot, and musketry—I never seed afore, and we all shouting like devils, for it was more like a hunt nor anything else; for ye see the Dutch never came up, but left the English to do all the work themselves, and that's the reason they couldn't form, for they had no supportin' column'.

"It was then I got that stick of the bayonet, for there was such runnin' that we only thought of pelting after them as hard as we could; but ye see, there's nothin' so treacherous as a Highlander. I was just behind one, and had my sword-point between his blade-bones ready to run him through, when he turned short about, and run his bayonet into me under the short ribs, and that was all I saw of the battle; for I bled till I fainted, and never knew more of what happened. 'Tisn't by way of making little of Frenchmen I say it, for I sarved too long wid them for *that*—but sorra taste of that victory ever they'd see if it wasn't for the Wellons, and Major Joe that commanded them! The English knows it well, too! Maybe they don't do us many a spite for it to this very day!"

"And what became of you after that?"

"That same summer I came over to Scotland with the young Prince Charles, and was at the battle of Prestonpans afterwards! and, what's worse, I was at Culloden! Oh, that was the terrible day. We were dead bate before we began the battle. We were on the march from one o'clock the night

before, under the most dreadful rain ever ye seen ! We lost our way twice, and after four hours of hard marching, we found ourselves opposite a mill-dam we crossed early that same morning ; for the guides led us all astray ! Then came ordhers to wheel about face and go back again ; and back we went, cursing the blaguards that deceived us, and almost faintin' with hunger. Some of us had nothing to eat for two days, and the Prince, I seen myself, had only a brown bannock to a wooden measure of whiskey for his own breakfast. Well, it's no use talking, we were bate, and we retreated to Inverness that night, and next morning we surrendered and laid down our arms—that is the ' Regiment du Tournay ' and the ' Voltiguers de Metz,' the corps I was in myself."

" And did you return to France ?"

" No ; I made my way back to Ireland, and after loiterin' about home some time, and not liking the ways of turning to work again, I took service with one Mister Brooke of Castle Brooke, in Fermanagh, a young man that was just come of age, and as great a devil, God forgive me, as ever was spawned. He was a Protestant, but he didn't care much about one side or the other, but only wanted divarsion and his own fun out of the world ; and faix he took it, too ! He had plenty of money, was a fine man to look at, and had courage to face a lion !

" The first place we went to was Aix-la-Chapelle, for Mr. Brooke was named something—I forget what—to Lord Sandwich, that was going there as an ambassador. It was a grand life there while it lasted. Such liveries, such coaches, such elegant dinners every day, I never saw even in Paris. But my master was soon sent away for a piece of wildness he did. There was an ould Austrian there—a Count Riedensegg was his name—and he was always plottin' and schanin' with this, that, and the other ; buyin' up the sacrets of others, and gettin' at their sacret papers one way or the other ; and at last he begins to thry the same game with us ; and as he saw that Mr. Brooke was very fond of high play, and would bet anything one offered him, the ould Count sends for a great gambler from Vienna, the greatest villain, they say, that ever touched a card. Ye may have heerd of him, tho' twas long ago that he lived, for he was

well known in them times. He was the Baron von Breckendorf, and a great friend afterwards of the Prince Ragint and all the other blaguards in London.

" Well, sir, the Baron arrives in great state, with despatches, they said, but sorrow other despatch he carried nor some packs of marked cards, and a dice-box that could throw sixes whenever ye wanted ; and he puts up at the Grand Hotel, with all his servants in fine liveries and as much state as a prince. That very day Mr. Brooke dined with the Count, and in the evening himself and the Baron sits down to the cards ; and, pretending to be only playin' for silver, they were bettin' a hundred guineas on every game.

" I always heerd that my master was cute with the cards, and that few was equal to him in any game with paste-board or ivory, but, be my conscience, he met his match now, for if it was ould Nick was playin' he couldn't do the thrick nater nor the Baron. He made everything come up just like magic : if he wanted a seven of diamonds, or an ace of spades, or the knave of clubs, there it was for you.

" Most gentlemen would have lost temper at seein' the luck so dead agin' them, and everything goin' so bad, but my master only smiled, and kept muttering to himself, ' Faix, its beautiful ; by my conscience its elegant ; I never saw anybody could do it like that.' At last the Baron stops and asks, ' What is it he's saying to himself ? ' ' Ill tell you by and by,' says my master, ' when we're done playing ; and so on they went, betting higher and higher, till at last the stakes wasn't very far from a thousand pounds on a single card. At the end, Mr. Brooke lost everything, and in the last game, by way of generosity, the Baron says to him, ' Double or quit ? ' and he tuk it.

" This time luck stood to my master, and he turned the queen of hearts ; and as there was only one card could beat him, the game was all as one as his own. The Baron takes up the pack, and begins to deal. ' Wait,' says my master, leaning over the table, and talking in a whisper ; ' wait,' says he, ' what are ye doin' there wid your thumb ? ' for sure enough he had his thumb dug hard into the middle of the pack.

" ' Do you mane to insult me,' says

the Baron getting mighty red, and throwing down the cards on the table, 'Is that what you're at?'

'Go on with the deal,' says Mr. Brooke quietly; 'but listen to me,' and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'as sure as you turn the king of hearts I'll send a bullet through your skull! Go on now, and don't rise from that seat till you've finished the game.' Faix he just did as he was bid; he turned a little two or three of diamonds, and gettin' up from the table, he left the room, and the next morning there was no more seen of him in Aix-la-Chapelle. But that wasn't the end of it, for scarce was the Baron two posts on his journey when my master sends in his name, and says he wants to speak to Count Riedensegg. There was a long time and a great debatin', I believe, whether they'd let him in or not; for the Count couldn't make if it was mischief he was after; but at last he was ushered into the bed-room where the other was in bed.

"'Count,' says he, 'after he fastened the door, and saw that they was alone, 'Count, you tried a dirty thrick with that dirty spalpeen of a Baron—an ould blaguard that's as well known as Freney the robber—but I forgive you for it all, for you did it in the way of business. I know well what you was after; you wanted a peep at our despatches—there, ye needn't look cross and angry—why wouldn't ye do it, just as the Baron always took a sly glance at my cards before he played his own. Well, now, I'm just in the humour to sarve you. They're not trating me as they ought here, and I'm going away, and if you'll give me a few letthers to some of the pretty women in Vienna, Kateuka Batthyani and Amalia Gradoffsky, and one or two men in the best set, I'll send you in return something will surprise you.'

"It was after a long time and great batin' about the bush, that the ould Count came in; but the sight of a sacret cypher did the business, and he consented.

"'There it is,' says Mr. Brooke, 'there's the whole key to our correspondence, study it well, and I'll bring you a sacret despatch in the evening—something that will surprise you.'

"'Ye will—will ye?' says the Count.

"'On the honour of an Irish gentleman, I will,' says Mr. Brooke.

"The Count sits down on the spot and writes the letters to all the prencesses and countesses in Vienna, saying that Mr. Brooke was the elegantest, and politest, and most trusty young gentleman ever he met; and telling them to treat him with every consideration.

"'There will be another account of me,' says the master to me, 'by the post; but I'll travel faster, and give me a fair start, and I ask no more.'

"And he was as good as his word, for he started that evening for Vienna, without lave or license, and that's the way he got dismissed from his situation."

"And did he break his promise to the Count, or did he really send him any intelligence?"

"He kept his word, like a gentleman; he promised him something that would surprise him, and so he did. He sent him the weddin' of Ballyporeen in cypher. It took a week to make out, and I suppose they've never got to the right understandin' it yet."

"I'm curious to hear how he was received in Vienna, after this," said I. "I suppose you accompanied him to that city."

"Troth I did, and a short life we led there; but here we are now, at the end of our journey. That's Father Doogan's down there, that small, low, thatched house in the hollow."

"A lonely spot, too. I don't see another near it for miles on any side."

"Nor is there. His chapel is at Murrah, about three miles off. My eyes isn't over good; but I don't think there's any smoke coming out of the chimney."

"You are right—there is not."

"He's not at home, then, and that's a bad job for us, for there's not another place to stop the night in."

"But there will be surely some one in the house."

"Most likely not; 'tis a brat of a boy from Murrah does be with him when he's at home, and I'm sure he's not there now."

This reply was not very cheering, nor was the prospect itself much brighter. The solitary cabin, to which we were approaching, stood in a rugged glen, the sides of which were covered with a low furze, intermixed here and there with the scrub of what once had been an oak forest. A brown, mournful tint was over everything—sky and landscape alike; and even the

little stream of clear water that wound its twining course along, took the same colour from the gravelly bed it flowed over. Not a cow nor sheep was to be seen, nor even a bird; all was silent and still.

"There's few would like to pass their lives down there, then!" said my companion, as if speaking to himself.

"I suppose the priest, like a soldier, has no choice in these matters."

"Sometimes he has, though. Father Doogan might have had the pick of the county, they say; but he chose this little quiet spot here. He's a friar of some order abroad, and when he came over, two or three years ago, he could only spake a little Irish, and, I believe, less English; but there wasn't his equal, for other tongues, in all Europe. They wanted him to stop and be the head of a college somewhere in Spain, but he wouldn't. 'There was work to do in Ireland,' he said, and there he'd go, and to the wildest and last civilized bit of it besides; and ye see that he was not far out in his choice when he took Murrah."

"Is he much liked here by the people?"

"They'd worship him, if he'd let them, that's what it is; for if he has more larnin' and knowledge in his head than ever a bishop in Ireland, there's not a child in the barony his equal for simplicity. He that knows the names of the stars, and what they do be doing, and where the world's going, and what's comin' afther her, hasn't a thought for the wickedness of this life, no more than a sucking infant! He could tell you every crop to put in your ground from this to the day of judgment, and I don't think he'd know which end of the spade goes into the ground.

While we were thus talking, we reached the door, which, as well as the windows, was closely barred and fastened. The great padlock, however, on the former, with characteristic acuteness, was locked without being hasped, so that, in a few seconds, my old guide had undone all the fastenings, and we found ourselves under shelter.

A roomy kitchen, with a few cooking utensils, formed the entrance hall; and as a small supply of turf stood in one corner, my companion at once proceeded to make a fire, congratulating me as he went on with the fact of

our being housed, for a long-threatening thunder storm had already burst, and the rain was now swooping along in torrents.

While he was thus busied I took a ramble through the little cabin, curious to see something of the "interior" of one whose life had already interested me. There were but two small chambers, one at either side of the kitchen. The first I entered was a bed-room, the only furniture being a common bed, or a tressel like that of an hospital, a little coloured print of St. Michael adorning the wall overhead. The bed-covering was cleanly, but patched in many places, and bespeaking much poverty, and the black "soutane" of silk that hung against the wall seemed to show long years of service. The few articles of any pretension to comfort were found in the sitting-room, where a small book-shelf with some well-thumbed volumes, and a writing-table covered with papers, maps, and a few pencil-drawings, appeared. All seemed as if he had just quitted the spot a few minutes before; the pencil lay across a half-finished sketch; two or three wild plants were laid within the leaves of a little book on botany; and a chess problem, with an open book beside it, still waited for solution on a little board, whose workmanship clearly enough betrayed it to be by his own hands.

I inspected everything with an interest inspired by all I had been hearing of the poor priest, and turned over the little volumes of his humble library to trace, if I might, some clue to his habits in his readings. They were all, however, of one cast and character—religious tracts and offices, covered with annotations and remarks, and showing by many signs the most careful and frequent perusal. It was easy to see that his taste for drawing or for chess were the only dissipations he permitted himself to indulge. What a strange life of privation, thought I, alone, and companionless as he must be! and while speculating on the sense of duty which impelled such a man to accept a post so humble and unpromising, I perceived that on the wall right opposite to me there hung a picture, covered by a little curtain of green silk.

Curious to behold the saintly effigy so carefully enshrined, I drew aside the curtain, and what was my astonish-

ment to find a little coloured sketch of a boy about twelve years old, dressed in the tawdry and much worn uniform of a drummer. I started. Something flashed suddenly across my mind, that the features, the dress, the air, were not unknown to me. Was I awake, or were my senses misleading me? I took it down and held it to the light, and as well as my trembling hands permitted, I spelled out, at the foot of the drawing, the words "Le Petit Maurice, as I saw him last." Yes: it was my own portrait, and the words were in the writing of my dearest friend in the world, the Père Michel. Scarce knowing what I did, I ransacked books and papers on every side, to confirm my suspicions, and although his name was nowhere to be found, I had no difficulty in recognizing his hand, now so forcibly recalled to my memory.

Hastening into the kitchen, I told my guide, that I must set out to Murrah at once, that it was above all important that I should see the priest immediately. It was in vain that he told me he was unequal to the fatigue of going further, that the storm was increasing, the mountain torrents were swelling to a formidable size, that the path could not be discovered after dark; I could not brook the thought of delay, and would not listen to the detail of difficulties. "I must see him and I will," were my answers to every obstacle. If I were resolved on one side, he was no less obstinate on the other; and after explaining with patience all the dangers and hazards of the attempt, and still finding me unconvinced, he boldly declared that I might go alone, if I would, but that he would not leave the shelter of a roof, such a night, for any one.

There was nothing in the shape of argument I did not essay. I tried bribery, I tried menace, flattery, intimidation, all—and all with the like result. "Wherever he is to-night, he'll not leave it, that's certain," was the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe, and I retired beaten from the contest, and disheartened. Twice I left the cottage, resolved to go alone and unaccompanied, but the utter darkness of the night, the torrents of rain that beat against my face, soon showed me the impracticability of the attempt, and I retraced my steps crestfallen and discomfited. The most in-

tense curiosity to know how and by what chances he had come to Ireland mingled with my ardent desire to meet him. What stores of reminiscence had we to interchange! Nor was it without pride that I bethought me of the position I then held, an officer of a Hussar regiment, a soldier of more than one campaign, and high on the list for promotion. If I hoped, too, that many of the good father's prejudices against the career I followed would give way to the records of my own past life, I also felt how, in various respects, I had myself conformed to many of his notions. We should be dearer, closer friends than ever. This I knew and was sure of.

I never slept the whole night through, tired and weary as the day's journey had left me, excitement was still too strong for repose, and I walked up and down, lay for half an hour on my bed, rose to look out, and peer for coming dawn! Never did hours lag so lazily. The darkness seemed to last for an eternity, and when at last day did break, it was through the louring gloom of skies still charged with rain, and an atmosphere loaded with vapour.

"This is a day for the chimney corner, and thankful to have it we ought to be," said my old guide, as he replenished the turf fire, at which he was preparing our breakfast. "Father Doogan will be home here afore night, I'm sure, and as we have nothing better to do, I'll tell you some of our old adventures when I lived with Mr. Brooke. 'Twill serve to pass the time any way."

"I'm off to Murrah, as soon as I have eaten something," replied I.

"'Tis little you know what a road it is," said he, smiling dubiously. "'Tis four mountain rivers you'd have to cross, two of them, at least, deeper than your head, and there's the pass of Barnasconney, where you'd have to turn the side of a mountain, with a precipice hundreds of feet below you, and a wind blowing that would wreck a seventy-four! There's never a man in the barony would venture over the same path, with a storm ragin' from the nor'-west."

"I never heard of a man being blown away off a mountain," said I, laughing contemptuously.

"Arrah, didn't ye then? then maybe ye never tried in parts where the heaviest ploughs and harrows that can

be laid in the thatch of a cabin are flung here and there, like straws, and the strongest timbers torn out of the walls, and scattered for miles along the coast, like the spars of a shipwreck.”

“But so long as a man has hands to grip with.”

“How ye talk; sure when the wind can tear the strongest trees up by the roots; when it rolls big rocks fifty and a hundred feet out of their place; when the very shingle on the mountain side is flyin’ about like dust and sand, where would your grip be? It is not only on the mountains either, but down in the plains, aye, even in the narrowest glens, that the cattle lies down under shelter of the rocks; and many’s the time a sheep, or even a heifer, is swept away off the cliffs into the sea.”

With many an anecdote of storm and hurricane he seasoned our little meal of potatoes. Some curious enough, as illustrating the precautionary habits of a peasantry, who, on land, experience many of the vicissitudes supposed peculiar to the sea; others too miraculous for easy credence, but yet vouched for by him with every affirmative of truth. He displayed all his powers of agreeability and amusement, but his tales fell on unwilling ears, and when our meal was over I started up and began to prepare for the road.

“So you will go, will you?” said he peevishly. “Tis in your country to be obstinate, so I’ll say nothing more; but may be ’tis only into troubles you’d be running after all!”

“I’m determined on it,” said I, “and I only ask you to tell me what road to take.”

“There is only one, so there is no mistakin’ it; keep to the sheep path, and never leave it except at the torrents; you must pass them how ye can, and when ye come to four big rocks in the plain leave them to your left, and keep the side of the mountain for two miles, ’till ye see the smoke of the village underneath you. Murrah is a small place, and ye’ll have to look out sharp or maybe ye’ll miss it.”

“That’s enough,” said I, putting some silver in his hand as I pressed it. “We’ll probably meet no more; good by, and many thanks for your pleasant company.”

“No, we’re not like to meet again,” said he, thoughtfully, “and that’s the reason I’d like to give you a bit of advice. Hear me now, said he, drawing closer and talking in a whisper; you can’t go far in this country without being known; ’tisn’t your looks alone, but your voice, and your tongue, will show what ye are. Get away out of it as fast as you can! there’s traitors in every cause, and there’s chaps in Ireland would rather make money as informers than earn it by honest industry! Get over to the Scotch islands; get to Isla or Barra; get anywhere out of this for the time.”

“Thanks for the counsel,” said I, somewhat coldly, “I’ll have time to think over it as I go along,” and with these words I set forth on my journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“THE CRANAGH.”

I WILL not weary my reader with a narrative of my mountain walk, nor the dangers and difficulties which beset me on that day of storm and hurricane. Few as were the miles to travel, what with accidents, mistakes of the path, and the halts to take shelter, I only reached Murrah as the day was declining.

The little village, which consisted of some twenty cabins, occupied a narrow gorge between two mountains, and presented an aspect of greater misery than I had ever witnessed before, not affording even the humblest specimen of a house of entertainment. From

some peasants that were lounging in the street I learned that “Father Doogan” had passed through two days before in company with a naval officer, whom they believed to be French. At least “he came from one of the ships in the Lough, and could speak no English.” Since that the priest had not returned, and many thought that he had gone away for ever. This story varied in a few unimportant particulars. I heard from several, and also learned that a squadron of several sail had, for three or four days, been lying at the entrance of Lough Swilly, with, it was said,

large reinforcements for the "army of independence." There was then no time to be lost; here was the very force which I had been sent to communicate with; there were the troops that should at that moment be disembarking. The success of my mission might all depend now on a little extra exertion, and so I at once engaged a guide to conduct me to the coast, and having fortified myself with a glass of mountain whiskey, I felt ready for the road.

My guide could only speak a very little English; so that our way was passed in almost unbroken silence; and, as for security, he followed the least frequented paths, we scarcely met a living creature as we went. It was with a strange sense of half pride half dependency that I bethought me of my own position there—a Frenchman, alone, and separated from his countrymen—in a wild mountain region of Ireland, carrying about him documents that, if detected, might peril his life; involved in a cause that had for its object the independence of a nation; and that against the power of the mightiest kingdom in Europe. An hour earlier or later, an accident by the way, a swollen torrent, a chance impediment of any kind that should delay me—and what a change might that produce in the whole destiny of the world.

The despatches I carried conveyed instructions the most precise and accurate—the places for combined action of the two armies—information as to the actual state of parties, and the condition of the native forces, was contained in them. All that could instruct the newly-come generals, or encourage them to decisive measures were there; and, yet, on what narrow contingencies did their safe arrival depend! It was thus, in exaggerating to myself the part I played—in elevating my humble position into all the importance of a high trust—that I sustained my drooping spirits, and acquired energy to carry me through fatigue and exhaustion. During that night, and the greater part of the following day, we walked on, almost without halt, scarcely eating, and, except by an occasional glass of whiskey, totally unrefreshed; and I am free to own, that my poor guide—a bare-legged youth of about seventeen, without any of those high-sustaining

illusions which stirred within my heart—suffered far less either from hunger or weariness than I did. So much for motives. A shilling or two were sufficient to equalise the balance against all the weight of my heroism and patriotic ardour together!

A bright sun, and a sharp wind from the north, had succeeded to the lowering sky and heavy atmosphere of the morning, and we travelled along with light hearts and brisk steps, breasting the side of a steep ascent, from the summit of which, my guide told me, I should behold the sea—the sea, not only the great plain on which I expected to see our armament, but the link which bound me to my country! Suddenly, just as I turned the angle of a cliff, it burst upon my sight—one vast mirror of golden splendour—appearing almost at my feet! In the yellow gleams of a setting sun, long columns of azure-coloured light streaked its calm surface, and tinged the atmosphere with a warm and rosy hue. While I was lost in admiration of the picture, I heard the sound of voices close beneath me, and, on looking down, saw two figures who, with telescopes in hand, were steadily gazing on a little bay that extended towards the west.

At first, my attention was more occupied by the strangers than by the object of their curiosity, and I remarked that they were dressed and equipped like sportsmen, their guns and game-bags lying against the rock behind them.

"Do you still think that they are hovering about the coast, Tom," said the elder of the two, "or are you not convinced, at last, that I am right?"

"I believe you are," replied the other; "but it certainly did not look like it yesterday evening, with their boats rowing ashore every half hour, signals flying, and blue lights burning; all seemed to threaten a landing."

"If they ever thought of it, they soon changed their minds," said the former. "The defeat of their comrades in the west, and the apathy of the peasantry here, would have cooled down warmer ardour than theirs. There they go, Tom. I only hope that they'll fall in with Warren's squadron, and French insolence receive at sea the lesson we failed to give them on land."

"Not so," rejoined the younger;

“Humbert’s capitulation, and the total break up of the expedition, ought to satisfy even your patriotism.”

“It fell far short of it, then!” cried the other. “I’d never have treated those fellows other than as bandits and freebooters. I’d have hanged them as highwaymen. There was less war than rapine; but what could you expect? I have been assured that Humbert’s force consisted of little other than liberated felons and galley slaves—the refuse of the worst population of Europe!”

Distracted with the terrible tidings I had overheard—overwhelmed with the sight of the ships, now glistening like bright specks on the verge of the horizon, I forgot my own position—my safety—everything but the insult thus cast upon my gallant comrades.

“Whoever said so was a liar, and a base coward, to boot!” cried I, springing down from the height and confronting them both where they stood. They started back, and, seizing their guns, assumed an attitude of defence, and then, quickly perceiving that I was alone—for the boy had taken to flight as fast as he could—they stood regarding me with faces of intense astonishment.

“Yes,” said I, still boiling with passion, “you are two to one, on your own soil besides, the odds you are best used to; and yet I repeat it, that he who asperses the character of General Humbert’s force is a liar.”

“He’s French.”

“No, he’s Irish,” muttered the elder.

“What signifies my country, sirs,” cried I passionately, “if I demand retraction for a falsehood.”

“It signifies more than you think of, young man,” said the elder, calmly, and without evincing even the slightest irritation in his manner. “If you be a Frenchman born, the lenity of our government accords you the privilege of a prisoner of war. If you be only French by adoption, and a uniform, a harsher destiny awaits you.”

“And who says I am a prisoner yet?” asked I, drawing myself up, and staring them steadily in the face.

“We should be worse men, and poorer patriots, than you give us credit for, or we should be able to make you so,” said he quietly, “but this is no case for ill-temper on either side. The expedition has failed. Well, if you will not believe me, read that. There, in

that paper, you will see the official account of General Humbert’s surrender at Boyle. The news is already over the length and breadth of the island; even if you only landed last night, I cannot conceive how you should be ignorant of it!” I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotion; and he went on: “If you be French, you have only to claim and prove your nationality, and you partake the fortunes of your countrymen.”

“And if he be not,” whispered the other, in a voice which, although low, I could still detect, “why should we give him up?”

“Hush, Tom, be quiet,” replied the elder, “let him plead for himself.”

“Let me see the newspaper,” said I, endeavouring to seem calm and collected; and taking it at the place he pointed out, I read the heading in capitals, “CAPITULATION OF GENERAL HUMBERT AND HIS WHOLE FORCE.” I could see no more. I could not trace the details of so horrible a disaster, nor did I ask to know by what means it occurred. My attitude and air of apparent occupation, however, deceived the other; and the elder, supposing that I was engaged in considering the paragraph, said, “You’ll see the government proclamation on the other side, a general amnesty to all under the rank of officers in the rebel army, who give up their arms within six days. The French to be treated as prisoners of war.”

“Is he too late to regain the fleet,” whispered the younger.

“Of course he is. They are already hull down; besides, who’s to assist his escape, Tom? You forget the position he stands in.”

“But I do not forget it,” answered I, “and you need not be afraid that I will seek to compromise you, gentlemen. Tell me where to find the nearest justice of the peace, and I will go and surrender myself.”

“It is your wisest and best policy,” said the elder; “I am not in the commission, but a neighbour of mine is, and lives a few miles off, and if you like we’ll accompany you to his house.”

I accepted the offer, and soon found myself descending the steep path of the mountain in perfect good-fellowship with the two strangers. It is likely enough, that if they had taken any peculiar pains to obliterate the me-

mory of our first meeting, or if they had displayed any extraordinary efforts of conciliation, that I should be on my guard against them; but their manner, on the contrary, was easy and unaffected in every respect. They spoke of the expedition sensibly and dispassionately, and while acknowledging that there were many things they would like to see altered in the English rule of Ireland, they were very averse from the desire of a foreign intervention to rectify them.

I avowed to them that we had been grossly deceived. That all the representations made us, depicted Ireland as a nation of soldiers, wanting only arms and military stores to rise as a vast army. That the peasantry were animated by one spirit, and the majority of the gentry willing to hazard everything on the issue of a struggle. Our Killala experiences, of which I detailed some, heartily amused them, and it was in a merry interchange of opinions that we now walked along together.

A cluster of houses, too small to be called a village, and known as the "Cranagh," stood in a little nook of the bay; and here they lived. They were brothers; and the elder held some small appointment in the revenue, which maintained them as bachelors in this cheap country. In a low conversation that passed between them, it was agreed that they would detain me as their guest for that evening, and on the morrow accompany me to the magistrate's house, about five miles distant. I was not sorry to accept their hospitable offer. I longed for a few hours of rest and respite before embarking on another sea of troubles. The failure of the expedition, and the departure of the fleet, had overwhelmed me with grief, and I was in no mood to confront new perils.

If my new acquaintances could have

read my inmost thoughts, their manner towards me could not have displayed more kindness or good-breeding. Not pressing me with questions on subjects where the greatest curiosity would have been permissible, they suffered me to tell only so much as I wished of our late plans; and as if purposely to withdraw my thoughts from the unhappy theme of our defeat, led me to talk of France, and her career in Europe.

It was not without surprise that I saw how conversant the newspapers had made them with European politics, nor how widely different did events appear, when viewed from afar off, and by the lights of another and different nationality. Thus all that we were doing on the Continent to propagate liberal notions, and promote the spread of freedom, seemed to their eyes but the efforts of an ambitious power to crush abroad what they had annihilated at home, and extend their own influence in disseminating doctrines, all to revert, one day or other, to some grand despotism, whenever the man arose capable to exercise it. The elder would not even concede to us that we were fit for freedom.

"You are glorious fellows at destroying an old edifice," said he; "but sorry architects when comes the question of rebuilding; and as to liberty, your highest notion of it is an occasional anarchy. Like schoolboys, you will bear any tyranny for ten years, to have ten days of a 'barring out' afterwards."

I was not much flattered by these opinions; and what was worse, I could not get them out of my head all night afterwards. Many things I had never doubted about now kept puzzling and confounding me, and I began, for the first time, to know the misery of the struggle between implicit obedience and conviction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I WENT to bed at night in all apparent health; save from the flurry and excitement of an anxious mind, I was in no respect different from my usual mood; and yet when I awoke next morning, my head was distracted with a racking pain, cramps were in all my limbs, and I could not turn or even move

without intense suffering. The long exposure to rain, while my mind was in a condition of extreme excitement, had brought on an attack of fever, and before evening set in, I was raving in wild delirium. Every scene I had passed through, each eventful incident of my life, came flashing in disjointed

portions through my poor brain ; and I raved away of France, of Germany, of the dreadful days of terror, and the fearful orgies of the "Revolution." Scenes of strife and struggle—the terrible conflicts of the streets—all rose before me ; and the names of every blood-stained hero of France now mingled with the obscure titles of Irish insurrection.

What narratives of my early life I may have given—what stories I may have revealed of my strange career, I cannot tell ; but the interest my kind hosts took in me grew stronger every day. There was no care nor kindness they did not lavish on me. Taking alternate nights to sit up with me, they watched beside my bed, like brothers. All that affection could give they rendered me ; and even from their narrow fortunes they paid a physician, who came from a distant town to visit me. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and sit at the window, or stroll slowly in the garden, I became aware of the full extent to which their kindness had carried them, and in the precautions for secrecy, I saw the peril to which my presence exposed them. From an excess of delicacy towards me, they did not allude to the subject, nor show the slightest uneasiness about the matter ; but day by day some little circumstance would occur, some slight and trivial fact reveal the state of anxiety they lived in.

They were averse, too, from all discussion of late events, and either answered my questions vaguely or with a certain reserve ; and when I hinted at my hope of being soon able to appear before a magistrate and establish my claim as a French citizen, they replied that the moment was an unfavourable one ; the lenity of the government had latterly been abused ; their gracious intentions misstated and perverted ; that, in fact, a reaction towards severity had occurred, and military law and courts-martial were summarily disposing of cases that a short time back would have received the mildest sentences of civil tribunals. It was clear, from all they said, that if the rebellion was suppressed, the insurrectionary feeling was not extinguished, and that England was the very reverse of tranquil on the subject of Ireland.

It was to no purpose that I repeated my personal indifference to all these measures of severity ; that in my capa-

city as a Frenchman and an officer, I stood exempt from all the consequences they alluded to. Their reply was, that in times of trouble and alarm things were done which quieter periods would never have sanctioned, and that indiscreet and over-zealous men would venture on acts that neither law nor justice could substantiate. In fact, they gave me to believe, that such was the excitement of the moment, such the embittered vengeance of those whose families or fortunes had suffered by the rebellion, that no reprisals would be thought too heavy, nor any harshness too great, for those who aided the movement.

Whatever I might have said against the injustice of this proceeding, in my secret heart I had to confess that it was only what might have been expected, and coming from a country where it was enough to call a man an aristocrat and then cry "*a la lanterne*," I saw nothing unreasonable in it all.

My friends advised me, therefore, instead of preferring any formal claim to immunity, to take the first occasion of escaping to America, whence I could not fail, later on, of returning to France. At first, the counsel only irritated me, but by degrees, as I came to think more calmly and seriously of the difficulties, I began to regard it in a different light ; and at last I fully concurred in the wisdom of the advice, and resolved on adopting it.

To sit on the cliffs, and watch the ocean for hours, became now the practice of my life—to gaze from day-break almost to the falling of night over the wide expanse of sea, straining my eyes at each sail, and conjecturing to what distant shore they were tending. The hopes which at first sustained, at last deserted me, as week after week passed over, and no prospect of escape appeared. The life of inactivity gradually depressed my spirits, and I fell into a low and moping condition, in which my hours rolled over without thought or notice. Still, I returned each day to my accustomed spot, a lofty peak of rock that stood over the sea, and from which the view extended for miles on every side. There, half hid in the wild heath, I used to lie for hours long, my eyes bent upon the sea, but my thoughts wandering away to a past that never was to be renewed, and a future I was never destined to experience.

"Although late in the autumn, the

season was mild and genial, and the sea calm and waveless, save along the shore, where, even in the stillest weather, the great breakers come tumbling in with a force, independent of storm, and listening to their booming thunder, I have dreamed away hour after hour unconsciously. It was one day, as I lay thus, that my attention was caught by the sight of three large vessels on the very verge of the horizon. Habit had now given me a certain acuteness, and I could perceive from their height and size that they were ships of war. For a while they seemed as if steering for the entrance of the "lough," but afterwards they changed their course, and headed towards the west. At length they separated, and one of smaller size, and probably a frigate from her speed, shot forward beyond the rest, and, in less than half an hour, disappeared from view. The other two gradually sunk beneath the horizon, and not a sail was to be seen over the wide expanse. While speculating on what errand the squadron might be employed, I thought I could hear the deep and rolling sound of distant cannonading. My ear was too practised in the thundering crash of the breakers along shore to confound the noises; and as I listened I fancied that I could distinguish the sound of single guns from the louder roar of a whole broadside. This could not mean saluting, nor was it likely to be a mere exercise of the fleet. They were not times when much powder was expended unprofitably. Was it then an engagement? But with what or whom? Tandy's expedition, as it was called, had long since sailed, and must ere this have been captured or safe in France. I tried a hundred conjectures to explain the mystery, which now, from the long continuance of the sounds, seemed to denote a desperately contested engagement. It was not 'till after three hours that the cannonading ceased, and then I could descry a thick dark canopy of smoke that hung hazily over one spot in the horizon, as if marking out the scene of the struggle. With what aching, torturing anxiety I burned to know what had happened, and with which side rested the victory.

Well habituated to hear of the English as victors in every naval engagement, I yet went on hoping against hope itself, that Fortune might for once have favoured us; nor was it till the falling night prevented my being

able to trace out distant objects, that I could leave the spot and turn homewards. With wishes so directly opposed to theirs, I did not venture to tell my two friends what I had witnessed, nor trust myself to speak on a subject where my feelings might have betrayed me into unseemly expressions of my hopes. I was glad to find that they knew nothing of the matter, and talked away indifferently of other subjects. By day-break, the next morning, I was at my post, a sharp nor'wester blowing, and a heavy sea rolling in from the Atlantic. Instinctively carrying my eyes to the spot where I had heard the cannonade, I could distinctly see the tops of spars, as if the upper rigging of some vessels, beyond the horizon. Gradually they rose higher and higher, 'till I could detect the yard-arms and cross-trees, and finally the great hulls of five vessels that were bearing towards me.

"For above an hour I could see their every movement, as with all canvas spread they held on majestically towards the land, when at length a lofty promontory of the bay intervened, and they were lost to my view. I jumped to my legs at once, and set off down the cliff to reach the headland, from whence an uninterrupted prospect extended. The distance was greater than I had supposed, and in my eagerness to take a direct line to it, I got entangled in difficult gorges among the hills, and impeded by mountain torrents which often compelled me to go back a considerable distance; it was already late in the afternoon as I gained the crest of a ridge over the Bay of Lough Swilly. Beneath me lay the calm surface of the lough, landlocked and still; but further out, seaward, there was a sight that made my very limbs tremble, and sickened my heart as I beheld it. There was a large frigate, that, with studding-sails set, stood boldly up the bay, followed by a dimasted three-decker, at whose mizen floated the ensign of England over the French "tri-colour." Several other vessels were grouped about the offing, all of them displaying English colours.

The dreadful secret was out. There had been a tremendous sea fight, and the *Hoche*, of seventy-four guns, was the sad spectacle which, with shattered sides and ragged rigging, I now beheld entering the Bay. Oh, the humiliation

of that sight! I can never forget it. And although on all the surrounding hills scarcely fifty country people were assembled, I felt as if the whole of Europe were spectators of our defeat. The flag I had always believed triumphant now hung ignominiously beneath the ensign of the enemy, and the decks of our noble ship were crowded with the uniforms of English sailors and marines.

The blue water surged and spouted from the shot holes as the great hull loomed heavily from side to side, and broken spars and ropes still hung over the side as she went, a perfect picture of defeat. Never was disaster more legibly written. I watched her till the anchor dropped, and then, in a burst of emotion, I turned away, unable to endure more. As I hastened homeward I met the elder of my two hosts coming to meet me, in considerable anxiety. He had heard of the capture of the *Hocbe*, but his mind was far more intent on another and less important event. Two men had just been at his cottage with a warrant for my arrest. The document bore my name and rank, as well as a description of my appearance, and significantly alleged, that although Irish by birth, I affected a foreign accent for the sake of concealment.

"There is no chance of escape now," said my friend; "we are surrounded with spies on every hand. My advice is, therefore, to hasten to Lord Cavan's quarters—he is now at Letterkenny—and give yourself up as a prisoner. There is at least the chance of your being treated like the rest of your countrymen. I have already provided you with a horse and a guide, for I must not accompany you myself. Go, then, Maurice. We shall never see each other again; but we'll not forget you, nor do we fear that you will forget us. My brother could not trust himself to take leave of you, but his best wishes and prayers go with you."

Such were the last words my kind-hearted friend spoke to me; nor do I know what reply I made, as overcome by emotion, my voice became thick and broken. I wanted to tell all my gratitude, and yet could say nothing. To this hour I know not with what impression of me he went away. I can only assert, that, in all the long career of vicissitudes of a troubled and adventurous life, these brothers have

occupied the chosen spot of my affection, for everything that was disinterested in kindness and generous in good feeling.

They have done more; for they have often reconciled me to a world of harsh injustice and illiberality, by remembering that two such exceptions existed, and that others may have experienced what fell to my lot.

For a mile or two my way lay through the mountains, but after reaching the high road, I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a jaunting-car, on which a gentleman was seated, with his leg supported by a cushion, and bearing all the signs of a severe injury.

"Keep the near side of the way, sir, I beg of you," cried he; "I have a broken leg, and am excessively uneasy when a horse passes close to me."

I touched my cap in salute, and immediately turned my horse's head to comply with his request.

"Did you see that, George?" cried another gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the vehicle; "did you remark that fellow's salute? My life on't he's a French soldier."

"Nonsense, man; he's the steward of a Clyde smack, or a clerk in a counting-house," said the first, in a voice which, though purposely low, my quick hearing could catch perfectly.

"Are we far from Letterkenny just now, sir?" said the other, addressing me.

"I believe about five miles," said I, "with a prodigious effort to make my pronunciation pass muster."

"You're a stranger in these parts, I see, sir," rejoined he, with a cunning glance at his friend, while he added, lower, "Was I right, Hill?"

Although seeing that all concealment was now hopeless, I was in nowise disposed to plead guilty at once, and therefore, with a cut of my switch, pushed my beast into a sharp canter to get forward.

My friends, however, gave chase, and now the jaunting-car, notwithstanding the sufferings of the invalid, was clattering after me at about nine miles an hour. At first I rather enjoyed the malice of the penalty their curiosity was costing, but as I remembered that the invalid was not the chief offender, I began to feel compunction at the severity of the lesson, and drew up to a walk.

They at once shortened their pace, and came up beside me.

"A clever hack you're riding, sir," said the inquisitive man.

"Not so bad for an animal of this country," said I, superciliously.

"Oh then, what kind of a horse are you accustomed to?" asked he, half insolently.

"The Limousin," said I, coolly, "what we always mount in our Hussar regiments in France."

"And you are a French soldier then," cried he, in evident astonishment at my frankness.

"At your service, sir," said I, saluting; "a Lieutenant of Hussars; and if you are tormented by any further curiosity concerning me, I may as well relieve you by stating that I am proceeding to Lord Cavan's head-quarters, to surrender as a prisoner."

"Frank enough that!" said he of the broken leg, laughing heartily as he spoke. "Well, sir," said the other, "you are, as your countrymen would call it, '*bien venu*,' for we are bound in that direction ourselves, and will be happy to have your company."

One piece of tact my worldly experience had profoundly impressed upon me, and that was, the necessity of always assuming an air of easy unconcern in every circumstance of doubtful issue. There was quite enough of difficulty in the present case to excite my anxiety, but I rode along beside the jaunting-car, chatting familiarly with my new acquaintances, and, I believe, without exhibiting the slightest degree of uneasiness regarding my own position.

From them I learned so much as they had heard of the late naval engagement. The report was that Bompard's fleet had fallen in with Sir John Warren's squadron; and having given orders for his fastest sailers to make the best of their way to France, had, with the Hoche, the Loire, and the Resolve, given battle to the enemy. These had all been captured, as well as four others which fled, two alone of

the whole succeeding in their escape. I think now that, grievous as these tidings were, there was nothing of either boastfulness or insolence in the tone in which they were communicated to me. Every praise was accorded to Bompard for skill and bravery, and the defence was spoken of in terms of generous eulogy. The only trait of acrimony that shewed itself in the recital was, a regret that a number of Irish rebels should have escaped in the Biche, one of the smaller frigates, and several emissaries of the people, who had been deputed to the Admiral, were also alleged to have been on board of that vessel.

"You are sorry to have had missed your friend, the priest of Murrah," said Hill, jocularly.

"Yes, by George, that fellow should have graced a gallows if I had been lucky enough to have taken him."

"What was his crime, sir?" asked I, with seeming unconcern.

"Nothing more than exciting to rebellion a people with whom he had no tie of blood or kindred! He was a Frenchman, and devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, as they call it, from pure sympathy——"

"And a dash of Popery," broke in Hill.

"It's hard to say even that; my own opinion is, that French Jacobinism cares very little for the Pope. Am I right, young gentleman—you don't go very often to confession?"

"I should do so less frequently if I were to be subjected to such a system of interrogatory as yours," said I, tartly.

"They both took my impertinent speech in good part, and laughed heartily at it; and thus, half amicably, half in earnest, we entered the little town of Letterkenny, just as night was falling."

"If you'll be our guest for this evening, sir," said Hill, "we shall be happy to have your company,"

"I accepted the invitation, and followed them into the inn."

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY—WILDE'S "BOYNE AND BLACKWATER."*

We feel that the assertion which we are about to make savours very strongly of national prejudice, but we are, nevertheless, tempted to hazard it—namely, that Irish topography still possesses a freshness of interest, for the stranger as well as for the native, which, in the present old age of the world, we might seek for in vain in that of almost any other country. Nor is it difficult, in our case, to assign a reason for such a characteristic, if we suppose it to be real. In those lands that are termed "classic," there is no spot that has not been so hacknied by painters, poets, and tourists, as to have lost, in a great measure, however great its natural or historic interest, the piquancy of its attractiveness. In other countries, again, the history of the past has been obliterated from the soil by the vicissitudes of recent times, and every vestige of the ideal has been effaced from the local scenery. Now Ireland has not been of sufficient historical importance to fall under the former category; nor, unfortunately for her material interests, has she made sufficient advances in industrial progress to bring her within the latter. The spirit of change has not made the same merciless inroads amongst us that it has among our neighbours; and if the slowness of our social advancement have its material disadvantages, there still, at least, hovers about our soil a spirit of the poetry of other days, fresh even yet as its own characteristic verdure. Modern improvements, and the other encroachments of this iron age of industry, have not so far invaded our hills, and lakes, and rivers, as to have expelled from them the traditional history of ages, that have long since faded into oblivion in the annals of other nations. In our local names there still live for us the legends of our forefathers, and the sounds of a noble and expressive language that has become itself almost traditional. Things and places are still but little altered from what they were when sung by

the bards, and described by the chroniclers of old, and the vestiges of races that occupied our soil in pre-historic times may still be traced in the rude works which they have left behind them, even though the present race, in whose bosoms this legendary interest of the land has been cherished, is fast vanishing from its surface.

Were we at a loss for an illustration of these historic attractions of Irish scenery, one of the happiest ones that we could select would be offered to us by the localities which we find described in Mr. Wilde's delightful volume—the "*Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater.*" The Boyne is, pre-eminently, a historic river. From the time when the star-led mariners of ancient Britain or Aquitaine, led on, we may presume, by traditions of yet remoter origin, crept along our eastern coast in search of the estuary of Inver Colpa, the Boyne has always figured in our annals, in the verses of our bards, in the legends of our saints; and if we wished to point out to the traveller places most sacred for the associations of our early history, most enriched with the monuments of our antiquity, and exhibiting some of the most favourable and characteristic features of our scenery, we would assuredly select for the occasion the banks and vicinity of the great river of Meath; observing, at the same time, and without intending flattery to Mr. Wilde, that his interesting handbook was indispensable as the companion of the tourist's rambles.

But, as it might be said that in making the volume, to which we now refer, contribute the subject of an article in the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, we are open to a charge of egotism, we owe it to our readers, *in limine*, to dissipate any ground that may appear to exist for such an imputation. It is true that not very long since, there appeared in these pages, under the head of *IRISH RIVERS*, some chapters from Mr. Wilde's pen, of which the scenery and antiquities of the Boyne formed the

* "*The Beauties of the Boyne, and its Tributary the Blackwater.* By William R. Wilde. Second Edition, Enlarged." Dublin: J. McGlashan. London: W. S. Orr & Co. 1851.

topic, and that those chapters constituted the nucleus of the present work, as it first issued from the press little more than a year ago. To that extent only, however, can we claim any identity with it. The chapters from the *UNIVERSITY* would, in point of quantity, form scarcely a third of the volume into which they have germinated, whilst, in point of matter, they have been thoroughly recast, and are indebted to the writer's more mature reflection, and opportunities of revision, to an extent which precludes us from any right we could have had to recognise them as our own. But if this were true of the first edition of the work, much more so is it of the second and greatly enlarged edition, the appearance of which, with most valuable and interesting additions, has quite removed any hesitation that we might have felt in reviewing Mr. Wilde's pages with the same freedom as we would those of any other writer. To follow him, then, through some portions of the historic districts which he has chosen for his work, and in some of the speculations suggested on the way, at the same time taking care not to touch on any of the ground with which our readers have been already familiarised by his sketches in the pages of the *UNIVERSITY*, is the very agreeable task which we have here set ourselves; and, in order to perform it, we shall take a desultory course, not binding ourselves to any order in the choice of our points of view.

Ascending, in the first place, almost to the source of the Boyne, to the celebrated hill of Carbery, and journeying thence, amidst a succession of monastic and feudal ruins, to the still more famous mound of Clonard, we shall invite the reader to halt with us on the way, at the Anglo-Irish remains of Monasteroris, of which Mr. Wilde gives us the following curious history :

"Monasteroris, in Irish, Mainister-Feorais, the Monastery of Mac Forais, or Mac Pierce's monastery, is celebrated in our mediæval history, and the references to it in the works of that period are numerous and interesting. The manner in which this name arose is peculiar and worthy of remark. Pierce de Bermingham was one of the early English settlers, and received a large grant of land in Leinster. The surname was dropped by the Irish-speaking people, and the Christian name Pierce, or Peter, translated into Gaelic as Horish, or Feorais, a name which the de-

scendants of the Berminghams still bear to the present day. The clan-Feorais—the tribe name of the family of Bermingham—applied the Irish appellation to their territory, which was co-extensive with the barony of Carbery, and extended along the Boyne, both in Kildare and the King's County, as far as the borders of Meath. In process of time this Anglo-Norman stock became more Irish than the Irish themselves; they joined with the O'Conors of Offaly, and other Irish chieftains, and made fierce war upon the English settlers within the Pale at different times. We have an account of one of these wars given us by Dudley Firlime:—"That war was called the *Warr of Caimin*, that is, an abuse that was given to the son of the chiefs of the Berminghams (Hibernice, to Mac Ffeorais, his son) in the great court in the town of Ath-Truim, by the Thresurer of Meath, i. e., the Barnwall's son, so that he did beate a Caimin (i. e., a stroke of his finger) upon the nose of Mac Ffeorais, or Bermingham's son, which deeds he was not worthy of, and he entering on the Earle of Ormonde safe guard; so that he stole afterward out of the towne, and went towards O'Conor Ffaly, and joined together; and it is hard to know that ever was such abuse better revenged than the said Caimin; and thence came the notable word (*Cogadh an Caimin*). During this war the Berminghams and O'Conors preyed and burnt a greate part of Meath." Sir John De Bermingham, Earl of Louth, founded an abbey in the year 1825, for Conventual Franciscans, at Totmoy, in Offaly, the ancient name of this territory; and from the Irish name of this chieftain it was called Monaster-Feoris. In 1511, Cahir O'Conor, Lord of Offaley, was slain near this monastery. It was a place of considerable strength, as the remains of the building still testify, and sustained a lengthened siege by the Earl of Surrey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he marched into Offaley at the time of his expedition against the O'Moores of Leix, who with other Irish chieftains had invaded the borders of the Pale. At the time of the suppression of religious houses it was granted to Nicholas Herbert."

Like a true enthusiast in legendary lore our author delights in holy wells; and we can conceive the heartfelt regret with which he penned the following sentence:—

"The peasant's faith," he says, "in the blessed well has ceased—the last remnant of it, at least in the midland counties of Ireland, was obliterated by the famine—

" 'Old times are changed, old manners gone.' "

"We require," he again observes, "a book upon the holy wells of Ireland. Such a work would be instructive, amusing, and popular.

If illustrated by a good artist, capable of feeling such subjects, and drawing them with fidelity—a Petrie or a Burton—it would greatly assist the study of the antiquary, and such embellishments would afford the fireside reader a series of some of the most charming scenes which this country possesses. Amidst the wildest glens, among the most savage rocks, on bare mountain tops, surrounded by savage grandeur, or located by the quiet homestead in the cultivated plain; embosomed among aged trees in the sequestered valley; overshadowed by the ruined church or abbey wall, or guarded by the ancient sculptured cross; with the drooping thorn or the ragged ash, hung with the offerings of the pilgrim, stretching its arms over the crystal fountain;—these venerated spots may be found in abundance; and with some 'blind girl' or barly bocagh kneeling by their waters, the artist will find subjects for his pencil of surpassing interest. And the author, in his description of these ancient and romantic sites of religious veneration or medical superstition,—by inquiring into their Pagan origin, recounting the legends attached to each, so illustrative of ancient manners, and elucidating popular traditions which are becoming hourly obscured; in telling something about the Saint to whom each is dedicated, and of the rites and ceremonies, the *rounds*, prayers, and all the formulae (generally self-imposed) which are gone through by the pious pilgrim, the devout penitent, the faithful valetudinarian, or the paid representative, together with some notices of the humours, fights, and frolic of the *patron*, its tents and pipers, beggars, rogues, and gamblers—could not fail to interest his readers."

We confess we know no one more likely to succeed in such a work, as he has here sketched the plan of, than Mr. Wilde himself. He has a feeling exquisitely alive to the peculiar beauties of popular antiquities, and the old stones of our Irish monuments seem to speak a language for him which no one else could so well interpret. We only wish that not only our holy wells, but other features of Irish topography, about which hangs the sacred poetry of antiquity, were fortunate enough to be illustrated and described with the same artistic effect, the same knowledge and research, the same sentiment of veneration and sympathy for our ancient lore, that those favoured districts, through which flow the Boyne and Blackwater, have already been by him.

But the Blackwater—the ancient Sale, or Abhain-dubh—claims our attention as well as the Boyne; and if the latter can boast of its Oldtown, its

New Grange, its Brugh-na-Boinne, its Trim, and its Clonard, the former may vaunt at least its Kells, and its Tailtean. The Annals of the ancient and celebrated town of Kells would, as Mr. Wilde reminds us, fill a volume of themselves; but then, as he observes, "plague, pestilence, and famine, the sword, fire, battle, murder, and sudden death, form the chief items in its records." Of Tailtean, or Teltown, and its traditions, he gives us the following interesting notice:—

"Upon a green hill, sloping gradually from the water's edge, and rising to a height of about three hundred feet, amidst the most fertile grazing lands in Meath, if not in Ireland, may be seen a large earthen fort, about a furlong's length to the right of the road, with a few hollows or excavations in the adjoining lands, apparently the sites of small, dried up lakes; and to the left of the road, nearly opposite these, parts of the trench and embankments of two other forts, which, judging from the portions still remaining, must have been of immense size, greater even than any of those now existing at Tara. These mark the sites of the early Pagan settlement, and the position of the palace of Tailtean, one of the four royal residences which existed in Ireland in very early times.

"The first notice which the annals record of Tailtean (the name of which is still preserved—the modern Teltown) is, that in the year of the world 3370, in the reign of Lugh Lamhfhada, 'the fair of Tailtean was established in commemoration and in remembrance of his fostermother, Tailte, the daughter of Maghmor, king of Spain, and the wife of Eochaidh, son of Ere, the last king of the Firbolgs (Annals of the Four Masters)'. This fair continued down to the time of Roderick O'Conor, the last monarch of Ireland, and was held annually upon the first of August, which month derives its name in the Irish language from this very circumstance, being still called *Lughnasadh*, or Lugh's fair—the Lammas-day—to which several superstitious rites and ancient ceremonies still attach throughout the country generally. Upon these occasions various sports and pastimes, a description of Olympic games, were celebrated, consisting of feats of strength and agility in wrestling, boxing, running, and such like manly sports, as well as horse-races, and chariot-races. Besides these the people were entertained with shows and rude theatrical exhibitions. Among these latter are enumerated sham-battles, and also aquatic fights, which it is said were exhibited upon the artificial lakes, the sites of which are still pointed out. Tradition assigns the site of the fair to that portion of the great rath still existing upon the northern side of the road, and about a quarter of a mile to the north-east of the great fort, or Rath

Dubh; and here it is said the most remarkable of the Teltown ceremonies took place—the marriages or betrothals. Upon one side of this great embankment were ranged, it is said, 'the boys,' and on the other 'the girls;' the former ogling, the latter blushing; for human nature is, we suppose, the same at all times and in all places, among our forefathers and mothers at Teltown upwards of a thousand years ago, or in a modern drawing-room, or at a flower-show, or review. They then, having had a good view of each other, passed down a little to the south, where there is a deep hollow in the land, evidently formed artificially, probably the ditch of one of the ancient forts, and called Lug-an-Eany, where they became separated by a high wall, which prevented their seeing each other. In this wall, say the local traditions, there was a door with a small hole in it, through which each young lady passed her middle finger, which the men upon the other side looked at, and if any of them admired the finger he laid hold of it, and the lass to whom it belonged forthwith became his bride; so that we find a fair and pretty hand, a delicate and taper finger, with its snowy skin and delicately-formed nail, were even more captivating among the Irish laids and lasses some twelve hundred years ago than they are at the present day. He took her for better for worse, but the keyhole or wooden ring was not so binding as the modern one of gold; for, by the laws of Tailtean, the marriage only held good for a year and a day. If the couple disagreed during that time they returned to Tailtean, walked into the centre of Rath Dubh, stood back to back, one facing the north, and the other the south, and walked out of the fort a divorced couple, free to try their luck again at Lug-an-Eany."

We fear that we should have some difficulty in vindicating our pagan ancestors from the charge of entertaining but lax opinions on the durability of the matrimonial bonds, and that they were little better in this respect than their semi-barbarous neighbours of Britain, anticipating some of the favorite theories of modern communism, and, according to the authority quoted above, adopting a very simple mode of carrying them into practice; but we will not do our author the injustice to believe him serious in the sarcasm which he adds, namely, that if Teltown or Black Fort marriages existed at the present day there would be any considerable number found to take advantage of them. Let us rather hope, for the sake of the Benedicts of that time, that even among the immediate posterity of Lugh Lamhfhada the law was allowed to become a dead letter. It

appears, however, that the expression "a Teltown marriage" has preserved the tradition of the ceremony to our own time, being heard sometimes in Meath at the present day; and that some vestiges of the famous fair—we do not mean of the marriage rite—continued within the memory of the present generation, the *patra* of Teltown being identified as a remnant of the ancient sports, from the fact that it was held on Lammass-day, and not on any saint's festival.

Descending the Blackwater to its junction with the Boyne at Navan, and thence following the course of the united streams, we arrive ere long at a point where every feature of the surrounding scenery is replete with the rarest antiquarian interest. Monuments surround us, not only of the utmost importance in early Irish history, but of a degree of antiquarian value only equalled in those which have excited the wonder of ages in Egypt and the East. At this point we find ourselves unquestionably on the site of the famous royal cemetery of Brugh-na-Boinne, on which our author thus speculates:—

"About two miles beyond Slane the river becomes fordable, and several islands break the stream. Here, upon the left, or south-western bank of the river, is the place called Rosnaree, the ancient Roe-na-Righ, or the wood of the Kings, and upon the opposite swelling bank of the river occur a series of raised mounds, raths, forts, caves, circles, and pillar-stones, bearing all the evidence of ancient Pagan sepulchral monuments, which there can now be little doubt was the Irish Memphis, or city of tombs, already so frequently alluded to. The following reference from the History of the Cemeteries (Senchas-na-Relec) will, we think, set the question at rest, and fix the site of Brugh-na-Boinne here, and not, as has been conjectured, at Stackallen. We already mentioned, in describing Clady, that King Cormac Mac Art died at the house of Clethy. His burial is thus detailed:—'And he (Cormac) told his people not to bury him at Bruagh (because it was a cemetery of idolaters); for he did not worship the same God as any of those interred at Bruagh; but to bury him at Roe-na-Righ, with his face to the east. He afterwards died, and his servants of trust held a council, and came to the resolution of burying him at Bruagh, the place where the kings of Tara, his predecessors, were buried. The body of the king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Bruagh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so as that they could not come; so that they ob-

served that it was violating the judgment of a prince to break through this testament of the king; and they afterwards dug his grave at Ros-na-Righ, as he himself had ordered.' And again, 'The nobles of the Tuatha-De-Danaan were used to bury at Brugh.' From this it is evident that the place where the servants of Cormac endeavoured to cross the river with his body was at the ford of Ros-na-Righ, in order to inter it in the cemetery of Brugh-na-Boinne."

In a word, he concludes, after a train of argument which is sufficient to convince the reader's mind that the Brugh-na-Boinne was no other than the district bordering on the river, in which are situated the vast monumental mounds of Knowth, New Grange, Dowth, and several minor tumuli congregated in that vicinity; and, consequently, that the Sidh-an-Brogha, or monument of Daghdha-mor, or "the great good fire," the most famous of the kings of the Tuatha de Danaans, and which was described by the chroniclers as situated in this cemetery, must be one of those famous mounds that now startle us equally by their vastness and their antiquity.

Thus within two or three hours' journey of Dublin do we find the mausoleums of a race of monarchs as old as the elder Pharaohs, and those the monarchs of our native country, rising in huge but rude grandeur towards the heavens, and inferior only to the mighty tombs which have rendered Giza famous. What objects and what associations have we here to call up enthusiasm in the lover of our national antiquities, as he journeys along those banks of the classic Boynne from Slane to Drogheda!

A subject into which we may naturally digress from that upon which we have just been dwelling, is the theory entertained by Mr. Wilde respecting the ancient races by whom this island was successively colonised—a theory into which he has been led by a comparison of some human skulls which have been disinterred in various parts of the country, along with certain ancient arms, and other remains of a remote antiquity. He assures us that he has strong evidence in support of the idea

deep, square orbits, high cheek-bones, prominent mouths, and narrow chins,—probably the first settlers, or original stock, low in intellect, dark-haired, strong-bodied, hardy, and courageous. The other, a round or globular-headed race, with features not so marked, but evidently possessing more intellect, and who were probably the conquerors of the former." "Examples," he adds, "of both races, particularly the former, may still be found amongst some of the modern Irish."

This theory, to which our author devotes an extremely interesting chapter, was first propounded by him in a lecture, delivered before the College of Physicians in 1844, and which, having been published in the "*Dublin Literary Journal*," was translated and republished by the Royal Academy of Stockholm, as the best essay known on the ethnology of the northern nations, and subsequently published in German by the celebrated geographical writer, Carl Reichter—a tribute, it must be admitted, of no ordinary kind to the merits of the production on the part of the very highest Continental authorities on ethnological science. We shall not attempt to follow him in his learned and elaborate inquiry on the subject, but limit our attention to some of the conclusions at which he has arrived.

So much has been said and written of late years about "Celts" and the "Celtic race," by persons who obviously know nothing on the subject, that men's notions on the great ethnological question—who were the Celts?—have become, if possible, more inextricably confused than ever. Any one, therefore, who would offer a really rational and well-grounded explanation of the difficulty would, in so doing, render a very acceptable service to that portion of the public who trouble their heads with such inquiries. But the data which we possess to serve as a clue through the labyrinth, are themselves a mass of confusion. As to the Ancients, the ideas which they attached to such terms as *Celtæ* and *Belgæ*, and other appellative distinctions of race, were utterly vague, and very frequently contradictory. Then we all know into what mazes of error and uncertainty on the origin of nations etymological affinities have constantly been leading inquirers. Those who understand the matter thoroughly, and have the soundest reasons to guide their opinions, confess that they can place

"That two races, totally distinct in feature and form of head, formerly existed in this country, and probably fought for the mastery;—a long-headed people, with thick, narrow crania, low foreheads, projecting noses,

no confidence in this mode of ethnological investigation.

In a word, the opinion is becoming very general that the word "Celtic" has, after all, no definite meaning at all attached to it.

A very ingenious and learned writer, who rarely hesitates to propound any historical doctrine of his own, no matter how much it may be at variance with those received by the rest of mankind, has recently put forth a new theory as to the primitive inhabitants of Ireland.* After telling us that the ancient Hiberni were identical with the Picts of Northern Britain, and had emigrated thence; and that the Firbolgs were "a colony of Gaulish tribes planted along South Britain, and retaining the same names they had borne in Belgium," and who subsequently invaded Ireland "from Britain, and not from Soissons, or any other part of Belgium;" he comes to the following peculiar theory as to the origin of the Tuatha-de-Danaan:—

"*Tuatha-De*—The people of gods, or the people of the (i. e. dear and sacred to) the gods. When the Druidic College could no longer maintain in Britain its vast power and mysterious rites, it removed them to Erin, their only sure asylum. They obtained superiority in that island more by their treasures, arts, and learning, and the engines of religious awe, and as gods or divine men, a tribe *sacer interprete Deorum*, than as men by arms and numbers. At this date the Druidical magic was systematically organised in Ireland. They have been called Danaan, either falsely, from the more modern Dani, or ancient Danai; but rather from *dan*, art, poem, song, which derivation, if it do not express the Druids, sufficiently expresses the Bards."—*Irish Version of Nennius*, published by the Irish Archaeological Society, Additional notes, p. c.

According to Mr. Herbert, in a word, the Tuatha de Danaan were no others than the Druids and learned men of Britain, expelled therefrom by the Romans, and who obtained sovereign sway in Ireland until they were in turn subdued by the more warlike Milesians. The reader scarcely need be told that this opinion is advanced in open contradiction to every system of Irish chronology, all which Mr. Herbert seems utterly to ignore. One thing, however,

is certain, namely, that all parties, by whatever reasoning they arrive at the conclusion, give the Tuatha de Danaan credit for having been a more civilised and intellectual race than the other early colonies of this country; and we find that Mr. Wilde, taking the crania and warlike weapons dug from ancient tumuli, instead of language and names, for his data, has come to the conclusion that the Tuatha de Danaan were the men with the round, capacious skulls, found under some of our barrows, along with the beautifully-fashioned bronze swords and ornaments that now enrich the walls of the Royal Irish Academy.

Some of our most respected traditional authorities coincide in this opinion of the relative physical character of the two races. "In an Irish manuscript," says Mr. Wilde, "the Book of Mac Firis, written about the year 1650, an account of which, from a translation by Mr. Eugene Curry, has been laid before the Royal Irish Academy by Dr. Petrie, it is said that every one who is 'black, loquacious, lying, tale-telling, or of low and grovelling mind, is of the Firbolg descent;' and that 'every one who is fair-haired, of large size, fond of music and horse-riding, and practises the art of magic, is of Tuatha de Danaan descent.'" And the Firbolgs being of a Belgic origin, and consequently of German or Gothic extraction, form the original stock of the British population; whilst the Tuatha de Danaan, and their successors the Milesians, are supposed to have been two different tribes of the people called "Celts."

The following passage from Mr. Wilde's book contains some interesting information respecting this singular race of men:—

"In Mageoghegan's translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, it is stated that 'this people, Tuathy de Danan, ruled in Ireland for 197 years, that they were most notable magicians, and would work wonderful things by magic and other diabolical arts, wherein they were exceedingly well skilled, and in these days accomplished the chiefest in the world in that profession.' From the many monuments ascribed to this colony by tradition, and in ancient Irish historical tales, it is quite evident that they were a real people; and from their having been considered gods and

* See the Hon. Algernon Herbert's additional notes to Dr. Todd's truly learned edition of the Irish Nennius, published by the Irish Archaeological Society.

magicians by the Gaedhil or Scotti, who subdued them, it may be inferred that they were skilled in arts which the latter did not understand. Among these was Dannan, the mother of the gods, from whom *Da éic Da-
naíne* (the two paps of Danan), a mountain in Kerry was called; Buanann, the goddess that instructed the heroes in military exercises—the Minerva of the ancient Irish; Badhbh, the Bellona of the ancient Irish; Abhortach, god of music; Ned, the god of war; Nemon, his wife; Manannan, the god of the sea; Diancecht, the god of physic; Bright, the goddess of poets and smiths, &c. It appears from a very curious and ancient Irish tract, written in the shape of a dialogue between St. Patrick and Caoilte MacRónaín, that there were very many places in Ireland where the Tuatha De Danaans were then supposed to live as sprites or fairies, with corporeal and material forms, but endued with immortality. The inference naturally to be drawn from these stories is, that the Tuatha De Danaans lingered in the country for many centuries after their subjugation by the Gaedhil, and that they lived in retired situations, where they practised abstruse arts, which induced the others to regard them as magicians."

We now arrive at a part of Mr. Wilde's volume which, for many readers, will be the most interesting portion of its contents, and in which the author has introduced the most copious and valuable additions in the new edition of the work—namely, the narrative and minute topographical description of the Battle of the Boyne. The accounts which we have hitherto had of that famous event have been partial or one-sided, and, in most instances, singularly deficient in research. From this sweeping charge, indeed, we must except that which can be collected from a recent volume of the Irish Archaeological Society's publications, where, in the annotations to the *Macariae Excidium*, we have no reason to complain either of the absence of laborious research, or of the unfairness of the editor's views. It is not, however, too much to say that as a connected, though a concise, history of the transaction, that which we find in Mr. Wilde's book is the most satisfactory and impartial that has yet been written. Fortunately such an account of the "Battle of Old-bridge Town" is better suited to the sentiments and opinions of men at the present day than it could possibly have been at any former period since the memorable 1690 itself. The bitter and gall-ing distinctions which were among the results of that battle have, in a great

measure, passed away. It is time, after more than a century and a half, and when the social system then established has been so materially altered, that those distinctions had been entirely obliterated; but at all events people can now bear to talk over the Battle of the Boyne without being themselves excited by the passions of the combatants, and to hear patiently that neither were they all heroes who were engaged on one side, nor all poltroons on the other.

After describing the positions of the two armies before the battle, and shewing the advantages of that selected by King William, one of the first points to which our author directs the reader's attention is the march, at an early hour in the morning of the first of July, of a powerful division of the English army, under Lieutenant-General Douglas, to cross the Boyne at Slane, for the purpose of turning the flank of the Irish army on the left, and cutting off King James's retreat to Dublin. The history of the day was one of blunders on King James's part, but the fatal neglect, by which the complete success of this grand manœuvre of the enemy was occasioned, was the most ruinous of all. Although the importance of the achievement under Douglas is sufficiently obvious, still it does not appear to have been fully appreciated by previous writers, and Mr. Wilde has certainly the merit of being the first to point out the overwhelming effect which the success obtained thus early in the day must have produced. The fate of the battle was then in fact determined; and it may be easily demonstrated that no amount of skill or bravery could, at any subsequent period of the day, have retrieved the loss then sustained by the Irish. James's good genius had utterly deserted him, and we are at a loss how to reconcile the glaring faults of his generalship on that day with the ability and courage of his early life, except by attributing them to that fatuity which is said to precede the fall of the doomed. The manner in which he exposed the left wing of his army, at the neglected point alluded to, and the obstinacy with which he rejected the suggestions of Hamilton on the subject, on the eve of the battle, afford the strongest evidence of that infatuation. Every step consequent upon this blunder only hastened the ruin of the falling monarch.

"That this manœuvre of William's," says Mr. Wilde, "which so early decided the fate of the day, was not quite unexpected by the Irish generals, we learn from the fact that Hamilton had in council, on the preceding evening, advised eight regiments to be sent up the river to defend the bridge and passage at Slane; but James, in reply, merely offered to despatch fifty dragoons to defend that important position! Soon, however, the error was discovered, when, at an early hour next morning, the advancing host of Douglas was observed crowning the heights of Knowth, and stretching westwards towards Slane. Then, when too late, James, in the midst of hurry and confusion, despatched his *entire left wing and some of his centre*, chiefly foot, and the chosen French troops of Louis, under Lauzun, with *all his artillery*, at most the remaining six field pieces, to oppose the army of Douglas, which must by that time have made good its ground, and had also been strengthened by the infantry of Portland. This must have occurred between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. The sudden withdrawal of this large body of the best disciplined troops, from the centre and left wing of the Irish, not only materially weakened, but confused and disheartened the army at Oldbridge, which had been until that moment drawn up in battle array in two formidable lines to defend the fords of that place. It was this moment, with the tide at its lowest ebb, and 10,000 picked men outflanking his opponent upon the opposite bank, a circumstance of which he was then well aware, that William saw was the most auspicious to cross the ford at Oldbridge, and lead on in person his six-and-twenty thousand men against that portion of the Irish army which remained upon the original battle-field."

It is important to consider what was the *materiel* of the two armies which thus met on such unequal terms in the struggle. It is thus described by Mr. Wilde:—

"The army of King William amounted, according to the most moderate calculation, to 36,000 men; some authorities make it upwards of 40,000; all well-disciplined soldiers; numbers of them tried veterans, whose prowess had been tested and their courage schooled in many a well-fought field in Europe; hardy warriors, well-appointed, and composed of the greatest number of nations that ever fought for or against the crown of England before or since; Danes, Dutch, Swedes, and Flemings, Swiss, French Huguenots, English, Scotch, Anglo-Irish, and Germans—led by some of the most esteemed officers of the day, the two Schombergs, Douglas, Sidney, and La Mollonere, and commanded by one of the greatest generals of the age, personally brave, energetic, and well-skilled in war. The Williamite

force, being chiefly composed of mercenaries, was less likely to be influenced by any feeling of loyalty towards the deposed sovereign than if it had been entirely English.

"To this was opposed an army scarcely three and twenty thousand strong, a large portion of which, the French excepted, was composed of raw levies; undisciplined, and but ill supplied with arms or money; under generals, no doubt, brave and skilful, but whose interests were so constantly clashing, that it was with great difficulty they could ever be brought to act in unison; and moreover commanded by a Prince whose weakness, imbecility, and bigotry had already lost him a crown, who was totally unskilled in war, and whose heart was not in the country, nor the cause of the men who fought for him."

But a most important point is the following:—

"Either in order to secure a retreat, or fearing the issue of the engagement, James sent off all the baggage, and *six of his twelve guns*, to Dublin, the night before the battle, and despatched a trusty messenger to the south to prepare a vessel for his departure."

So that "six of his twelve guns" having been sent to Dublin on the eve, and the remaining six, as we have seen, withdrawn in the morning to oppose the flanking force on the left, there was actually not a single piece of ordnance to act upon the body of the English army while crossing the river in front; and although the sending off of the baggage before the battle may have assisted the regularity of the subsequent retreat, still it must also have not a little increased the instability of the Irish army. The generally received notion that James witnessed the battle from the hill of Dunore, and that he there had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Williamites, is erroneous; the luckless king having, in reality, accompanied Marshal Lauzun in his movement with the left wing towards the banks of the Nanny-water, to watch the parallel movement of Douglas. These, and the other circumstances of the day, are here amply detailed, and illustrated by passages from several interesting and rare contemporary authorities.

We would advise the visiter to the scene of the battle, besides exploring the several localities, on either side of the river, to read Mr. Wilde's description on the top of the hill of Dunore,

where he may obtain an ample view of the whole scene for a circuit of many miles. He will there perceive, that the account of the battle field, which he finds in the "Beauties of the Boyne," is unequalled for topographical accuracy and clearness; that, in truth, it is written, as its author assures us, "from a careful examination of the scene, and the perusal of the most trustworthy documents."

Throughout the book, the perfect accuracy of the descriptions cannot fail to strike the tourist, who will have the best opportunity of testing that merit, and to whom also it is of the greatest value. The whole work has evidently been not only sketched on the spots described, but the outline has been corrected at subsequent and repeated visits, so that all the details of the picture have been filled in with the objects delineated actually present to the writer's eye. How seldom is this done either by writer or painter, who are too ready to substitute such details as fancy supplies them with at home, for those infinitely more perfect, as well as truthful ones which they neglected to take from nature on the spot. Our author appears to have considered the subjects of his description sufficiently beautiful in themselves, and the associations connected with them sufficiently poetic, to engage the attention of the reader, and hence he has painted the scenes actually as they exist. Such fidelity is of especial value in an archaeological point of view; and, combined with the extensive research which the author has bestowed upon his subject, constitutes Mr. Wilde's volume a complete handbook of the history and antiquities of those districts which come within its scope.

With another extract from some of the most recent additions made by Mr. Wilde to this interesting volume, we shall conclude. His description of Mellifont is elaborate and graphic; and the historical associations which he evokes, in connexion with those famous ruins, must possess a vivid interest for most readers. Turning over the pages, however, which treat of that "foreign" monastery, we can dwell with infinitely more pleasure on the picturesque and delightful details which he gives us about the purely Irish, and no less beautiful remains of Monasterboice:—

"Upon the slope of a gently rising pasture ground, lone and solitary, rise the round

tower, the simple, unostentatious churches with their guardian ash tree, the splendid crosses, and the crowd of tomb-stones of Monasterboice—the remains of the ancient monastery of St. Buithe. Very early in the sixth century St. Buithe, or Boetius, son of Bronach, from whom the place is named, founded a religious house here.

"Within the enclosure of the cemetery of *Mainister-Buithe* stands one of our largest, and, it is supposed, most recently erected round towers. It is 50 feet in circumference at the bottom, by 110 feet high; originally, however, it must have been much taller; but the top has been shattered, apparently by lightning. A rent also exists upon one side, and it leans, or more properly speaking, is bent, several feet from the perpendicular. The circular-headed doorway, which is five feet six inches high, by one foot ten inches broad, and stands six feet above the present outer surface, faces the south-east, and is decorated with a double band or moulding. There were originally five stories in this tower, each of the lower was lighted by an angular-headed window, and at top there were four oblong apertures, which permitted the toll from the *cloic-theach*, or bell-house, to reach the small Christian congregation which existed in early times around this establishment. From the great northern road, which runs at a little distance from hence, this tall land-mark, with the yellow lichens creeping over its grey sides, and the lowly churches and elegantly-shaped crosses which nestle round its base, forms a conspicuous and pleasing object, no doubt well remembered by those who rolled by it on the top of some of the north-going coaches, before railways were established.

"The annals of this monastic establishment are voluminous, but, with few exceptions, they consist of the obits of its abbots, and some account of the plunderings and conflagrations which it suffered. Among the latter is one worthy of recital, on account of its frequency, or repetition in a number of ancient Irish authorities, as, for instance, 'The Chronicon Scotorum,' 'The Annals of Ulster,' and 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' and because it lends considerable support to the theory of one of the uses to which the round towers were occasionally applied. It runs thus:—'A. D. 1097, the *cloic-theach* of *Mainister*, containing several books and valuables, was burned.' It would appear from such fragments of history as have come down to the present time, that the monks of Boetius were distinguished for their learning, and that this monastery was long the repository of some of the most valuable literary and historic records of this country. The founder died upon the 7th of December, 522; and beyond the enumeration of his successors we learn little of the history of the establishment for some hundred years, until 1050, when Flann Mainistreach, a distinguished poet and historian,

was abbot. Edward O'Reilly, in his account of Irish writers, published in 'The Transactions of the Ibero-Celtic Society' for 1820, has given a catalogue of fourteen of his works, principally poems descriptive of the early history, or relating some of the exploits of the later pagan and first Christian Kings of Ireland.

The death of this distinguished man is thus related in 'The Annals of the Four Masters':—"1056, Flann of the Monastery, lecturer of Monasterboice, the paragon of the Irish in history, poetry, eloquence, and general literature, died upon the 4th of the calends of December (28th November), of whom it was said:—

"Flann of the chief church of melodious Baltha,
Flow the bright eye of his fine head;
Contemplative sage is he who sits with us,
Last sage of the three lands* is fair Flann."

We here pass over the more detailed account of the two ruined churches, and come to that which he gives us of the famous crosses of Monasterboice:—

"The most attractive subjects of antiquity here are those magnificently-sculptured crosses, to which we have already made allusion, and which have been not only the great boast of Irish antiquaries, but which have so frequently, and in such glowing terms, elicited the admiration of foreigners. With the exception of the great cross at Clonmacnoise, and one which we ourselves recently examined near the cathedral of St. Breacan, in the great island of Arran, there is nothing of the kind in Great Britain, or perhaps in Europe, either in magnitude, design, or execution, to compare with two at least of the crosses at Monasterboice. Immediately in front of the round tower, and at the southern side of the adjoining church, stands the tallest of these crosses, and we believe the highest in Ireland; it measures twenty feet in the shaft, and is morticed into a base twenty inches high, but several feet of which are now hid beneath the surface. This beautifully slender cross, consists, independently

of the base or socket, of three stones; the shaft is eleven feet; the central stone, consisting of the circle and arms, is six feet three inches; and the cap at top, representing a shrine or church, with a high pitched roof, sharp ridge, and fish-tail terminations over the gables, is two feet three inches high. The shaft is two feet broad, and fifteen inches thick, but a considerable portion of its lower part has been hammered away, tradition says, by the soldiers of Cromwell, the usual scape-goats in Ireland for every description of desecration or dilapidation. The figures were carved in strong relief, though now much worn by time and the elements. The sculptures are divided into tablets or compartments, each referring to some portion of sacred, of early, or church history, or some of the circumstances connected with the monastery and the cross itself. As is usual in all such monuments, a representation of the Crucifixion occupies the centre of the principal side, which is always somewhat inclined, and which very frequently faces the west, that the rays of the setting sun might illumine the sculpture, and assist to brighten the story which these hieroglyphics (sacred representations) and pictorial writings taught the simple peasant that after his daily toil knelt at its base. In this instance the various compartments contain figures of the Apostles, the Virgin and Child, and some of our Irish saints and most celebrated ecclesiastics. It is not alone in the light graceful form, or the sculptured figures, that this cross, in common with several of the same type, claims attention, but in the elegance and design of its details and ornaments, in the fillets and tracery elaborately wrought over each spot not occupied by figures, than which latter, as might be expected, they are very much superior."

In conclusion, we may briefly state that we know no book so well calculated to popularise Irish history, and to exhibit the attractions of Irish scenery, as Mr. Wilde's "Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater."

* The three lands were Ireland, Mann, and Scotland.

ANOTHER FLIGHT OF LADY-BIRDS.

"GIVE me control over the ballads," is an aphorism often recited, and one which, aptly applied, is not less entitled to respect at this day than it was when Fletcher spoke it. "Ballad" is but a name for the most popular of the forms of imaginative literature. The ballads of a people are its "household words," whether they are ordered and disciplined in moulds of numerous rhyme, or wander free in all the fair varieties of most adventurous prose. Romances and novels, politically and socially considered, are the ballads of modern times; to control them, or get the dominion over them, what Prospero dare hope for it?—there is something in exercising even the critic's office upon them.

"Why may not imagination," muses the Prince of Denmark, "trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" Such is the downward process of mortal agents and their accessories.

"Oh! that the earth that kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Nature and life, however, have their compensations, and while greatness returns to so base uses that fancy is pained in the imagination of them, little things and persons of little power may arrive at the accomplishment of mightier changes than Cæsars and Alexanders have ever effected. A little black liquid and a feather may avenge that soul "that kept the world in awe;" and, while the earth executes its base office, cause fame to brighten over the memory. Still more marvellous—in gifted hands the pen may become far mightier than the conqueror's sword, and may effect changes far more enduring. Desolation tracks the career of the one; prosperity, improvement, happiness, are among the blessings of the other.

But there is another competition. Literature has its rivalries. Wisdom has prizes for those of her children who convey what they hold to be truth in imaginative forms, as well as for those who make severe reasoning the basis of their efforts, and admit fancy merely to take its part in the embellishments.

For good or for evil the Emancipation Bill of 1829 was a great fact, and marked a new epoch in British government. To whom or to what efforts is its merit to be ascribed? So far as the Legislature is to be regarded as the agent in its accomplishment, Lord Plunket will perhaps stand out in proud relief, as the man whom ages yet unborn shall applaud or censure for the repeal of the civil disabilities. But there were other elements at work than parliamentary assemblies. Majorities in either house were indices of popular opinion. Representatives moved as constituencies swayed them. Regarding measures in this enlarged estimate of their motive power or authorship, Lady Morgan or Thomas Moore, and some others among the gifted, may claim their share, and that a large share, in the renown of Emancipation. If Plunket and Canning influenced "the House," they prepared the House to be influenced. The genius of the ballad and the romance was not less effective in making a breach in the British constitution than the genius of legislative eloquence. The fanciful and the sage worked together for a common end, and Ariel was not less effective than Prospero.

It would be a curious process to adjust the respective claims of fiction and fact, as to their share in the accomplishment of any great national change or development. Conviction and persuasion usually unite their forces to achieve the legislative victory. The public mind must be prepared; the governing and counselling body must be prevailed upon, to fiat the alteration; and in many an instance where legislation is happiest and most successful, the act which adds a new law to the statute-book, or by which an old law is effaced, will be found, when duly considered, to be nothing more than the notification of a change previously effected in the public mind. Vegetable nature has been for months making ready for the phenomena of summer, autumn, spring; is it not so with respect to political phenomena? The index moves in the act of legislation, but the moving power has had its direction previously

assigned to it. In free states, organic changes in the constitution are but authoritative recognitions of change already wrought in the minds of the people. In a sense not altogether the same with that in Mr. Weller's well-known aphorism, "Business first, pleasure arter," influence goes before authority, and the novelist, in point of chronology, takes precedence of the legislator.

But if the fancies of a dreamer who records the visions which visit him, can affect the majestic course and the abiding achievements of legislation,—if they can produce such effects by the influence they have previously exercised on the character of individual and social man,—how powerful must be the influence thus primarily exerted; how solemn the responsibility to undertake the novelist's mission. It is to create the forms which are to people the solitude of the recluse; to call into existence the voices which shall instruct, admonish, and exhort many an unpractised adventurer who encounters, unfriended, the warfare of society. It is to provide an effortless occupation in which the vexed, and wearied, and disappointed, seek distraction or repose. It is, through all these varied and unostentatious agencies, to impart truth, to commend high principle, and to aid in the culture of pure affections. It is to contrive transitory solace not adverse or unmeet for him whose habit it is to seek strength in the appliances of the true, the more exalted, wisdom; and for him whose experiences of this sublimer exercise are desultory and brief, to dispose an entertainment, so that the permanent interests of his being take no prejudice from the incidents of his unsubstantial and fugitive recreation. Such are the conditions to which the writer of fiction becomes indissolubly bound. Higher aims and achievements may be and ought to be in his thoughts, but it is indispensable that the law of the Roman Dictator should be his,—he must take heed "that the republic take no detriment" from his enterprises.

More constraining still is the injunction where woman's sceptre sways her world of thoughts and fancies. Never should it pass from her remembrance that the pure religion of the Saviour

has reinstated her in the equality she had in the beginning; never should she cease to feel, that whatever gratitude can recompense, and interest (the interest of her sex) can exact, it should be her study and delight to offer to Him, and for Him, who hath given her all. The morals of fiction should be safe where woman is the muse to whom the story owes its being. Under the presidency of her genius, the conflicts of passion and affection should be pure, and the unyielding firmness of principle should be interesting. And so, it is a subject of deep thankfulness to add, so are the efforts of female genius, in our favoured land, to a very great extent, governed and directed.

But we will not, in deference to the claims of the gentler sex, acquiesce in, or connive at, any culpable deviation from the line of duty. The more we expect, the more we have a right to expect; the more good we meet with in the performances of our lady instructors, the more vigilant we should be in detecting aught that there may be of evil in their creations, and the more faithful in a gentle remonstrance against it. Painful as this part of our task must necessarily be, we will not shrink from it.

And so, to begin, for if we open with what we delight in, well deserved eulogy, we shall scarce have nerve for the duty we discharge upon compulsion. We begin, then, with a complaint against the writer of "*Olive*,"* with whose former work, the "*Ogilvies*," our readers, we trust, have made intimate acquaintance.

Olive, the heroine of the tale, as the recompense of a life dedicated to all good, a life of self-renouncing duty, of suffering without complaint, and of angelic ministrations, is wooed and married (at least the latter) by that most despicable of all beings, an intellectual and infidel minister of religion; one upon whom the blight of scepticism has not fallen *after he had chosen* his way of life, but who had undertaken all the responsibilities of a sacred office, given all the solemn pledges, professions and promises it demanded, declared himself moved by the Spirit of God to take it upon him; while his false heart belied the utterance of most unhallowed lips. That the love of such a

* "*Olive*, by the Author of the *Ogilvies*." 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

man should be made the recompense of such unfailing virtue as is depicted in the life of the heroine—regarding it in its lowliest aspect—is a foul crime against all notions of poetical justice. Olive merited a better fate.

The authoress has made for the infidel a defence which, in our judgment, should aggravate his condemnation. Reverence for his mother, love for a beautiful wife, are urged in extenuation, or perhaps it might be more properly said, in explanation, of his most odious hypocrisy. They make no excuse for such enormous guilt; and the intellectual advantages with which it is the author's pleasure her false prophet should be endowed, render extenuation impossible. To maintain a mother and a wife, the wretched pretext for falsehood, it was not necessary that one so gifted should become so black a criminal. He need not dig nor beg, in order to receive them into his house. No! his hypocrisy was altogether without defence or palliation. The conception of a character like that of the Rev. infidel, Harold Gwynne, the authoress should have regarded as the product of some fatal disease; to let it see the light was an offence. It should have no place or part in her history.

The story of Olive is one of little complication or interest. Daughter of parents influenced by a morbid love of beauty, she suffers from their disappointment, as if her deformity were a crime. Her mother, whom, had not Copperfield's child-wife been blessed with the euthanasia of an early release from this world's cares and sorrows, we should have regarded as one to whom we had been previously introduced, not only shrinks from the babe whose appearance cannot gratify her pride, but will not summon up resolution enough to acquaint her absent husband with the story of the infant's deformity. Thus she prepares added misfortune for herself and her child when the deceived father returns home. In this part of the tale there is an impatience and murmuring against the divine dispensations; a disposition to magnify dispensations into calamity, that proves very clearly, although the author takes little pains to point the moral, how much of human suffering the perverse ingenuity of the human heart shapes out for itself. Little Olive, neglected and condemned by both parents, is

cherished by a faithful Scottish nurse, and lives through much pious suffering, self-denial, self-government, and, in the power of a true faith, to be a ministering angel to both her parents.

The following passage, in which the child's name is explained, will suggest to the reader an outline of the story, and is not an unfair specimen of the author's manner:—

"Elsie, I have a thought! The baby shall be christened Olive!

"It's a strange, heathen name, Mrs. Rothesay."

"Not at all. Listen how I chanced to think of it. This very morning, just before you came to waken me, I had such a queer, delicious dream."

"Dream! Are you sure it was i' the morning-tide?" cried Elsie, aroused into interest.

"Yes; and so it certainly means something, you will say, Elsie? Well, it was about my baby. She was then lying fast asleep in my bosom, and her warm, soft breathing soon sent me to sleep too. I dreamt that somehow I had gradually let her go from me, so that I felt her in my arms no more, and I was very sad, and cried out how cruel it was for any one to steal my child, until I found I had let her go of my own accord. Then I looked up, after awhile, and saw standing at the foot of the bed a little angel—a child angel—with a green olive branch in its hand. It told me to follow; so I rose up, and followed it over a wide desert country, and across rivers and among wild beasts; but at every peril the child held out the olive-branch, and we passed on safely. And when I felt weary, and my feet were bleeding with the rough journey, the little angel touched them with the olive, and I was strong again. At last we reached a beautiful valley, and the child said, 'You are quite safe now.' I answered, 'And who is my beautiful comforting angel?' Then the white wings fell off, and I only saw a sweet child's face, which bore something of Angus's likeness and something of my own, and the little one stretched forth her hands and said 'Mother!'

"While Mrs. Rothesay spoke, her thoughtless manner had once more softened into deep feeling. Elsie watched her with wondering eagerness.

"It was nae dream; it was a vision. God send it true," said the old woman, solemnly.

"I know not. Angus always laughed at my dreams, but I have a strange feeling whenever I think of this. Oh, Elsie, you can't tell how sweet it was! And so I should like to call my baby Olive, for

the sake of the beautiful angel. It may be foolish—but 'tis a fancy of mine. Olive Rothersey! It sounds well, and Olive Rothersey she shall be.'

"'Amen; and may she be an angel to ye a' her days. And ye'll mind o' the blessed dream, and love her ever-mair. Oh, my sweet leddy, promise me that ye will!' cried the nurse, approaching her mistress's chair, while two great tears stole down her hard cheeks.

"'Of course I shall love her dearly! What made you doubt it? Because I am so young? Nay, I have a mother's heart, though I am only eighteen. Come, Elspie, do let us be merry; send these drops away;' and she patted the old withered face with her little hand. 'Was it not you who told me the saying, "It's ill greeting ower a new-born wean." There! don't I succeed charmingly in your northern tongue?'

"'A charming scene of maternal felicity! I am quite sorry to intrude upon it,' said a bland voice at the door, as Dr. Johnson put in his shining bald head.

"Mrs. Rothersey welcomed him in her graceful, cordial way. She was so ready to cling to every one who showed her kindness—and he had been very kind; so kind that, with her usual quick impulses, she had determined to stay and live at Stirling until her husband's return from Jamaica. She told Dr. Johnson so now; and, moreover, as an earnest of the friendship which she, accustomed to be loved by every one, expected from him, she requested him to stand godfather to her little babe.

"'She shall be christened after our English fashion, doctor, and her name shall be Olive. What do you think of her now? Is she growing prettier?'

"The doctor bowed a smiling assent, and walked to the window. Thither Elspie followed him.

"'Ye maun tell her the truth—I daurna. Ye will?' and she clutched his arm with eager anxiety. 'An' oh! for God's sake, say it saftly, kindly. Think o' the puir mither.'

"He shook her off with an uneasy look. He had never felt in a more disagreeable position.

"Mrs. Rothersey called him back again. 'I think, doctor, her features are improving. She will certainly be a beauty. I should break my heart if she were not. And what would Angus say? Come—what are you and Elspie talking about so mysteriously?'

"'My dear madam—hem!' began Dr. Johnson. 'I do hope—indeed, I am sure—your child will be a good child, and a great comfort to both her parents;—

"'Certainly—but how grave you are about it.'

"'I have a painful duty—a very painful duty,' he replied. But Elspie pushed him aside.

"'Ye're just a fule, man!—ye'll kill her. Say your say at ance!'

"The young mother turned deadly pale. 'Say *what*, Elspie? What is he going to tell me? Angus—'

"'No, no, my darlin' leddy! your husband's safe; and Elspie flung herself on her knees beside the chair. 'But, the bairnie—(dinna fear, for it's the will o' God, and a' for gude, nae doubt)—the sweet wee bairnie is—'

"'Is, I grieve to say it, deformed,' added Dr. Johnson.

"The poor mother gazed incredulously on him, on the nurse, and lastly on the sleeping child. Then, without a word, she fell back and fainted in Elspie's arms."

The fretful mother is softened towards the unconscious babe. With this little incident we part from the infant days of "little Olive":—

"She carried the babe home and laid it on Mrs. Rothersey's lap. The young creature, who had so strangely renounced that dearest blessing of mother-love, would fain have put the child aside; but Elspie's stern eye controlled her.

"'Ye maun kiss and bless your dochter. Nae tongue but her mither's suld ca' her by her new-christened name.'

"'What name?'

"'The name ye gied her yer ain sel.'

"'No, no. Surely you have not called her so. Take her away; she is not my sweet angel-baby—the darling in my dream.' And Sybilla hid her face; not in anger, or disgust, but in bitter weeping.

"'She's your ain dochter—Olive Rothersey,' answered Elspie, less harshly. 'She may be an angel to ye, yet.'

"While she spoke, it so chanced that there flitted over the infant face one of those smiles that we see sometimes in young children—strange, causeless smiles, which seem the reflection of some invisible influence.

"And so, while the babe smiled, there came to its face such an angel-brightness, that it shone into the mother's careless heart. For the first time since that mournful day which had so changed her nature, Sybilla Rothersey sat down and kissed the child of her own accord. Elspie heard no maternal blessing—the name of 'Olive' was never breathed; but the nurse was satisfied when she

saw that the babe's second baptism was its mother's repentant tears."

There are various scenes and incidents in the more advanced portions of the story, situations and dialogues in which Olive and the chosen of her heart discourse much eloquence; but so strong is our disapproval of the young lady's choice, so much do we regret that the authoress should have given her sanction to such a choice, that to use a popular phrase of the day, we ignore the existence of the infidel husband altogether. If it were permissible to argue on such a subject, we think we could sustain historic doubts as to the existence of any such person as the Rev. Harold Gwynne, by arguments which would satisfy every one but the fair Frankenstein who has shaped out the monster, that no such person could have existed. So let him pass. We will only hope, for the sake of our much-loved heroine, that her husband is better than could be gathered from his own professions, and from the authoress's report of him.

True to the last in her filial and (so changed the relation appeared from the influence of character, we might almost say) maternal care of the parent confided to her, Olive soothes the parting agony of her dying mother. The closing scene is simply and beautifully narrated:—

"But gradually, when she heard the strangely solemn patience of Mrs. Rothesay's voice, and saw the changes in the beloved face, she began to tremble. Once her wild glance darted upwards in an almost threatening despair. 'God! Thou wilt not—thou canst not pour upon me this woe!' And when, at last, she heard the ringing of hoofs, and saw the physician's horse at the gate, she could not stay to speak with him, but fled out of the room in a passion of tears.

"She composed herself in time to meet him when he came down stairs. She was glad that he was a stranger, so that she had to be restrained, and to ask him, in a calm, every-day voice, 'what he thought of her mother.'

"'You are Miss Rothesay, I believe,' he answered, indirectly.

"'I am.'

"'Is there no one to aid you in nursing your mother—are you here quite alone?'

"'Quite alone.' These dull, echoing answers, were freezing slowly at her heart.

"Dr. Witherington took her hand;

kindly too. 'My dear Miss Rothesay, I would not deceive—I never do. If you have any relatives or friends to send for, any business to arrange—'

"'Ah—I see, I know! Do not say any more!' She closed her eyes faintly, and leaned against the wall. Had she loved her mother with a love less intense, less self-devoted, less utterly absorbing in its passion, at that moment she would have gone mad, or died.

"There was one little low sigh; and then upon her great height of woe she rose—rose to a superhuman calm.

"'You mean to tell me, then, that there is no hope?'

"He looked on the ground and said nothing.

"'And how long—how long?'

"'It may be six hours—it may be twelve; I fear it cannot be more than twelve.' And then he began to give consolation in the only way that lay in his poor power, explaining that in a frame so shattered the spirit could not have lingered long, and might have lingered in much suffering. 'It was best as it was,' he said.

"And Olive, knowing all, bowed her head, and answered, 'Yes.'.....

"With a step so soft that it could have reached no ear but that of the dying woman, Olive re-entered the room.

"'Is that my child?'

"'My mother, my own mother!' Close, and wild, and strong—wild as love and strong as death—was the clasp that followed. No words passed between them, not one, until Mrs. Rothesay said, faintly,

"'My child, are you content—quite content?'

"Olive answered, 'I am content!' And in her uplifted eyes was a silent voice that seemed to say, 'Take, O God, this treasure, which I give out of my arms unto Thine. Take and keep it for me, safe until the eternal meeting.'

"Slowly the day sank, and the night came down. Very still and solemn was that chamber; but there was no sorrow there—no weeping, no struggle of life with death. After a few hours all suffering passed, and Mrs. Rothesay lay quiet; sometimes in her daughter's arms, sometimes with Olive sitting by her side. Now and then they talked together, holding peaceful communion, like friends about to part for a long journey, in which neither wished to leave any words unsaid that spoke of love or counsel; but all was spoken calmly, hopefully, and without grief or fear."

There is an episode of an artist and his sister, of much beauty, introduced into this interesting story. In the

artist we recognise a counterpart of the great musical composer in the romance of Consuelo; but we regard such undesigned and unconscious similitudes as no indications of feebleness. Where there is life in the creations of an author, whether they have been suggested by observation of nature, or have been adopted from works of art, we willingly recognise genius. The following scene, in which Olive makes her election to be an artist, will interest the reader. Some drawings, sketched by Olive, have been brought under the great artist's notices by his benevolent sister:—

"The painter settled himself into a long, silent examination of the sketch. Then he said,

" 'Well, this is tolerable; a woman standing on a rock, a man a little distance below looking at her—both drawn more correctly than most amateurs could, only overlaid with drapery to hide ignorance of anatomy. A very respectable design. But when one compares it with the poem!' And, in his deep, sonorous voice, he repeated the stanzas from the 'Revolt of Islam.'

" 'There!' cried Vanbrugh, his countenance glowing with a fierce inspiration that made it grand amidst its ugliness; 'there!—what woman could paint *that*? Or rather, what man? Alas! how feeble we are—we, boldest followers of an art which is divine. Truly there was but one among us who was himself above humanity, Michael the Angel!'

"And he went and gazed reverently at the majestic head of Buonarrotti, which loomed out from the shadowy corner of the studio.

"Olive experienced—as she often did, when brought into contact with this man's enthusiasm—a delight almost like terror; for it made her shudder and tremble as though within her own poor frame was that Pythian effluence, felt, not understood—the spirit of genius.

"Vanbrugh came back, and continued his painting, talking all the while.

" 'I said that it was impossible for a woman to become an artist—I mean, a great artist. Have you ever thought what that term implies? Not only a painter, but a poet; a man of learning, of reading, of observation. A gentleman—we artists have been the friends of kings. A man of high virtue, or how can he reach the pure idea? A man of iron will, unconquered daring, and passions strong—yet stainless. Last and greatest, a man who, feeling within him the Divine Spirit, with his whole soul worships God.'

"Vanbrugh lifted off his velvet cap and reverently bared his lofty crown; then he continued:—

" 'This is what an artist must be by nature. I have not spoken of what he has to make himself. Years of study, such as few can bear, lie before him,—no life of a carpet-knight, no easy play-work of scraping colours on canvass. Why, these hands of mine have wielded not only the pencil, but the scalpel; these eyes have rested on scenes of horror, misery—even crime. I glory in it; for it was all for art. At times I have almost felt like Parrhasius of old, who exulted in his captive's dying throes, since upon them his hand of genius would confer immortality. But this is not meet for the ears of a woman—a girl,' added Vanbrugh, seeing Olive shudder at his words. Yet he had not been unmindful of the ardent enthusiasm which had dilated her whole frame while listening. It touched him like the memory of his own youth. Some likeness, too, there seemed between himself and this young girl to whom nature had been so niggardly. She might also be one of those who, shut out from human ties, are the more free to work the glorious work of genius.

"After a few minutes of thought, Michael again burst forth.

" 'They who embrace art must embrace her with heart and soul, as their one only bride. And she will be a loving bride to them—she will stand in the place of all other joy. Is it not triumph for him to whom fate has denied personal beauty, that his hand—his flesh-and-blood hand—has power to create it? What cares he for worldly splendour, when he dreams he can summon up a fairy land so gorgeous that in limning it even his own rainbow-dyed pencil fails? What need has he for home, to whom the wide world is full of treasures of study—for which life itself is too short? And what to him are earthly and domestic ties? For friendship, he exchanges the world's worship, which *may* be his in life, *must* be, after death. For love—'

"Here the old artist paused a moment, and there was something heavenly in the melody of his voice as he continued,

" 'For love—frail human love—the poison flower of youth, which only lasts an hour—he has his own divine ideal. It flits continually before him, sometimes all but clasped; it inspires his manhood with purity, and pours celestial passion into his age. His heart, though dead to all humanities, is not cold, but burning. For he worships the ideal of beauty, *he* loves the ideal of love.'

"Olive listened, her senses reeling

before these impetuous words. One moment she looked at Vanbrugh where he stood, his age transfigured into youth, his ugliness into majesty, by the radiance of the immortal fire that dwelt within him. Then she sank at his feet, crying,

"I, too, am one of these outcasts; give me, then, this inner life, which is beyond all! Friend, counsel me! master, teach me! Woman as I am, I will dare all things—endure all things. Let me be an artist."

And thus we part from Olive, acknowledging, most cordially, the power of the fair author; and earnestly hoping that if again she bring an infidel upon the stage, it will be to make, not a pattern, but an example, of him. The cause of morals is grievously prejudiced, and sensitive minds perilously led astray by creations in which incompatible qualities are seemingly reconciled. The "exemplar imitabile vitii" is generally effective only so far as it teaches wrong.

A work of a different stamp comes next before us. "Time, the Avenger,"* is the production of one in whom rectitude of mind and morals is so eminently conspicuous, and so sustained, that it seems more like a faculty or a genius than a habit of gradual acquisition. It is a very high distinction, that from the first of this gifted writer's performances, "Two Old Men's Tales," to that with which she has recently gratified and instructed her readers, she has, in every instance, reconciled the captivations of sentiment with the severity of the purest morals. She does not disguise the frailties incident to man's condition, as they manifest themselves in "the best that wear our earth around them," but she never interweaves into one being or one soul qualities of evil and of good, of such a nature as to be unsusceptible of union. Incompatibilities are not found in her creations. There is no attempt to chequer high generosity with the most odious deceit; and thus, with or without intention, to lessen the abhorrence by which the spirit ought to be estranged from what is odious or base. There is no embellishing the false and the wicked until it seems transformed into light in her interesting stories. But there is in her narratives, by the fidelity with which

piety and virtue are represented in the sufferings and the struggles in which they have their probation and discipline, a power to unite the affections and the intellectual faculties into one sentiment, and to cause that reason, imagination, and love shall be blended into one judgment.

"Time, the Avenger," is a history of moral change, and of the feelings in which such change is wrought, rather than of external incident. Mortal life, with all its varieties of interest and adventure, is regarded principally as it may be discerned in the spiritual phenomena which it discloses in the minds and hearts of those for whom our authoress is interested. The outward act we read in the sensations or reflections of the spirit it has moved. We are admitted to that inner chamber where the telegraphic communication is interpreted. Desdemona "saw Othello's visage in his mind."

"Time, the Avenger," opens on rich and gloomy evening scenery, the background, as it were, to one silent and solitary human figure. This solitary being, destitute of all personal attraction, but great in the majesty of sorrow and self-reproach, constitutes the interest of the scene. All sights and sounds of nature are commissioned to minister to him. Evening darkens in its gloom, but he is there, and his musings are revealed in its dimness; night descends; the stars come out; the moon rises, brightens the fleecy clouds, and tips the trees with silver; still, all seems to wait on the melancholy recluse; he is as a monarch in his court; he leaves the retired scene in which he had been mourning and walks through Piccadilly. Open windows send out sounds of revelry; lights and music come forth into the air; carriages roll past, deep as was the solemnity of the last hours of night; but still the solitary wanderer is the great object of the beholder's interest. All else are accessories in the picture.

At length, after long wandering, he determines to seek a shelter, but would also retain his solitude. He passes from the neighbourhood in which he had for some time resided, and plunges into the deeper solitariness of the slumbering city.

* "Time, the Avenger, by the Author of *Emilia Wyndham*," &c. London: Henry Colburn. 1851.

"He wandered among the narrow lanes and streets again.

"In the corner of one, where two very dark close alleys met, he saw lights still burning. He approached. The door was yet unfastened, and he went in.

"The host, an old man, not jolly and ruddy as mine host should be, but a little gray-visaged being, bent with age, was putting up his shutters and preparing to close for the night, when the unexpected guest entered and asked whether he could have a lodging for the night, and in a room for himself?

"Mine host eyed him suspiciously.

"This is a late hour to be going about, and you are a stranger to me," said he.

"Well, I suppose it is your calling to entertain strangers?"

"The old man took out a large key, applied it to the lock, and, opening the door, the two entered what appeared by the feeble light of the candle to be a large and lofty hall.

"The roof was so high that it was quite invisible by this faint illumination; but massive pillars and pilasters might be dimly seen, and the remains of old gilding and coloured fresco-painting, that was fast fading or falling in pieces from the walls upon the pavement of black and white marble. As the old man proceeded, he from time to time held up the candle without speaking, and threw its gleams upon these vestiges of ancient magnificence, now all fallen into decay; and as he did so, through the dim obscurity, the fine arches which supported the once splendid ceiling might from time to time be observable as they passed along.

"Having crossed the hall, they approached the foot of a grand flight of mahogany stairs, which descended from a gallery above. On each side of the low, shallow steps, which were extremely wide and handsome, rose massive balustrades of richly-carved mahogany, equally telling the tale of ancient magnificence and splendour passed away, for they were covered with dust and hung with cobwebs. Still preserving silence, these stairs mine host began to ascend, followed by Craiglethorpe, who felt a not unpleasant sense of mystery stealing over him as he passed through this ancient mansion; the profound, unbroken silence, and the air which pervaded it, leading to the conclusion that it had been long utterly deserted.

"Still without speaking, the old man first lifted up, then lowered down his candle, and showed the hall with its arches and pillars below, and then lifting up the light, displayed the magnificent roof—

"Self-poised and carved into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose."

"Rich with gilding, and a sort of mosaic work of splendid colours, looking like some fine piece of jewellery work, which it evidently had been intended to imitate. Then he turned round, and, with his dim, red eyes, withered face, and spare figure, looking in this strange scene like some wizard or enchanter, cast a significant look at his guest.

"But Craiglethorpe made no remark.

"He was in too dull a mood to be much moved, or his attention much excited by the scene through which he had just passed, and yet, insensible as he was, he could not help making some reflections upon the vicissitudes of things, and especially upon what had brought this mansion, once the almost royal abode of some princely merchant, to this utter desolation and decay. He knew well there were many instances of houses such as this standing forgotten and neglected amid the intricate alleys and deserted courts of the vast city, but I believe no one can be brought into one without feeling a certain sadness.

"It may be merely that wealth has migrated to other quarters, and the house forsaken because its masters have become richer and richer, and have at last desired to take part in that modern west end life of the world which seems the fond aspiration of such. But the scene may tell another tale—of ruin and desolation, of sorrow and despair, and, to the imaginative, it almost infallibly raises associations of this description.

"So it did with Craiglethorpe in his present humour.

"Tired as he was, he did not seek his bed immediately; he sat down in a huge arm-chair, lined with green velvet, which stood by the side of it, and he looked up at its mouldering curtains, its lofty tester, surmounted with the broken plumes of dusty feathers, and then he fell a musing.

"Again, the reminiscence of an old story, so pertinaciously driven from his mind that he had long succeeded in almost entirely forgetting it—in feeling as if it had never been—rose to his mind with that preternatural vividness with which it had visited him under the trees in Kensington Gardens.

"There was a tale of complete destruction connected with that story. A noble, ancient, respectable city house, utterly ruined, and shattered to atoms; a splendid mansion, in some remote corner of the city, which everybody had heard of and nobody knew much about, shut up and deserted.

"The connexion of thought was painful.

"He shook it off, and, undressing, lay down in the bed, closed his eyes, and

slept. His dreams were a troubled repetition of the agitating thoughts of the day.

"First he was in the court of the Old Bailey, now darkened with that heavy gloom which seems to pervade most objects in our dreams. There he sat, riveted, as it were, chained to his seat as by some invisible charm, his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, vainly, agonizingly endeavouring to speak. There was the judge, in his solemn scarlet robes, the counsel round the table, the jurymen in their box, with their intent, earnest looks; the excited crowd, listening with heads anxiously bent forwards, and horror written in their countenances—and there was the prisoner, with that pale, serious face, that steady, calm, gentle, but resolved eye of his, that modest yet firm figure and gesture. Innocence in self-sacrifice—and he knew it, and he could not speak, for his tongue was frozen, as if by the hand of death.

"Then close by him passed that tall and noble creature, clasping the dying innocent in her arms. That sweet, beautiful, fragile girl!—and as she passed him, what a look did those grand, dark, solemn eyes give!

"The look his fancy had dimly pictured, and which he now *saw*—and he turned away, and then began to weep—and when he raised his head again, all that scene had passed in the hurried confusion of a dream, and he sat by the side of a pure stream of deep river water, which glided slowly, slowly by, and upon which two milk-white swans were, with their arched necks and ruffling wings of down, slowly and majestically gliding. Magnificent willows bent their aged stems, and their light tendrils dipped swaying and swaying up and down with soft soothing motion into the water, and all around were ancient groves of magnificent trees. Planes stretching wide their huge shading arms; spiral cedars rising in massive pyramids to the sky. Oaks, like heavy columns, supporting their vast canopy of boughs—the soft grass-plot, in a gentle descent to the river, by which he sat musing.

"And then! oh vivid, as if the past was no longer the past! as if the law of nature—the dreadful law was reversed—and the days of youth, the irrevocably lost, could come again!—he felt a soft hand . . . that hand—oh, that hand!—he shivered in his dream—come stealing, stealing, and off with his hat—and away she flies with a shriek of wild, girlish laughter;—and over the grass like a wild fawn, and is lost amidst the merging greens in a moment.

"And his heart beats as it beat then."

Thus, when past the sixtieth year of a changeful and troubled life, Craiglethorpe trembles in the revived emotion of a disappointed passion. Stern and repulsive as he seemed, there was a time when he had loved—

"Love will find his way
Through paths where wolves would fear to stray."

And a memory, which will not resign the one absorbing affection of earlier life, recalls it, and gives it high place in the procession of great and painful thoughts and visions, that tell him, as they pass on, how nothing dies into which the life of immortal man has been infused.

The memorable day on which the story of our author opens, Craiglethorpe had been rescued from despair by learning that a scheme of vengeance planned by him had failed of its accomplishment. He had prosecuted to conviction one whose innocence was disclosed to him by incidents of the trial, but too late to avert a verdict of guilty. A son would have suffered for his father's crime; but disclosures which could not change the course of the trial averted the sentence which followed it. The Wilmingtons were saved, and it was in the agitation and agony of the great deliverance, that our authoress has shown us, at the opening of her tale, the strong and vindictive man in his self-abasement.

Another sorrow, of his own creation, reveals itself. In comparatively early life, a dying friend had bequeathed a daughter to his guardianship. Notwithstanding his maturer age, and his want of juvenile attractions, this fair creature, whose infancy had passed in Syria, and whom he received on her arrival in Europe, becomes fondly attached to her harsh protector. In the manner of both ward and guardian, love, in the repulsive disguise with which pride studied to conceal it, looked like aversion; and there follow the melancholy results not unusual in either romance or life. The guardian turns misanthrope, or something like it, and the wounded girl marries unhappily. The house in which Craiglethorpe found a shelter was that where his ward, when she became a wife, had lived in the days of her outward prosperity. The woman in whose care he found it had been her favourite servant. From her Craiglethorpe hears a revelation of feelings which

he had never suspected, and has his agony heightened to the utmost extent he could endure, by a little manuscript history of grief and slighted love, accidentally discovered by the faithful servant, who believes that the writer was one on whom calamity had fallen heavily:—

"He dropped the manuscript, he clasped his forehead in his hands, and murmuring, 'Oh God!' rose from his chair in the greatest agitation, his whole frame shaking with fresh paroxysms of anguish.

"He saw her—She rose before him in all her innocence and playful beauty. That idol of his soul—that creature he had so passionately loved, with love which he had suffered his selfish pride thus to dishonour, and degrade, and pervert!

"She had loved him, then! loved him so—The sweet, sweet creature had given him that heart, that warm ingenuous heart of hers. He could have been torn by wild horses to obtain it, and in his hard and haughty pride he had flung the rich treasure away.

"He could have wept tears of blood, but no tears came to relieve his burning eye-balls."

"There was much that followed of the same character as what you have read.

"Renewed proofs of his unkindness, and of her sensibility to it.

"Partly, it was evident, because she strove, with a woman's natural delicacy, to hide what she believed was not in the slightest degree returned; partly because she loved to occupy herself about him.

"If ever innocent affection, if ever guileless sport, if ever a strong love for what was right in herself and others, if ever all dear woman's devotion to the man she loved, was painted in artless colours, it was portrayed here.

"But as the narrative of these feelings proceeded, the page became gradually darkened. Unkindness upon unkindness, his mortifying indifference, his cutting sarcasms, began to do their work. It was evident that the slighted affection was gradually becoming alienated. The heart was striving to recover its liberty, and 'yet no further than a wanton's bird,' which could be summoned back by the slightest call.

"But no such call was made.

"Unhappy man! The more deeply he loved, the more powerful the fascination exercised over his affections, the more proudly did he struggle against and resist that power.

"He remembered it all but too well.

"How cruel! how barbarous! how infatuated he had been!

"This conduct would have been cruel to any young creature so circumstanced.

"What was it then to a heart that loved him?

"Oh, the penal fires! the penal fires of remorse! Remorse over this ruin of happiness! The result of one bad master passion.

"A passion never opposed, never corrected, never curbed—his master passion, this cruel, inexorable pride!

"He gnashed his teeth; he could have bared his bosom and torn at that hard, cruel heart of his, with his nails. Could have bitten out the tongue which had given utterance to those stinging words which now stood in fearful array before him; recorded by that little gentle hand which evidently trembled as it wrote the unkind sentences upon pages too often blotted with her tears.

"Ah, those tears! and shed for him! She loved him then! Loved him tenderly, fondly! and he, in the madness of his pride, had driven her from his bosom to take refuge—where?

"Ah, where?—The most fearful part of the history was yet to come.

"He trembled, he shuddered, at that name; that blasting name; that name of one whose appearance upon the scene had, like the lightning's flash, turned all his edifice of happiness into a blackened heap of ashes—as that name—first presented itself upon the pages.

"Ah!" he cried in his agony, 'she loved me *then*! She, perhaps, loved me so, that had I but allowed her to believe I returned her affection, this dangerous enchanter would have possessed no power over her fancy. She never would have loved him had I but allowed her to love me.'

"Alas! alas! he found it was even worse than that."

The story ends, as we trust our readers are aware, happily. Lilla had not been numbered with the dead. She had been widowed, and in much tribulation; but she never lost her faith in God; and when Craighethorpe found her in sore trial and sorrow, there were peace and happiness for both in their mutual affection.

In times when locomotion was more laborious than in the "days that be," we heard an adventurous youth assign his reason for a visit to Jerusalem. It was not the old adage, "Home-keeping youths, have ever homely wits." Our friend's explanation was homelier still. "I shall dine out on my travels

these six months." It may be, that the adventure and enterprise of many a novelist, in this generation, is not altogether uninfluenced by some touch of a similar ambition.

We are not coarse or ignoble enough in imagination to impute either to the gifted who write, or to the stalworth youth who dared what were then the pains and perils of travel, so gross a purpose as the *cuisine* could satisfy. To be fêted not feasted was our friend's desire; we ascribe no worse intentions or purposes to our instructors; assuredly not worse, at the worst, to our fair instructresses.

It is, certainly, a pleasant mode of making the grand tour, and of visiting the beauties to which bye-ways as well as high-ways conduct, that which art and literature have provided for the indolent, or the occupied, in these days of social improvement. The pictorial art has long been put under contribution for this wholesome and edifying luxury; and now the moral imagination, if we may so term a faculty which depicts the passions and fantasies, the sentiments and principles of the world of man, performs its part, and makes the silent scenery of the pencil populous and vocal with human life, in all its varied manifestations.

What Persius says of himself and of the chattering bird, spiritualised, and elevated from its literal grossness (for, in many instances, the writer's ambition for the feast is to be not where he eats, but where he is eaten, provided always that the participation be not that of those who—

"Deform and kill the thing whereon they feed,")

may serve to explain the choice of modern stories. Writers of fiction have been, of recent times, so numerous, so industrious, and so daring, that there is scarcely a complication of human sentiment and passion, scarcely a variety of incident which they have not described; scarcely a source of power to awaken interest, or move the passion of a reader, which they have not exhausted; and it is, in many an instance, matter of absolute necessity, that the writer who would be read, calls upon foreign lands, with their peculiarities of habits, morals, and scenery,

to aid in giving piquancy to his inventions. Our domestic tales have so frequently offered to the reader the same combinations of incident, the same complexities of passion and feeling, that plots have been constructed, as melodies are set, on a barrel-organ principle. It is no wonder that writers shall be anxious to escape out of the perils of such Dead Sea sameness, at no greater cost than the hazards of modern travel.

Whatever the reason, whether necessity or good will, to the benefactor, the reader profits. If he remain at home, the ideal of foreign regions visits him in his study. If he travel, without the facilities or the will to enter into the interior of foreign society, storied representation of it will compensate his isolation:—

"Evelyn"* is a tale in which incident and description are very gracefully combined, and interest in the fortunes and feelings of the travellers lends a moral charm to the picturesque, and grand, and beautiful, through which their wanderings lead them. Scenery vividly described; judicious observations on manners and institutions; notices of history, and art, and mechanical contrivances, all executed, while the impressions they made were fresh, before the animating power of novelty had been abated, constitute the permanent interest of this very agreeable story, while, at the same time, the reader's best sympathies are engaged in behalf of the heroines of the tale, and are never suffered to languish.

The principal heroine, if we may use such an expression, has a charm of mystery round her from the moment when we are first indulged with admission into her presence, and the delicate shadow that falls at times on her surpassing beauty, mental and personal, is disposed with very artistic effect, and with very considerable success. Mystery deepens and discloses its secrets as the interest of the story most desires, but in such a manner as to seem artless and probable. We merely observe, on the plot and incidents of the romance of Evelyn, that they will well reward the reader; and instead of tracing them out for him in detail, we

* "Evelyn, or a Journey from Stockholm to Rome in 1847-8, by Miss Bunbury." London: R. Bentley.

shall subjoin some extracts from what we may call the historic and (associated as it is with fancy and fiction, what may be termed) the philosophical departments of this very agreeable story. Take the following remark on the subject of education in Sweden.

"In England, Ireland, or Wales, children would, in such cases, grow up without learning anything more than other animals; but, in the Lutheran north, no one can be confirmed or admitted to the sacrament who cannot read; and no one can hold certain offices, or perform certain acts, who has not been admitted to these rites; so that, in order to be married, it is necessary to have acquired the preliminary accomplishment of the art of reading, because neither man nor girl can be married who has not been confirmed, and is not able to receive the sacrament. Thus an institution of the Church is actually the means of perpetuating a race of parents able to instruct their own children.

"Education may still be on a low scale; but it is enough to enable almost every Swedish peasant to read his Bible and hymn-book, and seldom do you see them going to their church without these accompaniments."

The brief notice of mechanical enterprise in the following sketch is pleasing:—

"It was after crossing Rosen-Zee, that the feats which our little packet performed appeared to me singularly interesting, and, united with the scenery through which it led us, rendered this journey unlike any I had ever made.

"From the Rosen the canal is carried up the face of a hill, and by a series of seven locks, admits us into the Wettern."

"When my head turned one way, I saw the poor, patient, afflicted-looking steam-boat standing at the bottom of a steep rocky hill, rising seventy feet above it, and awaiting there the moment of its toilsome tug. The locks are divided into sections, but, at that distance, appeared to me to form one continuous dark staircase, ascending from the pretty boudoir-like lake that lay at its foot."

It is instructive to see how the "national" can survive the endeavour to displace it by what would be called "religion," and how even intolerance itself can respect, or at least endure, its existence:—

"Everywhere here we see the remains of the Protestant struggle, and proofs

of the fondness with which the memory of the Bohemians clung to it, notwithstanding its cruel consequences to their land. Everywhere, too, do we find evidences of the zeal with which Austria sought to obliterate the hold it had taken on the affections of the people.

"It is curious to see, in a land where the Austrian police are more vigilant supervisors of education and opinion than the clergy of Rome, how carefully preserved, and even proudly shown, are the relics of its Protestant times.

"In a monastery there is to be seen a portrait of Ziska (the one-eyed, as he was nick-named, though he afterwards lost two), with his savage club. In the Theological Academy, once the Jesuit College, are the Theses of Huss, written by his own hand; and a splendidly illustrated Liturgy, used by his followers; among the coloured paintings of which appear, one above the other, the three reformers: Wickliffe, in the act of striking light from a flint; Huss, beneath him, blowing the spark; and Luther, below, holding up the blazing torch in his powerful hand."

"But such a love of freedom does not tend to sever them from the endurance of spiritual restraints. Infidelity is rarely met with among mountaineers; the people of the Pyrenees do not share in the Delism of France. Here the people may, in all things, be too superstitious, but are really devout. The former is almost a natural result of their position. The voice of God speaks to the mountain wanderers in the lightning's flash and thunder's roar: in the terrible greatness of the things around him, God is all, man is nothing. The avalanche over his path, the precipice beneath it, the resistless torrent that tears up the sturdy pine before his eyes, all have power over him, and he has none against them; his preservation is a daily miracle; the cross, that pious charity erects to guide him, becomes a natural means of safety, but he sees a miracle performed through it: his religion assumes the form of a devout veneration for, and belief in, all spiritual existences; and to saints and angels, to crosses and images, he ascribes every deliverance, and commits himself in all time of danger. The wonderful defence of the Tyrol in the time of the gallant Hofer was animated by an abhorrence of French infidelity; even when terrified Austria forsook the loyalists of Tyrol, the patriots still fought for their religion and their land against France and Bavaria.

"While thus ruminating my room was growing darker and darker, and then it began to grow lighter and lighter; for, on, stealing up behind the

snowy mountain, crept the silver moon, shedding its pale radiancy on the summit; and, on, walking in brightness, she advanced to her lonely throne, where neither cloud nor star disputed her empire.

"And what were those ghost-like figures, robed in white, that appeared only then to come forth and range themselves all along that high mountain? I thought there was a procession of penitents ascending to the chapel and hermitage which are built on its top. But it was what in Germany is called a Calvarienberg, in France bears the more touching title of 'The Way of the Cross'—the way Christ trod to Calvary. Oh! how miserably poor and vain the best art of men to depict that way!

"In general there is something in these rude efforts too low, mean, even grotesque, to excite the sentiments they are intended to produce. Yet now, seen in the distance, in moonlight, and on that snowy mountain, this long range of white statues, tracing out the path up its side to the chapel on the summit, had a most singular and mystical effect. What pains do the clergy of Rome take to inspire and maintain religious feeling among their people! The clergy of England are anxious either to implant religious doctrine, or to produce moral conduct.

"Here no mountain is without its chapel, no spot of danger or deliverance uncommemorated by a cross. The waymarks in the mountains are all remembrancers of faith.

"Revolted though the crucifixes, depicting a suffering Saviour, the simple cross is a touching and useful sign-post to the benighted mountaineer."

One more extract, and we leave this interesting volume:—

"I had left the carriage and Jacobo, and walked over the grass outside the enclosure of this dwelling, when, just as I reached a side-door in its wall, it opened, and a monk came out. There was nothing strange in such a sight about Rome, and its aspect of religious quiet had already told me that even Pope Pius might choose this scene for one of those evening walks which constituted his chief recreation. I came so unpremeditatedly across the door-way, that the startled monk looked up, and seeing a stranger, dropped his eyes again, and went on his quiet way. That

thoughtful countenance and well-developed forehead, of which I had caught a sight; those downcast eyes,—had I not seen them before, in a stately garb, and in a more pompous scene? The church of St. Maria Maggiore rose to my view, and the contrast between the calm, thoughtful, devout-looking monk, and the strange and mighty potentate, was very great."

Nathalie* is a more successful experiment than that in a work already quoted of love under disparity. A young lady, whose name becomes a little compromised by the over-zealous and indiscreet attentions of a selfish lover, has protection extended to her by the youth's uncle. In due course of time, affection springs up between the protected and her friend. The apt and indispensable perplexities of the story arise out of requirements which are usually taken for granted, or overlooked, rather than formally insisted on, in the commerce of loving hearts. The gentleman requires a promise (before the marriage promise), that his wife will in all things obey him; the lady declines or evades the answer, and in her turn insists that her husband shall always be a lover. Unable to adjust the dispute to their mutual satisfaction, they release each other from what they imagine galling engagements, but do not find in such freedom the happiness they expected. Eventually they come to a better understanding, and terminate their disputes in the amiable and edifying compromise in which novels have their legitimate conclusion.

When we opened the volumes of this spirited story, we were smitten, it must be frankly confessed, with a feeling not very much estranged from consternation. The density of Miss Kavanagh's pages frightened us. There were no rivulets of type flowing with never-ceasing interruption through broad meadows of margin. A close and compact array of print disclosed to our alarmed vision a task fourfold the duty to which we are ordinarily subject. We applied, however, to our task honestly, and soon found an interest in the toil which beguiled its labour. "Nathalie" is a tale in which the liveliness of the dialogue, the pathos

* "Nathalie, a Tale, by Julia Kavanagh, Author of *Woman in France*, *Madeline*," &c. London: Henry Colburn. 1850.

of the incidents, fidelity in the delineation of character, and picturesque description, reward the reader with a succession of varying pleasures. It is a tale, too, in which there are passages of rare eloquence, and which displays throughout that knowledge of life and motive which women of genius are often found to *divine* with far more unerring accuracy than man is able to acquire by long and varied experience.

It may seem strange that a plot so simple as Miss Kavanagh's, shall give interest to a story of such length as hers; but simple as is the outline of her tale, there are complications of incident, perplexities, embarrassments, and distresses, so little to be anticipated, and yet so natural and apparently veritable when they occur, that the reader is never for a moment in a state of lethargic security. And then there is beauty in the descriptions, and the eloquence not of words only, but of sentiment and emotion in the language of the *dramatis personæ*. There is also a characteristic variety in the style of the speakers. Resemblances will be found in the situations, the dialogue, and the characters, to creations which have been successful in other stories; but in all that Miss Kavanagh has done there is an individuality which vindicates her right to call the performances her own, and to ensure to her the cordial admiration of her readers.

We regard it as a great misfortune that we cannot illustrate our observations by passages from Miss Kavanagh's interesting volumes. Our space, unhappily, is narrowly limited, and the creations of our fair magicians, however ideal in conception, have, in their visible development, a material character and consistency which insists on ample space for the exhibition of their excellencies. They will not, like Milton's spirits, accommodate themselves to the local habitation assigned them, so as to be like smallest elf, or to stand—

“Like Tenebris or Atlas unremoved,”

according to the position they are to occupy; nor will they submit to the laws of souls, as prescribed by that mystic doctor, who directed how many of them should dance on the point of a needle. No; our lady-birds must have space to wing their flight, and we have encroached too much on that

which should have been the domain of Nathalie.

In the following scene Nathalie, and her patient and amiable sister, are occupied with a letter—the farewell letter of the heroine's lover:—

“Rose ceased. Her sister looked up.

“‘Rose,’ she said, ‘there is more, I am sure, turn over the page; there must be something else—a postscript: look.’

“Rose silently handed her the letter. There was nothing else, save the word ‘farewell,’ which, in pity to her feelings, Rose had not read aloud. Nathalie glanced over the paper, put it by, and sat down near the table, in a listless and dreary attitude. Her sister stood before her, eyeing her with the sadness always inspired by the consciousness of unavailing sympathy.

“‘What can I do for you, my poor child?’ she gently asked.

“‘Nothing, Rose, save to leave me alone for a while; I will soon go down.’

“Rose silently complied. After a while Nathalie took up the letter again, read it, and remained tearless. This was no time for the luxury of weeping; she had wept before, happy tears, in which hope and gleams of joy blended with sadness; but this foolish time was over now; the hour for real sorrow had come at last.

“It was a genial morning, of summer's earliest and most lovely days. The sun shone brightly; its warmth was tempered by the fresh and pleasant breeze which came in to her, through the open window. A few children played in the churchyard beyond, the sound of their laughter rose pleasantly on the ear; the rooks cawed and wheeled around the old tower opposite; a servant maid in her high Norman cap and clattering *sabots*, sang in the court below, as she filled her pitcher of water from the fountain. Nathalie saw and heard all this drearily; a load of misery was at her heart. She wondered how the sky could be so bright and blue, when the sunshine of life was departed. How others could laugh and sing, when the delight of her existence had vanished for ever. She read the letter again; not once, or twice, but over and over. She dwelt on each word, and she was ingenious in giving it the most painful meaning—so that its sting might enter her heart more surely; that she might quaff her cup to its bitterest dregs, and not be cheated out of one drop of her woe. For when she saw how miserable she was, she remembered how happy she might have been.”

After long trial and suffering, hap-

piness has succeeded. We close our review with the following extract:—

"We will leave them thus. The Canoness is plunged in her deepest and most reflective mood; a mood which, alas! grows deeper and longer every evening; the wood-fire is burning brightly on the hearth; it lights the room with a warm genial glow; twilight has deepened into dusk; the red curtain is still undrawn; through the clear window-panes are seen the dark trees of the avenue; they rise against a sky of night's deepest azure; over all shines the moon—large, full, and radiant—her soft, clear light glides in through the casement, and falls upon the floor; it contrasts, but does not blend, with the red firelight.

"And no other light seems to be needed for the sleep of age, or the dreams of love and youth. But, alas! there is only one there who is dreaming now: Monsieur de Sainville is indeed looking at his wife with true and serious tenderness; he loves her and has faith in her love; but he has not lived in vain; he knows the fallacy of hope, the weakness of humanity; the perishable nature of its deepest feelings; the freshness of Nathalie's hopes, the fervour of her faith cannot exist for him; and yet he is happy, for he can say, 'sufficient to each day is the evil thereof,' and whilst the glad present shines over him, he will not sadden it with thoughts of the morrow's gloom.

"But she who now sits at his feet with brow so serene, smile so hopeful, and look that seems to welcome such glorious visions—has she those doubts, those fears? She has not.

"Hope with eyes so fair"

never wore a brighter aspect, when the poor poet, who died of grief, first beheld her. And hope is with her now; her glance undimmed by weeping, her beacon-light unquenched by the heavy night shadows. Nathalie is young; barely has she seen twenty years; she has suffered, but she forgets her past sorrow, to gaze on the future; it is beautiful and bright; she sees it as clearly as the light reflected in the mirror before her. She has heard that happiness is transient, that love is as delusive as the dream of a night; but the voice in her heart tells her another tale. Where others have found sorrow, she shall have deep joy, for Nathalie believes; her look, her attitude, are the very sublime of faith; there is not the shadow of a doubt on that clear brow, not the most remote mistrust in that upturned gaze. She is happy, and happy indeed does she look, sitting there at his feet, secure in the might and faith of her undying love.

"Long may those bright hopes and warm feelings remain with her; long may they linger near her household hearth, and hallow it with their pure presence!"

JOHNSTON'S ENGLAND.*

THERE are, we confess, many reasons which make us anxious to introduce to the notice of our readers the very able and interesting volumes which have been published under the title we prefix. Independent of their own merit, and it is great, the fact that we can claim as our countryman the writer of this, the best essay that has, of late years, appeared upon the present state of English society and manners, would naturally give us an interest in the publication. Let us say, in sincerity, that in thus proclaiming his nativity, we trust we do no violence to that rather studied Anglicanism which marks

Mr. Johnston's production, and which we would be almost disposed to designate as an *affectation of being English*, did we not know, that long residence in the sister country has insensibly imbued a disposition most calculated to take the impressions that surround it with purely English sentiments and feelings. We have, however, another and nearer interest in this book. The lapse of fifteen years removes us from the charge of any violation of confidence when we acknowledge, that to the elegant, and, at the same time, powerful pen of the author of "*England as it is*," were the earlier num-

* "*England as it is, Political, Social, and Industrial, in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century.*" By William Johnston, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1851.

bars of this periodical indebted for many of the papers by which its character was established; and although many years have passed away since these brilliant and well-informed essays graced our pages, we cannot but feel, that in the just views, the wise, although sometimes cynical philosophy, the calm and tempered judgment, and the felicitous and graceful phraseology of the volumes before us, we recognise the hand of an old friend.

Whatever be the merits of the publication, it has one fault, which, just in our present position, we are very well disposed to stigmatise as a serious one. It is a book of which it is impossible to write a formal review. It is not a connected treatise upon any one subject, but a collection of essays upon an immense variety of subjects, brought together, we must say, by very slender affinity under the covers of one book. If it is not a treatise *de omnibus rebus*, not forgetting even the *quibusdam aliis*, it can, without any stretch of imagination, be well conceived to be an attempt on the part of the writer to answer that rather puzzling question which had interrogated him as to "his opinion of things in general." Upon almost every conceivable subject something is said. Law and divinity have both their places; The execution of the Mannings, and the character of Sir Robert Peel, each receive their appropriate share of attention. The Oxford Tracts, Spackman's Tables; the Universities, and the poor-houses; railway trains, and the Gorham case; Church extension, and the supply of London with meat; beershops and the press; modern science, and the 10th of April, 1848; these are but a few of the rather heterogeneous labels that denote the multitudinous assortment of this well stored literary warehouse. The variety of its contents were but inadequately described if its motto had been—

'Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.'

Upon the comprehensiveness of his essays, we must let the author speak for himself:—

"The Essays contained in these volumes had their origin in a design of writing letters to a friend on the Continent, in order to make him acquainted with the present state of England. It is hoped that a considerable amount of authentic information on subjects of

public interest will be found collected in these pages. An index is supplied in order to facilitate reference to the statistical facts, which have been gleaned from a great mass of public documents. These documents are not difficult of access, but they are so unwieldy as to be troublesome to consult, and often repulsive from the painful elaboration of their details. It is hoped that, by selecting some parts, and abridging others, of the ponderous books in which public information is officially registered, some service may have been done in the promoting of useful knowledge. The writer is aware that, as essays upon the important subjects of which he has treated, some of his papers must appear meagre, and all of them incomplete. It was not his object, however, to discuss these subjects fully. If he had done so, he must have written a library instead of two volumes. His object was to supply materials for present reflection and future history. For this purpose he has sought the most authentic information he could obtain; and where he has thought it necessary to state his own views, he has refrained from stating them at length.

"For the political tone of the book the writer does not think it necessary to make any apology. Though he does not take what is called the popular side, he yields to no one in ardent desire to elevate the minds, and to better the condition, of the people. His dislike of *liberalism* is founded on his earnest conviction—be that conviction right or wrong—that the doctrines of *liberalism* are directly adverse to the happiness of the great bulk of the population. He is very little disposed to flatter the rich and great of any political party, but he would seek a remedy for existing evils, rather by inducing an earnest and generous sense of duty in every rank of life, than by promoting democratic progress, which throws power and advantage into the hands of the wealthy, the busy, the bold, and the unscrupulous; but leaves the humble, the conscientious, and the sincere, without help, without justice, and without hope.

"It may, perhaps, be proper to add, that a part of the papers on Revenue, and on Trade, has already appeared in the 'Quarterly Review.'"

Now, although it may be very convenient to have those gigantic depositories of error, called the blue books, thus pleasantly epitomised; nay, though to deal with all these various subjects with accurate information, and thought, that if not always original, is still generally just; although this does

create a book, that it is one of the most readable, as well as the most instructive, that have, for some time, been placed in our hands; yet, this startling medley constitutes a rather formidable difficulty to the reviewer. Upon what subject is he to write?

"Quid dicam aut quid non?"

How are we to convey a general idea of the purport of the entire? If one passage be selected for praise, are we, therefore, impliedly to be held to sanction another broaching some opinion which we decline to discuss. If we sympathise, as we entirely do, with the writer's earnest and unaffected compassion for the lot of the poor, must we either discuss the history of the Oxford Tracts, and the principles of the Revolution of 1688, or, by leaving these subjects unnoticed, be held tacitly to sanction his views of the Oxford movement, in which we cannot acquiesce, or his sneer at "the kind and disinterested interference of a Dutch Prince to enable us to conduct our affairs in 1688"—a sneer utterly unworthy of any writer on the English constitution, and ungenerous in any Irish Protestant? If, perchance, we quote some of the statistics as to railways and crime, with an expression of gratitude for the valuable information they contain, must we, therefore, discuss those relating to the population employed in agriculture and commerce, in which we cannot help thinking that these same blue books have led the author into error? Mr. Johnston tells us, that to have made his book a full discussion of its manifold subjects, would have been to have written a library instead of two volumes. Let us say that, for the very same reason, to review adequately his book would be to write an encyclopædia instead of a paper in a magazine. Declining, therefore, all attempt to analyse the contents of these volumes—desiring distinctly to be understood as expressing no opinion whatever upon the author's treatment of subjects to which we do not refer, we believe we can best give our readers an idea of the character of Mr. Johnston's publication by selecting for notice two or three detached portions, and endeavouring to express the general impression produced upon our mind, by the style and manner of the entire.

Let us, however, say in justice, that this very desultory and comprehensive nature of the subjects is more a difficulty in the way of the reviewer, than a fault in the book. If it be the latter, it is one inherent in the subject and the line the author has chosen. The author, who undertakes to present us with a view of England as it is—social, political, and moral—can hardly be blamed for presenting in its portraiture a wide variety, as well as extensive character of subjects. It is the most wonderful merit of Mr. Johnston's book, that while he affects, of course, fully to discuss none, he yet has brought to bear upon each something from stores of information that must be as varied as the matters upon which he writes.

As we have already incidentally adverted to Mr. Johnston's views of the Oxford Tracts, we will, perhaps, not do him complete justice, except by permitting him, upon this point, to speak for himself:—

"Though it must be confessed that the movement which began in 1833 and produced so much sensation in the Church of England, and such important practical effects, through the 'Tracts for the Times,' ran eventually into dangerous extravagance, yet I suppose that few who are not 'Low Church' partisans will deny, that, upon the whole, the effect has been very beneficial. There is a lively interest now taken in Church principles and Church practices, and a diffusion of knowledge upon those subjects among the educated classes, which are equally remarkable and gratifying. It has been maintained by an American ecclesiastic that the benefit of the Church movement could not have been obtained without that excess which, considered by itself, cannot but be lamented. 'Had not,' he says, 'the recent Catholicism run into a passion in England, it is very possible that the Oxford Tracts would have produced little of their good effect. Similar opinions, or many nearly such, had been held all along by no small body of English divines, but without having much influence on the clergy generally; and hence the sad condition of that Church in many respects, a century or two ago. Erastianism prevailing widely; High Churchmanship, consisting more of Toryism than of ecclesiastical principles; and low Churchmanship, sympathizing more with non-episcopacy than with episcopacy. From this unhappy state of things the Oxford Tracts have roused the Church of England: and I

see not how, humanly speaking, they could have done so, when the divines mentioned had so long failed, had they not overshoot the mark, and not only gone for Catholicism as a principle, but carried it beyond matters of principle, and so fanned the reverence for it into a passion. This done, however, the evil must be taken with the good. The good is, that the Churchmanship of England is regenerated; and even in many quarters in that country, and not a few in ours also, where Church principles were lean as a skeleton ten or twelve years ago, we now find sinews and flesh at least, though not yet the fulness and beauty of their perfection. The evil is, that some of the weak-minded not only, like many of harder intellect, run into a wild ardour on the whole subject, and defer to Catholic tradition, and to other traditions not Catholic, as they defer to Scripture, though not always as much; they not only do this, but get beyond all control of their understanding, long for some deeper indulgence of their passion, surrender their own judgment, and so find themselves in Rome, or not a Sabbath-day's journey from it.

"This appears to be, so far as it goes, a fair account of the general effect of that awakened zeal for Church principles which has been viewed so differently by different parties; some regarding it as nothing else than retrogression to Popery, while others find in it a new religious fashion of which they are enamoured, because it is to them a fascinating novelty and a profound excitement. Again, there are the sober-minded, who, while they regret the tendency to extravagance in shows, and forms, and observances, which has grown out of the Tractarian movement, yet, thank God for the real and sincere revival which has taken place of old reverences, and Prayer-Book ordinances, and more frequent attendances at church, together with many other noble, and yet meek, manifestations of respect, not only for religion, but for that methodical practice of it, which, hundreds of years ago, was ordained and settled by the Church of England.

"Every one, familiar with libraries and the priced catalogues of booksellers, must be aware how much more extended the study of divinity has become in the last twenty years than it had previously been. The old sterling works that hung heavily on hand have mounted to double the price, and are of comparatively easy sale. True, these books may be bought in some instances, as many other kind of books are, rather for the sake of possessing them than of studying them; but in the greater number of instances they are bought to be studied, and this

appears both in the conversation and the conduct of men of education, whether divinity be or be not the profession to which they have devoted themselves. I have some reason to believe that even the medical and surgical students of London, of whom by far the greater number some years ago knew no more than Falstaff did 'what the inside of a church was made of,' are now found generally to attend church, because it is a shame for a man of sense and education not to do so.

"And as to preaching, every one will admit that the tone of it is much changed; and certainly much for the better in some respects, though not in all. For the better, as regards more frequent introduction of Church topics, and the greater prominence given to the distinctive articles of Christian creeds, as held and interpreted from the first days. Better also, as having escaped from, and even put to flight, the laboured frigidities of the Blair school, and the whole tribe of 'lean and flashy' compounds of the pompous and the commonplace. The improvement, however, is not without serious drawbacks in respect of dogmatism and mysticism, and perhaps an over-adoption and assertion of High Church views, going beyond the proper *via media* of the English Church."

We do not mean to enter upon a discussion of the questions involved in the controversy relating to the Oxford Tracts. We admit that, while we differ from these observations, they are the temperate expression of a calm judgment upon subjects upon which, on both sides, prejudice and passion have spoken more than reason. But in our mind, they take a very imperfect and inadequate view of the evils and dangers of the movement which has led so many men to Rome. It is impossible, as Mr. Johnston seems disposed to do, to view the Papal system on a level with any form of popular Protestantism, no matter how erroneous may be its belief, or how cold or fanatical its devotion. The Papal system is a power which sets itself up over conscience and intellect. It is not by any rite which it practises that it is to be tried; it is not by any doctrine which it teaches that it must be judged; it is by its claim to trample under an incorporated spiritual despotism every feeling and freedom of the conscience and the soul. This has been for 1200 years the struggle between the Papacy and the Christian world. It has been one long attempt

to establish over Christendom a feudal despotism, of which, in the language of Dr. Phelan, the bishops should be the vassals, the people the serfs, and the Pope the absolute lord. Everything that reconciles men to this tyranny, at a moment when it seems making its last attempt to enslave the world, is an evil of which it is impossible to think lightly. Men may sigh for that beautiful dream of what Mr. Johnston calls Catholicity, which the Papal usurpation has for ever dashed to pieces, until they fancy that in the dark despotism of Rome they see the reconstructed fabric of an universal Church;—as well might they seek in the despotism of the Cæsars for the early liberties of the republic of Rome. Men may be taught to long for mediæval practices, until they forget the sacrifices by which they may obtain them by joining the Church of Rome. They may venerate the blessings of absolution, until they forget the horrors of the confessional. They may listen to the melody of the vesper hymn until they cease to be shocked with the Virgin-worship that its notes convey. They may look in ecstasy upon the dim aisles and sainted light of the cathedral, while all the while they never think of the rack and the dungeons of the Inquisition that are beneath.

If the system of the Papacy be one great conspiracy against the religious, and, indeed, the civil liberties of mankind; if its very first requisition to bow down with an implicit obedience to a tribunal whose laws are unknown and power undefined, be a demand for the surrender of that conscience which God has given to each individual human breast; if that requisition, wherever it is generally submitted to, be carried out by the prostration of all freedom and all intellect before intolerant and persecuting ecclesiastics,—how can it be deemed a light matter that men should be taught that there are high yearnings of soul which will find satisfaction in the slavery of that system, and in nothing else? We omit, for one moment, consideration of the dishonesty that has marked the school of churchmen to which Mr. Johnston, in the passages we have quoted, alludes—their doctrine of reserve; their subscription to the Articles in a non-natural sense—that is, in plain English, in falsehood; their retention of the emoluments of the Church, while they secretly hold

the errors she condemns; their private masses for the dead; their stolen confessions of young persons whom they meet at the houses of mutual friends; we omit all this for the moment. We rest simply upon this, that the system and tendency are to reconcile man's conscience to the Papal despotism. With all respect for the author, it is but a sickly sentimentality that can find for this evil anything to countervail it in the taste for devotional forms, and the appreciation of architectural beauty, which he tells us the Oxford school have been the means of disseminating among churchmen.

Let us turn, however, from this subject to one upon which we can almost, if not altogether, entirely agree with our author. The four chapters of the first volume which are printed under the headings of "Theory of Progress," "Present Condition of the People," "Physical and Moral Constitution of the People," "Its Political Danger," approach a subject of the deepest interest, and one we believe every day assuming a more fearful and a more disregarded importance. Is the condition of the masses of our people improving with our progress in art, in luxury, and all that is called civilization? Is there more real comfort and enjoyment of life diffused throughout our population, as we advance in the power and the knowledge of the accumulation of wealth? These are questions to which men return very different answers—one might almost think according to their political opinions; yet surely they are questions upon which we might expect that information would exist which would enable every honest inquirer to come to a satisfactory conclusion.

"Every one is ready to admit that the present century, and especially the last thirty years of it, has been an era of great 'progress;' but much difference of opinion exists as to the nature of that progress. The activity of all classes appears to have been accelerated in a prodigious degree, and many writers take it for granted that this activity has been, upon the whole, turned to good account. They contend that the progress of *improvement* has been commensurate with the quickened movement of society. Others there are who take a far less favourable view of the remarkable changes in the state of society during the present century. They represent

the improvements and advantages as having been confined to the upper and middle classes; to those who are above the condition of the labouring poor. They doubt that 'the masses' have shared in the advantages of progress: or they go even further than that, and assert that the great bulk of the people are in a worse and more dependent condition than they were before the 'improvements' (which are considered to be the glory of the present age) had been heard of. Let us calmly and impartially examine some of the authorities on both sides of this great question."

After citing Mr. Macaulay, M. Guizot, Mrs. Somerville, and Mr. Mackay, as authorities in favour of the improvement theory, Mr. Johnston proceeds to cite the opposing testimonies:—

"This is the very poetry of science, soaring into prophecy. No doubt, if human life were indeed what is drawn by scientific speculation, and coloured by the pure glow of a female imagination, little more were to be desired. Mrs. Somerville, surrounded by all the emblems of scientific research, and in an affluence of cosmogony and benevolence, predicting universal good, would be more attractive

" 'than Naled by the side
Of Grecian brook, or lady of the Mere,
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance,'

But stern reality, alas! disturbs these pleasing visions. We regard with admiring wonder the inventions of science, and our respect for human ingenuity is vastly increased; but when we inquire how far the use of them has benefited the great mass of the people, we are compelled to dismiss all sense of triumph in their achievements. Mr. McCulloch, the political economist, who is not likely to be betrayed into any excess by the vivacity of his feelings, or to be carried away by the warmth of his imagination, says, 'It is doubtful whether the condition of the labouring part of the population has not been deteriorated during the last five-and-twenty years; and, at all events, it is but too certain that their comforts and enjoyments have not been increased in anything like the same proportion as those of the classes above them. Inasmuch, however, as the labouring poor constitute the majority of the population, their condition is of the utmost importance, not only in regard to their own well-being, but also in regard to that of the other classes. The poverty and depressed condition of any very large class, especially if it be

strongly contrasted with vast wealth, extravagance, and luxury on the part of others, is a most undesirable state of things, and one which can hardly fail to produce discontent, sedition, and disturbance of all kinds.' This was written, or at least published, just before the era of Free Trade. If, then, any one should be disposed to say that the new legislation has altered all this, he must refer, for additional instruction upon the point, to the most conspicuous and strenuous of all the advocates of the new system. The *Times* newspaper says, 'In the midst of the splendour and abundance of this country, there is so appalling an amount of squalor and destitution that the imagination almost recoils from conjuring up before it the alternate pictures that would convey a faithful idea of the social condition of one of our great cities. It would be easy to dwell upon the contrasts between the extremes of human fortune presented to the eye of the observer as he passes along the London streets, and yet how faint are its outward signs in comparison with the inward agony of extreme destitution in the midst of civilisation.' But are there not houses of refuge for the destitute poor—workhouses where the wretched can, at all events, have food and shelter in their extremity? No doubt; but these are not the abodes of comfort but of misery. Much of this is perhaps inevitable, but that alleviation which might be attained by a more careful classification of the inmates is not obtained. All varieties are huddled together, and they who suffer least are the lowest and coarsest, who scarcely have a conception of anything beyond the gratification of their animal wants. Not to refer to the poet Crabbe, lest it should be said he described a bygone state of things, let the same newspaper be again called on to bear witness. 'But there is hardly on all the earth a sadder sight than the multitudes of from 300 to 1000 shut up in the workhouses. Broken hearts and fortunes, high spirits still untamed, minds in ruin and decay, good natures corrupted into evil, cheerful souls turned to bitterness, youth just beginning to struggle with the world, and vast masses of childhood are there subjected, not to the educated, the gentle, and the good, but the rude, the rough, the coarse, the ignorant, and narrow-minded. The qualifications for the governor of a workhouse are those we expect in a gaoler, or a policeman, or the keeper of wild beasts. Human nature, if it be ever so fallen, is yet too fine a thing to be bullied into goodness. None can reclaim it but the good and noble. We want a race of heroes and apostles for

the reformation of our paupers, and their conversion into men. With our workhouse staff such as it is, low, vulgar, and brutal, and with the evil association of the unfortunate with the wicked, and the weak with the audacious, it is impossible but that the miserable inmates should be more and more depraved, embittered, and exasperated—witness the unintermitted current of misery to the county gaol, which is fast sinking into the punishments ward of the union workhouse."

While our author does not entirely adopt the glowing portion of the last extract, he yet states his conviction, that the theory of modern progress is that state of society in which the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer. We do not know of any equal number of pages in modern literature in which so much knowledge, so much and various references to authorities and sources of information, and so much just and temperate thought upon this great question will be found as in the thirty-four pages of these volumes, which contain the chapters to which we have referred. To these, indeed, we may add the chapters in the second volume on "The Peasantry," on "Small Farms—Allotments," and that on "The Sanitary Condition of the People," and within this compass will be found more true political economy than in many works of elaborate pretension and high-sounding title.

Competition is the great principle upon which the modern theory of political economy depends for the well-being of the social system. It is this theory that now guides and governs the industrial legislation of our country. Everything that could interfere with the most unrestricted, the most uncontrolled operation of competition, has been struck down as a monopoly or as class protection. The regulations which in old times controlled labour in our own land have been swept away; latterly free trade has extended competition to the world at large. Let every man struggle to produce the best and the cheapest—so runs the theory—and the community at large will be best supplied. Let every man try to outvie or to undersell his neighbour, and in the war of all classes, society must gain. This is the theory of the free trade school, and it cannot be denied, with plausible arguments to support it. Every one of us practically

feel the benefit of cheapness. Few of us, perhaps, cannot recollect some instances in which to competition we owe cheapness—very probably a relief from some unjustly exorbitant demand. We have seen competition improve trade; we have seen it quicken into exertion the flagging energies of producers; we have witnessed it stimulate inventions, of which, but for its influence, we have never heard; we have seen it give rise to improvements that, but for it, never would have been made. Extended competition seems the natural influence, and all will be well; and this, in truth, has been the argument that has prevailed, until now every class and interest in society is exposed to a competition so strong, that he who, for one moment, relaxes his exertion is lost.

Let us pause, however, for a moment, and ask ourselves is the true theory of human progress quite so simple as to be solved by this one talismanic word, "competition?" Have we nothing to do but to tell every man to do his best to supplant every other man who may be his competitor or his rival? Is this the system under which, upon the whole, the greatest amount of human happiness and human virtue can be attained? The subject is at least worth our inquiry. We cannot propose to follow it out at present, but merely to suggest some of the topics that bear upon it:—

"With regard to the rival principles of competition and co-operation, my opinion is, that society requires the modified action of *both*, and that the wise politician should guard against the predominance of either. It appears to be generally admitted that the great progress of competition in modern times has rendered the obtaining of a livelihood a more difficult struggle to all the unpropertied classes than it formerly was. Has this been inevitable, or, if not, where is the benefit of the change as regards the great bulk of the people? Had our modern 'progress' led to a greater ease of life; to more freedom from painful labour, and from anxiety in the task of obtaining the means of existence; had it given to the people more leisure for the improvement of their minds, and for rational enjoyment, then the benefit and the blessing of this 'progress' might have been readily acknowledged. But if the result be not this, but the contrary; if the more we have advanced in the competitive system—whether in the

competition of machines with manual labour, or of foreign with home labour—the more arduous has become the struggle of the multitude to obtain the means of existence; then we may be permitted to entertain very strong doubts that our 'progress' has been that of patriotic wisdom. If, under a less severe system of competition, England became a great and rich country; if without this universal struggle; without this *maximum* of labour and *minimum* of profit; our nation grew to the highest position among the nations of the earth, would it not be wise to consider whether the newer is the better way? Is it not reasonable to suppose that some radical error in our political or social system must exist, when concurrently with our mechanical improvements, and the increase of our scientific knowledge, has been the increase of the difficulty to live, and the augmentation of the struggle of our industrious population to obtain those comforts—

“*Quæ humana sibi doleat natura negatis.*”

If our mechanical improvements and our discoveries in chemistry had been brought into action more for the general benefit, and with less view to individual profit, the struggle and the difficulty to live would have been less, for nature has not been less bounteous than of old. But our improvements, however they may have operated indirectly, have directly, and in the first instance, been used for individual gain, and I fear it must be said for the labourer's loss. Every mechanical substitute for labour has been used, not to mitigate human toil, but to compete with the labourer, and to reduce the rate of his remuneration. Unquestionably this is an evil to the correction of which it is not easy to see one's way, but hitherto our politicians have not appeared to perceive—at all events they have not admitted—that it is an evil at all. To me it seems that there is a value in the system of competition, and a value also in the opposite system of co-operation. Some degree of rivalryship is needful to call the energies of men into action, and some degree of co-operation, from other motives than those of self-interest, appear to belong to our duty to our neighbour. The tendency of modern philosophy has been to give every encouragement that legislation can give to the selfish principle, and to throw the nation almost entirely upon the agency of rivalryship and competition. Of this we see the result in the increased inequalities of condition, in the augmented luxury of some classes, and the painful privations and debasement of others. More espe-

cially we see it in the uncertain, feverish state of various branches of industry, and the exceedingly augmented difficulty of the unfriended labouring man to obtain an honest livelihood. It is, I think, unquestionable that the resources of the British empire—its wealth—its enterprise—its scientific skill—its power of providing the necessaries and comforts of life, have increased in a larger proportion than its population, but it seems equally indisputable that the bulk of the population finds more difficulty in obtaining the means of subsistence than it formerly did. From this I infer that we have carried our competitive system too far, and that, whatever else we may have achieved by it, we have failed to secure for the people at large a fair share of the advantages with which providence has blessed our country.

“Finally, there are some other things to be considered besides that advantage of either the working or the employing classes, which comes under the description of wealth, or any improvement of a man's material circumstances. It is fit that even the statesman should think of the moral and domestic feelings of the people, and should hesitate to encourage any description of industry which, however calculated to augment wealth, is unfavourable to the domestic happiness of the poor. Manufacturing industry has been torn from the abode of the poor man, and his family must follow it to the rich man's manufactory or warehouse, where they become attendants on the power of the mighty steam-engine. And what is the consequence at the poor man's hearth?—

—“*Domestic bliss*
(Or call it comfort by an humbler name),
How art thou blighted for the poor man's heart!
Lo! in such neighbourhood from morn to eve
The habitations empty! or, perchance,
The mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in despatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needlework; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
Nothing to speed the day or cheer the mind;
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command.”

“Is there not something,” says a distinguished advocate of the opposite principle, “Is there not something in the very outset to make us pause in our acceptance of this system, that it teaches us that the principles of social prosperity are to be found in motives and rules of conduct directly the reverse of those which Christianity tells should be our guide? What are the great springs of national prosperity according to this system? Unlimited selfishness and unlimited competition!

Charity is expressly condemned. Let every man seek his own interest. It is enough, I say, to make every believer in revelation pause in his assent to this system of social ethics, that it rests social prosperity upon the operation of motives which revelation expressly condemns."

We cannot venture to lengthen this extract by extracting the striking testimonies which are collected to bear witness to the great fact, that the condition of the labouring classes of the country has not improved. One, indeed, is so singular, that we are compelled to make room for it. It is that of the present Prime Minister, who thus spoke in 1844:—

"I hear from day to day of the inadequate means of the people to support themselves. If we take a general view of the subject it is impossible not to see that the labouring classes have not advanced in proportion to the other classes. The higher and the middle classes have increased in wealth and the power of obtaining comforts and luxuries; but the labouring classes have not done so. If we compare the condition of the working classes with what it was a century ago (say 1740), it is impossible not to see that, while the higher and middle classes have improved, and increased their means of obtaining comforts—of obtaining foreign articles of luxury, and facilities of travelling from place to place—the labouring classes—the men who either till the soil or work in factories—have retrograded, and cannot now get for their wages the quantity of the necessities of life they could a century ago."—*Lord John Russell*, 1844.

We do not purpose to occupy the reader's attention by the citation of these authorities as to the state of Manchester and the great manufacturing towns, which describe the life of the best paid operatives in their factories as far inferior, in all that constitutes real enjoyment, to the very lowest condition of the labourers or the artisans in former times—as one of almost incessant toil, varied only by exhaustion and dissipation—as one in which even his innocent infants are deprived of all the true comforts of a home. Manchester has become a byword for the mortality of its infants. We smile at the exaggeration of the French senator in describing it. It is impossible, however, to smile at the following extract from the

report of the Registrar-General, presented to Parliament in 1848:—

"How pitiful is the condition of many thousands of children born in this world! Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns in England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Percival wrote and Dalton lived—13,362 children perished in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind. These little children, brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe the subtle sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more 'cursed' distillation than 'hebenon'—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid—which, like hope, should 'come to all'—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death and sanction the funeral."—*Blue Book of the Registrar-General, presented to Parliament, 1848.*

Let us say, however, in passing, that in glancing over the chapter from which we make this quotation, we encounter a passage which stern duty compels us to say deserves the severest reprobation. Of Liverpool Mr. Johnston thus writes:

"In the noble seaport of Liverpool, renowned over all the world for its commercial greatness and wealth, there are from 35,000 to 40,000 of the population living beneath the general surface of the ground in cellars, from many of which there is no drainage at all. The consequences must be left to the imagination. It is to be remarked that here, as in Manchester also, the lowest of the low in the scale of human existence are Irish. *There is no conceivable depth of debasement to which this people does not sink with a most fatal facility.* Easily excited into a temporary and frantic exertion for any imaginary good, *they seem incapable of, or fatally indisposed to, any sober continuous struggle for that just and reasonable position in society to which the honest and diligent labourer is entitled.*"

No one, let us observe, would suspect that it was an Irishman born, bred, and reared, who indited this strange concentration of spitefulness and folly. In an Englishman it would

be impertinence, in an Anglicised Irishman it is much more. We must acquit Mr. Johnston of the vulgarity that would feel ashamed of his country, and attempt to disguise his nativity by abusing his birthplace. If we believed him capable of this, his book should receive no notice, or a very different notice, at our hands. Still less are we disposed to find him guilty of that equally contemptible meanness which fancies that an Irishman recommends himself to English society by a cringing and cowardly depreciation of his own country. There is not, Mr. Johnston may be well assured, an honest and right-judging Englishman who, when he is informed that this passage is written by an Irishman—an information which Mr. Johnston takes care his book shall not afford him—will not read it with the same feelings that we have done.

But, besides, it is not true. As applied to a whole people, it is a calumny. Does Mr. Johnston mean to apply to the Irish nation, as a nation, the assertion that they are incapable of any sober and continuous struggle? Will he say this of that hardy and enterprising population who within fifty years have elevated Belfast from a hamlet to a city scarcely second to any provincial city in the empire in wealth, in industry, and in commercial prosperity? If he sees it his interest or his duty to condemn our vices, has he no eye for our virtues? It would, perhaps, be ill-natured to say, that the only proof he condescends to offer of the assertion, "*that there is no conceivable depth of debasement to which this people does not sink with a most fatal facility,*" is THE FACT THAT AN IRISHMAN PENNED THESE LINES; and yet, we protest, the criticism might be more severe than the occasion called for, but not too severe for the provocation. It is with deep pain that we thus are compelled to notice this passage. Nothing but a sense of duty compels us to do so; but whenever or wherever we encounter this miserable cant, no general merit of the author that is betrayed into it shall shield it from our indignant condemnation. Nay, the greater the merit, we admit, the more sacred is the obligation to expose this. The buffoons of the show-booth and the tent may caricature Irishmen if they will. On the stage of the legitimate drama we

will not tolerate it. We are determined to wage war upon that spirit of sneering at what is Irish, which characterises, we rejoice to say, an every day diminishing portion of English literature. It is an offence which not even the general merits of Mr. Johnston's book can induce us to tolerate or forgive.

When Mr. Johnston's book comes to a second edition—as we doubt not it will—let him expunge the sentences we have quoted, or let him qualify them so as to convey nothing more than he means; or if they must stand, let him append to them in a note that the writer of "England as it is" is one of "this people" so contemptuously described, and let us have the credit of the good character which must belong to the author of the book, although he is an Irishman, to neutralize the slight he so ungenerously puts upon us.

In the meantime, he may have the consolation of reflecting that he has the good fortune marvellously to coincide, even in expression, with the opinions of Mr. Cobden, as they have been expressed in a recent speech of that gentleman.

As we have adverted to one passage, which we are forced to designate as a grievous blemish upon the fair character of the book, we may as well at the same time discharge our conscience in relation to another. It is a passage in which the author speaks of William the Third in a manner which we protest makes us doubt whether he would not at this moment acknowledge a descendant of the Pretender, if he could find one, as his lawful king. Discussing the question of the National Debt, and commenting on a passage from Mr. M'Culloch, he writes:—

"This concluding remark has reference to the kind and disinterested interference of a Dutch prince, to enable us to conduct our affairs in 1688. When we were honoured with his arrival amongst us, our national debt amounted to only £664,000, but his highness soon changed all that, and at his death, in thirteen years afterwards, it had reached the more respectable amount of £16,394,702. The system, once begun, went on with wondrous rapidity, and the ministers of Queen Anne showed themselves twice as clever as the ministers of her predecessor had been in augmenting the national debt. Mr. M'Culloch, though he follows the ordinary plesantry of calling Prince William 'our great

deliverer,' honestly confesses that the revolutionary government stood on such terms with the people at large, that it did not dare to attempt obtaining the sums it required by the ordinary course of taxation. The government was too 'weak and insecure' for that. 'Funding was the only means of raising supplies to which government could then resort.' So says Mr. McCulloch; but he adds that 'we are in a very high degree indebted to the aid which it afforded to the revolutionary leaders (honest words those) for the establishment of our free institutions, and, consequently, for the wealth and greatness to which we have since attained.' No question the funding system has been a fine thing for wealth and greatness; but Mr. McCulloch, as I have shown in another place, is well aware that wealth, extravagance, and luxury, in certain classes, may advance concurrently with the depression of the great mass of the working people. For that mass what has the funding system done, or the 'free institutions' which our considerate Dutch friend of 1688 was so obliging as to patronise?"

"Mr. McCulloch does not believe it to be true that William the Stadtholder 'purposely involved us in debt and difficulties that the Hollanders might have the better chance of surpassing us in manufactures and commerce.' He thinks the going into debt was a matter not of choice, but of necessity, on account of the weakness and unstable foundation of the new government."

"A Dutch prince," "His Highness," "Prince William," "William the Stadtholder," are the only names by which Mr. Johnston condescends to recognise the king who sat upon the throne of England after the Revolution of 1688. It is after all some consolation to find us "mere Irish" in such good company as the objects of Mr. Johnston's dignified contempt. We cannot help, indeed, thinking it a piece of poor spite to refuse to his Majesty the title of King, seeing that beyond all question he sat upon the throne of England by the same title that our gracious Sovereign holds her crown. But when we find such passages as that in which Mr. McCulloch is sneered at for "following the ordinary pleasantries of calling Prince William our great deliverer;" when, again, William the Third is designated as our "considerate Dutch friend," we cannot, we confess, regard the use of such language in any other light than that of a grave offence.

We do not stop to inquire how far this sneer, as well as that at the poor Irish, comes well from a writer who devotes a whole chapter to proving that "pertness and sneering are the great faults of English society;" we should be sorry to think that in aiming at its tone, he has copied nothing but its faults. But the settled traditions of a nation ought not to be lightly treated. The Revolution of 1688 is too intimately associated with our sentiments of popular liberty, with the attachment to our constitution, with love for our national Church, and reverence for the national religion, to make the attempt to depreciate it a mere harmless mistake. The man who cannot appreciate the deliverance which was effected for the English nation, is hardly capable of appreciating either our constitution or our freedom; and we confess we find it very difficult to understand how one who writes with so much temper and good sense as Mr. Johnston generally displays, should be betrayed into passages like those we have reluctantly been compelled to quote.

A truce, however, to fault-finding. With infinitely more pleasure do we turn to the passages of his book in which Mr. Johnston gives play to his better judgment and feeling. Of these we cannot have a better specimen than the following, which we take from his admirable chapter upon rich and poor. Fixing, and justly fixing, the year 1819, the period of Sir Robert Peel's change of currency, as a great epoch in the social condition of the people, Mr. Johnston proceeds:—

"From that time the great disposable wealth of the country was no longer in the hands of the landed proprietors; and from that time the influence of great capital has been in operation, not merely to assist but in a great measure to compete with, the interests of labour. Ever since that period labour has had an uphill fight in Great Britain, and hitherto it has been beaten. I do not find it specifically denied by any class of politicians, that since that time the rich have been growing richer, and the poor more poor. I have indeed found it directly asserted in the House of Commons by members of the government, during this year, 1850. that at no former period of our history were the great mass of the people better off than they are at present; while the direct contrary of this was maintained by men of undoubted ability, honesty, and expe-

rience, on the other side; but even then, no question was made of the fact, recalled in very striking terms to the attention of the house, that the result of modern legislation had been to make the rich richer, and the poor more poor.

"It is certainly true that since the close of the war in 1815, and more especially since the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832, the middle or mercantile class have made great encroachments upon aristocratic power and influence, so far as concerns legislation and the action of government. It is doubtful whether, socially, the aristocratic classes have permitted that advance into their domain which politically they have not had the skill or the energy to prevent. It seems to me, however, that there can be no doubt of the total failure of the working class to accomplish any advance at all. They have allowed themselves to be made the instruments of the middle orders, or men of business, who were seeking for political power. The working people have been led away by the delusion of accomplishing political changes, from which practically they could derive no advantage; and they have failed to seek the social benefits—the security for employment at reasonable wages, the fair share that honest industry and orderly obedience to the law may well claim in the advancing wealth of the country—that they have failed to seek, and not only have they thus neglected their own advantage, but they have, as it seems to me contributed to their own injury, by giving countenance to a policy of which the object is to cheapen the produce of labour—in other words, to reduce the remuneration of the labourer. *If the labourer were more a consumer than a producer, this would be prudent policy; but as the labourer is more a producer than a consumer, the policy is manifestly inimical to his interests.*"

This passage recalls us to the subject from which our censure of Mr. Johnston's anti-Irish invective led us away. In the passage we have marked in italics, much of the argument upon the question of competition is, we believe, truly and happily condensed. Competition, directly at least, benefits every man so far as he is a consumer; it injures him so far as he is a producer.

It might, perhaps, be straining the argument to say, that it therefore injures the real thrift and progress of the nation, if it be true that this consists in the individuals of whom the nation is composed producing more than they consume. But let us, with the aid of the key which this passage

supplies, endeavour to trace the effects of the principle of unrestrained competition.

If what is said of the effects of competition mean anything it means this—that those who produce the commodities which society requires are forced, by the operation of competition, to give these commodities for less in return, that is, to obtain the same remuneration they are forced to expend more labour, or even to expend more labour for less remuneration.

Now as between the two great classes into which society may be divided—the owners of wealth and the children of labour—is it not plain that the effect of this principle is to compel those depending for support upon their labour to work harder and receive a less proportionate amount of the produce of their labour in return? In individual cases we may say he derives the benefit as well as he incurs the evil. He is a consumer as well as a producer. But if we look to classes—if we estimate the aggregate result—is it possible to resist the conclusion, that the very meaning of competition is, that those who produce shall produce more and receive less in return; and that, therefore, as all production ultimately resolves itself into labour, the boasted benefits of competition, if uncontrolled, must be traced to this, that the labouring classes must toil more, must produce more, and receive a smaller share of what they produce.

And that if there be a class in the community who are entitled, by the possession of property, no matter of what kind, to receive their dividend of other men's productions without producing anything themselves, that class derives a benefit from the principles of competition that is not counteracted by any drawback, and receive from the producing classes a larger share of what these classes contribute to the common fund.

In other words, when we trace, and by no very tedious analysis, the operation of the principle of unconstrained competition to its necessary and inevitable result, it is this, that it is one which gives to the rich a larger share of the whole production of society: it may, indeed, by stimulating men's energies, increase the amount of production that is to be divided, but it makes the division more unequal. It is a principle by which those who make are to be

more tasked for the benefit of those who buy, by which the toil of the artisan is to be increased to minister to the advantage of the purchaser, by which the rich are to become richer, and the poor poorer.

And is not this exactly what we find to be its practical effect? Abundant, indeed, are the testimonies cited in these volumes to establish that of the progress society has made, the classes dependent upon their labour have not had their fair share. That the progress we boast is one that has given profusion to the luxuries of the rich, but has not really added to the comforts of the poor. While we boast of our advancing wealth—in the city of London, one day recorded two coroners' inquests, in which verdicts were returned of death from destitution. While men talk of the prosperity of trade, Manchester and Liverpool and Glasgow hide beneath the smoke of their chimnies, thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, either steeped in poverty or want, or toiling beyond their strength to earn wages that support indeed, perhaps in profligate indulgence, physical existence, but bring with them no domestic comfort and no moral good!

We must not, however, follow, or rather be led, by Mr. Johnston, into a discussion of these grave and solemn subjects, subjects that must soon engage the attention of all who care for the preservation of our social system. We cannot better conclude our far too brief notice of these entertaining and instructive volumes than by citing some passages as illustrative of our author's power of observing and sketching passing events.

The following description of the details of a London morning paper will be interesting to our readers:—

"Among the few things that have been written about in these days without much exaggeration, the London daily newspaper takes a first place. The establishment engaged in a morning daily paper is enormous, and the expense proportionate. Suppose any one wished to set up a new morning paper in London, according to the present scale of public expectation in such matters:—his first task should be to provide himself with at least £50,000, in order to try the experiment. And with the exception of setting up an Italian opera house, there are perhaps few speculations which would afford more rapid opportunities of losing that sum, or perhaps as much

more. I shall take a momentary glance—I know it must be a very imperfect one—at the *personnel* of such an establishment. First comes the business-manager, who makes the engagements, gives orders to the cashier—answers letters on business—concludes arrangements with correspondents—confers with the solicitor, and does a thousand things besides, all connected, directly or indirectly, with finance. On pressing occasions he must have an assistant. Then come the editor-in-chief, who rules over all political and literary communications, deciding whether they shall descend to the waste-paper basket, or be exalted to the printing-office. If he have not a quick eye and a ready brain for plucking the mystery out of a MS., heaven help him! He must have at least two assistants, one to look over and arrange foreign communications, the other to attend to country affairs and the provincial press. These editorial functionaries begin their work about the time that fashionable people finish their dinners. The writers of the articles called editorial or leading articles dwell, Heaven knows where. They have no *locus standi* or *sedendi* in the house where the newspaper is put together. Their communications reach the chief editor under seal, and he looks at them and passes them on to the printer, or keeps them back. If Parliament be sitting, there must be at least from twelve to twenty reporters of Parliamentary speeches, of whom only one works at once in each house. He takes notes for three-quarters of an hour, another takes his place, and he then comes to the office and writes out or 'extends' his notes, the printer's devil sweeping away slip after slip as it is ready for the compositor. Frequently from two to three hours are occupied in writing out from the notes of three-quarters of an hour. Besides the Parliamentary reporters, there are some eight or ten in the various courts of justice; and, after all, the mass of *miscellaneous* reporting is done by outlying news-providers, who watch for anything likely to be of public interest, and, writing out several copies of their brief history, carry it to the different newspaper-offices, where, if it be used, it will certainly be paid for at so much per line when the account is sent in at the end of the week. In the printing-office are from forty to sixty compositors, and sometimes more, toiling with amazing quickness of hand and eye at their work throughout the long night. About four o'clock in the morning a number of columns of type are put together within an iron frame, and firmly screwed and wedged into their position, with much noise of mallets. Away goes

the huge frame to the press-room below. It is the first side or 'form' of the paper, and then begins the clank of the engine, and whirr of the rolling press as the impressions are taken off. Meanwhile the work still goes on above, preparing the 'inside' or newest news of the paper. Until four o'clock in the morning messengers and expressmen are coming with bundles from this place or that—some public meeting in the provinces, which the reporters have written out as they came up in the railway-carriage, with special engine paid for by the establishment—some rout at the West end, of which the 'fashionable reporter' has just finished the embellishments—some dreamy member's notes upon his own speech spoken three hours before. At last the time is come when a finish must be made; for the railway train that goes out at six A.M. must carry off to the country in print the intelligence which has just come from the country in MS. Then another frame of type is wedged and bolted up, descends to the press-room, and the huge sheet, already printed on one side, passes once more through the presses and is complete. But let us again glance at the establishment necessary for all this. We have mentioned managers, editors, writers, reporters, compositors. All these have attendants carrying backward and forward the 'copy,' the 'proof,' the 'revise,' and so on. Then come the pressmen, and enginemakers, and attendant boys. Then the publisher's office with his attendants. Besides all these, there is a department for receiving and registering advertisements, a cashier's department, and a book-keeper's department, with their various clerks. To crown all, there is a correspondent to be employed and paid in every part of the world from which intelligence of public interest occasionally arrives. Upon the whole, it is very wonderful with what clock-like regularity all this goes on, and how sure the Londoner, or any one on a line of railway within sixty miles of London, is to have the 'morning papers' with his early breakfast, if he choose to order them, conveying to him the latest news that has come from every part of the world."

Or let us take the following graphic account of a transaction, the terrible interest of which has not yet passed from the public mind.

"Of all the atrocities which came under judicial investigation in 1849, the most remarkable was that of the husband and wife mentioned in the report as having been executed together for a deeply-laid plan of murder and robbery.

The names of these people were Manning, the husband being an Englishman, and described as a commercial traveller; but the woman was a foreigner, a Genevese, and had been a lady's maid in some English families of distinction. She was said to have some pretensions to a masculine cast of beauty, and she seems to have possessed more than masculine energy in the conception and execution of crime. She appears to have despised her husband, who was a weak and commonplace profligate; and to have loathed her paramour, a mean and sensual Irishman, whom she deliberately killed that she might possess herself of his property. This woman and her husband lived in a small house in a low part of London, which lies to the south-east of London Bridge. There her paramour, O'Connor, a gauger in the Custom-house Docks, occasionally visited her, and she also visited him at his lodgings, where she was well known. Having resolved to murder him, she foresaw the expediency of providing means for disposing of the body after his life was taken. With her husband's assistance, therefore, she dug the man's future grave under the hearthstone of her kitchen, and provided a store of quick-lime to bury along with the body for its more speedy destruction. The man who was to be murdered saw this preparation for his remains as it proceeded, but supposed that it was something necessary for the drainage of the house. When all was ready he was invited to dinner, on pretence that he should meet some young woman from the country whom he had a desire to see. It appears that when the time came he hesitated whether he should go to dinner or not. But his fate prevailed. There was no young woman from the country, nor any dinner prepared in the house; but full preparation had been made for him nevertheless. He was asked to go down to the kitchen to wash his hands before dining, and as he descended the stairs, the woman, walking behind, having a pistol loaded with ball, shot him through the head. While he lay groaning, the husband (who, in confessing this, coolly remarked that 'he never much liked him') attacked him with a crowbar, and broke in his skull. He was then put in the grave which had been prepared for him, and all was covered up. The dead man was missed, but no one save his murderers knew what had become of him. The woman who killed him made, in the meantime, several visits to his lodgings, pretending to expect his return, while she employed herself in robbing his coffers of money, and securities for money, which she knew he possessed. As soon as she

had got all she could, she sold the furniture in her house, sent her husband off upon some fool's errand, put a quantity of portable property into boxes which she left at the station of the Brighton railway, and then, with her money and her securities, fled to Scotland, leaving the partner of her crime to shift for himself, without any portion of the plunder and in complete ignorance of the course she had taken. The departure of the Mannings from the house strengthened the suspicion that they had something to do with the disappearance of O'Connor. The police made their examinations; and as it occurred to one of them that the stones of the kitchen had been recently re-laid, it was thought worth while to make some examination of what was beneath. They had not proceeded far when a part of the dead body was discovered. The frightened husband had by this time fled from London. Warrants were issued against both husband and wife; and the electric telegraph having been put in requisition, she was almost immediately seized in Edinburgh, where, under a false name, she was trying to dispose of certain 'railway scrip'—part of the plunder of O'Connor's lodgings. She betrayed no fear nor any other form of weakness. In her case, the demon power, which nerved her for the commission of her dreadful crime, did not desert her in the hour of her detection. Her wretched husband was seized in Guernsey, endeavouring to drown his recollection and his terror with deep draughts of brandy. They were tried together in London. They had separate counsel. *His* defence was, that *she* did the murder; and hers, that she did not do it, and had no motive to such a crime. They were both found guilty; and no one had the slightest shadow of a doubt that they were both concerned in the murder. When the woman was called upon, as usual, to state if she could show any reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon her, she made a brief speech, full of energy and not destitute of pathos, in which she complained that in her trial she was not only personally but nationally wronged, since she was not an Englishwoman. It had, however, been previously determined, upon legal investigation, that having married an Englishman, she had lost all distinctive rights as a foreigner. After his sentence the husband confessed the whole revolting history: but she remained firm, suffered much from terror of death towards the end, but did not express her suffering in words, and confessed nothing.

"The criminals were ordered to be executed together at the top of Horse-

monger-lane gaol, on Tuesday morning, the 13th of November, 1849. Such was the wild and gross curiosity of the multitude to witness this dreadful scene of a husband and wife dying on the scaffold together for murder, that the crowd in front of the gaol began to assemble the evening before around the platforms which had been erected in order to afford spectators, who were willing to pay for the privilege, a better view. The circumstances of the night preceding the execution and of the early morning were so remarkable that I give here an account from one of the journals of the day, as an illustration of what *could* happen in London in the enlightened and civilized era of 1849:—

"Had matters been suffered to proceed as was at first contemplated, some very serious loss of life must have happened. But, fortunately, the authorities interfered; the dangerous platforms were removed, and barriers were erected in the most effectual positions to prevent the mob from swaying backwards and forwards and becoming unmanageable. Above all, there was a force of 500 police in position on the ground. All these arrangements, which proved most effective, were made on Monday evening, in ample time for the immense streams of people—men, women, and children—that began pouring down towards the scene of the execution as midnight approached. The current of human life, once set in that direction, never ceased to flow until the morning sun was well up in the sky; and the sea of up-turned faces, all gazing to one dark, dismal-looking object—the scaffold—proclaimed that the moment was at hand for carrying into effect the extreme sentence of the law. The hum of their blended voices mingled together, and swelling on the ear throughout the long dark night, told distinctly what had brought them there. The public-houses in Blackman-street and the neighbourhood were filled with customers, many of whom had been up all night; touters from every corner invited to seats commanding a view of the execution; every house was lighted, and shops of all kinds were open; and hundreds of itinerant basketmen were crying "Manning's biscuits" and "Maria Manning's peppermints" for sale. A mob composed of the lowest rabble had collected in Swan-court, and under the drop, where squibs and crackers were flying through the air, and every low cry and oath was to be heard. As morning dawned, the manner in which the assembled multitudes had massed themselves together was sufficiently striking. Taking up their station on the carriage-way, in front and rather to

the westward of the entrance of the gaol, were the dregs and offscourings of the population of London, the different elements that composed the disorderly rabble crew being mingled together in wild and unsightly disorder, the 'navvy' and Irish labourer smoking clay pipes and muzzy with beer, pickpockets plying their light-fingered art, little ragged boys climbing up posts, and standing on some dangerous elevation, or tumbling down again, and disappearing among the sea of heads. From that great seething mass there rises a ceaseless din of sounds and war of tongues—voices in every note, shrill whistles, and slang calls. The clatter and uproar of this Babel never ceased for a moment. The sight of the drop (a huge, gaunt, and ominous-looking structure), raised on the flat roof of the gaol, and increasing by a hundredfold the gloomy and repulsive aspect of the whole building, failed to put the least check on the uproarious tendencies of the mob. Now it was a fainting fit, then a fight, and again the arrest of a thief: but there was always something to keep up the popular excitement. Even the dreadful sight of two human beings—husband and wife—hurried into eternity for the crime of murder, failed to solemnize for one moment or to check perceptibly the disgusting levity of the crowd. Packed up within the barriers erected by the police, they were powerless for mischief, and could easily be controlled. On the outskirts of this great mass of human beings were grouped, in smaller numbers, a very different class of people, who had paid their two or three guineas to gratify a morbid curiosity, and who, from the fashionable clubs at the west end, and from their luxurious homes, came to fill the windows, the gardens, and the housetops of a few miserable little houses, in order to enjoy the excitement of seeing two fellow-creatures die by an ignominious death upon the scaffold. The best view of an execution at Horse-monger-lane gaol is to be obtained from the tenements at the west end of Winter-terrace. There the more respectable parts of the assemblage took up their position, and watched the proceedings with opera-glasses levelled. There was an impression current that the execution would take place at eight o'clock, but that hour came and went, and there seemed to be no note of preparation sounded. Two men were loitering lazily near the drop, but beyond that there was nothing visible. At last nine o'clock struck, and shortly after the dreadful procession emerged from a small door in the inner side of a square piece of brickwork which rests on the east end of the prison roof.

To reach this height a long and steep flight of stairs had to be ascended; and it is only wonderful that Manning, in his weak and tottering state, was able to climb so far. When the procession appeared above, the thousands of spectators who were gazing at it with upturned faces immediately watched for the appearance of the wretched creatures doomed to die. Manning came first, supported by two men and accompanied by the chaplain, who read to him the appointed service of the Church. As he ascended the steps leading to the drop his limbs tottered under him, and he appeared scarcely able to move. He first turned his face to the east, apparently reluctant to eye the gaping crowds assembled to watch his last mortal agony. A gleam of sunshine fell upon his features while in this position, and showed that the pallor of his countenance still continued. When his wife approached the scaffold he turned more round, with his face towards the people, while the hangman proceeded to draw over his head the white nightcap and to adjust the fatal rope. In the mean time the female prisoner had reached the drop, mounting the steps which led to it with a firm, but, owing to the bandage on her eyes, not a rapid step, and, when at last placed under the fatal beam, standing as fixed as a marble statue. The male prisoner had by this time recovered his firmness to a certain extent, and, turning to his wife, he shook hands with her in token of a final farewell. The executioner then drew the nightcap over the female prisoner's head, and, all the necessary preparations having now been completed, the scaffold was cleared of all its occupants except the two wretched beings who stood upon it doomed to die. The chaplain of the gaol at this last moment, deeply solicitous for the welfare of so great a criminal standing on the brink of time without having confessed her guilt, once more approached, and asked Mrs. Manning if she had anything that she wished to say to him. She replied, "Nothing, but to thank you much for all your kindness." He withdrew deeply disappointed, and, when he left, the husband and wife again approached each other and shook hands; having done so, they finally resumed their positions. In an instant the hangman withdrew the bolt, the drop fell, and the sentence of the law was fulfilled. They died almost without a struggle, and the bodies, having been allowed to hang for an hour, were cut down, and in the evening buried within the precincts of the gaol. The mob during this terrible scene exhibited no feeling except one of heartless indifference and levity. Not a single yell or cry of execration could

be heard; scarcely a hat or cap was raised while the drop fell; and the bodies of the murderers had hardly ceased to oscillate with the momentum of their fall before the spectators were hurrying in large numbers from the spot.

"On the separation of the crowd the effects of its presence began to be manifested. At the corner of Swan-street numbers of powerful men were seen lying on the pavement in a state bordering on insensibility, and quite helpless from the crushing to which they had been subjected. As the ground became clear in various places, hats, bonnets, shawls, shoes, and other articles of dress, were thickly strewn on the ground, which had the appearance of having been the scene of some frightful struggle. Even before the appearance of the culprits on the scaffold, persons of both sexes were dragged out from the compact multitude by the police, by means of ropes, so seriously injured that they were obliged to be taken to the hospital, where many of them still remain. One person, hoping to relieve his chest from the pressure of the crowd against some iron railings, placed one leg between them, when the crowd swayed to one side, and his thigh was fractured. After having been dragged out, he was conveyed to the hospital on a stretcher. Whilst the crowd was passing between two of the barricades nearest Newington-causeway, several parties made an attempt to get out. Amongst the number was a young woman who fell down insensible, and was trodden upon by the mob. She was found to be so dreadfully injured that she could not speak. She was removed to Guy's Hospital, and died there on Wednesday morning. Near the same place a young man was forced down amongst the crowd, and was likewise injured to such an extent as to render it necessary for him to be taken to Guy's Hospital, where he still remains in a very dangerous condition. It was fortunate that the authorities adopted the precautions they did, in placing huge barriers in different parts of the neighbourhood of the prison. Never was such a mass assembled on a similar occasion, and when the culprits appeared on the drop, the rush was terrific. Hundreds are indebted to the police for the preservation of their lives."

The next passage we quote may be taken as a fair specimen of Mr. Johnston's power of political observation. We extract from a very just and impartial estimate of the character of the deceased statesman, the description of the movement by which, in 1846, his ministry was defeated. In

February Sir Robert Peel introduced the Repeal of the Corn Law, and carried it by a majority of ninety-three votes :—

"Thus was the cause of protection lost. Of those who had been elected to defend it 112 were induced, by the example and leadership of Sir Robert Peel, to go over to the ranks of its enemies. There can be little question that, had Sir Robert Peel felt himself bound to abandon office at the time that he felt himself obliged to abandon the defence of the Corn Laws, no such wholesale desertion on the part of Conservative members would have taken place. Lord John Russell was obliged to relinquish his attempt to form a Corn-Law-repealing government in December, because he found that of the Conservative members who had previously opposed the Free Trade policy, *he* could not count upon the support of even so many as 20. The question has been much debated whether Sir Robert Peel, after Lord John Russell's failure to form a government in December, calculated upon being able to maintain his position as Prime Minister, notwithstanding the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the succeeding month of June, after he was defeated in the House of Commons on another question, and compelled to resign, he stated that from the beginning of the session he foresaw and expected that result. It is however probable, looking at all the evidence, that, in the statement referred to, he confused after impressions with previous anticipations. At all events there is no reason to believe that either his colleagues or supporters had supposed that the very extraordinary change of opinion and of policy at which they had so conscientiously arrived would conduct them, within a few short months, to the bleak and barren shore of unplaced Conservative "liberalism," there to pass listless days and nights, without either the excitement of opposition, or the more substantial gratification of official reward. It was their belief, that after the bitterness of death, as regarded the Protectionist system, was over, old interests and old habits would bring things back to their accustomed channel; that Tories would be reluctant to enter into a systematic opposition of the Queen's Government, and that liberal Conservatism would continue to hold place, while the Whig party would be left upon the Opposition benches, to ruminate upon the adverse fate which kept them out of office, notwithstanding the adoption of their policy by the country and by the State.

"The disgust and resentment of the

Protectionists, however, were more general, as well as deeper and more lasting, than they who surrounded Sir Robert Peel had calculated upon. If, under ordinary circumstances, those feelings might have died away, they were sure not to do so, when the emergency of the case called from other pursuits to the head of the party in the House of Commons, a man of such lofty spirit, and such indomitable energy as Lord George Bentinck. There can be no doubt that an opportunity was anxiously sought by the Protectionists to transfer the government from Sir Robert Peel to Lord John Russell; upon the principle that public affairs would be conducted in a more honest and intelligible manner than it then was, if Whig policy, such as the Government had adopted, were under the direction of a Whig, with the constitutional control of frank Toryism in opposition. Along with this, there was the animating spirit of vengeance. The Protectionists felt they had been betrayed, and longed to punish the Minister whom they believed to be their betrayer. They had to wait for their opportunity till June. Early in the session the Government had introduced a severe measure for the protection of life in Ireland; but the Minister, after the first reading, held it back as if with a presentiment that it contained the materials of his overthrow. The blow was struck on the 25th of June, when the Protectionists, joining the Whig Opposition against the Bill, placed the Peel ministry in a minority of 73. The muster of members was not very great, the number of voters being only 511. The Ministry had 219 votes—the combined opposition 292. Sir Robert Peel announced his resignation on the 29th in a speech which was no doubt the sorest, and probably the most incautious speech he ever made. So long as he is remembered, that speech will rise up in judgment against him. To compliment the turbulent enemy of the landed interest, and to give the darkest colour of sordid malignity to the policy of which he had himself been so long the champion, were the tasks to which on that wretched occasion he devoted his declamatory powers. That was the speech in which he condescended to eulogise 'Richard Cobden' by name, as the man to whose convincing arguments and unadorned eloquence the country was indebted for the great advantage of the repeal of the Corn Laws, forgetting however to acknowledge how insensible he had himself been, up to the very last

moment, both to the force of those arguments and the fascination of that eloquence. That was the speech in which he said that he would doubtless 'leave a name to be execrated by every monopolist who desired to maintain protection for his own individual benefit; but to be remembered also with expressions of good-will in the abodes of men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.' It does not appear to have occurred to Sir Robert Peel, that, if the Corn Laws did really 'leaven' the bread of the poor 'with a sense of injustice,' he himself had been for a long series of years the leading perpetrator of that injustice, and therefore some apology was due from him to the poor, upon whose good-will he now so readily calculated. He should have recollected that he had tauntingly asked but a few years before, 'who had been more forward than he had been in defence of the Corn Laws, and who could doubt that his desire was to maintain a just and adequate agricultural protection?' Why did he maintain injustice, and say that it was just? Or, if he had only arrived at his new lights upon the subject within a few weeks, why did he not express contrition for his long-continued error, and why did he not refrain from reproachful allusion to those who still continued to hold opinions which he had so long considered and maintained to be just? How shall this be explained but by that 'strange infirmity of character which made the whole life of Sir Robert Peel a series of inconsistencies, and has led him to disclaim, repudiate, and forfeit, one after another, almost every opinion, principle, and pledge that he had ever adopted.'"

The passages we have quoted we feel very imperfectly convey an idea of this publication as a whole. In fact, the very nature of the book makes illustration, by means of extract, difficult, if not impossible. We have promised, however, to record our impression of the work as a whole. We cannot hesitate to award to it high praise. If we have been compelled to speak severely of blemishes that we cannot consider light ones, we have done so more in sorrow than in anger. Upon a great variety of topics it exhibits information that has been compiled with

no ordinary industry and care, and, at the same time, selected with great judgment, and arranged with considerable skill. An unfriendly writer might say that, occasionally, the extracts from newspapers are carried to the length of book-making; as in the quotation that occurs in the passage describing the execution of the Mannings. We believe, however, that the criticism would be more plausible than just. The extracts from books and newspapers are often most valuable—never out of place. To great and varied information Mr. Johnston adds the merit of a just and generally well-balanced mind. He carries, perhaps, the desire to preserve the equilibrium of the latter to an extreme. We verily believe it was the conceit of

affecting judicial impartiality—certainly no meaner motive—that led him to view, as from some superior elevation, his own kindred and his own people. Enough, however, upon this ungracious subject. It is with very sincere satisfaction that we congratulate Mr. Johnston upon the production of a book which cannot fail to add to his reputation as a shrewd and original observer of men and things—which, to the superficial reader, will supply a fund of abundant entertainment—direct the political and social inquirer to the best and most authoritative subjects of information—and to the reflective mind suggest deep and solemn thoughts upon that strange aggregate of the phases of human society that is presented by ENGLAND AS IT IS.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO. III.

THREE OLD ACTORS OF THE DUBLIN STAGE.

MICK FULLAM, Ned Williams, and Tom Johnson, as they were colloquially designated. Here is a goodly triumvirate of names, "familiar as household words" in the memory of our old playgoers, and held in special regard by the fast fading generation of Crowstreet. For a long series of years, they formed integral components of the Dublin Company; as inseparably belonging to the establishment then as "Dick Barry" is now, and as indispensable in the announcement of a new piece, as the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations. No matter who wielded the mimic sceptre of Thespis, or what other changes were made, *they* stood fast, and were consigned with the stock. He must have been a bold manager, and a daring revolutionist, who would have proposed to dispense with them. But they were loyal subjects too, although fixtures, and I never heard that they attempted to take undue advantage of well earned popularity. Everything was then regulated slowly, and systematically. The world moved quietly on its axis, as a respectable planet ought to do, and had not yet been pushed awry by steam pressure, as it is now, to such an extent, that the united science of Newton, Kepler, and Laplace could scarcely reinstate it. Service was inheritance in theatres, as in other communities. In Dublin, and

in London, manager and actor clave to each other, like man and wife, till death did them part.

I knew these three ancient worthies well. "They were fellows of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." I have walked with them, talked with them, acted with them, managed them; and, moreover, I attended all their funerals; which gives me a sort of executorial privilege to become their chronicler, the more so, that I am not aware any one else has undertaken the office. I propose to discharge this in a few short pages, which will be read by many, not for their own merit, but because they appear in good company; and may meet the eye of a few surviving admirers of "departed worth," and who, like true *laudatores temporis acti*, may fondly exclaim—"we ne'er shall look upon their like again." I confess, I scarcely think *we* shall, although posterity may be more fortunate. At all events, such men deserve to be remembered "in their land's language," and many of inferior pretensions have occupied respectable looking volumes.

Fullam, Williams, and Johnson were artists in the true sense of the word, who had learned their craft, and knew what they were about. They studied the author (which was the usual practice in those days), delivered his ideas instead of their own, and said no

more than was set down for them. Sterling graduates of the good old school, who could look a joke full in the face without flinching, and fearlessly elicit "points," as they are technically called, with the force of a four-and-twenty pounder. Then followed real shouts of laughter and applause, such as exist at present in faint tradition only, and in the veracious columns of the play-bills. Each of the three had saved money, bought debentures on the theatre, Grand Canal stock, and shares in the St. Patrick's Insurance Company. The consequence of which was, they all, like honest Dogberry, had met with their losses, and were universally reputed to have realised larger sums than they had ever received. A principle of exaggeration more common than laudable.

There were audiences also in that remote era, who positively came to see the play, and enjoy themselves. They warmed with the actors, and the actors liberally returned the compliment. Each encouraged the other, a reciprocity of feeling which produced the happiest and the merriest results. Alas! nearly all this is changed at present. The public are grown comparatively cold and listless, with a gentle inclining to "inexplicable dumb shows and noise." I suppose this is the reason why the comic men so frequently keep all the fun to themselves, thinking the article too rare and costly to admit of participation. A selfish practice, unsuited to a liberal profession. The tragedians indeed atone for this, and occasionally succeed in raising a laugh, which relieves the general monotony, although not strictly in keeping with the "gorgeous pall" of Melpomene. I have seen this done in my time, and by men of mark too, but for fear of offence, as Sir Giles says, "I name no parties."

That the stage has declined in modern days, and that the true taste for the legitimate drama has evaporated, particularly among the higher classes, appears to be an admitted fact, for which at least one hundred substantial and contradictory causes are duly assigned. The degeneracy of actors; the incompetence of managers; the countless number of minor theatres; the bad taste of the public themselves; the spread of education, that mighty leveller which opens all

eyes and brings all seeming marvels down to their true standard; the decrease of cash; the increase of outward piety; the railroads, which carry everybody to see everything somewhere else; the "fastness" of the age, which fevers the blood of humanity, and incapacitates anybody from listening patiently to anything for half an hour; the vast multiplication of cheap recreations, mechanics' institutes, *salons musicales*, casinos, judge and jury societies, monster concerts, drum polkas, and music for the million; lectures on every conceivable science and invention, mesmerism, phrenology, geology, toxicology, ontology, nosology, and electro-biology; these, and many more too tedious to enumerate at this present writing, figure away among the leading and most popular objections. Now, I have a theory of my own on this very vital question, and am inclined to think *the late dinner hour* may stand in the front place and set aside all the others. When puzzled by an obscure passage, I have sometimes passed over the elaborate commentaries, which generally make the matter darker, and found the simplest solution to be the true one. Perhaps I am right in the case under discussion. An ancestor of the present Sir Andrew Agnew, a very distinguished officer in the wars of the first Georges, was once appointed to defend an important post, which, to the surprise of all who knew him and his approved gallantry, he abandoned on the approach of the enemy. A court of inquiry was ordered to assemble, the case duly investigated, and Sir Andrew desired to state what he had to say in his defence. He produced a huge roll of paper, which he deliberately unfolded, and said, "I had exactly one hundred reasons for giving up that post; I have written them all down, and shall detail them in order. First, I had no arms, ammunition, or provisions; second—" The President here interposed, "Stop, Sir Andrew," said he—then looked at the Court, the Court smiled, and nodded to the President, who continued—"The first reason will do, Sir Andrew, we needn't trouble you for the remaining ninety-nine." But, as Dr. Dildin says, in one of his bibliographical works, "all this is unpardonably digressive," so let us return to our subject.

* The latest of the *ologies*, now or very lately being illustrated in Dublin. What does it mean?

Fullam was in years and stage experience considerably older than either Williams or Johnson. His line was exclusively the old men, such as King and Parsons had achieved their fame in, and in which William Farren for many years has stood without a rival. His style, when in the full vigour of his days, was racy, unctuous, and overflowing; much too highly coloured for the fastidious delicacy of modern taste, which, while it justly repudiates coarseness or vulgarity, has banished, at the same time, a good commodity of wit and humour. Sir Francis Gripe, Sir Anthony Absolute, Don Manuel, Colonel Oldboy, or Justice Woodcock, played after the fashion of Parsons or Fullam, would not be tolerated by the refined critics of 1851. All this is well, and as it should be, but what we have thus gained at one end we have lost at the other, as Dr. Johnson said of the decrease of learning and flagellation at public schools.

When I first came to Dublin, under the management of Mr. William Abbott, in 1824, Fullam had declined deep into the vale of years. He must have been nearly, if not quite, eighty. Those who had known him longest thought he was considerably more; and surprising it was to see so old a man in full possession of his mental faculties, and able to follow still a laborious vocation, materially dependent on power of memory. I recollect no instance, in the history of the stage, of any actor continuing regularly in harness to such an advanced period of life. Betterton played Melantius, in the *Maid's Tragedy* (a very arduous character), in his seventy-second year, and thereby aggravated an attack of gout which killed him in three days after. Macklin performed Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in his own play of the *Man of the World*, when more than eighty; and attempted Shylock ten years later, but his recollection failed in the third

act, and he was obliged to leave the stage. He lived to complete his hundredth year.

I remember an aged actor, by name Edward Cape Everard, who used to call himself a natural son of Garrick. He represented Shylock, in Edinburgh, when he must have been almost eighty; the performance was really vigorous and highly respectable.

There are many instances of extraordinary longevity among actors and painters, from which we may fairly conclude both these avocations are wholesome and conducive to health, unless unduly interfered with by casualty or intemperance.

Nobody could tell Fullam's age exactly. Probably he did not know it himself, and at all times was impatient and incommunicative when questioned on the point. He even disliked to be asked how he felt himself, and gave short answers to all such inquiries. His feeling appeared to resemble that of Fontenelle, who, when congratulated by his friends on his ninetieth birthday, stopped them hastily, and exclaimed—"Hush! Death has forgotten me; don't remind him that I am here still."

When I saw Fullam act, his physical powers were nearly exhausted. Infirm in step, and indistinct in utterance, I could still trace the remains of an excellent actor, well versed in all the mechanism of his art. He was on very familiar terms with the galleries, who, knowing the tetchiness of his temper, were perpetually trying to excite him by shouting—"Speak up!" a favourite practice of theirs from time immemorial, and a natural one enough when people are unable to hear.* "Arrah, then, Mick Fullam, the devil a word we can hear! speak up, ould boy!"

The first time he would reply sharply, but without halting in the scene, "I can't!" If the call was repeated a second time, "I won't!" angrily. If

* This call was once urgently addressed to John Kemble during his performance of the philosophic Prince of Denmark. Finding it impossible to comply, as from an asthmatic tendency he was always obliged to husband his lungs, he came forward at once and said—"Gentlemen of the gallery, I can't *speak up*, but if you won't speak at all, you'll hear perfectly every word I say." On another occasion, Mrs. Siddons was interrupted in the sleeping scene of *Lady Macbeth*, by a vociferous demand for "Garry Owen." She was utterly unconscious of what it meant, but anxious to gratify the "gods," if possible, she paused, and asked solemnly, "What is Garry Owen? Is it anything I can do for you?" The humours of the Dublin galleries, in the olden time, deserve a special notice, which I trust I shall find leisure to devote to them.

a third time, "Be quiet, fools!" in a burst of indignant reproof. Then ensued a roar of laughter, in which the whole house joined, and, by-and-bye, a *da capo* of the same composition. On my first appearance in Dublin I enacted Joseph Surface with Fullam's Sir Peter Teazle, and being a stranger, felt considerably embarrassed by this running accompaniment, which attended us through the principal scenes, and by no means improved or elucidated the sparkling dialogue of Sheridan.

On the 13th January, 1826, Fullam appeared in the character of Don Cristoval de Tormes, in the then popular operetta of *Brother and Sister*. The days were not yet over when Bishop composed pretty ballads, which Miss Stephens warbled with exquisite effect, and unsophisticated audiences, innocent of Italian refinement, delighted in "Nid Noddin'," "I've been Roaming," and "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove." On this evening Fullam sang his song as usual, in the first act, made his *exit* on the right-hand side, and fell immediately in the entrance, scarcely out of sight of the audience. Some one called out that Mr. Fullam was taken ill, and had fallen into a fit. I ran round instantly, lifted him up, and, assisted by the carpenters, carried him into the green-room. We laid him on the floor, and placed a cushion under his head. Surgical aid was instantly obtained; but all attempts to revive him were fruitless. I think he was still breathing when raised, but quite dead before we passed across the stage. All felt shocked, but none were much surprised. He had long laboured under a disease of the heart, threatening ossification; and as nothing could induce him to give up acting, medical men acquainted with the case had often predicted that he would die suddenly on the stage, or exhale in some moment of exertion or excitement. On that very evening, it was remarked, he had spoken voluntarily of his excellent state of health, and replied with unusual complaisance to various inquiries, that he had never felt better. When a man touches the patriarchal verge of "four-score years and upwards," and the lingering shears of Atropos at length sever his attenuated thread, it matters little whether a learned disease with a hard name, or mere exhausted nature, is the proximate agent of his departure.

The audience, ignorant of the catastrophe, became impatient; and as the remainder of the performance was impossible, it was necessary to say something to satisfy them. I stated that Mr. Fullam was taken suddenly ill, and as no substitute could be obtained on the instant, we were compelled to solicit their indulgence, and drop the curtain. I felt convinced that he was dead, but hesitated to say so, as his wife lived in the theatre, and might thus hear the painful tidings too abruptly. Some grumbled at first, thinking they were imposed on; but the fact spread with rapidity, and all dispersed in a few minutes. By this time the green-room was filled with many who hurried round, on the report of what had happened—audience, actors, scene-shifters, servants, and supernumeraries, friends and strangers, curious idlers, and anxious associates. It was a solemn lesson of the deepest interest, and an awful sight too, to contemplate the mingled group, as they stood round, and gazed silently on the old man, who lay stretched out upon the floor before them; the tinsel finery of the stage contrasting strangely with the inanimate form it covered, his limbs already cold and stark in the rigidity of dissolution, and the ghastly pallor of death forcing itself palpably through the artificial rouge with which his cheeks were covered. A sudden summons, under such unusual circumstances, would, we might suppose, startle even vice itself in mid career, and force the most callous spirit to think seriously for a moment; yet such is the inconceivable depravity of the human heart, that in the confusion which attended the removal of the deceased, a miscreant in no way connected with the theatre had crept in, who contrived to abstract a ring from his finger and the eye-glass which he wore suspended round his neck.

Fullam was a distinguished member of the masonic order; the brethren of the craft, therefore, as a mark of respect, arranged for him a public funeral, attending in gorgeous costume and insignia, and in very imposing procession. He was carried through the most populous thoroughfares—along College-street, up Grafton-street, by Stephen's-green, down Merrion-row, and finally deposited in a corner of St. Mark's churchyard. This "long pa-

rade of woe"* was much commented on; many pronounced it an error in taste, out of place, and offensively theatrical. But it was meant kindly; flitted by as the empty pageant of an hour; furnished a paragraph or two for the morning papers; and was speedily forgotten. At his funeral an incident actually occurred which has been often mentioned in print before, and sometimes ascribed to another place and different parties. An ancient sybil, one of the extinct race who used to haunt the avenues of the theatre, vending play-bills, had been affronted by Fullam some time before, at his benefit, when he refused to give her the usual complimentary contingent of bills, which the interesting sisterhood were wont to exact from all and sundry, as a sort of black mail, under the terror of unlimited Billingsgate in case of refusal. This amiable old crone was standing by with the crowd, as the grave was being filled up, and, looking in, exclaimed bitterly, "Ah! ould Mick Fullam! there you are—you've got a ticket for the pit this day."

The following inscription appears on the old actor's grave-stone, written, we believe, by the late Mr. William Kertland. The age is mis-stated, as, from the most probable accounts, he was considerably beyond eighty:—

"We shall rarely look upon his like again."

"To

the Memory of

MICHAEL FULLAM,

Of the Dublin Theatre,

Who died suddenly on the stage,

18th January, 1826,

Aged 76 years.

Of the most inflexible integrity;

Alike esteemed in Private, as admired in Public life.

"Alas, poor Fullam, dear departed friend,
The Drama mourns her loss—thy hapless end.
Where find thy genius—talent—wit—thy fire,
The sorrowing muse may long in vain inquire.
Without art or effort to excel,
Few play'd their part on life's great stage so well;
Thy merit's claims, the public grief express'd,
Thy private worth, by friendship's tear confess'd;
Peace to thy shade—thy life, thy virtues claim
This humble tribute to thy well-earn'd fame."

"Also

MARGARET,

His Wife, who departed this life,

April the 16th, 1839,

Aged 70 Years."

Ned Williams was the most extraordinary actor I ever saw. He did not strike at first, but when you became used to him he was irresistibly droll. Unlike every one else, his style was entirely his own, and not founded on any extraneous model. His manner, gait, action, and intonation were strikingly peculiar and identical. These mannerisms, as they are usually called, which would have destroyed any other actor, added infinitely to the effect of his performances. Half his reputation was built on his personal oddities. When you saw him announced for a new part, you knew exactly how he would embody it; you had a distinct picture presented to your mental eye, and you laughed by anticipation. There was sameness, probably; but there was also strength, and richness of colouring, and not, as more frequently happens, the shadowy outline of no character at all. The physical peculiarities of Williams are hit off with graphic distinctness in the "Familiar Epistles." The portrait is an exaggerated one, but the point and humour of the lines almost excuse their pungent severity:—

"Next Williams comes, the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff,
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each fine and easy motion;†
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins.
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his heart, and points his toe;
Is merriment to be express'd,
He points his toe, and slaps his breast.
His turns are swings, his step a jump,
His feelings fits—his touch a thump;
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts, and moves by starts."

Williams made his first appearance in Dublin in the old Crow-street Theatre, on the 15th November, in the memorable year 1798, and in two very opposite characters—Young Rapid, in *A Cure for the Heartache*, and Dr. Lenitive, in *The Prize*. How he ever could have fancied himself fit for the light, youthful, and dashing young heroes of comedy, is one of those unaccountable hallucinations to which the race of actors appears to be peculiarly subject. Liston was originally a tragedian; and when he played

* See Bishop Horne's Lines on Garrick's Funeral Procession.

† The writer here vindicates the actor without intending to do so. The movements of sailors assuredly ought not to be either fine or easy.

Romeo in London for his benefit, in sober seriousness, was exceedingly chagrined that the audience were resolved to laugh and treat the matter as a burlesque. But Williams soon discovered his mistake, and fell into a more congenial line. When asked what he himself considered his exclusive *forte*, he used to describe it as the "gruff pathetic," meaning thereby such characters as Michael, in *The Adopted Child*; Rawbold, in *The Iron Chest*; Job Thornberry, in *John Bull*; Oberto, in *The Blind Boy*; Dandie Dinmont, in *Guy Mannering*; Storm, in *Ella Rosenberg*; Captain Copp, in *Charles the Second*; with a numerous range of the same class, including the entire race of sentimental sailors, kind-hearted criminals, and outraged fathers, who bluster through four acts in agony and anger, and wind up the play by forgiving everybody.

The exigencies of the state sometimes pressed Williams into the ranks of classical tragedy, for which he was eminently unfitted. I once saw him represent Renault, in *Venice Preserved*, and anything more richly comic has seldom been exhibited. In the scene with the conspirators, in the third act, Renault delivers a glowing tirade on the approaching overthrow of the government, and recommends the benevolent process of cutting everybody's throat. At the conclusion of this, he should accost the desponding and suspected Jaffier thus—"You droop, sir!" Williams, by a strange mistake, addressed this remark to Pierre, standing on the opposite side, who, angry and disconcerted, muttered audibly, "No, no—not me; the other." "Oh! bless me!" cried Williams; "Yes, you're right," and slipping across the stage, with gait and shrug alike inimicable, he said at last to Jaffier, who was waiting impatiently for his cue, "Then *you* droop, sir." The effect on the audience was such that the manager removed him instantly from the duties of Renault, which character, after that night, was expunged from his list of the "gruff pathetic."

Williams retired from the stage on Monday, May the 3rd, 1830, his last performances being Dromio of Syracuse, in the *Comedy of Errors*, and Von Dunder, in the farce of *Peter the Great*. He often talked of returning to the boards, and as his faculties began to give way with increasing years, would

frequently come to the theatre, and ask the prompter for books to study new parts, or recover old ones. He was in easy circumstances, but spoke so seriously of his intention, and of an approaching benefit, that his family grew nervous, thinking he really meant to make the attempt. I received more than one earnest message, to beg I would give him no encouragement. He had a constant habit for many years of paying me a visit, almost daily, in my room of office at the theatre. He walked deliberately up stairs, looked in at the door, smiled, shuffled up to the table, paused a little, and then said, "You had £60 in the house last night," or, as the case might be—"You'll have so-and-so to-night, good-bye," and then he turned round and walked out again. So unvarying was he in this practice, that whenever I missed him I might be sure it was either illness or bad weather which deprived me of my constant visitor. The force of habit takes such hold of us, that when a day passed in which he came not, I fancied something was deficient in the regular routine of business.

Williams lived on to eighty-one, and lies buried in new St. George's churchyard, on the north side of the city. On the stone that covers his remains, an inscription, as brief as may be, is the sole record which perpetuates his memory:

"EDWARD WILLIAMS, Esq.,
Clonliffe, Co. Dublin,
Died, 8th April, 1844,
Aged 81 Years."

Tom Johnson was commonly called "Yorkshire Johnson," from his usual assumption of countrymen, and partly to distinguish him from another performer in the theatre rejoicing in the same cognomen. His real name was Jones, but the aristocratic patentee, Frederick Jones, either doubted his success or disliked the coincidence, and obliged him to change his patronymic designation. He, too, like Williams, made his debut in a character totally different from the class in which he afterwards established his fame, Harry Dornton, in the *Road to Ruin*—a compound of fashionable folly, reckless extravagance, and intense feeling, requiring in the actor a union of comic and tragic power with elegant exterior and accomplished manners; probably one of the most complicated and diffi-

cult portraitures in the whole circle of the drama. Holman, sometimes called the handsomest man on the stage, was the original, and considered by many as the best representative. He combined all the necessary requisites. Elliston, Charles Kemble, and Wallack, each in his day, has topped the part. Those who remember Johnson in the widely-extended range of low comedy, will scarcely suppose this, in his hands, could have been a happy assumption, and will wonder little that he soon chalked out another and a very different path. Johnson's clowns were all good; his Tyke, in the *School of Reform*, inferior only to that of Emery, which was the first, and unapproachable. He was what is called a hard actor, but his points and jokes were frequent, and told effectively with the audience. I have heard it objected, that in all his country boys, no matter from what locality, he adopted one unvarying dialect, a sort of modified Yorkshire, which seems to be the conventional stage patois for the entire fraternity, from Cornwall to Northumberland. Emery always used the same, and I recollect no actor of bumpkins who has deviated from the practice. The delineators of Scotch and Irish characters also follow this general rule, without marking the endless distinctions of brogue which belong to each particular district. Perhaps they are right. It is better to be understood than to be unintelligibly correct and faithful. Any one who has traversed the rural districts of Yorkshire, Cumberland, or Lancashire, who has sojourned among the boors of Somerset, Berks, or Hants, or has listened to the exquisite Ex-moor scolding of remote Devonshire, will at once admit, that an attempt to transfer to the stage these "unknown tongues" would be as comprehensible to a civilized auditory as ancient Chaldaic or modern Cherokee. I never considered Johnson's mere countrymen as his happiest efforts; albeit, they were uniformly humorous, and the public, as if by a sort of prescriptive arrangement, laughed immoderately at all he did in them, whether in action or elocution. Happy is the low comedian, and light his task, when he has established this enviable understanding with his audience; and thrice happy is the manager who can secure such a phoenix. The capture and imprisonment of a leprechaun

would be less marvellous. An actor who has achieved this has only to show his face, when the mirth begins, which never ceases to flow with an increasing current, until his *role*, as the modern critics delight to call it, is exhausted. Liston, Tyrone Power, Jack Reeve, and David Rees were eminent illustrators of this unconstitutional ascendancy, which took judgment by storm, and made the veriest Cerberus of criticism drown his habitual growl in an involuntary chuckle of enjoyment.

In pompous, empty-headed fools, such as the Seneschal in *John of Paris*; the Mock Duke in the *Honeymoon*, or Triptolemus Muddlework in *Charles the Twelfth*, Johnson was "himself alone." But of all the stage assumptions I ever witnessed, his Dromio of Ephesus, in imitation of Williams as his brother of Syracuse, was the most perfect and the most irresistibly amusing. It was not an imitation, but a *fac simile*. In dress, in look, in manner, in walk, in gesticulation, he was the embodied shadow of the other. Had they actually "twinned at a birth," they could not have been more identical. Medardus and his brother Victorin, in Professor Hoffman's forgotten tale of the *Devil's Elixir*, were not to be compared to them, as *doppel gangen*, or doubles. And yet no two men could be more physically unlike, except in actual stature, where there was a similarity. Williams was ungainly and clownish in figure and deportment, while Johnson was succinct and dapper. Williams had a broad, expanded face, with an embossed and moveable purple nose, while Johnson's visage was bold, sharp, and *prononcé*, with a well-defined proboscis, approaching to the aquiline. Williams hated the imitation, and bore no good will to his brother actor for thus publicly and permanently stereotyping his peculiarities. When the *Comedy of Errors* was underlined in the bills, Williams studiously kept out of the way, sent some plausible apology for not attending the rehearsal, and studied how to perplex the reminiscences of Johnson, and confound him in his intended travestie. If Johnson sent to inquire, with his compliments, what wig he intended to wear, Williams replied contemptuously, "Tell the fellow to find out." He dressed in the wardrobe, apart from his usual locality, that Johnson might not see him till the last moment. He tried to make

up his face to some unusual expression, and quite unlike his ordinary self. He studied new movements and unwonted intonations—but all was vain. When the curtain drew up there was Johnson, as like Williams as ever, *alter et idem*, in spite of every obstacle. For days he might be seen watching him stealthily, dogging his steps, repeating his every motion, and then retiring into some obscure corner, apart from all, in a nook of one of the scene-rooms, to rehearse Williams to himself, without witnesses.

When Johnson appeared as Dromio of Ephesus, with the unmistakable walk and shrug of the other, the audience shouted with delight, thinking it was Williams, and when he spoke, a slight difference only in the tone of voice betrayed the real man. As he went off on the one side, Williams, as Dromio of Syracuse, entered on the other. Then ensued another roar of enjoyment, such as we, in these degenerate days, have but a faint conception of; and thus the fun went on increasing from act to act, until it became “fast and furious,” and finally reached a climax in the last scene, when, for the first time, the two Dromios appear together on opposite sides of the stage. Williams twitched, and twirled, and fidgeted, and hopped, and gathered himself together after his peculiar fashion, and struggled to be like somebody else; but the more he tried to escape, the more he became broadly obnoxious to the imitation of Johnson, who followed his every motion with mechanical preciseness, as if both were regulated by concentric wires; and when Williams at last, in a cloud of disgust which everybody saw and enjoyed, wheeled round and shuffled up the stage, on the right hand side, as Johnson did the same on the other, the whole house became literally convulsed with laughter. Had Plautus, the original inventor, and Shakspeare, the improver of the comedy, been present in the flesh on any of these occasions, they would have been carried away headlong with the torrent, and each would have admitted that the actors had for once even surpassed the rich conception of the author. The last time the play was acted in Dublin, for Williams's benefit, a *nil admirari* critic, who had never been seen to

laugh heartily before, was taken out in fits; all the resources of art were instantly put in practice to restore him to his constitutional gloom, but this could not be accomplished under an hour and three quarters by a stop-watch. Among the scattered remains of the “old guard,” there are still a few veterans left, who, with myself, remember the two Dromios of Johnson and Williams; and I advise them to “feed fat” on the recollection, for such a reality we shall never again have presented to us.

Many years ago (“*olim meminisse juvabit*”) when I commenced my dramatic career in the Edinburgh Theatre. Mrs. Henry Siddons and Mr. William Murray used to delight the lieges of that northern capital with their unique impersonations of Viola and Sebastian, in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. Next to what I have just recorded, this was the most complete personal identification the stage ever presented; less humorous but far more interesting. Being brother and sister in reality, as well as in the assumed characters of the play, the double coincidence was the more strongly felt and entered into by the spectators. The resemblance in all points fully responded to the description of the Duke Orsino:—

“One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not.”

On the 26th April, 1834, Johnson received a casual hurt from a kick on the leg, while acting Isaac Mendoza, in the *Duenna*. He treated it lightly at first, and continued to act on as usual until the end of the following May, when the injury assumed a serious aspect, and forced him to desist. A lamentable accident, but which no one thought at the time would drive him from his profession and shorten his days. He was then only in his fifty-sixth year; strong, robust, and unimpaired in constitution; of temperate and most regular habits; an early riser, he might be seen every morning taking a brisk constitutional walk, attended by a favourite dog, strongly resembling himself in manner and appearance. I have known many cases in which dogs have not only adopted the minutest habits and gestures of their masters, but have, by progressive degrees, which may be traced by the curious in cynology,* become physically

* I am not sure that this is yet a legitimate English word, but it may become one, and “*Cur ego acquirere pauca si possum, invideo?*” &c.

like them. The ways of this sagacious species are truly unaccountable, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, "I can believe anything of a dog." After this accident, Johnson was never able to resume his regular position, although he performed occasionally, more than once for an entire season, until the latter end of 1840. At that time he had not appeared for more than a year and a half, when Mr. Charles Kean, then performing in Dublin, volunteered to act for his benefit, which accordingly took place the 10th December, 1840. The pieces selected were *Othello* and the farce of *X. Y. Z.*, in which Johnson resumed his accustomed character of Ralph Hempseed. His friends and the public rallied round their old favourite, and the house was crowded in every part. It was fated to be his last effort, although not so anticipated either by the manager or himself; both expected that by strength of constitution he would still recover, and thus he never formally took leave of the stage, or announced a final retirement. He lingered until February, 1843, sometimes fancying he was better, but gradually breaking up, until he finally died, under intense suffering, of a species of

lock-jaw, produced by an imprudent change in his usual mode of treating himself. His widow, the faithful companion of many years, still survives him, in comfortable and respected old age. Peace to his ashes! He left me in his will a legacy of £20 as a slight token of regard; an example much to be lauded, and which I strongly recommend to the imitation of all retiring actors in favor of meritorious managers. Johnson is buried in the cemetery at Mount Jerome. A granite obelisk over his grave bears inscribed on it the inscription we subjoin:—

"To the Memory
of

THOMAS JOHNSON, Esq.

Who departed this life

On the 12th day of February, 1843,

In the 65th year of his age,

This Monument

Has been erected by a few private friends

To commemorate their appreciation of the

Merits of him whose social qualities

As a Man,

And professional eminence

As a Comedian,

Had long secured more than a posthumous

Tribute to prepossessing manners

And sterling merit."

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

PAGANINI was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well informed, acute, and conversable, of bland and gentle manners, and in society, perfectly well bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilist gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep

furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigour of youth and manhood rapidly subside into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty, to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well developed Italian, whiskered to the eye-brows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22nd, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation.

He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive, Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D—s, and the Impressario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world!"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the gallies or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, *par excellence* (whatever there may be now), a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few *zecchini*, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid), and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassi-

nation, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasone, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my kingdom would soon be depopulated. One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at *rouge et noir*. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessities of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a cheque for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing, and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a pre-determination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and, with many "*eccellenzas*" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one?" "Oh, yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the dividend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a

matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of everyday life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero in the vulgar acceptance of the word, I cannot say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "*Signor*," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "*e veramente grand uomo, ma da non potersi comprendere.*" "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible." It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly entrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether demon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden *estro* of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost forever. This marvellous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his death-bed, gave to De Kontaki, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his Excellency desired that he might be brought round

to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing in the way of business without an explicit understanding, and a clearly defined *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*. He was alive to the advantage of honour, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200 for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the vice-regal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The *Aid-de-camp* in Waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said suddenly, "This is a great honour, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "*Caro amico*," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "*Paganini con violino e Paganini senza violino,—ecco due animali distinti.*" "Paganini with his fiddle and Paganini without it are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Cræsus; nor do I think you could with any consistency receive such an honour as dining at his table, and afterwards send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered, and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a present in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I despatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole

party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had moreover conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as on that occasion I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had despatched my letter, I repented

bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of Baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which, with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

OF CERTAIN THEATRICAL RIOTS, THEIR CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.

It has been often said, and truly, that a theatre represents an epitome of a kingdom, a microcosm or miniature of the great world, a condensed edition of human nature, combining within its narrow limits all the complicated elements, all the mingled passions, propensities, antipathies, conflicting interests and jarring difficulties, which are exhibited, on a more expanded scale, in the moral and political legislation of a mighty empire. Man may be subdivided into distinct sections, and each may retain one or more identical characteristics; but a theatrical community, alone, shows him in *extenso*, and calls into operation at once, and in bold relief, all the variations of which his subtle spirit is susceptible. As Shakspeare said, undeniably, "all the world's a stage," so may his apothegm be paraphrased with equal fidelity, that the stage reflects a picture of all the world. The philosopher can open no volume in which he will find more ample information.

A manager of a theatre is a tolerably potent monarch, on a small scale, as far as mere power is concerned; that is, the power to order, direct, and control the internal economy of his little dominion, as swayed by his judgment or caprice. He may do good or evil, and make those under him happy or miserable to a considerable extent, according to his development, which may have made him benevolent or mischievous, long-suffering or impatient of contradiction. He is not compelled to have ministry or cabinet council, unless he pleases, and can dismiss and rule without them if they become troublesome. He can make a law if he wants one on an emergency, without waiting for the forms of a debate, or the cavils of opposition. He has only to say, "let this be," affix his sign manual, send forth the edict, and the Sultan's Firman is not more implicitly acknowledged by his well-disciplined subjects. Mutiny is almost unknown, as Article 13, in the

Codex Dramaticus, provides that disobedience of lawful orders is instant discharge, without benefit of remonstrance.

But, then, his exalted position has its "drawbacks," as the servant said of his place, which he would not change with the king, if his master only got drunk six nights in the week and gave him one chance. The manager is often compelled to pause in an important enterprize for want of supplies. He has no power to levy constitutional taxes by act of parliament, and his doubtful revenues are drawn from voluntary contributions alone. If the public and he happen to fall out, and get on bad terms, his royal prerogative becomes an empty shadow, represented only by harassing and unprofitable responsibility. Theodore of Corsica is a substantial monarch in comparison.

Talleyrand, the witty and unscrupulous, defined the government of Russia as an absolute despotism, occasionally limited by assassination. He might have described a theatre, also, as an absolute monarchy, very frequently limited by an empty exchequer.

There must be some overwhelming impulse which makes so many persons rush madly into the endless turmoil of managing a theatre. To live in a perpetual fever of excitement, to wear out existence in disappointed hopes, to see the best calculated arrangements shattered by a casualty, and to be daily building up the fortunes of others while you are hourly wasting your own. In the powerful language of Spenser, which he applies to another class of ambitionists, but which comes home to ourselves with terrible intensity:—

"To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

In my own case, I may declare, with truth, "greatness was thrust upon me." I would rather have continued to serve, but it was fated that

I should command; and heavily has this leading staff impeded my steps. I have felt ever since I grasped it, as if a mill-stone had been slung round my neck, clinging to me as pertinaciously as the Old man of the Sea did to Sinbad the Sailor, until he nearly choked him. I cared little at the time, for I was young, active, buoyant, full of health and strength. I would have risked a fall with Antæus without dreaming of defeat. I had nothing to lose and everything to win. But when I see others, and some among them whom I esteem and love, who have toiled from youth to mature manhood in successful industry, realizing both fame and fortune at every step, and then risking both in the uncertainty of theatrical speculations, I wonder, grieve—and tremble. Experience, I know, is a croaking raven, and the joyous lark turns from him with impatience and incredulity.

In my inaugural address, on assuming what is sometimes called, in imposing metaphor, "the helm of management," I talked something in a high-flown and rather ridiculous strain (although it was considerably applauded at the moment) about "the bow of Ulysses," and the difficulty of bending it, and that time only could determine whether this almost superhuman feat was destined to be accomplished by me. I regret to say, time has decided the question in the negative. I am myself considerably warped in the long and fruitless attempt, but the bow remains stiff and unyielding as the monument in Sackville-street, while the strings have all withered away, one by one, until I know not how to replace them.

On long consideration, it must be one of *three* things which entraps so many into the devouring Maelstrom of management—"vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself;" or honest enthusiasm for genuine art; or *love of power*, which enthralles the human species, as rats are fascinated by prussic acid and oil of rhodium. The arch-enemy of man angles with many baits, but he catches more unwary victims with power than with any other lure in his magazine of temptations.*

* Roman Punch may, perhaps, be excepted. The unsophisticated reader will wonder and smile at this exception, but I have seen fearful instances of the impossibility of resisting Roman Punch. I doubt if even Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, would have been proof against it.

It was, as I think, Thomas Aquinas, denominated the angelic Doctor, who wrote an enormous folio, "*De omnibus rebus*," and then added a bulky supplement, "*De quibusdam aliis*."—A history of the stage would be almost a parallel to this—an account of everything in the world, and a few things more.

I have very frequently thought of undertaking a history, not of the stage in general, but of the Dublin stage in particular, from its earliest infancy to its present decrepitude, passing over briefly the periods already rendered familiar to us in the records of Hitchcock, Victor, and others, and taking up the thread of detailed narrative where they left off. The subject is full of variety, philosophy, and profitable study, and would draw the attention of all who take an interest in it,—which means everybody. Even the few who eschew the theatre publicly, and exclaim against its abominations, have no objection to read about our doings, or to embellish their conversation and writings with theatrical phraseology.

When I looked on the mass of collected materials I had gathered together in a few years, I recoiled, like Fear in the poem, "e'en at the sound myself had made." I saw that to include them all in a connected narrative would employ the labour of a life, and extend to more volumes than Zadig's friend had dedicated to the properties of the griffin. I felt convinced that nobody would read them, and, what was far worse, that nobody would buy them. No publisher, out of a strait waistcoat, could be found insane enough to offer for such a pyramid. To be read now-a-days, you must be short and pithy, rapid as an express train, and brilliant as the eyes of more than one beauty I could name. Folios, quartos, and even corpulent octavos, are dead, buried, and forgotten, with tombs to their memories crumbling into dilapidation, and effaced inscriptions, which professional antiquaries can scarcely decypher. The popular tide runs so irresistibly in favour of cheap publications; shilling novels, in one thin duodecimo, which erst were printed in three thickish octavos, at a guinea and a-half; and to interpret which, when you have bought them, you must purchase a pair of spectacles also; railway companions, and railway comforters; hand-books for

every place and everything; household words and household cookery; familiar helps to abstruse sciences; Hebrew made easy in six lessons, Greek in four, and Latin in two; French, German, and Italian, by steam, in half an hour; &c., &c., &c.;—Why the bigot who attempts to run counter to this, and to venture desperately on a leviathan rather than a minnow, will starve himself and undo his bibliopolist; and, moreover, he will have to swallow the mortification I have been compelled to submit to more than once, of seeing his hebdomadal butter, cheese, and bacon, come home to him encased in sheets of what he (being in a minority of one) has fondly persuaded himself are among the cleverest articles he ever indited.

Bowing, then, without resistance, to the prevailing taste, I abandon the idea of inflicting on the public a voluminous history of the Dublin stage, and shall confine myself to desultory reminiscences as they occur, without order or connexion, selecting for the present some account of a few remarkable riots, or "rows," to use a more familiar term, which have illustrated the annals of our national theatre.

There have been three very signal insurrections at different epochs and intervals, in three several theatres in Dublin, to say nothing of minor outbreaks on a more limited scale, which have confined their objects to the engagement of a particular performer, or the repeal of a temporary grievance. These three are the great "*Mahomet Row*," under Sheridan, at Smock-alley, in 1754; the "*Dog Row*," under Jones, at Crow-street, in 1814; and the "*Bottle Row*," under Harris, at Hawkins'-street, in 1822. The first ended in the utter destruction of the theatre; the damage done by the second was more limited, but still of a very serious character, and both materially affected the fortunes of the proprietors. The last led to a tedious inquiry in Parliament, a vast consumption of time in useless debate, and *ex officio* prosecutions, in which nothing could be proved, but which cost the country more than sixty thousand pounds. The first and second in a great measure sprang from the imprudence of the managers, who quailed under the storms they had themselves provoked. The last was exclusively political, and so limited, that if foreseen, slight measures of re-

caution would have sufficed to check it."

"Ah!" I hear more than one exclaim, "that's very easily said; but it is an opinion after the event, and you fancy yourself a very able general, though probably, in the position of your predecessors, you would have done no better than they did." Gentle reader, an opinion after the event can certainly have no influence on what is past, but it bears directly on coming incidents, which cast their shadows before. The experience taught by the errors of another assists us to avoid the same mistaken course. I have fished in troubled waters all my life, and have had some sharp practice in dealing with "Theatrical Rows." There is nothing like meeting the question at once with a bold front, and standing to your guns, whether you sink or swim. A prompt resistance doubles your chance of success. In these cases, as in war on the grand scale, "*l'audace est presque toujours prudence.*" After the sanguinary battle of Eylau, which was, in fact, a drawn encounter, Napoleon, shaken by his tremendous loss, was inclined to retire. Soult opposed this vehemently, and said—"Hold your ground, sire, and the enemy will abandon theirs." The advice was followed, the Russian army retreated, and left the French Emperor the appearance, with some of the advantages, of victory.

Sheridan, in 1752, instituted the celebrated Beef Steak Club, of which the beautiful Mrs. Woffington was the president, and only female member. It was intended merely as a convivial and mirthful assembly, but was soon reported to have merged into party politics, when toasts were given and speeches delivered. It follows not that this was either true, or the fault of the manager, though he paid the penalty of the imprudence which was charged on him. A manager should never meddle with politics at all; they are double-edged tools, unsafe to handle. His speeches, too, should be confined to the boards of his own theatre, and reserved for great occasions. The "*cacoethes loquendi*" is unsuited to the dignity of a potentate. Elliston, when monarch of Drury-lane, was sadly

subject to this disease. He was perpetually haranguing his audience, until he became a butt and laughing-stock. The Grand Llama of Thibet doubles his authority by being seldom visible to the public. Remember, too, the injunction of Horace, "*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus incidit.*" Produce neither Jupiter nor Apollo on the scene unless the case requires their interference. On the 22nd of March, 1754, the theatre in Smock-alley was destroyed by an organised conspiracy; the encore of a particular speech in the tragedy of *Mahomet*, and the refusal of the manager to appear when called for, were the ostensible causes which led to this important catastrophe. The full particulars of the event are given with minute and interesting detail in an able article on "Irish Theatricals," which appeared in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for March, 1850. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than refer to the account therein contained.

In an incredibly short space of time, the whole of the *interior* of the house was demolished, both in front and behind the scenes, and finally the rioters tore out the grate of the box-office, and dragged it full of burning coals into the middle of the room. In 1754, every body in a certain rank carried swords, which made them doubly ferocious and multiplied the facilities of mischief. The Executive appears to have been then strangely inefficient. Messengers were sent early in the uproar to the Lord Lieutenant to tell him what was going on; he sent to the Lord Mayor, who sent word that he was laid up in bed with the gout, and sent to the Sheriffs, who were not to be found at all; and finally nothing but a sub-constable could be laid hold of, who was too much terrified to do anything, and the Town Major declined to call on the captain of the guard to call out the military, without some more responsible authority. In the mean time the theatre was torn to pieces, the perpetrators dispersed, and the manager was ruined. Victor, in his *Dramatic History*, says plainly, "on the report of the intended riot at the theatre that night, and knowing also that

* They manage, or did manage, these matters after a different fashion in France, where I once saw a refractory pit cleared out in ten minutes, and a peaceable one substituted in as many more.

it was to be on a party occasion, the magistrates were supposed to conceal themselves designedly." So much for the "good old times." In 1851, we may have degenerated in some points from 1754, but such proceedings on the part of the authorities now, whether from treachery or incapacity, would be impossible. The proceedings of the manager are quite unaccountable, in the first place, in fomenting the riot by a repetition of the play, and secondly, in suffering the theatre to be demolished without an effort to rescue it. Had he come forward at the critical moment his friends would have rallied round him, and he might yet have turned the tide and saved his property.

The "Dog Row" occurred in Crowstreet Theatre, on the 16th December, 1814, on a Command Night, when Earl Whitworth and the Viceregal Court were present in state; his Excellency having expressed a wish to see the celebrated dog "Dragon," in the Forest of Bondy, which was then running with extraordinary attraction. Mr. Frederick Jones, at that time patentee, has often told me in conversation on the subject, that the dog was made the handle on that particular occasion, but that the real *casus belli* was a political enmity conceived against him by an influential party, and who were watching for a good opportunity to explode. He might have been right or wrong in his conjecture; and being somewhat haughty and imperious in manner, and ungarded in discourse, likely enough to have given offence; but nothing appeared ostensibly to bear out this impression. The dog had acted for many nights without salary, and was drawing excellent houses. The owner of the attractive star thought a Command Night a good opportunity to strike for terms, and demanded more than the manager thought proper to accede to. The latter became irate, and told him he might take his dog to the —! He did not go so far as that, but he took him out of the theatre, and thus forced the manager to request indulgence from the Lord Lieutenant for changing the afterpiece; which his Excellency at once conceded. But the public adopted another view, and the owner of the discarded dog took post in the pit to observe the progress of events, having, however, offered the dog "for that night only," as it was a Command. This offer was contempt-

uously rejected; and great was the mistake of Jones in this particular. At any reasonable sacrifice, prudence dictated that the Command Night should be got over without delay or disturbance, but prudence was never one of his characteristics. Nothing more was said, and no one appears to have been either prepared for, or to have expected what followed. At the end of the play, an apology was made for the withdrawal of the "Dog of Montargis," and the substitution of another afterpiece. The owner of the dog, with most unparliamentary breach of privilege, interrupted the speaker, and declared, from the pit, that the dog was ready to act, and it was no fault of his. Then the "row" commenced. The galleries were not to be satisfied at any price, and the pit were half inclined to side with them. Jones, who was in full court dress, as usual, attending on the Viceroy, refused to appear, although loudly called for, and strongly urged by his friends to comply. Had the Lord Lieutenant *commanded* him to go forward, he must have obeyed, and the business would have been settled at once. Compared to the "Sheridan Row," it was a mole-hill to a mountain, and if the patentee had addressed the audience in time, all might have ended tranquilly. But no argument or entreaty could prevail on him, though he had the fate of Sheridan before his eyes. The Lord Lieutenant and suite retired; the glass panels of the state box were broken, the galleries tore up their own benches, and threw them into the pit, which threw the pit into "most admired disorder," and cleared it in five minutes; the centre chandelier was dexterously saved by being pulled up out of sight, the others were smashed; the uproar became general, and the evening closed on as "pretty a quarrel" as Sir Lucius O'Trigger himself could have desired to participate in. Much injury was done, and the moral effect was very prejudicial to the character of the theatre in general. Again, the manager brought all this about his own ears by want of temper and want of firmness at the decisive moment. Mr. Jones had many accomplishments and long experience in conducting a theatre, but he was deficient in executive *tact* and promptness in a difficulty. Among other things, I think he acted unwisely in becoming a magistrate—an office quite incompatible with his posi-

tion as a manager. I do not see how a man can fill two *public* situations which may be placed in conflict. In the one he *must* take a course with a decided bias; in the other he should have no bias at all. But this is not the only case in which the two offices have been united. If a question came before a manager-magistrate, in which a breach of the peace in his own theatre was concerned, it is impossible he could legislate on it impartially. Solon, or Lycurgus, or even Aristides the Just, could scarcely have administered justice in such a predicament. I know not that Mr. Jones was ever placed in it, but it was within the category of possibilities, and a very awkward one he would have found it to deal with.

The "Bottle Row," as it is generally called, took place on December 14th, 1822, on the occasion of the Marquis Wellesey, then Lord Lieutenant, making his first state visit to the theatre. Thus, of the three leading "rows," two occurred, as if by special arrangement, on Command Nights. This last was exclusively a party political demonstration, and it appears very extraordinary that nobody seems to have had any idea of what was to happen, or that mischief was concocting. Were the authorities of the theatre asleep or blind? The Dublin public are not eminently distinguished for keeping close counsel when they have "business on their hands." They are neither given to be silent nor unanimous. How the managers could remain in total ignorance of the intended outrage I cannot understand. They must have been careless or badly served. They should have known in time, and calculated whether they were able to keep the peace. A manager, like a general, should never be taken by surprise. If they found the conspiracy too strong, at least they should have apprised the Lord Lieutenant, and left him to decide as he pleased: but assuredly he should never have been brought to the theatre, to be driven from it by a party uproar, principally confined to the galleries, it being clear that the other portions of the house were not on their side of the question. The tumult began at the end of the play, and during the interval (which happened, unluckily, to be

rather a long one), before the commencement of the afterpiece. This time it consisted chiefly of discordant yells, unintelligible placards and handbills scattered about, cat-calls, rattles, crowings, and shoutings, and occasionally a missile directed with uncertain aim. Something struck the front of the Viceregal box, and a bottle was hurled against the act-drop, which rebounded on the stage, and, *mirabile dictu*, rolled down to the foot-lights without being broken!* The Lord Lieutenant faced the storm, which he was quite unable to comprehend, with perfect composure for a considerable time, and retired when he saw the intended programme so totally changed. No damage was done of any consequence. The "row" evaporated in "sound and fury signifying nothing;"—but dull parliamentary harangues, and futile prosecutions, occasioned it to be long remembered. Sixty thousand pounds at least were frittered away in seeking for convictions it was impossible to obtain. The pockets of the lawyers were bursting with fees, and the public, as usual, had to pay the piper. And all this, too, might have been saved, had the manager been wide awake and vigilant on his post.

There have been sundry minor "ructions," such as the "Byrne row," and the "Talbot row," of which latter I could relate some amusing particulars, having been in office when it occurred; but they were merely the efforts of a private clique to exact conditions for a particular favourite, and are too obscure to be elevated to the importance of historical events.

In conclusion, the best mode of dealing with "a row" of any kind, is to anticipate it. Preventive measures are easier, better, and safer than open conflict. A small force, skilfully posted, can dislocate and divide any number of confederates who may arrange to assemble in a theatre for a preconcerted purpose. When once divided, they are paralyzed. But the best of all preventive measures is to prohibit *sticks*. If they do no more, they make a diabolical clatter, break the panels of the boxes and galleries in the absence of heads to practise on, deafen the ears of the peaceful lieges, and incite to pugnacity.

On the first Command of Lord Normanby, immediately after his arrival in Dublin, I felt convinced there would be a crowded and noisy assemblage, not from love of mischief or wish to riot, but from some late rather sudden changes which had stirred men's blood, and the exuberance of political feeling which had inoculated the whole city to madness. I gave the most positive orders that no sticks or bludgeons should be admitted into any part of the house, and the police manfully assisted my own people in carrying the orders out. They were not to take a stick forcibly from any one, which manifestly they had no right to do, but were merely to say, "You cannot go in with a stick; leave it here, and you shall receive it again when you go out," adopting the system so prudently pursued in all exhibitions, museums, collections of curiosities, and zoological and botanical gardens. The sticks were sacrificed with scarce any remonstrance or exception. Nearly 350 (some of most formidable proportions) were piled up in my room in the theatre and in the College-street Police-office; and on the following day the proprietors were politely invited by placard and advertisement to reclaim their property. Very few came forward, and these identical bludgeons have been converted into serviceable stage properties ever since; and will continue to supply theatrical mobs, rebellious citizens, and tumultuous conspirators, for the next twenty years.

On the night alluded to, my preventive measures were crowned with the most signal success. We had a crowded, noisy, shouting, and enthusiastic public to deal with, who enjoyed their own humours more than the humours of the actors, and the noble Viceroy entered fully into their character, which he saw for the first time

in all its glory. With the exception of an occasional *bonnetting*, and that more in fun than in earnest, they were abstinent from physical outrage. When Paddy feels his little sprig of shillelagh, or blackthorn, affectionately enclosed within his fingers; at the first shout he moves it mechanically a little, at the second he twirls it gracefully round his own head, and at the third it descends vigorously on the cranium of his neighbour. Take it from him, and he sinks into as peaceable and subdued an individual as John Bull when his departed pence no longer jingle in his pocket.

And now, a few more last words by way of postscript, commencing with an anecdote. A friend of mine, who had long been manager of a leading provincial theatre in England, was once called upon to engage a transatlantic Star, on terms he deemed it impolitic to comply with. "If you don't engage him," said the ambassador, "depend upon it you'll have a row." "Ensure me that," replied the manager, "and I'll write you a check for £200." Now, I echo the same sentiment in the present theatrical apathy or influenza which pervades all classes of the public, and hereby make proclamation, "*Any money for a row!*" But mind, it must be a good substantial one, and no empty imitation. A "row royal," which shall live in future chronicles, guaranteed to last for twelve successive nights, and to produce an equal number of overflowing houses. The public to select their own grievance, and the manager to be bound to enter an appearance on each clause of the indictment. The arguments to be heard *viva voce*; no speaker on either side to occupy more than ten minutes at a time, to avoid prolixity; with equal division of sun and wind, as the formula runs in the old tournaments—a clear stage, a fair stand-up fight, and no favour!

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

Carrigbawn, Feast of Saint Valentine.

WE men in the country, my dear Anthony, watch the vicissitudes of the seasons with an anxiety of which you, town gentlemen, have no notion. With you it is merely a question of umbrellas and dry flags; with us it is one of life and death. The heavy rains, during the earlier portion of this month, arrested all out-door labour, and left us sadly in arrear in our ploughing and sowing. This morning we are all as busy as bees, for fine weather has set in most opportunely. I was out early in the fields, to set the day's operations fairly agoing. The mists of the morning were lazily rolling away in heavy vapour from the marshy ground along the riverside, and the white hoarfrost of the night was lying on the green sward and the brown furrows. As I passed an old ivy-clad gable, the rustling and twittering of innumerable little birds, flying and chasing each other from branch to branch, reminded me that the Spring was coming, and that Nature was beginning to stir in her heart's core. And then, too, I spied the crocus and the snowdrop, and I caught faintly the odour of the violet; and I knew that the Divine agency, which renews all things, was again putting forth its potency. And now I watched the sturdy team drawing the plough through the heavy glebe, and the busy crows following in the furrow; and further on, the sower, with his bag slung before him, scattering the seed over the well-prepared ground, in the hope that it would bring forth abundantly, some ten-fold, some fifty-fold, some an hundred-fold. I was returning homeward with the buoyant air of the fresh morning breathing around, and the bright lustre of the now up-risen sun upon me, when just as I reached the door of my porch, I beheld the conjoint animal of a man on horseback bearing down upon me. As the mass came near to me its identity was unmistakeable. An aged bay horse, with a white star on his forehead, a poke of the nose and a contemplative gait, bestridden by a lanky figure in black habilaments, announced the good parson, mounted on the companion of his parochial rambles during the last ten years. Assisting my worthy friend to dismount, and committing his beast to the lad whom I had summoned for the purpose, I led the chaplain into the house.

"My dear Jonathan," said he, "I wish you all the happiness that attends this auspicious morning, and am come to breakfast with you."

"For the latter favour, my dear friend, I am truly grateful," said I, "but I am at a loss to understand the peculiarity of your greeting."

"What!" said he, "do you not remember this is Valentine's Day?"

"Not I, indeed," I answered.

"Ah, Jonathan! when I was a young man it should not have come upon me unawares."

"Perhaps not," said I, "but I have little sympathy with the mode in which the festival is honoured now-a-days."

The parson looked at me for an explanation.

"I do not despise, my dear Sir," I continued, "the customs of simple times; nor the manner in which this day was anciently celebrated, when young men and maidens drew their Valentines by billets, and the life-long happiness of many a couple commenced with the true-hearted gallantries of the day. But I do abhor, with a hatred as intense as the postman, the present practice, contemptible, heartless, and affected, to say the least of it, which sends a thousand silly and impertinent rhymes flying through the length and breadth of the land; corrupting the taste and depraving the judgment. You have no idea how the sentiment of love is vulgarised and debased by the daubed prints of hearts, and darts, and Cupids, and the frippery missives which, by the abused license of this day, find their way to eyes and ears which would blush with shame, and tingle with indignation, were the stuff these *billets doux* contain spoken to them by living lips. Look at the windows of the stationers' shops in town, and tell me if I am not justified in what I say. And then, are you aware of the enormous sums which silly coxcombs, who cannot indite for themselves, pay for those borrowed sentiments. I assure you, the price of some of them would supply the food of many

a family for a month, or purchase a volume of sterling literature. Shame befall the man, say I, that has recourse to such a sneaking mode of courtship, and cannot express, as a man should do, his own feelings of love in his own words."

"My dear Jonathan," said the Parson, "you are unjustly severe. I fear you have never received a Valentine."

"Nor sent one," said I, "thank heaven."

"We are told," observed my friend, "that they had their origin in a pious device of the early Christians who substituted these for the pagan practices of the Februatio Juno."

"I do not believe it," I replied. "I think the usage springs from a higher and truer source. Nature is herself our divine instructress. Listen," said I, throwing open the window of the room in which we sat, and letting in the fresh air of the pleasant morning and the chirping of the birds that thronged the woodbine and rose tree trellised around it. "The earth's bosom is already putting on her robes of green; the vernal flowers are bursting into life; the birds carol and mate, and God, who is love, speaks of love to and through all animal existence. How beautifully has Donne expressed this thought :—

" 'Hail Bishop Valentine ! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove ;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomach ;
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon.'

"And again, with what truth of nature and grace of poetry does Tasso celebrate these mysterious influences of the nascent spring :—

" 'La dolce primavera,
Ch'or allegra e ridente
Reconsiglia ad amare
Il mondo e gli animali
E gli uomini e le donne : e non t'accorgi,
Come tutte le cose
Or sono innamorate
D'un amor pien di gioja e di salute ?
Mira la quel colombo
Con che dolce susurro lusignando
Bacia la sua compagna :
Odi quel usignuolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando *Io amo io amo*——."

"I believe you are in the right, Jonathan," said the Parson. "And I will give you an illustration more beautiful still, and sublimer than any profane poetry can afford." And so saying, he drew forth from his ample pocket, the companion of all his hours—his well worn Bible. "Listen to the prophetic language in which He of whom love is the essence, and not the attribute, speaks of the holy influence. What is spoken to the Church we may in all reverence apply in a less exalted sense :—

" 'The winter is past, the rain is over and gone ;
The time of the singing birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land,
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs ;
And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.
Arise my love, my fair one, and come away.'

"Beautiful, indeed, my dear pastor ; there is no poetry like that we find in Holy Writ. How sublime its sentiments ; how grand and yet how simple often is its imagery ; how lofty its teaching, how tender its pathos. Every day I feel this truth more deeply. It is the great well whence modern Poesy draws all that is pure, healthful, and life-giving in its waters."

"And what marvel," said my friend. "Remember its inspiration and its theme. Remember whence Isaiah and Ezekiel,—whence Solomon, and David, and the solitary of Patmos, had their mighty missions. God their inspiration—the Divine mind their "mens divinior"—His Spirit their Helicon,—heaven, and hell, and earth,—the unseen mysteries of Nature,—the undisclosed councils of God and the future destinies of men,—these their wondrous themes. Think on all this, Johnathan, and you will know how the fabled frenzy of the Pythoness under the influence of her god can but faintly shadow forth the divine rapture of those whose spirits held direct and intimate communion with the Great Spirit. As the face of the Jewish lawgiver shone with the light of Deity, that still lingered on it after he left the presence, so the tongues of prophets, touched with the fires of heaven, poured forth their burning words when the vision had passed away from their spiritualised sight."

"Confess then," said I, "that good Saint Valentine has little reason to be proud of the honour we now give to his name. And were he to rise from his grave, would as indignantly repudiate his followers, as would Epicurus reject his luxurious disciples of ancient Greece and modern Belgravia."

With such pleasant converse did we pass away the half hour of breakfast. When the meal was over, the Parson said, "Well Jonathan, notwithstanding all you have said, here am I the bearer of a Valentine to you."

I do not know why it was, my dear Anthony, but I confess to you I felt myself blushing like a girl in her "teens."

"Don't be alarmed Jonathan," said the Pastor, with a smile of the slyest humour on his solemn visage. "Do I look like Cupid's messenger?"

"Why, not exactly, I replied, recovering a little from my embarrassment. So let us have it."

The Parson, without more ado, drew from his pocket a large packet.

"It is no light matter," I observed, "and will require consideration, or I am mistaken."

"You are not mistaken, but I must say a few words before I open it. You remember poor Somers. He was left an orphan to my care, when heaven had taken from me my dear ones. I did my best for him in the way of education, and seeing that he had good abilities, I sent him to our University. He obtained a sizarship, and was a studious, steady lad, of an imaginative and melancholy temperament. I heard with joy of his having got a scholarship, but the next post dashed my pleasure by the intelligence of his dangerous illness. I hurried to town, too late to find him alive. Over-application was too much for a constitution naturally feeble, and he sank as soon as he had grasped the prize for which he had toiled. I committed him to the grave, discharged the few shillings he owed to his laundress and baker, surrendered the key of his chambers, and possessed myself of his scanty library of books and papers. Among the latter, I found one which I chanced to take up last night, and thinking it not without interest, I have brought it over to submit to you."

"Let us have it then, dear Parson," said I.

Thereupon my friend opened his budget and read the following:—

A LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

CHAPTER I.

"Martyrium est delictorum finis, periculi terminus, dux salutis, iter patientiæ, magister vitæ; quo perfectio, et etiam accessus quas in futuro discrimine potuissent tormenta reputari. . . Magna sublimitas ante ora Domini, aspectumque Christi, potestatis humane tormenta contemnere."—*Cyprian. de laude Martyr.*

MOONLIGHT in the city! What a striking and solemnising sight; how suggestive of thoughts that daylight never stirs within us; Life locked for a season in the arms of Death. The stony giant lies outstretched before us, snatching from the turmoil and excitement of day a short repose to invigorate him for the same ever-recurring

and ever-wasting turmoil and excitement to which the first ray of morning again awakes him. The wanderer in the silent street hears the echoes of his own footfalls, where a few hours before the tread of a thousand steps, the rush, the roar, the struggle of life, stunned and distracted him. Houses gleam, silent and bleak, in the pale cold light

from which, in day, the tide of animation incessantly pours out upon the thoroughfares of existence. Not a throb without tells that the pulse of life is beating, but the blood has flowed back upon the heart of the city, as though it lay in a trance: grief and joy, pride, passion, avarice, and ambition, all seem at rest amid the scenes where, by day, they reign and revel.

"Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

The calm breath of night comes with renovating freshness upon the brow, as if it stole in from the pure country upon the unguarded slumber of the city, unpolluted with the reeking vapours, and smoke, and steam of the thronging human hive.

"The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

Moonlight in Rome! Who that has seen it may forget it ever. The Rome of our own time should so be seen. The garish sunlight suits not best the spectral city. She is a city of past memories, of faded glories, of devastated grandeur. And so, if you would rebuild her shattered walls, rear up her prostrate columns, restore her ruined fanes and renovate her palaces; wander through her regions when the moon is at the full, that the things and beings of to-day may not mar your spirit as it goes back into the past. Then will Rome the Imperial arise before you; then will you truly understand how, though she be fallen from her high estate and shorn of her world-wide dominion, still she is Rome the Eternal. Eternal in her glorious memories; Eternal in her influences upon all nations, for all share in the borrowed light of her arts, her wisdom, her learning, and her laws; Eternal in her history, which yet fills the foreground of the world's annals.

It was midnight, a few days before the Ides of February, in the year of the City 1023, and in the 270th of the Redemption. The moon was then nigh its full, and poured down in a flood of mild and luminous glory upon the peerless city of Rome—the Rome of the Cæsars—ere the Goth or the Vandal had sacked her palaces, or kings of Christendom, more destructive than the Barbarians, filched away her

precious monuments, her marbles, and her statuary; ere the fury of the Bourbon swept in a desolating tide over all that Alaric and Geneseric had spared, that Charlemagne and Robert of Sicily had left uninjured.

Passing along the southern side of the Esquilian Hill, a figure, wrapped closely in the coarse woollen toga which was worn by the meaner citizens, wended his cautious way westward, till he stood before the Flavian Amphitheatre, in later times known as the Colosseum. It was a sight that at such a moment might arrest the attention of the most indifferent or the most pre-occupied. Of this latter, it would seem, was he who now checked his steps, and flung from off his head the portion of his gown which had been drawn from his right shoulder so as to form the ordinary substitute for the *pileus*. The act disclosed a head singularly venerable; a few scant locks of long white hair flowed down from the back portion along his neck: save these, the head was bald. A face, strongly marked and stern, bore traces of the grief and suffering which the conflict of powerful feelings with controlling principles ever leaves on the features; but his eye was still keen, black, and full of animation. On the first glance you would have pronounced him old, but a second look would have assured you he was old before his time, and had seen many sorrows and trials.

The old man threw back from his head the lappet of his gown, and gazed long and intently upon the pile before him. It was a glorious sight, that stupendous mass of building. An oval of the most graceful form and magnificent dimensions, covering an area of ground as extensive as that upon which the largest pyramid of Egypt reposes, and faced with travertine stone, rose to the height of more than 150 feet. The four stories of which it was composed exhibited each order of architecture in their proper succession, the basement being the severe Doric, the upper the florid and graceful composite, surmounted by an attic. The light of the moon, falling slantly athwart the face of the building, exhibited a chequered superficies of light and shade, whose picturesque effect could not be surpassed. In the ground story, the open archways, or vomitories, which, to the number of eighty, gave access at equal

distances all round to the interior, were filled, some wholly, some partially, with the moonlight, according to the aspect they presented to the planet, and some lay buried in deep, black darkness; and so in the two succeeding stories, the light, as it fell upon the corresponding arches, displayed, more or less, the huge statues, to which they served as niches; and as the shadows of the projecting columns which sustained the entablatures crossed the forms or played flickering upon the massive features, as light clouds passed athwart the moon, the scene seemed endued with life, as if realising the fabled story of Pygmalion. Spectral and cold, they stood in their places, and it took no stretch of fancy to believe them the ghosts of those who, within the area of this beautiful circus, had fought and bled, and died in a savage and unprovoked conflict with their fellow-men, or had fallen beneath the lacerating jaws of furious beasts.

Something of this sort seemed to cross the mind of the man as his eye, in its circuit, passed along those marble effigies, whose features, as the shadows stirred along them, seemed at that moment trembling and twisting, as with the contortions of suffering. A spasm as of pain passed along his brow, and his lip quivered as he spoke in low emphatic tones of passion:—

"Oh, drunken—drunken with the blood of saints and of martyrs! What marvel if their mangled bodies be suffered to haunt the scenes of their slaughter, and to testify against their murderers, as their souls cease not, day and night, to cry to God for vengeance on those who have spilled their righteous blood. Yea, the very gore-soaked stones might cry aloud against them and thee, thou den of unclean beasts! How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!"

The old man shook his hand denouncingly; and his utterance was choked with passion. In a moment, however, and by a violent effort, he mastered his feelings, and, looking sorrowfully up to heaven, he struck his breast and cried, "Miserere mei Domine." Have mercy upon me, O Lord, miserable sinner that I am! Who am I that I should invoke Thy wrath, to whom vengeance alone belongeth? Father, it may be that thou reservest this place for a vessel of

mercy and not of wrath. Haply, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of thee, as the waters cover the sea, that the cross of thy dear Son may be planted in this unholy circus, and the life-blood of thy martyrs be worn away from its pavement by the feet of pilgrims, and the knees of supplicating thousands. Even so, Lord, let it be, if it is thy will."

The Christian bowed his head with a sigh, and reverently making the sign of the cross on his forehead, drew the lappet again over his head, and proceeded upon his solitary walk. Skirting the southern side of the Flavian Amphitheatre, the old man passed on the eastern side of the Arch of Constantine, and reached the space before the temple of Venus and Rome. But the solitary paused not to contemplate the scene before him, but, with a passing glance, pursued his mission. Yet, well might that scene win more than a passing glance. Raised on its ample platform, reached at each angle by a flight of marble steps, stood the temple, its fluted Corinthian columns of Parian marble supporting a roof sheeted with bronze that flickered and flashed in the moonlight. Close to the temple stood the colossal figure of Nero, a mighty mass of bronze, 120 feet high, while nearer, and at the south-western extremity of the Amphitheatre, spread the spacious basin of the Meta Sudans. A fair and a tranquillising sight was it to look upon the jet of plenteous and pure water that flung itself out of the high conical fountain upwards into the clear moonlight sky, and then disparting circularly in every direction as it reached its highest elevation, it fell back into the broad basin, and as the filmy threads of water glittered in the moonlight, it looked like the silvery plumage of some giant helmet. And sweet and most soothing, too, was the low monotonous chant of the falling waters, in the silent night, as they met the still waters of the pool beneath. One could fancy it the gentle, joyous greeting with which fair spirits, that have left heaven to wander awhile upon earth, throw themselves again into the bosoms of their sister spirits, when their wandering is over. Perhaps these sweet sounds did unconsciously break in upon the reverie of the old man, for he looked up for a moment and opened the fold of his gown, as if

were to let the grateful freshness of the vapour to his bosom ; then his eye discerned in the distance, northward, the golden roofs of Nero's house, which caught the pale, modest rays of the moon, and sent them back, blushing and ruddy, from the rude, ungenial contact. But it was not for sights like these, beautiful though they were, that the old man was abroad to-night. Onward he hurried by the Sacred Way, passing through the Arches of Titus and Fabius, towards the eastern extremity of the Roman Forum. Heeding not the wondrous congregation of arches, temples, and graceful columns that shot upwards into the heavens, the old man pressed forward still, till passing near the Arch of Septimius Severus, and the

Temple of Concord, he stopped at the base of a strongly-built and gloomy edifice, that even then bore the marks of great antiquity. This was the Mamertine prison. Turning beneath a flight of stone steps, that led to an entrance on the second story, the person whose course we have been tracing stepped softly up to a door of solid oak, studded with huge rivets of iron, and smote the wood gently with his hand, repeating the act twice, at intervals. After the third signal a voice from within asked—"Who cometh hither?" To which he outside replied—"Peace be with thee." Then the door was cautiously opened, just sufficiently to allow a man to pass through, and was again as cautiously closed when the old man had entered.

CHAPTER II.

Πάντα χαρὰν ἡγήσασθε, ἀδελφοί μου σταν πειρασμοὺς περιπέσῃτε ποικίλοις, γινώσκοντες ὅτι το δοκιμὴν ἔμνη τῆς πιστεως καταργεῖται ὑποκορὴν· ἡ δὲ ὑπομονὴ ἔργον τέλειον ἔχεται.—James, 1. 2.

At the time we write of there existed a subterranean dungeon, which Servius Tullius had added to the Mamertine prison of Ancus Martius, for the reception of criminals of more than ordinary guilt. It was called the Tullianum after the name of its founder. This dark and dismal prison, well known from the brief, yet vivid description of Sallust, had now its tenant, and towards it two persons were directing their steps. One was a young girl just entering upon womanhood, the other an old man, him whom we have been following through the silent streets of Rome. The girl held in her hand a small lamp, and was evidently the guide to the gloomy passage they were traversing. Her step was firm and unhesitating, and she carried the light apparently rather to guide the feet of her companion, who followed her, than her own, for she held it above her head, and rather behind her, so that its rays fell just before his face, leaving hers in darkness, while the old man, even with the aid of the light, stepped unsteadily and doubtfully. At length they reached the strong oaken door of the dungeon, and paused for a moment, for the voice of one from within was audible. He was sustaining his spirit with the memory of familiar and beloved words, and the old man, as he caught them, joined with moving lips, which gave no outward sound.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto the Lord.

"Lord hear my voice ; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

"I wait for the Lord ; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

There was a pause of a moment, and then the sounds were resumed :—

"Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my God."

The voice of the prisoner ceased, and the girl, committing the lamp to her companion, drew forth from her girdle a large key and unlocked the door, then withdrawing the bolts, they entered the chamber. The faint rays of the lamp struggling through the gloom of the prison, showed the form of a man seated on a straw pallet, and fettered, both hands and feet. At first he moved not, but the voice of his visiter quickly aroused him. "Valentinus," said the old man to the prisoner, in solemn and gentle accents, "Valentinus, my brother; the peace of the Lord be with thee."

The prisoner sprang up on his feet, the chains clanking upon his limbs as he moved forward.

"Callistus, beloved friend and mas-

ter! Is it indeed thyself? God then has blessed my efforts, and thou art safe. But tell me quickly, who has escaped beside thee?"

Callistus turned hesitatingly towards the young girl, but replied not. Valentine understood the meaning of the movement.

"Brother, thou mayest speak freely before this dear child; a light is even now arising to her out of darkness. Look at her and doubt not."

Callistus now, for the first time, bent a scrutinising look upon the maiden. She stood retiringly near the door as if ready to depart, yet loth to do so undismitted. Her arms were crossed upon her bosom with an air as meek as it was gentle. Her head was slightly inclined forward, and her thick black hair fell in long showers to her shoulders, displaying, as it parted in front, a face thin, pale, and pensive, though not unhappy; but the fixed expression of her open eyes, and the countenance slightly upturned, told the poor girl's doom—she was blind.

"Thou mayest, indeed, speak all thy mind before our good child, Nerea. She knows all that has befallen me, and by her aid it is that I have been able to communicate with thee."

"If this be so," said Callistus, "I will speak freely. Know, dear Valentinus, that the timely intelligence thou gavest to thy friends has saved them. When Calpurnius, the Prefect, sought them beyond the Esquiline Gate, he found none. Alas, I fear thou didst purchase their safety with thy own peril."

"It is even so," said the other, "but I repent it not. Calpurnius and his guard came upon me in the burial ground of the people. My intercourse with the Christians was proved, and I answered not falsely the questions of one in power, nor denied the name of Christ, and so I was haled hither, for what doom I know not."

"Alas! alas! we are at our wits' end, and in great peril; our souls are always in our hands. But say, how dost thou fare, in this sad dungeon, my Valentine?"

"God hath raised up friends to me even here, and when I had almost said the darkness should cover me, then indeed was my night turned into day. My sufferings, and it may be my patience, have found favour with the keeper of my prison, Asterius, the chief officer of the Prefect. He has eased my chains, though he cannot unloose them,

and supplied my bodily wants, though he may not remove me from this lower dungeon. But, above all, my dear Callistus, it hath pleased our Great Master to give this poor lamb to me to lead her into the fold: her ears have greedily drunk in the divine truth, and God hath given her a soul of light within her darkened body. Is it not so, dear Nerea, tell the good Bishop Callistus, my child."

The girl moved reverently forward as she heard the holy title of the stranger, and sinking down on her knees, at the spot whence she heard his voice, said very gently yet fervently—

"It is indeed so. Venerable father, and thou my dear teacher, pray for me."

"She is a catechumen," said Valentine, "and earnestly desires fuller admission into the Church, I will answer for her; and at a fitting time, I would that she receive the rite of baptism at thy hands. Meantime, I beseech thee to perform that ceremony which our Church designs should teach catechumens to confess their sins and to review their consciences."

Deeply moved, Callistus said, "Be it even so, brother."

Then he stooped down, and taking up a portion of the damp clay from the floor of the dungeon, and, according to the custom of the early Christians, he touched her eyes with it, and laying his hands solemnly upon the head of the still kneeling girl, said:—

"The Lord enlighten thee, my daughter! And now leave us for a season. We have that to speak of, that must be discussed in private: and thou, too, shouldst retire and meditate in secret upon the ceremony which has admitted thee into the higher state of catechumens."

Then the girl rose from her knees and departed.

Long and earnest converse did the two Christian men hold during that lonely night. The prospects of the persecuted Church of Christ occupied the hearts of these faithful and courageous men, and the imminent peril of the one, and the uncertain, and scarce less perilous state of the other, were well nigh forgotten in their deeper anxiety for the welfare of the dispersed and afflicted band amongst which they had both so recently communed and worshipped. The hours passed sadly and silently by whilst they were thus oc-

cupied. At length, Nerea's low knock was heard at the door, and she came in and warned them of the danger to which Callistus's longer tarrying would expose them. And so the venerable bishop arose and embraced Valentinus, then blessing them both, he resigned himself once more to the guidance of

the sightless girl, and left the dungeon. The moon had long set, and the grey cold light of morning was dawning along the summit of the Esquiline Hill, when Callistus made his way towards the country through the Suburra and the gardens of Mæcenas.

CHAPTER III.

Ἀμὴν γὰρ λέγω ὑμῖν, εἰν ἔχητε πίστιν ὡς κόκκον σιναπίδος, ἔρεϊτε τῷ ὄρει τούτῳ· Μετὰ θῆτι ἐνταῦθα ἐκί, καὶ μεταρθεταί· καὶ οὐδὲν ἀδυνατήσει ὑμῖν.—Matt. xvii. 20.

THE sun had set cloudlessly on the day succeeding the night in which Callistus and Valentinus held their conference. As his last rays fell upon the city, ere he sank beneath the Janiculum, they lit up the winding course of the yellow Tiber, the mausoleum and circus of Adrian, and the imperial gardens lying at the foot of the Vatican Hill; then leaving these in twilight, the golden flush spread along the horizon, touching the lofty ridge of western hills along their summits, and throwing out against the clear sky the grey ruins of the Arx Janiculensis, the most ancient fortress of Rome, built by Ancus Martius, to protect the river from the depredations of Etruscan pirates. Night quickly followed upon the still short twilight, and the light, scant and dim even at noon, which struggled into the dungeon of the Tullianum, through the single small opening high up near the roof, had become fainter and fainter to the eye of the solitary watcher, till, at length, it vanished altogether, leaving him in utter darkness. He was not, however, left much longer to his solitary meditations. The bars of his prison door were shot back, then it was softly opened; and Nerea's lamp again illuminated his darkness. The girl bore in one hand the lamp, in the other, a basket containing a small flask of wine, some fruit, and a loaf of fine bread, and moving with unerring foot to the low stool which stood by the wall she placed them upon it.

"Dear master," said she, turning her face in the direction where the clank of the fetters told her Valentine was sitting; "pardon me that I am somewhat late this evening. I tarried not willingly, but of constraint; but now I bring you somewhat to refresh you. Ah! that I dared do more for your comfort!"

"My ever kind and good child, thou hast procured me all that is needful; what my great Master and his blessed

Apostles often wanted. Truly God has sent thee to minister strength to my body, as his holy angels are ever about me to sustain my soul when it faints and is distrustful. God will surely bless thee, who ministerest thus even to the unworthiest of His servants."

The maiden took the hand which the priest had laid kindly upon her head, and carrying it to her lips, kissed it with reverend gentleness ere she released it. After a moment she put her hand into the folds of her vesture, and drawing forth a few flowers, she said:—

"Dear father, I have brought you the earliest violets of Rome. I plucked them this morning on a bank beyond the Tiber; their fragrance caught my senses, as I wandered in the fresh dawn, after I left thee last."

The priest took the flowers, and rubbed them in his hands; then inhaling their odour, said:—

"Now, dear Nerea, are they not doubly sweet? As the broken spirit is the sacrifice that God best loveth, so is the odour of the crushed flowers sweetest to the sense. Our Heathen wise men exhort us to be patient in tribulation; but the wisdom that cometh from above teacheth us to rejoice in it. Is not this a gracious revelation that shows us how to extract joy from sorrow, as our old fable tells of one who turned every thing he touched into gold?"

"I know already," said the girl solemnly and sadly, "that sorrow and privation teach us patience. When I wander with my companions in the gardens, beyond the Tiber, and hear their joyous exclamations at the beautiful hues of flowers, the green of the fields, and the golden light of the sun, I understand them not, save that those hues must be sweet as the scent of flowers and herbs, and the light of the sun like the song of birds. Ah! well do I remember when with a young playmate I first sat by the side of a fountain, and she laughed out gleefully,

and cried — 'See, see, Nerea; oh, beautiful! there art thou and I in the fountain, dancing and glittering, like Naiades.' Then said I—

" 'Nay, thou art mocking me, Glycera. We are both here together on the bank, and yet thou sayest we are in the water. It cannot be, silly one.'

"But she persisted, and said—'It is even as I say, Nerea.'

"Then was I angry; and I thrust my hand into the fountain, and I felt nought but the fleeting waters, that moved to my touch; and I said—'Now know I of a surety that thou deceivest me.' But others of our playmates came up, and Glycera asked them was it not so; and they said, indeed it was. But one whispered softly, yet not so softly as to escape my ear—'Hush, Glycera, thou dost forget Nerea is blind.' Then I felt what it was to be blind; and I wept sore that night when alone in my chamber. By degrees I grew tranquil; and I sported again with my companions, and learned to believe that the world had many lovely things which I could never know, and to bear my fate with patience. Ah! will the time come, dear teacher, when I shall learn to rejoice in my afflictions, as thou sayest a Christian ought?"

"Even so, my Nerea, will it yet be, I trust, that thou shalt say 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' I have prayed for thee without ceasing, through the watches of the night, my daughter; and it may be that I shall find favour with the Lord, and that thou shalt taste and see how gracious God is. But thou must have faith, and I, too—I to work, and thou to believe in the name of him through whom I work."

The priest arose, and stood for some moments buried in profound contemplation. At length he said—

"And now, daughter, leave me for a season; I would be alone: and take again with thee the fruit and wine, for this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. When it is midnight come to me again."

The girl did as Valentinus desired her, and passing from the prison, he

was again left alone. How the priest was occupied during the hours that intervened, we may not say, for none have recorded it. That he spent the time in earnest prayer and holy meditation, it may be well believed, for when Nerea again sought the cell at midnight, she found Valentine on his knees beside his couch of straw, absorbed and motionless. Neither the drawing of the bolts, nor the grating of the door, had touched his senses, or roused him from his ecstatic reverie. When at length he arose from his kneeling posture, the face of the priest shone with a heavenly lustre of one who had been in communion with his great spiritual Master. Then he took from his bosom a parchment roll, wherein were recorded, by the Holy Evangelists, the things which Jesus had done when on Earth. And he sat down on his pallet, and the girl on the low stool before him, and he read to her how Christ had opened the eyes of the blind Bartimeus, and had given sight to the man who was blind from his birth, and whom he sent to wash in the pool of Siloam. And the saint discoursed long and ardently to the listening girl, opening the mysteries of the wondrous faith, for which he had forsaken all that earth holds dear, and was even then willingly in bonds and imprisonment. Hours passed thus in exhortation, mingled with prayer and words of comfort. And now Valentine paused, and once again his spirit was wrapt in divine communion. Then he arose and stood up, and the girl knelt down—and he cried, "Oh Lord my God, let this child receive her bodily sight, as thou hast shed thy light upon her spirit." The dim lamp shed its flickering rays upon the upturned face of the maiden, as she fixed her sightless orbs, suffused with tears on the saint. Then he touched her eyes and said, "According to thy faith be it unto thee." A shudder passed over the pallid features of the excited and awe-touched girl, when lo! the light of the lamp sank in the exhausted vessel, and they were left in darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

"Bottom.—Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything right as it fell out.

"Quince.—Let us hear, sweet Bottom."—*Shakespeare.*

It was about the hour of noon, on the day following the events we have last

recorded. The Forum Romanum was thronged, as usual, with crowds of

inhabitants, some hurrying to and fro on their various avocations, some entering the different temples, some pacing the arched porticoes. Here were groups of merchants, there knots of idlers retailing the news of the day, discussing the merits of a popular orator, or criticising the newest play or poem, while in another place might be seen venders of goods displaying their wares. Upon the steps of the Comitium, half a dozen persons were collected in earnest conversation, and their number was constantly augmented by loiterers, who were attracted to the spot by the gesticulations of the speakers. A spruce little barber was engaged in an animated discussion with a burly soldier, while the crowd gathered around them, listening with wondering attention."

"I tell thee, Thraso," said the little man, "it is no fable, but as true as that I am Fabius the barber of the Suburra. I had it from one whom I shaved this morning, and who had it from Drusus the slave of Asterius."

"Thou hast too many vouchers for thy story, good Fabius," said the soldier. "Hast thou seen it with thine own eyes, instead of through the tongues of so many, I might make shift to believe thee. *Credat Judeus, say I.*"

"Hear him now, my masters," said the little barber, appealing to the bystanders. "Those men of war are no better than infidels. They will scarce believe in Jupiter, unless they see him brandishing his thunderbolt."

"What is this marvellous news, good tonsor?" said one who had just come up to the group. "I am but just come from the country and would fain learn what is stirring."

"Worshipful Lysippus," replied the barber with an obeisance, "thou shalt hear it on the instant, and judge if I have not good warrant for what I relate. By Castor and Pollux," he continued, eyeing the soldier askance in the confidence of being under the protection of one of his best customers, "he is no true man who doubts the word of an honest citizen."

A shout of laughter from the crowd followed the sally of the valiant barber, while one of his neighbours slapped him on the back, crying,

"Well said, brave Fabius. Habet; thou hast given the soldier a home thrust. By Bacchus I will stand a

flask of Sicilian wine that thou hast the best of it. The shears against the sword any day.

"Peace, friends," said Lysippus, "and let us hear the story."

"Well then," said the barber, "you must know that as I shaved a certain personage this morning, an honourable gentleman and a notary of fair report as any in the city, he asked me, as is usual, what was the news, whereupon I replied I had not as yet had any, for it was early. Nay then, said he, thou hast not heard——"

"Oh, Venus! have done with thy babbling. To the point, friend, in the name of Jupiter."

"Well then, in brief, the notary told, me that Drusus told him, that the daughter of Asterius, thou knowest poor Nerea, the blind girl, had got her sight by the favour of I know not which of the gods, and can now see as well as you or I."

"Papa!" cried Lysippus, "a marvel truly. Why the maid was blind from her birth. Good Fabius, I fear the notary has been putting a jest on thee. Away, man, and mind thy stall, or thou mayest get into the hands of the Prefect, and scarce come off with a dose of hellebore."

"Who is right now, my masters?" said Thraso, exultingly. "Come, Sime, and pay me that flask of Sicilian, thou hast lost it fairly."

The laugh was now turned relentlessly against the little tonsor. He slunk away discomfited and grumbling; the group dispersed, and each one joined some other party, to loiter or to labour, as their tastes or duties dictated.

But the tale of the barber fell not altogether upon unfruitful soil. There are few stories that will not gain credence with some one. By degrees the rumour spread through other channels, and gained confirmation from quarters more faith-worthy than a loquacious barber of the Suburra; and ere the sun had set, the wonderful tale was noised about throughout Rome, as a fact beyond all controversy, and a matter that had been brought under the Prefect's notice.

And indeed there was good foundation for these reports. The situation which Asterius held, as the chief officer of Calpurnius, the Prefect of the city, made concealment, if it were sought for, a matter not easily to be accom-

plished. But in truth, such did not seem to be the object of him or his family. The father loved his child tenderly, for she was an only one, and motherless, and that tenderness was infinitely augmented by the poor girl's calamity. Her blindness, while it made her an object of solicitude and dependence to her parent, increased his love by keeping her constantly in his thoughts, and much in his presence, and the devotion with which she returned his care, added to the gentle and almost cheerful patience with which she endured her privations, served to draw more closely around the heart of the father those bonds of affection which nature had originally tied with no weak hand. Nerea, as she grew up, was able, in some sort, to repay the kindness of her parent. She had learned to traverse the Mamertine prison, and to aid her father in his custody. She knew each cell, and could reach it with speed and certainty in the hours of darkness, and though her nature was sensitive, yet was it kind and compassionate, and so she took a deep interest, if not a pleasure, in visiting the cells and supplying comforts to its inmates, as far as the prison discipline would allow. Nerea was, therefore, well known in her own locality, and when at early morning, or eventide, she passed towards the Palatine Bridge, on her way to the gardens on the further side of the Tiber, or even, on rare occasions, ventured along the Forum, there was always sure to be a ready hand to remove from her path any casual obstruction. Many a commiserating and respectful look was turned on her, and many a kind greeting was offered to the blind girl of the Mamertine.

When Valentine was thrown into the Mamertine prison, which was some weeks previous to the visit of Callistus, Nerea's occupation brought her acquainted with him. His resignation under his trial quickly interested the girl in no ordinary degree. Her kind and compassionate attention to him excited on his part a corresponding interest in her. And the Christian found, unexpectedly, that Providence had afforded him, even in his dungeon, an opportunity of preaching the faith for which he was then in bonds, that occupied his mind and alleviated his sorrow. By degrees he opened to her the sublime truths of his religion, and in his auditors he found a willing dis-

ciple. The infirmity of the poor girl, while it shut her out, in a great measure, from the contemplation of sensible objects, left her mind free for the reception of the things that lie beyond and above the senses. And so, from day to day, she listened to the disclosure of the unseen realities of spiritual life, and her soul meditated upon them in the hours of bodily darkness which was ever present to her. Thus it was that when, by her assistance, a sure message was conveyed to the Christian band, which was then suffering from the recently revived persecution in Rome, and that Callistus visited the cell of Valentine, she had so far advanced in the knowledge and belief of the true faith, as to be accounted fit for the ceremony of imposition of hands and anointing of the eyes, which the Bishop, on the assurance of her catechist, had administered.

Who shall describe the sensations of awe and amazement, of delight and holy thankfulness, which agitated the soul of the once blind maiden, when the light of day, beaming upon her eyes, disclosed to them the innumerable wonders of the fair world around her? Who shall tell the joy of her father's heart at the marvellous and to him scarce credible event. Weeping upon the bosom of her parent all was told. Asterius hastened to the cell, and poured forth his gratitude in disordered words. And Valentine lost not the opportunity which the occasion offered. In profound and humble adoration, the saint first poured out his heart before the Father of light and life, and then directed the agitated heart of his keeper to the knowledge of him by whose power the miracle was wrought. And then the young maid silently joined them, and the three remained together for many hours, the priest teaching, the parent and child listening. So the work of conversion went on, and two more souls were added to the Church of Christ.

Meantime the strange event was noised abroad, first in vague and conflicting rumours, and then more circumstantially, till at length the fame of it reached the ears of the Prefect of the city. The jurisdiction of that officer was, at the time we write of, most comprehensive, embracing not only matters of police, but almost every civil and criminal case. Duty cast upon him the investigation of the re-

port. A rigid inquiry followed, which resulted in the establishing of the fact and the manner in which it had taken place. It was too momentous, both as regarded the religion of the state and the position of the Christian, to be dealt with by the Prefect, and the magistrate referred without delay to the Emperor Claudius an occurrence which he deemed involving the crime of sorcery. Asterius and Nerea were summoned to the presence of the Emperor. Proof of the fact was easy, for many were there who could attest that she who tranquilly, almost fearlessly, raised her mild, intelligent eyes to

look on Claudius, was indeed the blind daughter of the keeper of the Mamertine. But proof was needed not: father and daughter avowed the fact, and declared that they, too, were Christians. The double crime of being disciples of the false religion, and implicated in practices of forbidden arts and sorcery, was established against Valentine, Asterius, and Nerea. The former was condemned to death, and the two latter were removed and cast, fettered, into the prison, where they had so often tended others, and ministered to the comforts of the suffering.

CHAPTER V.

"*Effundam super vos aquam mundam, et mundabimini ab omnibus iniquitatibus vestris, et ab idolis vestris mundabo vos.*"—*Ezek. xxxvi. 25.*

MORNING dawned upon the Imperial City, and the rays of the sun shone down upon the palaces of the Cæsars, the domes of temples, and the summits of triumphal arches and lofty columns. It was the 16th day of the kalends of March, being, according to our computation of time, the 14th of February. As the rays of day penetrated through the opening high up in the wall of the Tullianum, it diffused through the dungeon a dim and partial twilight, which fell upon the figures of four persons. With three of these we are already familiar. Valentine lay in profound meditation on his pallet, and near him were seated, also in bonds, Asterius and his daughter Nerea; the fourth wore the garb of a soldier of the Prefect's guard, the watch who had been set on the prisoners during the night, but as he turned his face the light fell upon the features and revealed those of Callistus. Through the agency of some friends of Asterius, the Bishop had contrived to assume the dress and take the place of the soldier whose duty it was during that night to keep watch upon the prisoners within the cell, and thus was he enabled to minister comfort and spiritual consolation to them during this time of sore trial, and for the last time to partake of the sacred elements with Valentine. And now Callistus advanced towards Valentine, and, touching him with his hand, said—

"Brother, I may not tarry much longer; the light of morning is growing strong, and the watch will soon come to relieve me."

Valentine arose and answered, "It is, indeed, even as thou sayest, and

my time draws nigh. I am now ready to be offered up. Shall I not rejoice that I am accounted worthy to suffer, even as did our beloved Paul, who lay in chains and darkness in this very dungeon where we now are?"

"Is there, then, no hope of escape?" said Asterius, "Hast thou conveyed my message and the ring to him whom I mentioned, O Callistus?"

"I have so done," replied the Bishop, "but hope of aid in that quarter is vain; the Emperor may not be interfered with on this point."

"Yet is there one other chance of life left for Valentine. Say thou wilt permit it. Ah, will not I and mine joyfully peril life and limb for him who has given me and my Nerea light and life!"

The Bishop shook his head dissentingly, but Valentine arose, and said almost sternly:—

"Is this, then, Asterius, the fruit that thou bearest of my teaching? Would'st thou violate the law, and oppose thyself to the powers that are set over us? Surely I have shown thee that they are ordained of God, and that obedience to them in all things that God permits them to enforce is the Christian's duty. Grieve my spirit no more with such thoughts, but let the few moments that remain for us to pass together be employed to a better purpose. Father," he continued, turning towards Callistus, "what hinders that these should be baptised? I have already instructed them thereunto, and I would the more joyfully leave this earthly tabernacle, knowing that these my children in the Lord had received

the gift and grace, and that in the day when He maketh up his jewels, they, too, may be His."

"I will do thy desire in this matter, dear brother," answered the Bishop. "I may the more safely dispense with the longer probation which the Church in ordinary cases wisely directs, seeing that the hand of God hath visibly worked in their case, and also that they are themselves in peril of their lives, and a more convenient opportunity may never arise."

Saying this, the good Bishop took the vase of water which stood beside the pallet, and, pouring forth some of it into the drinking cup, prepared himself for the solemn rite. Meantime, Asterius and Nerea, having been previously instructed by Valentine as to their deportment and duty, stood forward before the Bishop, turning their faces towards the west, and stretching out their fettered hands, each in turn said—"I renounce Satan and his works, and his pomps, and his service, and his angels, and his inventions, and all things that belong to him or are subject to him." Then they struck their hands together, to denote more emphatically by gesture their abhorrence of their great spiritual adversary. After this renunciation came the vow or covenant of obedience to their new Master. As in the former ceremony, the early Christians turned towards the west as the region of darkness, whose power they renounced; so in this they changed their position, facing the east, the region of light, the place of the rising sun, which was the type of the Sun of Righteousness whom they now sought, and, by this change, symbolising their turning from darkness to light—from Satan to Christ. Thus turning, and with hands and eyes lifted up to Heaven, the parent and

child made their profession in the appointed words—"I give myself up to thee, O Christ, to be governed by thy laws." Then Callistus put to them several questions with regard to their belief in the summary of faith contained in the creed, which, when they had answered, he took the water, and making over it the sign of the cross, consecrated it by the prayer used in the liturgy of the ancient Church. After this he divested them of their garments, so far as their bonds would permit, and performed the right of baptism by aspersion, or sprinkling, which was, on extraordinary occasions, then allowed to be substituted for the more general practice of immersion, and signing their foreheads thrice with the sign of the cross in the name of the Persons of the Trinity, he admitted them into the visible Church of Christ. The sacrament was scarce administered, when the measured tread of feet without the door warned those in the prison that the time for relieving the watch had arrived. Callistus, lifting up his hands, bestowed on the three the benediction which was given to Christians, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee and bless thee." Then he flung himself upon the neck of Valentine, and cried, "Alas! my brother, the Lord support thee." Then said Valentine, "Surely I know He will; but weep not for me, for I feel to die is gain." Upon this the clank of the opening door was heard, and Callistus said softly, "The Lord keep thee in all thy ways; assuredly I will be near thee at the last." Then, placing on his head the helmet, and concealing his person in the folds of his robe, advanced to the entrance of the prison, and passed forth.

CHAPTER VI.

"Pro corona non marcenti
Perfer brevis vim tormenti
Te manet victoria.
Tibi fiet mors, natalis—
Tibi poma terminalis
Dat vitæ primordia."

Adam St. Victor.

THE dawn of morning had brightened into broad daylight, Rome had shaken off her night sleep, and life was again astir in her. By degrees the busy crowds were again pouring into the streets; the forums began to fill with

occupants; the wagons were entering the city from the country, and the bustle of daily traffic was once more resumed. Groups of persons began insensibly to congregate about the Arch of Septimius Severus, and the

Temples of Concord and Jupiter Tonans, that celebrated locality from which so many of Rome's greatest orators had addressed admiring thousands. It was manifest, from the expectant looks of the people, and the disposition to take up their positions upon the highest steps they could attain, that some spectacle had drawn them together. Every favourable spot for observation was now occupied by dense masses of people, when a little man came hurriedly up to the semicircular esplanade, which was raised in front of the Temple of Jupiter, forming the area where the rostra were placed. Touching the foot of a man who stood above him on the platform, the new-arrived addressed him in a breathless tone.

"I beseech thee, by all the gods, dear Simo, give me thine hand that I may climb up beside thee."

"Impossible, Fabius," said he who was thus earnestly entreated. Were I to stoop down to aid thee, I would lose my balance, and fall from my place; besides, there is not room here for a lizard."

"Nay, but indeed thou must not desert me in this strait, Simo. I will not take much space, thou knowest, and I promise thee we shall have a cup of wine together when all is over. I will repay thee that thou lost to Thraso the other day, and with usance." This last argument was not without effect. Simo made shift to give the barber his hand, and with some difficulty and disturbance of his neighbours at both sides, who did not fail to vent their annoyance in that choice phraseology in which the Roman populace were adepts, the little man was hoisted up by the side of his friend.

"How happens it, Fabius, that thou art so late to-day? It is not thy wont to be the last where ought is to be seen or heard."

"Thou sayest true, Simo. I was just stepping out of my shop, a good half hour since, when one who would not be denied entered, and sitting down, forced me to shave his beard. But hast seen aught yet?"

"Nothing: but tell me, what knowest thou of this matter?"

"What know I? Much, my masters," for the little barber always made it a point to address himself to every one within hearing. "This Valentinus is one of the most obstinate of this Jewish sect, and, like his creed, bears no

loyalty to Caesar, or love to the gods. Not only did he refuse to do sacrifice to the gods, but he blasphemed and contemned them, and averred there was no God but he who raised the insurrection in Judea at the time of our Emperor Tiberius."

"They are truly an arrogant sect, and disturbers of public tranquillity withal," said one of the group. "Ay," responded another, "'tis a malignant superstition; they hate mankind, and practise in secret loathsome rites. I have heard that they partake of Thylestean feasts, devouring young children and drinking their blood."

"But you have not yet heard the strangest piece of this fellow's audacity," resumed the barber; "you all know, doubtless, how that it pleased the gods to give sight to the blind girl, Nereia, when she was lately praying in the Temple of the goddess Fortuna, hard by. Well, this Valentinus, hearing of the miracle, gives out that it was he wrought it through the power of his God. And he hath so bewitched the girl with his spells and potions, that she would not gainsay him, though it is alleged there were many witnesses present in the Temple when she was cured."

"Hush," cried Simo, "here comes the Prefect's guard, they will pass us presently."

As he spoke the eyes of all were turned in the direction in which he pointed. A strong guard of soldiers were seen moving eastward from the neighbourhood of the Mamertine prison. Presently they reached the spot where Fabius and his auditors were collected. In the midst of the company of soldiers walked one on whom all eyes were fixed. A man about the prime of life, and of the middle stature. His bared head was erect, and the brown hair fell adown it in light curls; his full blue eyes were turned slightly towards heaven, as in contemplation of things beyond the earth. Full of sweetness and love was his whole countenance, and there played around it a soft and almost radiant expression, which resembled less a smile than the influence of some rapturous feeling. Firmly and calmly he walked along, and when the shouts and revilings of the brutal populace from time to time assailed him, he looked up at his persecutors with unperturbed eyes, that had more of pity than of anger in their placid survey.

Such was Valentine, the Christian priest, who, by the sentence of the Emperor, was now led forth to his execution. The band of soldiers, with their prisoner, moved slowly onwards through the crowds that pressed upon them on every side, and winding along the south-eastern base of the Capitoline Hill, they passed the forums of Augustus Nerva and Trajan, and through the ancient wall of the city, built by Servius Tullius, into the Flaminian Way. The populace in the forums, as soon as the party had passed, rushed forward by various ways, through the Campus Martius, to gain the Flaminian Gate, and the whole of that long road, which now forms the magnificent street of the Corso, was lined with a dense mass of human beings, as Valentine and his guards passed along. At length they reached the gate in the walls of Honorius and Valerian, which then formed the northern boundary of the city, and passed into the open space beyond it. Here was the spot upon which preparation had been made for carrying into execution the sentence against the Christian. Being placed in the midst, the Prefect of the city came forward, and, for the last time, put to him the question which was to decide his fate, for it was the established custom, even at the last moment, to remit the sentence, if the condemned renounced his faith and sacrificed to the gods.

"Valentinus, art thou a Christian?"

And Valentine said—"I am."

Then the Prefect again addressed him, and said:—

"Wilt thou renounce Christ, and swear by the name of Cesar?—wilt thou do sacrifice to the gods?"

Whereupon Valentine replied:—
"Thy gods are the work of men's hands, and thy religion the device of their corrupt hearts. There is no god but the God whom Christians serve."

At a sign from the Prefect two men came forward, and they stripped Valentine of his outward robe, so that he stood in his tunic. At this moment an old soldier from behind touched him, and said softly:—

"Courage, Valentine. Be strong in the Lord."

The face of the priest beamed with joyful alacrity as he recognised the voice of Callistus.

"Dominus illuminatio mea," cried he, looking up. "The Lord is my light in this hour of my trial with the powers

of darkness. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help. In him have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man can do unto me."

The soldiers were then proceeding to tie a bandage around his eyes; but Valentine said gently:—

"Suffer me to depart with unmuffled sight. I would willingly look my last upon the heavens."

The men, apparently moved by his entreaty, looked towards the Prefect, who suffered his request to be granted, being contented that his hands should be bound. While this was doing, the Christian priest seemed to lose sight of the things around him, and to be absorbed wholly in spiritual contemplation. His eyes were intently fixed on the bright sky, to the eastward, and his lips moved with words which the multitude understood not. But one there was nigh at hand, who knew them, and rejoiced in the midst of the trial of his brother, as he heard these ejaculations:—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"

"In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

"Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Callistus bowed his head in resignation and hope.

"Father," sighed he, "not our will, but thine, be done."

A swaying of the multitude, and a shout, caused him to look up; and the headless and bleeding trunk of the martyr, Valentine, lay before him!

—
"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The blood of God's saints was not shed in vain on the soil of pagan Rome. Scarce a century elapsed before a Church, bearing his name, stood on the spot where Valentine had suffered; and in later time, another was erected to his memory, near the Ponte Molo; and when Christian emperors swayed the Roman sceptre, the Flaminian Way and Gate, through which the saint passed to his martyrdom,

were known as the Via and the Porta Valentiniana.

The stranger who now visits Rome may wander over the scene of our story; yet how changed its aspect and fortunes! He can enter through the magnificent gate, the "Porta del Popolo," which the genius of Canina has constructed, and pass down through the palaces that line the Corso on either side. He may wander through her forums; but he will look in vain for the living grandeur of the imperial city—

———"tra l'orbe
Cercando i grandi avanzi e le superbe
Reliquie dello splendor latino."

Her temples are prostrate; her palaces unroofed and in ruins; her arches and columns defaced and broken. All so changed that the antiquarian pauses often in doubt, amidst the lonely and

half-unburied ruins around, before he will venture to pronounce to what temple belong the still beautiful shafts that meet his eye, or fix the spot where the citizens met in their assembly, or the orators pleaded for their clients. Yet over the pagan ruins and the pagan memories rise on every side the Christian shrines. Many a cross is now planted, and many a pilgrim prays in the area of that circus which drank the blood of Christ's saints, as it flowed in rivers on its stones. And if the memory of Valentine arise to the mind, as the visiter lingers near the Roman Forum, let him turn his footsteps to the Church of San Pietro, in Carcere, and he will be shown the Mamertine prison, with some of its steps still remaining; and lower still, the cell where Paul lay in chains, and Valentine made converts.

"Well," said the Parson, laying down the paper, "what do you think of it Jonathan?"

"I protest," said I, "I am the worst judge in the world of such matters. I presume there is a great deal in it for which no authority can be adduced."

"Very likely there is," replied the Parson, "but that does not appear to me to furnish any valid objection to it. There is nothing contradictory either to history or tradition in it."

"Are you sure of that?" said I. "For instance, was not Saint Valentine a Bishop?"

"There was, no doubt, an African Bishop of that name, but he who suffered martyrdom in Rome had not attained to that rank in the Church. I admit, he is called a Bishop in some of the modern calendars, but the ancient historians of the Church, and all the martyrologies which I have been able to consult, call him simply 'Presbyter.'"

"In that case, I have nothing to say against the tale, on the score of historical correctness. Will you lend me the manuscript?"

"Certainly, but for what purpose?"

"Why, I have a friend in town on whose judgment I place great reliance. I wish to have his opinion."

"Who is that Jonathan?"

"Mr. Poplar."

"Good; but will he keep it to himself? I would not have the poor boy's composition scanned and criticised by your city literati."

"I must confess he has a most unjustifiable habit of making public anything that hits his fancy."

The Parson mused for a moment, as if undecided, at length he said:—

"Well be it so, Jonathan: send it to him, and let it take its fate. Poor Somers is now beyond the reach of earthly criticism."

And so, dear Anthony, I took the packet and commit it to your tender mercies. At all events, it will serve to remind you of me.

Ever my dear Anthony,
Lovingly thine,

JONATHAN FREER SLINGSBY.

A VALENTINE.

TO MY DAUGHTER "MURILLO," FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD.

Little darling daughter mine,
 Wilt thou be my Valentine?
 Wilt thou give to me a part
 Of thy little fluttering heart—
 Give thy laughter, without words,
 Musical as song of birds—
 Give thy twinkling fingers' play,
 And thine every sportive way—
 Give thy look of glad surprise,
 And the witchery of thine eyes—
 Give the bounding of thy feet,
 And thy liberal kisses sweet—
 Give the clapping of thy hands,
 And thy fondness for the "*grands*"—
 Give thy rapture and good-will,
 When upon the window-sill,
 For the expected feast of crumbs,
 Every morn the redbreast comes?
 These to me a-while resign;
 Be this day my Valentine.

Ah! I know the powers malign
 That prevent this wish of mine.
 Ah! I know, with fiendish mock,
 Fate doth *crow like Dick the cock*,
 And as *Toby's* roguish art
Stole the kidney, stole thy heart!
 Ah! I know your tenderest looks
 Are but given to *Mr. Hooks*;
 And that you prefer to banter,
 Now and then, with *Tam O'Shanter*,
 Or with that beauteous brown and brawny
 Leathery Indian doll, *The Tawney*.
 Than with me. *My day is o'er*:
 You *clap your hands but for Tom Moore*
 (Which I must say is rather hard,
 Seeing your father is a bard);
 And things have terribly so *gone ill*,
 You only sigh for *poor O'Connell*.
 While I am writing, I suppose
 You *put your finger to your nose*,
 And dare to look precisely *such as*
 Our old friend "*Sancho with the Duchess*."
 Well, if I'm balked in all I ask,
 Be kind, at least, to this poor task:
 Laugh at my rhyme in sportive mood,
 And *shake your head*, and say, *tis good!**

* The above recondite allusions in italics, referring merely to little Eleusinian mysteries of the nursery and parlour, like much of the wit of Aristophanes, must ever remain a puzzle to the critics.

Darling, thy mother sends to thee
 Blessings and love from her and me;
 And as to years thy brief months glide,
 Be, as thou art, our joy and pride;
 Cheer the kind hearts of *mam.* and *dad*,
 And with thy gladness make them glad.
 Fill them with hope for many a year,
 And wake the smile and chase the tear.
 As thou art now, be ever thus—
 A boon from God, to them and us.

February 14, 1851.

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.—VINDICIÆ ANGLICANÆ.*

If the degree of public attention attracted by a measure were any security for its excellence, Lord John Russell's Bill should be a model of legislative perfection. Its subject has for some months occupied a large portion of every newspaper in the kingdom; it has been considered in a lengthened parliamentary debate, and has afforded the text of no small number of published letters and pamphlets. It is not intended in these few pages to enter at large into a discussion with which, under such circumstances, most readers must be familiar, if not weary; but the small volume, of which the title is given below, is selected from the mass of these publications, as having higher claims to attention than most others, and containing matter peculiarly appropriate to the stage at which the question now stands.

The leading feature of the Papal aggression is the Pope's Bull of the 29th of September last. It assumes, by the power of the Pope, to parcel out England into dioceses, and to provide a system of Church government for the country and all its inhabitants, under his absolute control, abolishing all previous inconsistent ecclesiastical customs. Prior to this he had changed the usual course of appointing Irish Roman Catholic bishops, by nominating Dr. Cullen to the titular primacy, and since September he has issued a new Bull, creating

a new diocese in Ireland. The object of all this is stated to be to perfect the Roman Catholic Church establishment, and give it increased unity and power of action in the United Kingdom. Since Dr. Cullen's appointment he has held one synod in Ireland.

The House of Commons has, by an overwhelming majority, decided that some law is to be made to meet this aggression. Most of the speaking and writing has been as yet devoted to this first step; and in looking back upon it one cannot fail to be struck with the paucity of arguments urged against the decision to which the House has come. They were, in fact, but these two—that the measures of the Pope and their consequences were purely religious, and any restriction upon them would be an interference with that perfect religious liberty long since conceded, and indeed guaranteed, to Roman Catholics, in common with all other British subjects; and that, even if it were possible to detect in them an encroachment on the temporal power, the attack was from a potentate too insignificant as a worldly prince to affect such an empire as the British.

It was possible to argue the question on other grounds, and to have defended the Pope's Bull. This was hardly attempted in the House of Commons. There, those who wished for the progress of ultramontane opi-

* "Vindiciæ Anglicanæ.—England's Right against Papal Wrong; being an Attempt to suggest the Legislation by which it ought to be asserted. By One 'who has sworn faithfully and truly to advise the Queen.'" London: Seeleys. 1851.

nions, and an increase of power to the Roman Church, dared not admit such a desire was the true ground for their opposition. The candid avowals of Cardinal Wiseman and his sympathisers, cautious as they were, gave their friends in parliament more trouble than assistance. Without either praising the step as a well devised measure for strengthening the Roman Catholic Church, or acknowledging that the Pope had committed a blunder, it was impossible to go into its merits. This accounts for the few topics, apart from angry declamation, on which the discussion really turned.

These two topics have, no doubt, been put in every variety of form, and enforced by every possible illustration. They have little novelty. The pretext that any favourite scheme of Church aggrandizement is not to be resisted by the State because it is a matter of religious feeling, is as old as the first encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny. The power of the Pope and his Church, like that of all similar bodies, necessarily rests on the religious impressions of those whom it influences. The only mode by which any matter can be brought or kept legitimately within ecclesiastical controul, is by being dealt with as a matter of religion. It is plain, therefore, that the influence and power of the priesthood are extensive in proportion to the number and importance of those things which they can range under the category of religious matters; and the multitude of human affairs that have at various times been alleged to be within it is little to be wondered at. To oppose some of the most elementary and obvious doctrines of civil jurisprudence enunciated in the constitutions of Clarendon, was a religious duty in the days of Thomas a-Becket. To resist equally simple principles enforced by the Sicardi law is, at this hour, an exercise of piety in Piedmont. Giraldus Cambrensis, and the High Romish party of his day, branded the poor Irish as irreligious because they did not pay tithes. To pay them wounds the conscience of his successors in opinion. In the palmy days of ecclesiastical power it was a religious observance that all the personal property of a deceased intestate should go to the bishop for the good of the former owner's soul. It is little more than a year since the case of *M^cCarthy*

v. M^cCarthy, in the Irish Court of Chancery, brought before the public evidence of extortion in a convent under colour of religious duty, nearly as shocking as any similar occurrence in former times. Obedience to the Holy Office was a religious duty, and the institution and sustainment of the Inquisition became a matter of conscience. That it is the duty of parents to submit to the judgment of their clergy for the selection of their children's teachers and studies, has repeatedly been impressed on the pious. At one period education was by law, in many countries, a matter of ecclesiastical superintendence on this ground. Ireland has lately been made to ring with declamations on the danger to good Catholics of hearing a heretic medical lecturer in the Queen's Colleges. To many it is a matter of religion to abstain from particular amusements or wear a peculiar dress. In fact in the whole range of human affairs, from the most important duties of the legislature to the most insignificant of a girl's fancies—from the ruling of a nation to the pattern of a petticoat—there is nothing which may not be represented as proper to be regulated by religion alone. The Romish doctrine of the Church's supreme authority is most ingeniously adapted for using this contrivance to extend her power. Once make anything a matter of religion, and it necessarily falls within her absolute controul. It is little wonder, then, that in every struggle in which her encroachments have been resisted, or her power assailed, the same ground has been taken. In the twelfth century her opponents were branded with impiety, and their supporters panic-stricken with the terrors of spiritual crimes; in the nineteenth century her opponents are represented as religious persecutors—on precisely the same grounds.

The objection that the proposed law would interfere with religious liberty, of course assumed, in the first stage of the question, that it would be impossible to devise *any* measure to restrict the Papal encroachment, which would not do violence to the consciences of Roman Catholics; and this in the face of the almost unanimous declaration, that any measure which would really restrict religious liberty would not be supported. Throughout the discussion the advocates of the measure have steered completely clear of polemics.

Their adversaries almost contend, that whatever a man chooses to call his religion thereby becomes too sacred to be meddled with. If so, it is indeed cruel tyranny to make Quakers pay tithes, and Darbyites and other sectaries, who object to oaths and armies, pay taxes. On the inapplicability of this argument to the present question, Lord John Russell's opening statement was unanswerable. The pamphlet before us deals with this point also in a satisfactory manner.

The second general topic advanced on the same side of the question is, that the Pope is a weak sovereign, and therefore England needs not to guard against his attacks. It is not the Pope, as a petty Italian potentate, that we have to deal with. "He is the sovereign of a great confederacy of bishops and priests, spread over the whole Christian world, and whose aim is to subjugate that world to his domination." That mighty confederacy is officered and organised in every Christian country. The first object of its hostility is necessarily the opinions held by nations who reject its authority; the first object of its care, the welfare of those who sustain it. Its course must be to exalt the latter, and to depress the former. But this is not effected by the means adopted by great temporal powers. It is not by the strength of its armies, the magnitude of its wealth, or the extent of its territory, that its power is to be judged. It depends on widely different resources—on the subtle influence of the devotional feelings. To mould them to her purposes is the Church's generalship, to intensify them her economy, and to extend their limits her policy. It has always been with the least apparent temporal means that ecclesiastical influence has made the most stupendous advances. The greatest of the Popes, Gregory VII., died in exile from Rome. The life of Innocent III., who raised the papal power to its culminating point, whose anathemas brought to his feet the greatest monarchs beyond the Alps, and turned from their allegiance the most devoted of feudatories, was among the Italians one continual scene of petty intrigues and political difficulties. It was not through the Roman state that the great things of the Papedom were ever achieved. It was by arming the subject against his prince, the people against their governors, and

each nation against its neighbour. The potency of these means is to be judged by their effects. No nation in Europe was more enthusiastically patriotic than the Germans; no monarch more beloved than Frederick Barbarossa. But patriotism quailed before the phantom of superstition; loyalty waxed faint in the presence of priestcraft; and imperial Germany saw the greatest of her monarchs, the adored of her people, a suppliant before the haughty Alexander, kneeling with the Pope's foot upon his neck, if we believe the Guelphic historians. Not only the history of the house of Swabia, but the whole history of mediæval and modern Europe is full of parallel instances, evidencing the same policy. Are there no traces of it in the present dispute? What, then, mean the threats so often repeated, that no law against the Papal encroachment can be enforced in Ireland, and the hints that the great Catholic powers of Europe will be induced to use their influence with Great Britain? Do these not import that the Church of Rome, on an opportune occasion, is still ready, for its own purposes, to embroil nations or rouse a people against their government?

The very weakness of the temporal power of the Pope suggests a reason for greater caution. He is the nominee of Italian priests, and upheld by Austrian or French influence. England, from her religion, has no voice in appointing him; from her policy, no part in controlling him. So far as his power is not used for his own interest, it is necessarily liable to be the tool of those states, which are rivals and may be hostile to Great Britain.

These and similar considerations, though hitherto used to prove that something should be done, are scarcely less important in considering what that something should be. Lord John Russell's plan is now before the public. It is to the full as meagre as he promised it should be. It is strictly confined to prohibiting the assumption by the Roman Catholic Bishops of territorial titles, derived from places in Great Britain and Ireland, and enforcing that prohibition by a double sanction. It imposes a penalty on persons who assume such titles, and confiscates to the crown all property given or bequeathed to them by the forbidden names. It differs from the similar clauses in the

Roman Catholic Relief Bill merely in extending the prohibition to the use of titles not exactly corresponding with the Sees of the Established Church.

This measure, it is alleged, will suffice to prevent any powerful combination of the Romish Church, because synodical action is, by the laws of that Church, impossible without the concurrence of Bishops within their territorial sees. The whole efficacy of the statute will depend on the soundness of this view of the law of the Church. If it be unsound it is impossible to conceive anything more futile and trifling than this statute. Any particular interpretation of so intricate a matter as the canon law is, at least, but slippery foundation for legislation. The anticipation of such a measure is thus observed on by the author of *Vindiciæ Anglicanæ* :—

“What is the difference whether Cardinal Wiseman is designated as the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, or the Cardinal Archbishop at Westminster, if under either designation he assumes to be and is recognised as the duly appointed ruler over a district of our country. The prohibition of the title does not revoke the Bull; it does not alter his position; it only prevents men from calling him that which he really is. He remains here the Pope's Vicegerent, the head of a regularly constituted hierarchy, claiming to be the only Christian prelacy in this country, ignoring all other churches and orders, promulgating the law of the Papacy as the laws which Englishmen ought to obey, being, by the Pope's Bull, to all intents and purposes, Archbishop of Westminster; although it is possible for us to prevent either himself or others calling himself by that name. It is against things, and not against words, that we must legislate, against the realities that threaten our constitution, not against names by which men choose to call them. No doubt the assumption of titles of honour derived from places in her Majesty's dominion, is an incident in the transaction that does offer an insult to the Queen, as the sole fountain of honour in her realm. But if this were all, if there were no reality behind the title, we might perhaps leave it safely to its own ridicule. No one believes that this great and sensible and eminently practical community has been excited because a vain man chooses, without authority, to call himself Archbishop of Westminster,

and because other persons choose to style him so. No, it is because there is reality behind this. In fact, the title is the only unreal thing about him.”

The writer then justly observes on the ridicule inseparable from enforcing such an enactment. It embodies the greatest defects of a penal law. The thing prohibited is trifling, and the law, therefore, appears irritating and oppressive. The object of the prohibition is remote and obscure, so that no one feels the necessity of enforcing it. The law itself is most easy of evasion. At worst, the bishops have but to pay the penalties once, and so purchase the titles. Or if the Act be so worded as to make each repetition of the offence subject to a fresh penalty, it need be incurred only on some grave occasion, as the holding of a Synod, for which the bishops can make their flocks pay a few thousand pounds. On other occasions, a bishop need not use the title, yet his right to it may be recognised and all other persons may address him by it. Instead of making a bequest to “Nicholas, Archbishop of Westminster,” a testator has only to say, “to Nicholas, whom I am forbidden by Act of Parliament to call Archbishop of Westminster:” his meaning will be plain, and his will valid. But even if operative, the Act will be open to the objection, that it seems to turn a great national question into an apparent squabble for precedence between two rival Churches. It is at least dealing with the question as if it involved nothing more important. It is as open to the objection of being irritating and oppressive to Roman Catholics, being a measure of state propagandism, or any other invidious form in which the argument against restrictions on religious liberty can be put, as if it were really the most stringent and effective of measures.

The plan proposed by the author of *Vindiciæ Anglicanæ* is worth contrasting with this. It is simply to declare and enforce by statutable sanctions the admitted principle of the common law of England, that no subject is at liberty to accept any office, dignity, or title, from any foreign power, without the license of the sovereign of Great Britain. The principle is one as old as our common law.* It has been en-

* See on this subject also a well-written pamphlet, entitled “Reasons why the ancient Laws and Constitution of England should not be changed by or for a foreign Potentate. By Eleutherius.” J. McGlashan, Dublin; J. Ridgway, London. 1850.

forced by statutes in Papal times. The older statutes of præmunire, passed long prior to the Reformation, are all in affirmation of it. A prosecution on one of these Acts, passed in the reign of Richard II., was successfully maintained in the reign of James I., against a priest of the name of Lator; and the case is reported by Sir John Davis, the then Attorney-General, who prosecuted. But the difficulties in the way of such a conviction now, and which are summarily pointed out in this pamphlet, are great; so great, that it is generally understood that they have deterred the law officers of the crown from advising such a prosecution. These laws have been suffered so long to slumber, only because there was no occasion for their practical enforcement; now that there is such an occasion, it is more proper that an authoritative direction for their enforcement should be given by the legislature. The outline of an Act embodying this principle is given in this pamphlet. It is simple and practical, and has this great advantage—that it would create no new offence and impose no new disability beyond what was recognised and established ages ago, in Roman Catholic times, and what we find in a greater or less degree established in almost every Roman Catholic country in Europe. This is clearly made out, though the details which establish it are too long to extract in this brief notice. To such a measure it would be vain to object, that it is a restriction on the religious liberty of Roman Catholics, unless it could be maintained that their Church is to be more unrestricted in a Protestant than in a Popish state. Such a measure would remedy effectually the evils which it is at best but *hoped* the ministerial plan will have power to counteract. Its object would be plain and intelligible, to bring all orders and degrees of men within the realm into subjection and allegiance to the State.

Among the evil results of a completely organised and uncontrolled Roman episcopacy, is the power to introduce the canon law of Rome into the kingdom. Of course its introduction with the aid of the civil power is out of the question; but by the synodical action of the Romish hierarchy it may be adopted, and so made binding on the consciences of pious Catholics. When so introduced, it can be enforced by all the means which the Roman Ca-

tholic clergy have at their controul—by the terrors of another world, by the obloquy attendant on irreligion and impiety, by denial of absolution, and by all its consequences, the denial of the sacraments, excluding the offender from even the right of marriage. This law is a compound of tyranny and bigotry, intolerance and persecution, which is hardly credible. The well-known Bull of “*Cœna Domini*” is a portion of it. This Bull excommunicates and curses not only all Protestants, but all persons who bring ecclesiastics before temporal courts or levy taxes upon them, and contains many similar provisions. The power of adopting the whole or any part of the code of which this is a specimen, and of enforcing it by such awful sanctions, is what is about to be intrusted to the nominees of a foreign ecclesiastic, without the slightest controul from the State.

Various authorities are cited in this pamphlet for the existence of such a power, which indeed was announced by Cardinal Wiseman himself, as existing in a territorial hierarchy, with or without names. In observing on the effect of this, in reference to the above-mentioned Bull, the writer says:—

“It is scarcely necessary to say that any man who would really and from his heart, receive that decretal as binding upon him, could not be loyal to the Queen whom it excommunicates, and the government which it curses. Yet the law of his Church tells every Roman Catholic that it rests in the discretion of the new hierarchy to make that very decretal binding—to place him in such a position that he must regard the Queen as accurst from God, and the whole framework of our constitution, our civil and our ecclesiastical polity, as under the ban of the Almighty. In all those points in which it regulates his own conduct he must obey. He is forbidden to appeal to British law, either in its criminal or its civil courts, against a wrong inflicted upon him by a Roman Catholic priest; if he disobeys this injunction, the penalty is provided by the decretal. No bishop or priest in England can give him absolution.”

The result of the doctrine is thus summed up:—

“Without the canon law, Roman Catholicism is a religion; with it, is a polity. It is this which establishes it as a secular tyranny, and converts the Chris-

tian priesthood into a feudal system, of which the people are the serfs, the bishops the vassals, and the Pope the supreme and absolute lord. It is to introduce this canon law that we are told a hierarchy is necessary. It is not for the sake of title, and rank, and influence, that the Pope has given to England its Cardinal Archbishop and its Bishops of sees. No, all this is but the means to an end—that end the imposition upon the country of the canon law. Bishops, indeed, are essential to the purposes of religion; bishops, with territorial jurisdiction, to the purposes of the ambition of the Pope. A priest, under a vicar-apostolic, instructs his flock by the general principles of his faith; a priest, under a territorial bishop, by the rules of the canon law of Popes."

This reasoning is enforced by the citation of instances, in which almost every country in Europe has at various times enacted rigorous laws to prevent or restrain the introduction of a code so pregnant with the elements of destruction to every well organised civil polity. Volumes might be filled with the dissension and bloodshed which the consequent struggles have too often caused in countries where the clergy were sufficiently powerful and Romanised, or, as it would be now called, ultramontane, to resist. The danger that the attempt may be made to introduce, on a fitting opportunity, even into England, some of the mischievous dogmas of these Church-exalting decretals and intolerant councils, is no chimæra.

In noticing the plan proposed by this pamphlet, as one capable of being practically worked and to be favourably contrasted with the Government scheme, it would be unjust to withhold all praise from the latter. In a measure of such difficulty, it would be plainly impossible to satisfy all parties; and for one feature of the measure, at least, Lord John Russell deserves the sincere gratitude of every Irishman. He has not yet yielded to the insidious suggestion of handing us over, at this side of the channel, as the redemption money to purchase England from the Popedom. He has manfully and consistently resisted even the great temptation held out in the reiterated assertion, that the law may be easy of enforcement in England, but will embarrass the Government here. He has boldly faced the taunts of inconsistency and the mortifications to which the

pages of Hansard necessarily expose him. He has done so for a noble object. If resistance to Papal aggression is required in England, it is ten-fold more requisite here. Every insult offered to the sovereignty of the nation, every assumption of independent power on the part of the Pope, that has called for legislation there, has been repeated here. Nay, the act of Pius IX., in parcelling out England, was mild compared to the defiant tone adopted in reference to Ireland. The great organ of the Papal party, the *Univers*, thus announced the creation of the Roman Catholic bishopric of Ross:—

"Protestant England refuses the right to the Sovereign Pontiff of erecting episcopal sees and of naming Bishops in the direction of the British Empire. Is it aware how the Holy See replies to the denials of heresy, to the clamour and threats of English Protestantism? Precisely by using the right and exercising the authority which is denied to her. Here is a new subject of irritation for Anglicanism. . . . The Church does not discuss its rights with those who contend against it. It proves them by exercising them!"

The utmost the Pope has yet done in England is to insult the nation with the bombastic tone of his Bull. He affects ignorance of her religion, and assuming to provide for her spiritual wants, has done so by a machinery which *may* prove dangerous hereafter, but as yet has offended nothing but the national pride. All the same causes of complaint he has given in Ireland; but with much more in addition. What is feared may be mischievous in England, the synodical action of the clergy, has been already put in operation in Ireland. A Synod has already condemned the plans devised by the wisdom of the legislature for the education of the Irish people. It has done more. With the policy habitual to the Church which it represented, it has, while affecting to deal with matters of religion, insidiously introduced the most complicated and difficult question of Irish politics, and lent its aid to embroil still more the relation of landlord and tenant. Nay, if report speaks truly, the highest functionary at that Synod, Dr. Cullen, has not taken and is not about to take any oath of allegiance to the Sovereign of

these kingdoms. These are significant indications of a struggle to make clerical power again felt in the State—signs of the spirit of Dunstan or Beckett. In England aggression is counteracted by the overwhelming preponderance of a Protestant population, and is comparatively powerless from the small numbers on whom ecclesiastical influence can be brought to bear. In Ireland the numbers subject to such influence are not only vastly greater, but probably more servilely subject to it, and the counterpoise is proportionably weaker. If measures of resistance or protection be necessary for England, how much more so for Ireland! If Ireland has been “a difficulty” to English statesmen, principally through the political influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, what will that difficulty become, if their influence is, without interference, to be worked under a system of greater magnitude, and with a more perfect organization; nay, if the legislature even now affirm the assertion, that priestly power in Ireland is such that the British Parliament dares not interfere with it?

This is not a question between two rival religions. It is a question of national rights, and the grounds on which it ought to be discussed are as applicable to Roman Catholic as Protestant countries. But every effort has been and is being made in Ireland to give it a sectarian and polemical colour. It is deeply to be regretted, that at a period when all classes of Irishmen

were so zealously co-operating in national objects, such an apple of discord should be thrown by the Pope and his clergy among them; but if the measure to be adopted be, as there is every prospect it will be, one purely defensive, and directed solely to the political consequences of the Pope's measure, the injustice and impolicy of excluding Ireland from its provisions is too obvious to yield to vapouring declamation, even though so doing should smooth the path of ministers; nay, though it should be thought the dexterous move of party tactics on which the existence of a ministry turned.

These cursory remarks cannot be more appropriately closed than by an extract from the pen of the most gifted, and certainly not the least zealous, of Irish Roman Catholics—Thomas Moore. In a letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin, written in 1810, quoted in the pamphlet by Eleutherius, before referred to, he wrote thus:—

“The Catholics of England seem to feel upon the subject as they ought, and by the readiness they have shewn to exchange the Rescripts and Bulls of Rome for the blessings of a free constitution, they prove themselves worthy descendants of those founders of British liberty, who, with all their reverence for the spiritual authority of the Pope, thought freedom too delicate a treasure to be exposed unnecessarily to his influence, and, accordingly, sheltered it round with provisors and præmunire, like that fenced-in pillar at Delphi, which not even priests might touch.”

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VOL. XXXVII.

MAJOR HERBERT EDWARDES'S YEAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER.*

THE present age is pre-eminently the age of military writers. In the days of Cincinnatus, when the campaign was over, the laurelled soldier subsided again into the country gentleman; he exchanged his weapons of war for the ploughshare or the reaping-hook, and left to others the office of chronicling the deeds he had contributed to render famous. Now he more frequently assumes this task himself; and if competent to the undertaking, there is no one on whom it can devolve with equal propriety. When a distinguished officer becomes the faithful historian of events he has himself directed, witnessed, or participated in, he doubles the value of his services, intertwines another enduring leaf with his chaplet of honour, and establishes an additional claim on the gratitude of his countrymen. "*Tam marti quam mercurio*," is a motto of high pretension, when fairly won by the wearer.

To wield the pen and the sword with equal dexterity; to describe clearly and truthfully with the one, what has been accomplished with daring valour by the other, requires a rare admixture of abilities; an amalgamation of opposite elements seldom concentrated in the same individual. Cæsar's Commentaries, in earlier times; the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, as compiled by Colonel Gurwood, and Sir William Napier's Peninsular War, in recent annals; may, perhaps, be cited as the most brilliant examples of this unusual combination. We shall scarcely go so far as to enrol Major Edwardes's book with this illustrious phalanx; but if we place it in the very next rank,

"*proximus sed intervallo*," which position we honestly think it is entitled to and will arrive at, he will find himself surrounded by worthy rivals and confederates, with whose names he can never blush to have his own associated. Napier, in a strain of high and flattering, but not undue eulogium, has often been designated the modern Thucydides, Xenophon, or Tacitus. We once heard all this transcended by (as we think) the most brilliant compliment admiration ever tendered to genius. Arguing with a friend on the comparative merits of the old Greek and Roman military historians, and with much difference of opinion, our opponent exclaimed, at last, in a climax of enthusiasm:—

"Polybius excels them all; Polybius is the NAPIER of antiquity."

It has been often objected that autobiographies of every kind are suspicious documents, to be received with ample qualification, inasmuch as the fallibility of man inclines him to lean with undue favour to his own views and opinions, and to embellish his personal actions with an exaggerated colouring. But this, fairly examined, is rather a cavil than a sound objection. He may not exactly, when writing of himself, tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as if every sentence was delivered on oath in a court of justice; or lay bare the entire machinery of his mind, as if dissected by the scalpel of the anatomist; but he knows more of himself, and has a more distinct impression of the agencies which sway him, and the causes which impel him to act, than any other person can pos-

* "A Year on the Punjab Frontier, in 1848-'49." By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B. H.E.L.C.S. In two vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1851.

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sibly obtain by indirect communication at scattered intervals. He has more at stake, and a greater interest in not mis-stating facts, than the posthumous compiler, who writes from the materials supplied to him, repeats what has been disclosed by the performers in the drama, and guesses at what they have withheld. The autobiographer, on the whole, is the best evidence in the case he speaks to; his testimony is direct rather than circumstantial; he is a primary witness, and not a secondary one.

Another feature is, to a certain extent, inseparable from writings of this class: the appearance of egotism, most difficult to suppress when the relater is at the same time the subject of his story. If a modern writer endeavoured to escape from this Scylla, as Cæsar does by assuming the less pretending third person, instead of the more offensive first, the chances are, he would founder on a more entangling Charybdis, and incur the charge of intolerable and ludicrous presumption.

No author can divest his mind entirely of prejudice, or notions peculiar to himself. This is impossible. The human faculties are too active, too varied, and discursive, to become mere reflecting mirrors, presenting only the object placed before them, in rigid identity. No matter whether the writer is treating of his own *res gesta*, or recording the achievements of others, his personal feelings and opinions will, in his own despite, obtrude themselves into his works. Lord Byron, who, with all his eccentricities, was a keen judge of almost everything—a sort of English Horace in the nineteenth century, commands prejudice in an historian. In a note on Mitford's Greece, he says:—"Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues: learning, labour, research, *wrath* and *partiality*. I call the latter, virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest." This is prejudice with a vengeance in Lord Byron himself, unless he merely meant it as a smart saying. All men indite according to their "gifts." Lucan, with republican bias, in his "*Pharsalia*," deifies Cato, and depreciates Cæsar. Hume's palpable leaning to the Stuarts forces his acute mind on weak reasoning, while it disfigures and invalidates his history. Doctor Johnson, one of the best and wisest of men, distorts, by violent prejudices, his

most valuable work, the "*Lives of the Poets*," in more than one remarkable instance; while, on the other hand, his personal regard for Savage has invested with undying interest the history of an ungrateful sensualist, who, though persecuted and unfortunate, there is good reason to think, was an impostor also.

Then we are assured frequently, although it sounds a little paradoxical, that eye-witnesses, particularly of battles, are unsafe authorities, as they seldom agree in their accounts of the same event; and that a dozen persons, each describing the one action, will furnish as many different versions. These ingenious reasoners maintain, that the officers engaged, whether in command, or subordinate, from the incessant smoke of artillery and small arms, the inequality of the ground, the vast extent of space occasionally occupied, and the complicated nature of the manœuvres, can see or know very little beyond what passes in their immediate vicinity. This may be true, as regards minute details, but not as to results, or decisive features. The general-in-chief must know, better than any one else, what were his own exact combinations, and how far they have been frustrated or carried out. Marlborough, at Oudenarde, announced to his staff the complete success of all his movements, and the certain issue of the battle, before those about him could distinguish that it was fairly begun. His eagle-eye saw everything at a glance. Who but himself could have described, with equal accuracy, the operations of the day? The rapid and perpetual motion of the commander takes in a wider range of the field than belongs to the more stationary post of the general of brigade, the colonel of a battalion, or the regimental subaltern; but not one of these can be mistaken as to the leading facts. Every one knows, when the affair is decided, whether he is in pursuit or retreat; whether he holds the ground he stood on in the morning, or has been driven from it; whether he has changed front or flank, voluntarily, or by compulsion; and finally, whether he has carried the breach he was led up to storm, or has been hurled back, and left half-smothered in the ditch.

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, quoted by Lockhart, says, "I don't know why it is, I never

found a soldier could give me an idea of a battle. I believe their minds are too much upon the *tactique* to regard the picturesque, just as the lawyers care very little for an eloquent speech at the bar, if it does not show good doctrine. The technical phrases of the military art, too, are unfavourable to convey a description of the concomitant terror and desolation which attends an engagement." All this goes directly to the point, that soldiers are unlikely to write like poets; but if not figurative, they are at least faithful, and relate facts although unadorned by imagery.

The un-military historian, writing in the ease and leisure of his arm-chair, and perhaps after the interval of many years, has no better materials than the published despatches of the generals, the private letters, journals, and conversations of the officers and soldiers, and other desultory materials, obtained from the actors in the busy scene. A second edition, a faded copy of what many disputed from the first as a faithful original. It is reasonable then to conclude, that when the soldier can write his own account of "his travel's history," with "the battles, sieges, fortunes he has pass'd," his is not only the most interesting, but the most trustworthy of contemporaneous records. This exordium may appear tedious or irrelevant, but we thought it essential to dwell a little on the value of military autobiographies in the abstract, before entering in detail on the review of the particular work we are now to introduce to our readers.

Major Edwardes's volumes come before us with many recommendations. A little of the freshness has been lost by the unavoidable delay in their publication. A year or two ago, the subject matter filled men's mouths, and was talked of with a more absorbing interest than it is at present. But it is still strongly invested with the charm of novelty, as treating of a country, and describing transactions, hitherto very imperfectly known. Many points of doubt are cleared up, and a good insight given us into the present social and political state of our late acquisitions on each bank of the Indus. All is written in a plain, unpretending, straightforward military style; by no means deficient in either elegance or

force of diction, and perfectly intelligible in every line. We are not mystified by affectation, or any exuberant display of Eastern metaphor, phraseology, or nomenclature; there is no studied exhibition of oriental learning, to render a glossary indispensable at the end of every sentence. We meet with no abuse of any one, no undue assumption of exclusive personal superiority; but a disposition to do justice to all parties concerned, in a simple narrative of events. The author is evidently of a buoyant, happy, contented temperament, and wishes to render his readers as happy as himself. Young and successful, he looks on the bright side of life's picture, and casts its shadows behind him. All this is wholesome and invigorating, and when we close the volumes, so far from being wearied by their perusal, we feel sorry they are not longer. Such short sentences as the following leave a delightful impression on the mind; they are worth folios of morbid discontent, cynical bitterness, or eloquent and well-turned vituperation:—

"Hoping, as I earnestly do, that many a young soldier, glancing over these pages, will gather heart and encouragement for the stormy lot before him, I desire, above all things, to put into his hand the staff of confidence in his fellow-man.

"The man who cannot trust others is, by his own showing, untrustworthy himself. Suspicious of all, depending on himself for everything, from the conception to the deed, the ground-plan to the chimney-pot, he will fail for want of the heads of hydra, and the hands of Briareus. If there is any lesson that I have learnt from life it is, that human nature, black or white, is better than we think it; and he who reads these pages to a close, will see how much faith I have had occasion to place in the rudest and wildest of their species, how nobly it was deserved, and how useless I should have been without it."

Speaking of his Sikh companions and soldiers, he says:—

"Wild, barbarous, indifferent to human life, they were yet free, simple as children; brave, faithful to their master, sincere to their God. The crowded city has its virtues, but so has the desert and the mountain, and he who walks the

world a right will find something good wherever he finds man; and nothing barren from Dan to Beersheba.”

Major Edwardes, in his preface, briefly states the purport and bearing of his work, which are fully maintained from the commencement to the conclusion:—

“If any one expects to find in this book an attack on the governor-general, the commander-in-chief, the resident at Lahore, the board of control, or any one of the four-and-twenty directors of the Honorable East India Company, he is doomed to be disappointed. I have no grudge to pay off, no grievance to complain of, no official secret to betray, not even one little document to publish which could not be published consistently with my own honour, and that of the government I am proud to serve. The book is simply what it professes to be, the record of a busy year, on an important frontier, in a country, and at a crisis, which have excited the national attention of Englishmen.”

The author of this book is one among the very rare instances of a young officer of inferior rank obtaining an important and independent military command, with the legislative administration of a considerable province. He was merely a lieutenant in the Bengal European Fusiliers when the opportunity offered itself to him. India is perhaps the only field where this could happen. The paucity of English officers has often there called into prominence the energies which might otherwise have wasted in regimental obscurity. Clive, the future conqueror of Plassey, and the founder of our Eastern Empire, was only a captain when he first became known to history. Arriving in India, with neither personal interest nor family connexions, Lieutenant Edwardes was appointed to the staff of Lord Gough, during the sanguinary struggle on the Sutlej. Here he served his novitiate, was wounded and distinguished. It was an active apprenticeship, and, as he himself said, on the occasion of a dinner given to him after his return, in his native county of Shropshire, “the man who rides by the side of Hugh, Viscount Gough, during a campaign, is not likely to have much idle time on his

hands.” He was selected for the appointment which opened to him the road to higher distinction, from a conviction on the part of his superiors that he was equal to the task. In a note in the second volume he says:—

“I landed in India in January, 1841, without either friends or interest; and for the instruction of those who think it is of no use to study either the languages, history, or policy of British India, unless the Governor-General happens to be their grandfather, I record the fact, that at the close of 1845 I was promised the first vacancy in the Judge Advocate General's department of the Bengal Presidency, and have good reason to believe that I was to have had the second under the Governor-General's Agent, on the north-western frontier; but before either of these occurred, his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, then Sir Hugh Gough, Bart., honoured me by making me an aide-de-camp on his personal staff—a step to which I gratefully acknowledge that I am indebted for all the opportunities of succeeding years.”

It is not often in our service that men are chosen because of their capability. The maxim of Napoleon, *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, has found no general sympathy with our magnates in command. Interest in the British army is a more potent lever than merit, and good fortune, perhaps, a more influential agent than either. But it sometimes happens that talent gets the lead, and then the judgment of the choice invariably vindicates itself. The late wars in the Punjab afford several honourable instances of this, the case immediately before us standing in the very foremost file: doubtless, many more wait but a similar opportunity—and opportunity is everything.

Some recent croakers and alarmists are pleased to designate our young officers, generally, as “brainless cock-combs,” “perfumed like milliners,” fit only for the ball-room, the gaming-table, or the race-course: but the Edwardses, Lumsdens, Broadfoots, Taylors, Lakes, Nicholsonsons, Abbotts, and others, of recent Indian celebrity, stand forth as brilliant instances to falsify this ill-judged and unfounded censure. The young aristocrat of the

Guards, who lounges on the steps of his club to-day, would mount a breach to-morrow as carelessly as he smokes his cigar. He would exchange his listlessness for energy, with the call of the bugle or the first salvo of artillery. The spirit of the gentleman and the soldier is inherent in the inward man, although the outward case may be a little too costly and delicate. We wish, in the meantime, he would study his profession, to fit him for its exercise when the hour of action comes, and learn the rudiments of the art military. During a passage to India, half the time wasted in smoking, playing at whist or backgammon, and doing nothing, would suffice to give him some knowledge of Hindostanee, and a little insight into the theory of his profession. Above all, we recommend him to read this book, from which he will derive many useful hints. The following paragraph, in particular, should be extracted by all military neophytes, and pasted into the fly leaf of their Hoyle's Games, Army List, or Racing Calendar.

Lieutenant Edwardes was instructed by the resident at Lahore to erect a good mud fort,* or citadel, in a subjugated district (the Valley of Bunnoo), and thus expresses his regret at his deficient knowledge of engineering:—

"It may easily be conceived how much I felt the want of a military education, and that practical knowledge of field fortification, which every cadet acquires (if he has got any sense, and wishes to be a soldier and not a clothes-horse for red jackets) at either Addiscombe or Sandhurst. I had not had these advantages, and the consequence was, that, though holding the commission of a lieutenant in an army belonging to the most civilized nation of the nineteenth century, I was driven to imitate the system of fortification which one of the most barbarous races of Asia may have inherited, for aught I know, from the architects of Babel."—Vol. I. pp. 162, 163.

At the end of the first Sikh war

much difference of opinion was expressed as to the sound policy of Lord Hardinge, in not at once annexing the Punjab to British India, and setting aside the corrupt and treacherous government of the native princes. Many thought the leniency which left them in power a false step; while others praised the moderation which spoke so loudly for British magnanimity. There was much satisfaction evinced by the maudlin sentimentalists, who thought the Amcers of Scinde "very ill-used gentlemen," forgetting that a barbarous enemy believes in nothing but a sound thrashing, followed by condign punishment. Refined notions of right and wrong are thrown away on him, and, in all cases, he attributes forbearance or generosity to weakness.

Here is decidedly, for once, a rule without an exception. If philanthropy says no, let practical experience decide. But every one foresaw that, sooner or later, the measure of annexation must be adopted. Major Edwardes disposes of the question by showing that it was then impracticable. The force available was insufficient for the purpose; and this conclusion he rests on the combined judgment of three great military authorities, Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Charles Napier. The Sikhs, though beaten and dispersed at Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, Aliwal, and Sobraon, were neither broken-spirited nor annihilated. The fight was not thoroughly taken out of them, as they afterwards proved. It required several rough handlings, with the crowning lesson of Goojerat, to convince them that British armies were invincible. The course of events brought all this about, and played the game into our hands without the risk of losing a single trick by precipitation. Another point is also settled on which there has been variety of speculation: the fidelity or importance of Gholab Singh, the Maharajah of Cashmere. Major Edwardes satisfies us of what we always suspected, that this wily old trimmer, who has steered his boat with

* Shakspeare says, "What's in a name?" The untravelled reader who has no knowledge of "mud forts" but from the pages of a book, may, probably, form a very inaccurate idea of these peculiar structures of defence, and undervalue their importance because there is something undignified in the name. But any Indian officer can undeceive him; or, should he ever become personally acquainted with them, or lead up a column to carry one by storm, he will change his opinion, and find them both imposing in appearance and formidable in strength.

some dexterity, but more good luck, through a succession of storms, shoals, and breakers, is neither to be trusted nor feared—a doubtful friend, and not a very dangerous enemy; scarcely faithful, and certainly not formidable; his hour of consequence has passed away, and his power, whether for good or evil, appears to have been egregiously overrated. With no settled principle but self-interest, he is likely enough, some day or other, to commit himself by an *overt act*, and then, a division from Lahore or Umritsir, under Sir John Littler, or Sir Walter Gilbert, will relieve him from his mountain sovereignty, and bring Cashmere shawls into the market as plentiful as blackberries.

The reader of these volumes, before he sits down and opens the first page, should take out the accompanying map, unfold and lay it before him, and keep his eye continually glancing over it, from the commencement to the end. If he neglects this, the author himself cautions him, that he may as well read Persian. The first volume treats principally of the peaceful subjugation of the valley of Bunnoo, and some adjacent districts. The second is more exclusively devoted to the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of war, the battles which preceded the investment of Mooltan, with the defeat and capture of the treacherous assassin, Moolraj. The latter portion is the more exciting, stirring, and brilliant, but the former is by far the most interesting. War dazzles the mind and takes the judgment captive; its outward splendour throws into the background its inherent deformity. The hero of the day is followed by shouting multitudes, and the gore which stains his chariot is concealed by the laurels which encircle it. But the bloodless conqueror is a more permanent benefactor to his generation, and can look back on the result of his labours with a more unruffled conscience, a higher feeling of pride, and a deeper sense of unmingled satisfaction.

In the short space of three months, Major Edwardes, avoiding actual conflict, reduced to order and subjection a district inhabited by ignorant, superstitious, and hostile races, who lived in perpetual warfare and mutual aggression; acknowledged no sovereign, and bowed to no laws, but when coerced by

an invading army; and sought no means of improving their condition beyond the primeval resources of robbery and plunder. They were nominally subject to the Sikh government of Lahore, under whom, and in whose name, Major Edwardes was acting; but their obedience was strictly nominal, and they heeded no tax gatherers but the musket and sabre. The practical engines with which the British officer accomplished this sweeping reform were argument and remonstrance, backed by a native force of irregulars, brave and adventurous enough, but of doubtful fidelity, and not particularly attached to their own authorities. This force he raised and disciplined himself, held them together by personal influence, feeding and paying them out of the revenues of the country they occupied. His firm, clear reasoning, supported by evidence that he had means at hand to compel what he advised, if necessary, induced these lawless tribes to level to the ground all their strongholds, amounting to nearly four hundred forts; to live in amity instead of perpetual warfare, and to cease from preying on each other; to surrender their arms; to pay regular imposts, to assist in building a citadel to ensure their own subjugation; and finally, to lay the foundations of a new capital, as a central mart for their own improvement. A great undertaking, accomplished with skill and perseverance, very limited resources, and in an incredibly short space of time.

There are few achievements in history entitled to higher praise, or more enduring fame. Compare this with the gigantic efforts of France in the conquest and colonisation of Algeria; the enormous and well disciplined regular army employed; the vast *materiel* of war in all its departments; the slow progress; the twenty years of incessant battles and unnecessary cruelties; the heedless expenditure of life and treasure—and the two instances mark with a superiority of which Englishmen may justly feel proud, the difference between the two leading nations of Europe, in the power of rendering conquest an advantage to the victor, and a source of happiness to the vanquished. For drawing this parallel we may be accused by some of national prejudice, besotted ignorance, or a mischievous desire to foment the wrath of our Gallic neighbours, and hasten the

bursting of the thunderbolt by which Sir Francis Head and others have lately informed us we are shortly to be dashed to atoms. We disclaim all such narrow ideas or mischievous intentions, only we see no reason to gloss over a salutary truth, teeming with instruction, and which all who look closely at the subject will feel the importance of.

When Major Edwardes commenced building the fort or citadel of Duleepgurb,* now perhaps the strongest and most important post on the farther side of the Indus, he had, as we observed before, no technical or practical knowledge of engineering, and in his motly armament but one European officer associated with him, from whom he could derive either advice or assistance—General Cortlandt; a gallant soldier, who seems to have proved himself on this, and on many other equally important occasions, a steady, active, and able coadjutor.

"We put our heads together," says the major, "and made the best we could of the matter. Sitting up in my tent, one bitter cold night, with scale and compass, pen and paper, we planned and elevated, and built up and knocked down, and dug imaginary ditches, and threw out flanking bastions, till, in our own opinion, we made the place very little inferior to Gibraltar. The military reader will judge from the annexed plan whether he would like to have the job of taking it."

The plan shows the fort to have been admirably well constructed, in a central position, chosen with skill, and totally uncommanded; close to the most important commercial river in the country, the Kheoroom; within a mile of the existing capital, called Bazaar, and scarcely a stone's throw from the great canal, the waters of which could fill the ditches whenever required. The wells, magazines, and commissariat stores were all carefully looked to, and placed in the most secure and available situations.

"The inner fort or citadel was to be one hundred yards square, its walls twenty feet high (including rampart of six feet), and nine feet thick. It was to be surrounded by a deep, dry ditch. The outer fort or cantonment, eighty yards

from the inner one, its walls ten feet high, and six feet thick, and the whole surrounded with another ditch about thirty feet deep. The citadel was to contain lines for one native regiment, a magazine, and a commandant's house, which I intended to occupy if I stayed that year in Bunnoo. In the middle was to be a well. Four heavy guns were to mount the four inner bastions. The cantonment, or outer fort, was to contain lines for three more regiments of native infantry, one thousand cavalry, two troops of horse artillery, and eighty zumboorhuhs, or camel-swivels. The two troops of horse artillery would be distributed in the four outer bastions, three guns in each."

This plan was closely adhered to in the execution; and had the bastions been angular, according to European rule, instead of round, which seems a favourite form in India, either Vauban or Cohorn might have acknowledged the work without risk of reputation. We cannot avoid here reverting painfully to a very different kind of structure, erected for a somewhat similar purpose, in 1841; we mean the straggling, unmilitary, and untenable cantonment at Cabul, planned and executed by regularly trained engineers, with all the appliances and resources of a disciplined army. Chosen, in utter defiance of every established rule, on a low, swampy spot, commanded on all sides, and in close vicinity, by hills or forts, every one of which latter should have been levelled with the ground as a preliminary defence. The force, too, was divided, instead of being kept together; and to crown this series of blunders, the commissariat stores and magazine were, although the oversight appears almost incredible, outside the mainworks, and entirely detached from them. The loss of these very stores, early in the outbreak, led directly to the retreat and destruction of the army. Well might Lieutenant Eyre, in his "Military Operations at Cabul," say, "I cannot help adding, that almost all the calamities that befel our ill-starred force may be traced more or less to the defects of our position, and that our cantonment, whether we look at its situation or construction, must ever be spoken of as a disgrace to our military skill and judgment."

* So called in honour of the young Maharajah Duleep Singh, who was then sovereign of the Punjab.

When Major Edwardes, during the infancy of his rising fortress, was daily threatened with a descent from the predatory Afghan tribes in the valley of the Dour, he set himself to work at once to ascertain precisely the extent of the danger, and to prepare resolutely for defence. We feel convinced he would have given a good account of the invaders had they attacked him. Let us extract his own words :—

"As to the invasion itself, we have three thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, eighteen guns, and eighty zumboorahs; and if the whole of the thirty-five thousand Afghans were to come down, and be joined by the whole of Bunnoo, the most they could do would be to shut us into our fort. I have no doubt that an invasion is really in agitation, but doubt its being so extensive as described. We shall prepare for them all notwithstanding."

And again :—

"All that seems to me *proved* is that the Dourees are intriguing with all the neighbouring tribes to get up an invasion; and this is sufficient to make us take great precautions, but affords no cause for the least anxiety. Our position is strong, if our people only *know* it. The great thing is to show no apprehension, and even conceal precautionary measures, if possible; for as long as our own soldiers are in good heart, they may defy all Cabul in the fort they have nearly finished."

How different is this clear and cool self-possession, from the want of foresight and blind security at Cabul, in 1841, where the authorities in command neither believed in the insurrection that was foretold, nor had the energy to adopt decisive measures when the critical moment arrived. When the head is weak the arm is powerless. Mere courage, without skill to direct it, may die gallantly on its post, but will seldom conquer. "The magic of one mighty mind" can effect more marvels than the physical bravery of thousands. A day, an hour, of the commanding genius which won Asaaye, Meanee, or Aliwal, would have blotted out from our Indian annals their gloomiest chapter, and have changed the last despairing stand

at Gundamuk into a glorious field of triumph. When we think of this, memory calls up and applies the impressive lines in which the Minstrel of the North mourns over the disaster of Flodden :—

"What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O! for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—'Saint Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn—
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!"

But it was ordered otherwise. A power beyond our control, and a wisdom we are unequal to fathom, decided that the opposite lesson was more essential for us and for our rulers.

Major Edwardes on two occasions had nearly perished by assassination. With other social reforms, he laboured hard to exterminate, among the rude people he was endeavouring to civilize, their natural propensity to murder one another on every trifling pretence, and enacted stringent laws with summary punishment. The average morals of the Bunnoochees may be estimated from the following anecdote :—

"In the course of other business, Ursula Khan, a fine young lad, sixteen years old, son of one of the Souraunee Mullicks, came in to impart to me his own and his father's uneasiness about past murders. 'What,' he asked, 'is to be the law?' I asked him, jokingly, 'What does it signify to a lad like you? How many men have you killed?' He replied modestly, 'Oh, I've only killed four, but father has killed eighty!' One gets accustomed to this state of society; but in England what monsters of cruelty would this father and son be considered! Indeed, few people would like to be in the room with them; yet, *ceteris paribus*, in Bunnoo they are rather respectable men."

An incident occurred about this time of rather a domestic character, and too interesting to be passed over in silence. Lieutenant Taylor, who had been summoned from his post at Peshawur to replace Major Edwardes during a temporary absence, soon after his arrival addressed the following note to his brother officer, which the Major

introduces with a frank, soldierlike avowal, that it adds much to the credit of his friend, though very little to his own:—

"Sunday morning, 13th February, 1848.

"MY DEAR E.—Do you have service on a Sunday? or if you do not, will you? We are four Christians here; and where the blessing is promised to the two or three that gather, surely it ought to be done. John Holmes* always attended prayers at Peshawur, and was pleased to do so. Do not think that I wish to assume the Mentor, or that if you have any repugnance to the arrangement that I shall think you a worse man, or a worse Christian than myself or others. But I really think what I propose to be the duty of every man. I know how much happiness it leads to. Yours very sincerely,

"R. C. TAYLOR."

Major Edwardes at first was startled a little at this proposal. He had reason to think this Colonel John Holmes, here introduced, although a faithful soldier, was a sort of Janus in matters of religion, whose notions on that very important subject appeared to slip on and off as easily as his accoutrements. It had never occurred to himself and General Cortlandt, when the only Christians in that wild district, to read together, although even in the most pressing emergency they suspended working at their fort on the Sabbath, to mark their reverence for the sacred day; but when it was suggested to him to worship in concert with an apparent unbeliever, he remonstrated with his colleague, but finally yielded to his arguments. He says:—

"I attempted to bring Taylor to my opinion, but he was too good to be ashamed of any body; and though much better aware of Holmes's character than I was, and how little likely he was to reflect credit upon us, he still thought we might reflect some good on him. 'What chance,' he said, is there of his becoming better if you exclude him from your congregation? And how can we tell at what moment the truth may take effect upon him?' So that it was for

the pure sake of doing religious good that Taylor battled; and I was so struck with the charity and generosity of the motive, that I gave way. We had prayers in my tent and Taylor was happy."

This is a very pleasing episode, and we know from our own early experience how seldom it occurs in the lives of young, enthusiastic soldiers. It was an earnest of success, a solid base for all their future operations.

In the district of Bunnoo, at Akra, and Kafr Kot,† and profusely scattered over other provinces of the Punjab, occur the remains of Græco-Bactrian cities, vestiges of the conquering steps and permanent dominion of Alexander and his Macedonians. Everything in that country of which the origin is doubtful, or which in itself is either immense or wonderful, is attributed by the unlettered peasant to that unparalleled warrior. Pope, with more of poetic hyperbole than justice, designates Alexander "Macedonia's madman."‡ In personal ambition and love of combat, the physical excitement of battle, the *certaminis gaudia* (as Attila expresses it, in Casiodorus§), he may have bordered a little on the extravagant; but in the power and wisdom with which he consolidated his conquests, the rapidity with which he substituted civilization and improvement wherever he found barbarism and ignorance, he showed more of method in his madness than any hero in the pages of antiquity. Even the Emperor Julian, in his celebrated "Supper of the Cæsars," allows Alexander to compete with the Roman worthies, and has some disposition to assign him the first place.

Major Edwardes had little leisure to examine these ancient relics with the patient research of the antiquary, but he points them out anxiously to the attention of the government for scientific investigation. When a few years of order and rapid improvement, under British rule, have made us more familiar with these hitherto interdicted regions, the peaceful traveller will find

* A half-caste, who held the rank of Colonel in the Sikh service.

† "The Infidel's Dwelling," in the vernacular of the country.

‡ "Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede."

Essay on Man, Ep. iv.

§ Quoted by Lord Byron, in his "Ode on the Fall of Napoleon Bonaparte."

ample materials to occupy his time and reward his labours ; and we shall look for more than one work on the subject teeming with novelty and instruction.*

The breaking out of the rebellion of Moolraj unexpectedly, his barbarous murder of the two English officers, Messrs. Agnew and Anderson, with the intervention of a certain delay before the authorities at Lahore saw the necessity of sending a British army to bring matters to a conclusion, and the difficulty of assembling the force to be employed ; all these circumstances called Major Edwardes away from his plans of legislative improvement and moral regeneration in Bunnoo, to the busy, bustling scenes of war, and afforded him the unlooked-for opportunity of fighting two general actions in the open field, both of which he won off-hand, gallantly and skilfully. These events, however well-timed and brilliant in themselves, could not absolutely conclude the war or bring the rebel to his knees ; but they operated as powerful diversions, and gave time for the arrangements, on a greater scale, which were found to be indispensable. All might have been frustrated, or at least confounded and perplexed, but for the active measures which employed the enemy's force and held him completely in check.

In the first of these two battles, at Kineyree, where the friendly army of the Nuwab of Bhawalpoor (a faithful ally of the British) was attacked by the forces of Moolraj, Major Edwardes arrived hastily on the field, saw how matters were likely to go, from defective generalship and the want of artillery, and that all depended on keeping the fight in abeyance until his own guns, under General Cortlandt, could come up, turn the tide, and equalize the chances. All this is given so clearly, vigorously, and in such admirable strain, that we must indulge in rather lengthened extracts in justice to the writer, and as an excellent specimen of his power in describing one of the most important operations in his year of adventure :—

“ As I stepped on shore, and buckled

the strap of my cap under my chin, I remember thinking that no Englishman could be beaten on the 18th June. Nor am I ashamed to remember that I thought me of a still happier omen, and a far more powerful aid—the goodness of my cause, and the God who defends the right. A young lieutenant who had seen but one campaign—alone, and without any of the means and appliances of such war as I had been apprenticed to, I was about to take the command in the midst of a battle, not only of the force whose courage I had never tried, but of another which I had never seen ; and to engage a third, of which the numbers were uncertain, with the knowledge that defeat would immeasurably extend the rebellion which I had undertaken to suppress, and embarrass the government which I had volunteered to serve. Yet, in that great extreme, I doubted only for a moment—one of those long moments in which some angel seems to hold a microscope and show millions of things within it. It came and went between the stirrup and the saddle. It brought with it difficulties, dangers, responsibilities, and possible consequences, terrible to face ; but it left none behind. I knew I was fighting for the right, I asked God to help me to do my duty, and I rode on certain that he would do it.”

On reaching the field Major Edwardes found all in confusion. The general of his allies telling his beads and muttering prayers in helpless imbecility ; the enemy pouring on, and everybody's head anywhere but in the right place. There was not a moment to be lost. He called for writing materials, sent off two hasty notes to General Cortlandt to inform him that he thought he could hold this critical position till three p.m., but that by that time he must send guns, or the battle would be lost. These two notes were despatched at eight in the morning :—

“ What I had engaged to do was to stave off Rung Ram's army for *seven hours*. Those seven hours I should never forget if I lived seven centuries. Every voice was for attack. Foujdar Khan, and one or two others, alone supported my opinion, that we must wait for General Cortlandt's guns. Happily I had

* During the second Cabul campaign the monument erected by Alexander over his favourite steed Bucephalus, was passed by the British army in nearly as perfect a state as the day when it was erected. The officers of the 41st regiment showed the writer of this article various coins obtained on the spot, and some in excellent condition.

no doubt or misgiving in my own mind. I never had a clearer conviction in my life than I had that day that I was right, and they were wrong; and with a patience which, in the ordinary affairs of life, I never had possessed, I strove hour after hour to calm that rash and excited throng, and assure them that when the proper moment should arrive, I myself would lead them on. And so I sat out those seven hours under a June sun, with no shade but that of a bush, and neither a drop of water nor a breath of air to lessen the intolerable heat."

The enemy at last were not to be kept back, but advanced with such an overpowering strength in cavalry and artillery, that a desperate expedient became necessary:—

"Imploring the infantry to lie still yet a little longer, I ordered Foudjar Khan and all the chiefs and officers who had horses, to mount, and forming themselves into a compact body, charge down on the rebel cavalry, and endeavour to drive them back upon the foot. 'Put off the fight,' I whispered to Foudjar, 'or not a man of us will leave this field.'

"Gladly did those brave men get the word to do a deed so desperate; but with set teeth I watched them mount, and wondered how many of my choicest officers would come back.

"Spreading their hands to heaven, the noble band solemnly repeated the creed of their religion, as though it were their last act on earth; then passed their hands over their beards with the haughtiness of martyrs, and, drawing their swords, dashed out of the jungle into the ranks of the enemy's horse, who, taken wholly by surprise, turned round and fled, pursued by Foudjar and his companions to within a few hundred yards of the rebel line, which halted to receive its panic-stricken friends.

"The purpose was completely answered.—At that moment of moments might be heard the bugle note of artillery in the rear. 'Hush!' cried every voice; while each ear was strained to catch that friendly sound once more. Again it sounds—again—and there is no mistake. The guns have come at last, thank God!

"Quick, quick, orderlies, and bring them up; there's not a moment to be lost! Now, officers, to your posts; every one to his own standard and his own men. Let the infantry stand up and get into as good a line as the jungle will allow. Let none advance until I give the word; but when the word is given, the duty of every chief is this, to

keep the standard of his own retainers in a line with the standards right and left of him. Break the line and you will be beaten; keep it, and you are sure of victory.

"Away they scattered, and up sprang their shouting brotherhoods. Standards were plucked up and shaken in the wind; ranks closed, swords grasped, and matches blown; and the long line waved backwards and forwards with agitation, as it stood between the coming friend and coming foe. Louder and louder grew the murmur of the advancing rebel host; more distinct and clear the bugles of the friendly guns. And now the rattling of the wheels is heard, the crack of whips, and clank of chains, as they labour to come up; the crowd falls back; a road is cleared; we see the foremost gun; and, amid shouts of welcome, it gallops to the front.

"Oh, the thankfulness of that moment! The relief, the weight removed; the elastic bound of the heart's mainspring into its place after being pressed down seven protracted hours of waiting for a reinforcement that might never come! Now all is clear before us. Our chance is nearly as good as theirs, and who asks more?

"One, two, three, four, five, six guns had come; and panting after them, with clattering cartridge-boxes, might be seen two regiments of regular infantry. It was well thought of by General Cortlandt, for I had only asked for guns; but he judged well, that two regiments would be worth their weight in gold at such a pinch.

"There was scant time for taking breath, for the enemy was close at hand; so bidding the guns come with me, the two new regiments to follow on the guns, and the whole irregular line advance steadily in rear, under command of Foudjar Khan, I led the artillery through the trees on to the cultivated plain beyond: there we first saw the enemy's line.

"Round went our guns, and round went theirs; and in an instant, both were discharged into each other. It was a complete surprise, for the rebels believed truly, that all the guns we had in the morning had left the field with the Dâoodpotras; and of the arrival of the others they were ignorant. Down sank their whole line among the long stalks of the sugar; and as we afterwards learnt from a Goorkha prisoner, the fatal word was passed, that the 'Sahib had got across the river, with all his army, from Dera Ghazee Khan, and led them into an ambush.' To and fro rode their astonished and vacillating colonels; and while the guns maintained the battle, the intelligence was sent by swift horse-

men to the rebel general, Rung Ram, who, seated on an elephant, looked safely down upon the fight from the hills around the village of Noonár."

And now the battle went on in right earnest; the guns on both sides played vigorously, and for the first and last time, the author says, in his short experience of war, he saw hostile artillery *firing grape into each other*. The action fiercely contested was won at all points; the enemy fled in confusion, hotly pursued, and leaving their guns, with the exception of two only, behind them in the possession of the victors:—

"Thus, without a general, without order, and without hope, the rebels were driven back upon Noonár; and having placed its sheltering heights between them and their pursuers, for a moment, they threw aside shame and arms, and fled, without once halting, to Mooltan. Few indeed would have reached that place, had I had any cavalry to carry on the pursuit; and as it was, the cavalry of Nuwab Bháwul Khan maintained it for some miles, and brought in two more guns at nightfall. Their camp at Noonár, and all their ammunition, fell into our hands; and the former furnished many of our irregular levies with tents for the first time. On our side, upwards of three hundred men were killed or wounded, in my own and the Nuwab's forces, and the enemy left five hundred dead upon the field. And so ended the battle of Kineyree, which began a little after seven, A. M., and was not decided till half-past four, P. M. At five, P. M., after nine hours' constant exertion of mind and body, under a fiery sun, I leave the reader to imagine the feelings of thankfulness with which I sat down at Noonár, on the very ground occupied by Moolraj's army in the morning, and penned a hurried despatch to the resident, announcing our victory."

Two days after his second victory, at Suddoosám, Major Edwardes was suddenly "pulled up," to use a common-place although expressive phrase, by a casualty more distressing than a wound on the field of battle; and in the full tide of his honourable success and exertions, extended for some weeks on a couch of suffering and inactivity. His brief account of this is given with such soldier-like firmness, and manly feeling, that to relate it in any words but his own, would weaken and do injustice to a very striking incident in

his career. An alarm corroborated by a second report was given, that the defeated army had rallied and were coming on again to give them battle:—

"I had just loaded my pistols, and went on cramming them into my belt, while listening to the man's report. The hammer of one got entangled, but without looking to see what was the matter, I seized the barrel in my right hand, and pulled the pistol into its place. A loud report, a short pang, and I had lost the use of my right hand for life! The ball had passed through the palm, and lodged in the floor at my foot. But there was no time for regrets."

The alarm fortunately proved groundless, and he thus continues:—

"At first, I was reported dead, and Moolraj made a present to the messenger who brought the news; burying me with the decent remark, that I was 'a stout youth, and it was a pity I should be cut off so young.' On hearing that I had only lost my hand, he probably took the present back again, and thrashed the messenger. After this accident I was twelve days without a doctor, at least, a European one. The native doctor of General Cortlandt's troops sewed up my hand with a packing needle, and thought he had done a fine thing; but the agony it caused me I never can forget; for what, with the laceration of the wound, the tightness of the stitches, and the intense heat of the sun, inflammation ensued, the hand swelled, the stitches grew tighter, and the pain greater, till at last I would have thanked either Lake or Cortlandt, if, instead of nursing me, they had drawn a sword and chopped the limb clean off. One day, too, a sympathising friend, in the Indian navy, came in to see me, and intending to seat himself on my bed, sat down on my wounded hand, which was stretched out on a pillow by my side, and then asked me, 'How I did?' At last, Dr. Cole arrived from Lahore, cut the stitches, and relieved me of all pain in a moment, though it was many weeks before I could put my hand in a sling; and in spite of all that surgical skill could do, I shall never grasp a sword again. To a soldier, this is a great loss. On horseback, in subsequent engagements, I have felt quite defenceless; and though it seldom falls to a commander's lot to be personally engaged, yet it may so happen at any time; and it is not pleasant to know, to a certainty beforehand, that you have no chance of escape."

The battle of Suddoosám shut Mool-

raj up in his city and fortress of Mooltan. Major Edwardes seems strongly impressed with the idea that immediately after this crisis, his own irregular force and that of the friendly Nuwab of Bhawalpoor, under Lieut. Lake (a worthy confederate), could have carried the place and finished the war without the intervention of the British army. All they required, he says, were a few heavy guns, a mortar battery, some sappers and miners, and an able engineer (he names Major Napier, a most distinguished officer), to plan the operations. At that time the defences of Mooltan were incomplete, and much less formidable than they subsequently became; nevertheless, judging by after events, we are better satisfied that the attempt was not made. In the words of one of the most distinguished Indian generals, Mooltan was "a hard nut to crack." Moolraj and his officers fought with ropes round their necks, and he had gold in abundance wherewith to bribe fidelity. Major Edwardes might have tarnished his budding laurels by failure, or have thrown away life and brilliant prospects in an enterprise beyond his strength. We have far more pleasure in recording his promotion, and reading his animated pages, than we should have had in chronicling his fall, or subscribing to a monument to do honour to his memory.

"Time and tide" have brought us now to the siege of Mooltan. The last act of the eventful drama is about to commence. A formidable British force, under Major-General Whish, has invested the fortress. A Sikh army, under Sher Singh, is acting in co-operation, and the victorious troops of Edwardes and Lake are there to assist in the final triumph. Above 20,000 men are collected for the enterprise. Moolraj trembles in his citadel, and the slow though certain hour of British retribution is close at hand. It is determined to carry the place by a *coup de main*. The attacking columns are standing impatient in their ranks, like greyhounds in the sips; the commanders, all young and gallant men, burning for distinction—when, suddenly, Sher Singh, with his contingent, goes

over to the enemy, leaving a gap in the British position, and all the operations are paralyzed as if by a sudden lock-jaw. The general pauses, withdraws his advanced brigades, raises the siege in the moment of expected victory, concentrates his force at a convenient distance, but still close to the very suburbs of Mooltan,* shutting out all supplies or communication with the adjoining country from the enemy, and waits patiently the arrival of further reinforcements, and a heavy battering train, to proceed now according to established rules. An interval of three months elapses in comparative inactivity, and all the world are astonished. Various are the speculations and endless the opinions as to the causes of this most unlooked for event. Major Edwardes sums them all up in one short and unanswerable sentence:—

"The sole and simple reason why the first siege of Mooltan was raised, was the treacherous desertion of Rajah Sher Singh and his army to the enemy on the morning of the 14th of September."†

The determination of the English general to withhold his attack, although most trying to a gallant officer at such a moment, was unquestionably sound and soldier-like. Had he persevered, notwithstanding the treason of his auxiliary, he might still have carried the place. British warriors, led by such men as he had selected to command his brigades, could have done anything; but the prize would have been dearly won, and the loss of life, in all probability, something fearful to think of. A British soldier's life is not to be sported with or dashed against every wall as a thing of trifling moment. In the balance of military value it weighs down the tenth legionary of Cæsar, or the Imperial Guard of Napoleon. There are occasions, in war, when a general, investing an important fortress, fights with his watch in his hand, and, in the face of a superior enemy, must snatch away his conquest against time or not at all. The Duke of Wellington was placed precisely in this predicament at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Burgos; in all these cases it was absolutely necessary to war against rules, and

* It was erroneously supposed that he had retreated thirty miles.

† During the second siege a regiment of Major Edwardes's own division deserted to the enemy, and also at a very critical moment.

take the bull by the horns. At Mooltan there was no such emergency, it was a simple question of date; and delay, without endangering ultimate success, preserved hundreds of gallant men who live for future glory.

Two very remarkable instances of desertion in battle, similar to that of Sher Singh, occurred at Bosworth Field, in 1485, and at Leipzig, in 1815; and in both these cases brought destruction on the side betrayed. At Bosworth, the treachery of the Stanleys uncovered both the flanks of Richard's army, gave the superiority in numbers to his opponent, and neutralized entirely his own superior skill and courage. It was impossible to foresee or rectify the evil consequences; all that remained was a desperate charge, a despairing rush, one last struggle for victory, by slaying his rival in single combat—and a soldier's death alone amidst a host of enemies. Richard was unscrupulous of blood, and an usurper if you will; but he was a daring spirit, and in moral turpitude not much below the scale of his successor. At Leipzig, on the second day, Napoleon, although outnumbered by more than two to one, held all his positions, and looked stoutly for the result; when the Saxon army, posted in his centre, wheeled off in a mass, leaving an extensive gap in the French line, threw their weight into the ranks of the enemy, and turned their artillery on their former friends. No generalship, no human effort could retrieve this at such a crisis of such a battle; and the sun of Napoleon went down that day on the most fatal field that France had ever wailed over.

When the news of the first check at Mooltan arrived in England, everybody, as usual, was up in arms in a moment. The General was censured loudly; and all the movements and combinations criticised and condemned. Slight was the information, but long and loud were the complaints. John Bull, ever impatient of obstacles or delay, in his usual course of triumph, cares nothing for a long list of killed and wounded, provided the despatch announces a victory, and the Park and Tower guns reiterate the intelligence. English generals may well shrink a little from responsibility, when they are so harshly and so hastily judged. The days are over, it is true, when for an error in judgment, as in the case of Byng, we used sometimes to shoot an

admiral or a general (*pour encourager les autres*, according to Voltaire); but the obscurity of the half-pay list, or the ingratitude of neglect, full surely awaits the unsuccessful commander, whose failure of to-day, unless retrieved by a victory to-morrow, obliterates the services of half a century. Sir Robert Calder was severely reprimanded by the court which tried him, for not taking more than two ships, with a very inferior fleet. Napoleon was much more indulgent to his Lieutenants than we are to ours. He forgave Junot for the loss of Portugal, Girard for the surprise at Arroyo de Molinos, and Marmont, for the errors of Salamanca. Jourdan was surnamed "The Anvil," in the French army, from the perpetual beatings he received, and the philosophy with which he bore them. It is amazing how he obtained the opportunities of losing so many battles; in our service he would have been shelved after his first miscarriage.

We happened to be present at the dinner given to Sir Charles Napier, in Dublin, in November, 1848, at which time the recent events at Mooltan were the popular topic of conversation. In one of his speeches, that eminent officer, taking occasion to introduce the subject, thus expressed himself:—"Gentlemen at a distance," he said, "would do well to suspend their opinions until more detailed accounts arrived. It was very difficult to judge correctly of matters so far away from us. He had been at Mooltan; he knew the place well; and he felt quite satisfied that when full particulars were known, the measures of General Whish would be as warmly commended as at that moment they were questioned." Time soon showed that he was right, and silenced the cavillers.

Major Edwardes commences his last chapter with the following apposite observations, which form a good concluding commentary on all that has preceded them:—

"Mortals are proverbially too shortsighted to see the good that lies latent in misfortune: and our countrymen at that time very naturally lamented the failure of the first siege of Mooltan. But when the cold historian comes to look back on all this turmoil, will he not pause over this temporary check, and apostrophise its felicity for British India? Had Mooltan fallen in Septem-

ber, Chuttur Singh could not have been joined by his son's, the Bunnoo, and the Peshawur armies; every petty Sikh horseman would not have raised his head, and seized his own village, in the convenient name of the Khalsa. There would have been, in short, no national insurrection; and perhaps the kingdom of Maharajah Duleep Singh might have weathered the storm. Beholding the passions that broke loose when Sher Singh broke faith, and the unconquered animosity of the Sikh army against the victors of the Sutlej, not even the best friend of the treaty of March, 1846, would perhaps wish that the matter could have been patched up. It is clear that we never could have been safe; and the rebellion would only have been deferred, till the young Maharajah was old enough to head the ungrateful movement. Far better was it, then, that the nation, by our temporary reverses, was tempted into sincerity—into thinking that the ripe time was come for ejecting us. With a good cause, and a clear conscience, we have now completed the unfinished vengeance of 1846; and, instead of, at the end of a glorious experiment of magnanimity, retiring, in 1854, across our own border, the Beas, and leaving a mighty and implacable enemy in our rear, we have, in 1849, rid ourselves for ever of the last enemy between the shores of the Hindoo and the mountain barrier of the Moslem."

On the 27th December, 1848, the siege of Mooltan was resumed, with increased means, an efficient battering-train, and the assurance of success. On the 2nd of January, 1849, two breaches having been effected, the city was carried by assault, with daring gallantry and moderate loss. On the 22nd of January, two practicable breaches being also established in the citadel, the British columns were formed for the final attack, when Moolraj quailed at the last decisive moment, and surrendered himself without conditions, instead of dying under the gateway of his palace, as the more hardy Tippoo did at Seringapatam. He was removed to Lahore, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death; but recommended to mercy, as the "victim of circumstances!" A strange recommendation, as strangely acted on. His life was spared, and his punishment changed to transportation beyond the seas. He was not without sympathisers, who pitied "poor Mooraj," while they forgot the fate of Agnew and Anderson,

and inquired not whether those victims of his duplicity remained still in their neglected burial-ground, or were removed by their countrymen and fellow-soldiers to a more distinguished cemetery. Let Major Edwardes tell us what befel their remains:—

"The besieging army did not march away to other fields without performing its last melancholy duty to the memory of Agnew and Anderson. The bodies of these officers were carefully—I may say affectionately—removed from the careless grave where they lay side by side, and, wrapped in Cashmere shawls (with a vain but natural desire to obliterate all traces of neglect), were borne by the soldiers of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers (Anderson's own regiment), to an honoured resting-place, on the summit of Moolraj's citadel. By what way borne? Through the gate where they had been first assaulted? Oh, no! through the broad and sloping breach which had been made by the British guns in the walls of the rebellious fortress of Mooltan."

Major Edwardes, who had the best opportunities of accurate knowledge, expresses no doubt of Moolraj's unqualified guilt. "The victim of circumstances!" Why, if we refine on the point, every murderer may more or less establish a similar plea. We are neither bloodthirsty nor vindictive, but we think a great opportunity was here thrown away. The public execution of such a criminal as Moolraj (let us recollect the blood and treasure his rebellion, founded on murder, cost before it was subdued), at that precise time, while the second Sikh war was yet in doubtful progress, and England's fortune still suspended in the balance, would have been an exception of just severity, more profitable than ill-timed lenity. Commuting his sentence was, what Talleyrand would have called, "a great political mistake!" The object of punishment in such cases is neither revenge for individual offence, nor personal dislike. It is the vindication of general principles; the war of right against wrong; the triumph of social order over barbarian license, and the deterring multitudes from crime by one salutary example.

When General Pollock's army advanced on Cabul, in 1842, his instructions were, in case the chances of war threw Achbar Khan into his hands, to try him immediately by court-mar-

tial for the murder of Sir William McNaghten, and deal with him according to the evidence. There can be no doubt that the evidence would have been sufficient, and he would have been sentenced to be hanged, but very probably he might have escaped on the plea that he treated his prisoners with kindness—that is to say, he abstained from cutting all their throats when he had them in his power. But he mistrusted the tender mercies of the “Feringhees,” and avoided the question by a timely flight. Not long after this he perished ingloriously in a sort of domestic broil.

The most important facts connected with the second siege and capture of Mooltan, to the close of the campaign which immediately followed, are given by Major Edwardes with undiminished power, in condensed brevity, and are full of interest and excitement. Gallant deeds are recorded, and honoured names are placed in an enduring memorial. “A Year on the Punjab Frontier” will find its way to the shelves of all established libraries, and will be quoted again and again as a standard authority. We must here bring our review to a conclusion, and cannot take leave of the author more gracefully than in the words of his own “*Envoy*,” and with the last sentiment expressed in which we heartily concur:—

“Thus having seen our enemies punished, and our friends rewarded, let you and I, dear reader, also lay down our arms, trusting humbly that we have obeyed the injunction inscribed by the Persian on his sword—

“Draw me not without cause :
Sheathe me not without honour.”

“Into ‘One Year on the Punjab Frontier’ have been crowded the conquest of an Afghan valley and two independent tribes ; two attempts at assassination in my tent ; three pitched battles ; two sieges, and innumerable skirmishes. Very earnestly do I hope that all my future life may be given to the less glorious, but more useful arts of peace.”

As a turbulent and independent nation, with a military establishment beyond their resources or necessities, the Sikhs exist no longer. As an integral portion of British India, they still occupy an important position, less dangerous to their neighbours, and far more useful to themselves. Major Ed-

wardes has studied their character, and draws it with impartiality. Like the rest of the human family, it is formed of good and evil blended in unequal proportions. With much to condemn, this clear-sighted writer sees also something to admire. The policy of employing the disbanded soldiers, and the mode he recommends of doing so, are so sound and obvious, that we take it for granted the resident authorities will adopt a system combining both safety and amelioration.

All at present is tranquil in India ; railroads are in progress, civilization on the advance, and peace in the ascendant. How long this may continue, it is impossible to predict. Where, when, or from what cause, whether trifling or important, will a new collision be forced upon us ? Finality in our Eastern Empire seems as chimerical as in home legislation. The laws of nature, as arranged by Providence, denote perpetual progress. Everything changes into something else. The impassable barrier of last year is to-day a beaten track. Already our dominion extends beyond the Indus, which rolls majestically along the map, and seems to proclaim itself our legitimate boundary. The frontier fortress of Peshawur looks into the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and scarcely feels secure from the predatory tribes who infest that difficult and commanding defile. Before long an advanced post may there become indispensable. Then, at a little distance beyond, rises Jellalabad, fraught with so many glorious recollections. At Cabul we have no unbalanced accounts to settle ; but looking over the mountains towards the north, lies Bokhara, where the blood of Englishmen has been shed, as yet without atonement. Turning southerly, Candahar and Herat may be coveted by Russia as convenient outposts, should she, in the course of time, take a summer's ramble through Persia, and England may feel disposed to anticipate her. “Increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.” These may be idle speculations, more shadowy and fantastic than the forms of summer clouds ; but while we abstain from aggressive wars, and are urged on by no unbalanced thirst of conquest, we may wait patiently and trustingly the unerring march of events, and fear no results, with good discipline, able leaders, and, above all, with honest intentions.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT CHAPELIZOD.

Ghosts in Chapelizod, my good air ! "Why who knows not so ?" A place that is itself a shadow of things past, the living spectre of old times. Chapelizod is all a ghost. If any one desires to see a suburban village of the once proud city of Dublin reduced to a marrowless skeleton, without a single speculation in its eye by which it can ever hope to rise again, let him go to Chapelizod. Dead walls ; dead trees overhanging them ; dead lights instead of windows in the houses ; the men grave, the women lifeless, the little spirits squeaking and gibbering in the muddy streets ! A veritable *caput mortuum* is Chapelizod. No wonder that Bob Martin should fancy he saw a ghost, for he was always looking at one.

It is just fifty years since Chapelizod was marked for the silent tomb, and condemned to perish by a lingering death. The cold hand of Centralisation, long before the insatiable monster was known by that name, clutched its first victim in Chapelizod. I barely remember the event. A heavy storm came down from the west ; great rains had previously descended, and the angry spirit of the river screeched. I heard it myself running under the skew arch of the old bridge. There was lightning in the sky, and the clouds flew across the face of the moon like mad things. As yet the air was calm on the surface of the earth, but towards midnight the gale arose and tore up a number of trees in the Park. Before twenty-four hours we all perceived how easy it would have been to foresee what was coming, for in the course of the forenoon the order arrived for disbanding the *Royal Irish Artillery*. It was now no longer a mystery why it had *blown great guns* all the night.

That was the first special act of centralisation—always excepting the fatal centripetal movement from the house in College-green—which was perpetrated against Ireland. The glory of our national service was then extinguished, and Woolwich was made the arsenal sole of the United Kingdom. The royal regiment was broken up, its

guns transferred to *Sarah Bridge*, its veterans drafted—as many of them as thought proper to merge their name in an undistinguished throng—into the general service, and not a few who had grown old in the troop found an asylum in the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham.

The transition of an old soldier from Chapelizod to Kilmainham was easy, the principal change consisting in putting off a blue coat to put on a red. They were not required to seek unaccustomed seats, or new associations among strangers, in whom the very accents of their tongue would awaken a prejudice against them, and make them objects of vulgar derision ; but they dropped gently down the vale of years, amongst their own countrymen, near scenes hallowed to memory, still looking upon those hills which had exhilarated their hearts in the pride and prime of life, and inhaling breezes, wafted down the stream, which had braced and invigorated their lusty sinews, when they were "strong swimmers." They had friends and kindred at the old quarter, whom they continued to visit on festive occasions, "at the season of the year ;" and it was pleasant to see the hearty old fellows, in their new "coats of scarlet," on the king's birth-day or a Whitsun-Monday, mixing with the crowd of villagers ; one leading a little grandson by the hand, another engaged in cheering converse with a married daughter, or linked with some civil *remnant* of the bygone century, with whom, peradventure, he had quaffed many a social cup of ale ; and all climbing the green slope that overhangs the Liffey, on their way to the grand review.

By degrees, as years rolled on, the bright red spots in that moving picture died out ; but it was a consoling reflection to those who turned their thoughts to the evidence thus afforded of the sure and silent work of death, that the ties of life had not been abruptly or prematurely torn asunder by the cold hands of centralizing economy. They who had served their country faithfully and loyally in their youth, were suf-

fered to live out their full time, solaced by those attentions and sympathies, dearer far than the charity of dry *rations*, which public gratitude, aiding and giving effect to royal bounty, ungrudgingly secured for them.

But our new generation is wiser than to care for the feelings of men. The *heart* of this United Kingdom beats only and exclusively in the centre of its body; and thither all the life-blood of the land must flow. It may one day be found out, when pulsation refuses to answer at the extremities, that it is possible to overgorge the ventricles of that huge organ. At present, however, it is resolved to "take in all," regardless alike of charters, of rights, of common sense, and of common humanity. The Royal Hospital at Kilmainham is doomed to extinction.

It seems nothing that it was founded by royal charter, and by a rate levied upon the pay of soldiers serving in the army of Ireland, "to the end that such of the said army as have faithfully served their sovereign in the strength and vigour of their youth may, in the weakness and disaster that their old age, wounds, or other misfortunes may bring them into, find a comfortable retreat and a competent maintenance therein." It was endowed with lands, by an instrument which provides that "within the precincts of those lands shall be from henceforth, and shall *for ever* hereafter continue and be an hospital, in deed and name, for the receipt, abiding, and dwelling of such a number of poor, aged, maimed, and infirm soldiers, to be lodged, harboured, abide, and be relieved therein." The charter by which Trinity College holds its estates is not more sacred, nor the perpetual uses to which they must be applied more distinctly defined. Yet the Queen's government, upon its own mere motion and authority, has taken upon itself to root out this time-honoured foundation. The maimed and aged Irish soldier must henceforth find a "comfortable retreat" in Chelsea, where the voice of kinsman or friend will greet him no more. The sights and sounds, which bring back the days of youth with such a homeselt and soothing power to the memory of the aged, will be excluded from his eyes and ears, and he will die in cheerless exile, an unhappy and unthankful recipient of imperial alms.

It was well for the survivors of our

National Artillery, that the faith of royal charters, and the kindly feelings of human nature were respected in their days. They had the satisfaction to feel, to their latest moment, that they possessed a country, and that their country had no disposition to disown them; so their end was peace.

Beside those who took service in the British army, or who retired for the remainder of their lives into the shelter provided for them in "the Hospital of King Charles the Second," there were many who, laying aside the military character, merged in the general body of society, and occupied themselves variously in civil employments, according to their natural leanings or abilities. Some few, who had adorned the old brigade in its palmy estate, disdained to quit the scene of its renown, but lingered about the ancient haunts till, one by one, they dropped into the grave. There was General Bettesworth, and his orderly man John Norton. The general inhabited a pretty place, now sadly dismantled, by the river side, and John was his gate-keeper. It was a sight to see them both stepping out for the parish church at Christmas, and the other high festivals, in the full uniform of their respective ranks, powdered, pomatum'd, and bequeued, as if they were sallying forth to be reviewed by Frederick William of Prussia. If Corporal Trim left a representative after him, it was John Norton: stiff in opinion, erect in stature, simple and honest as a child, pious as a parson. His master had all the gentle parts of human nature blended with the same high courage which distinguished my Uncle Toby.

Is it not strange how many people claim relation to "Uncle Toby?" Nobody thinks of calling him Tristram Shandy's uncle. He is "my uncle," your uncle, everybody's uncle. Sterne has managed to infuse that sweet touch into his nature, which makes the whole world kin to him, and proud to acknowledge it. But this by the bye.

An anecdote may here be related which illustrates the character of those primitive soldiers, and of the discipline of the service at the close of the eighteenth century. It happened one morning that John Norton was late at parade, and, as men sometimes do when they are hurried, he had made a mistake in his equipments, having put on his cross-belts wrong.

"Why, John Norton," said the general, "how is this? you have put on your belts the wrong way."

The men began to laugh, and John's ire was kindled; but he was too proud to look at his right hand or his left, to examine into the truth of the case.

"No, general," said he, "I have not."

"Oh but, indeed, John, you have."

"By all that's bad, general," said John, who had a trick of interlarding his discourse with this extraordinary invocation, "I have not."

"Well, then," said the patient commander, "we'll try. Fall in, John Norton. Attention! Carry arms! Prime and load."

All these manœuvres did John go through, like an automaton, until the last, when, laying his hand upon a bayonet where his cartouch-box ought to be, he exclaimed—

"By all that's bad, general, you're right."

According to the present strict rules of discipline in the British army a file of men would have been ordered to march so refractory a subject off to the guard-house; and if he were not tried by a regimental court-martial for insubordination, he might deem himself a fortunate individual. At all events, "good conduct" would never afterwards, should he continue in the service to the age of the Duke of Wellington, emblazon his discharge. But John Norton walked home beside the general's horse listening, with a meek and subdued spirit, to a friendly lecture upon the wisdom of sometimes supposing that others may be in the right as well as one's self.

At the other side of the river, nearly opposite to General Bettesworth's, but close to the village, are two adjoining brick houses, somewhat removed from the road. In one of these lived and died General Stratton. The other was occupied by Major Legge. The general was a venerable Ligonier-like man, and his wife a stately matron of the olden time, whom I seem to see this moment, with her stomacher and brocaded dress, and a long narrow scarf trimmed with the richest lace; her grey locks turned up, like flax round a distaff, over her forehead, and a towering bonnet of black silk over all. She was deemed a proud woman, but very good to the poor. As to her pride, I have heard no proof of it, except that

she kept the village gossips at bay; but the reputation of her goodness is incontestable.

An *Emeritus* of a lower grade, but more formidable than the whole *Etat Major* to the juvenile imagination, was William Oulton Prosser, who from the post of a bombardier had retired to Ballyfermot Castle, where he opened an "academy" of liberal instruction. I still quail to remember him. It was only the other day that his name, written in round-hand across the title-page of a "Trusler's Chronology," purchased at Sharpe's auction-room, sent a thrill through me, as if it had been the wind of a round shot. He was a tall, stern-looking pedagogue, who never came down from his bedroom before eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and then he despatched a dirty servant-boy into the schoolroom, which was detached from the castle, to summon the boys on the black list to come in and be whipped. That operation he performed as if he had served in no other rank than that of a drummer all the days of his "sogering" upon earth; and it was administered in the breakfast parlour amid the *debris* of the repast (bread and butter and egg-shells), which the giant had just demolished to give him strength for the task. It had been his wont to inflict condign discipline in the midst of the school; but it happened on a day, that a boy, whose name was included in the usher's report, lay in ambush behind a heap of coats, in the porch; and as the ogre passed through, flourishing the formidable taws, and "chewing vengeance all the way," the poor wretch, in a frenzy of terror and despair, flew upon him, as a cat driven wild by persecution, and bit a large piece out of the calf of his leg. The big tyrant limped away into his den, and swore upon the family Bible that he would never again set foot in the said schoolroom, and that he would whip the said boy. He kept both the oaths, "in a sort of way," being obliged to compromise the matter with the delinquent, who agreed to save his Christian master's conscience, only on condition that the word of promise should be broken to the *hope*. A shadowy castigation, therefore (the ghost of a whipping), was submitted to; but from that hour the main business of the academy was carried on by deputies, remote from the eye of the

master. He still continued, however, to perform the part of an high justiciary, and to take cognizance of copy-books and arithmetical exercises, which the boys were required to exhibit to him in procession.

The remainder of his day was occupied principally in attending to the refrigerating process of some gallon of boiled water, in a huge white jug, which he filled every morning at the breakfast-table, and set upon the stone outside the window to cool. After dinner, this supply was placed on the table by his right hand, and corrected, *pro re nata*, with whiskey, until, tumbler after tumbler, the whole of its contents disappeared. That was his stint; he never exceeded it; but as soon as it was finished, which was rarely before two or three o'clock next morning, he went to bed; and it depended on the quality of the spirit thus imbibed (the quantity being uniformly the same) in what degree of ill-humour he should apply himself to his professional duties of the following noon.

Such was the schoolmaster of one of the fashionable boarding-schools in the immediate vicinity of our capital some fifty years since. It was my fortune to be removed from under his *ferula* to that of another who had been an operative tailor—not an Alton Locke, though—and whose ignorance of everything but handwriting and Gough's Arithmetic, was far more astounding than that of the bombardier. He made up, however, in morality, for his shortcomings in erudition; and as they both kept tolerably competent ushers, and had an understanding of mutual profit with the bookseller, care was taken that their pupils should be supplied with a competent stock of tools for learning at all events; so we hobbled through the Latin and Greek course, *utrunque*, and Trinity College made the most of us afterwards.

If ever your ghost-seer extends his nocturnal saunterings towards Ballyfermot, about "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," let him have an eye out for a large white jug with a red nightcap and a pair of green goggles; for as surely as drunken spirits are permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, in that place and at such an hour will the schoolmaster be abroad.

Upon the dispersion of our own royal regiment, the Macleod Fencibles took up their quarters in the barrack, which

thereupon stank horribly of cockaleekie every morning. A raw, wild, breakless tribe they were, fresh caught from the Highlands, at a period when the Trossachs were as inaccessible to the foot of civilised man as the Kyber Pass. The chief of the clan had collected and regimented them, selecting his own officers from the sons of his tacksmen and reivers, and few members of the mess could speak a dozen consecutive words of good English. The colonel, a fiery old Gael, and "vengeance proud," did his best to *lick* them into form, using his knuckles occasionally, it was said, for that purpose; and, indeed, a vigorous discipline was needful. They wrangled at dinner for the choice morsels of the various joints, three or four knives and forks being sometimes plunged at the same moment into one leg of mutton; and upon a certain occasion, when a large turbot was served, those who sate near the would-be carver saved him the trouble of apportioning it, by forking it away upon their own plates with their long bony fingers. This vexed the colonel exceedingly; for there were strangers at the table who had never dined at a Fencible mess before. For a whole week, therefore, he condemned them to leek-porridge, which was *eaten* with a spoon, while all the regimental pipers, seated (*more Scotico*) at the end of the apartment, blew "*Ca'ld Kail*," and other appetizing *refrains*, to bring them to an improving sense of the privations they were enduring. Many of those caterans were afterwards drafted into the general service, and attained the highest honours awarded to good soldiery. These, indeed, came to them by nature; but the acquisition of the manners of gentlemen was not so easy; yet more than one of the individuals, who scrambled on that memorable occasion for the turbot, have been deemed worthy to sit down at royal banquets, and were justly classed amongst the flower of North British chivalry.

The Carlow militia came next, a polite corps, but numbering some strange twists among its subalterns. The adjutant, one Clifford, had been raised from the ranks by the favour and discernment of Colonel Latouche. He was a humorous fellow, of a manly, independent mind, and scorned to hang his head at the remembrance of his origin. The General of Division, dining at the mess on the occasion of

a quarterly inspection, complimented Clifford upon the excellent state of drill in which he found the regiment, and, alluding to his name, asked "if he had any relations on the staff?"

"No, General," he replied, "but I have a great number on the spade."

It happened, on some occasion, that he displeased his colonel, who, in a hasty moment, declared his regret at having raised him from the state in which he had found him.

"Then, Colonel Latouche," said Clifford, "you are the first of your name that ever was sorry for doing a good action."

It is scarcely necessary to say that so adroit and just a compliment replaced him at once in his good patron's favour.

The pride of the old barrack was sorely tried afterwards, by various incursions of feather-beds which came in successively with the Wicklow, South Mayo, North Downshire, and Limerick regiments. Your shell-jacket dandies of this day would stare at the half-moon-shaped cocked hats, black leggings with innumerable small buttons, and drabble-tailed coats of their predecessors. But the hair-powder was worse than all. Can I ever forget Bob Gloster, of the *Garryowens*, on his return from the grand review one broiling Fourth of June, wiping away, with the sleeve of his new scarlet uniform, the streams of liquefied flour that meandered down his cheeks, and bewailing the day that he had "ever left the sweet *English Town*,"* where he might have been reared up to an imminent marchant, to be melted out of creation like an althar-candle." Bob volunteered, shortly afterwards, into *the Line*, and became well used to the "melting mood" in Spain, where he soon earned for himself a pair of spurs; and when he came home, after the peace of Paris, Major Gloster, quite a polished cavalier, with a fine military accent, I should have liked to see the man who would remind him of his early chances of *imminence* in the mercantile line. It was of such materials that heroes were manufactured; and I could enumerate at least a dozen "ragged colts" who left that old barrack, in the midst of scenes of riot and drunkenness inciden-

tal to the volunteering system, and turned out "bra' chargers" at Vittoria, or on the plain of Waterloo.

But Chapelizod was not always a mere depot of Fencibles and militia. It was for a good while the head-quarters of the 92nd, or *Gordon Highlanders*, so truly described in Captain Grant's charming romance. They marched in, all brown and shrivelled by the sands of Egypt, though some years had passed since they had been there. A grave, orderly, religious body of men they were, who seemed always conscious that they were only here for a breathing time, and could not long be spared from the field of death. Their leader was Major Cameron, *the Fustifern*, who ended his career of glory at Waterloo. Authors who write "stories founded on facts" take a license to embellish their materials, and to exaggerate the moral as well as the physical attributes of the persons whom they introduce, according to the exigencies of the fable. But there is no exaggeration in Captain Grant's portrait of Cameron. It is a true representation of the man. His outward semblance and his frank and generous spirit, his nobility of mind and person, are painted with equal fidelity. To see that man in front of his regiment was a sight worthy of the olden time. John Kemble did not impart a more exalted notion of the figure of *Caius Marcius* as he rallied the Roman legions before *Corioli*, than Cameron's robust but stately form, the dignity of which was in no degree impaired by a slight and scarcely perceptible halt, the effect of a musket-shot in the knee which he had received in Egypt, gave the spectators of the men who had scattered England's chivalry at Bannockburn. If Walter Scott knew him, his picture of Fergus Mac Ivor, all perfect as it is, can scarcely claim the merit of originality.

No regimental biographer has attempted a history of "The Army of Reserve." It is a theme worthy of the pen of *Lorrequer* (now that poor Maxwell is gone, there is none other capable of doing it justice), and the materials for constructing it are fading rapidly out of the memory of mankind; yet Chapelizod still remembers "*the*

* "The English Town" is a part of the ancient city of Limerick, which, so far as cleanliness is concerned, is justly considered "*Hibernia ipsa Hibernior*."

Blackbelts." Who that ever saw can forget them? It is scarcely worth being sixty, indeed, or thereabouts, to have seen them; but since that would be in any case, it is a pride and a joy to have enjoyed the vision; for

"Eye ne'er shall look upon their like again."

The *Blackbelts*, so called because those decorations of military equipment in which the song exults as

"Your belts of white leather,"

were polished off as glossy as the raven's down across the shoulders and breasts of this distinguished corps, were known at the Horse Guards as the Second Garrison Battalion. They were physically, as the Sixtieth Regiment in those days was in a moral sense, the sweepings of the service. Every soldier who was blind of an eye, lame of a leg, maimed in an arm, crooked in form, or diminutive in size, and yet considered able to carry arms in the service of his sovereign, was drafted into the "*Blackbelts*," and the officers were pretty nearly of a piece with the men. They reminded me of the little hairy men who came in swarms on board Sinbad's vessel and devoured everything, carnal and vegetable, they could stick their claws into. But they were a well-disciplined battalion, and efficient enough for the sort of duty they had to perform. Excellent shots too they were, every man of them. No rifle corps in any service could have surpassed them with the brown bess; a target was knocked to splinters by them in half-an-hour. They were specially employed, on this account, to escort deserters; for escape was not an uncommon thing while the corporal's guard were engaged in social chat along a dusty road. The prisoner would slip his wrist through the handcuff, bolt up a lane, and dodge his pursuers from hedge to hedge till he got clear off. But let a *Blackbelt* catch but a glimpse of his person emerging from a thicket or doubling round a corner, and he had him down as unerringly as O'Gorman Mahon would bag a woodcock.

Two or three incidents of this kind occurred during the stay of the battalion in Chapelizod. One of the occasions was very remarkable. A deserter broke loose in a crowded street and fled amongst men and women,

who threw themselves purposely in the way, in order to facilitate his escape. But this manœuvre did not save him. The corporal levelled his musket, waited coolly till the wretch glanced for a moment into a vacant space, and then shot him dead. The fame of the *Blackbelts*, as sharp-shooters, and the unrelenting sternness with which they acted on such occasions, soon made them the terror of the service, and their prisoners ceased to hope for safety in sudden flight.

Before taking leave of the military reminiscences of Chapelizod, let me throw a Parthian glance upon the yeomanry corps commanded by Captain Wilcocks (the late Sir Richard), whose handsome and portly figure I still seem to behold, like a Colossus looking down upon the evolutions of his men. The vicar of the parish, a loyal man, who took a lively interest in the military education of those heroes, offered a gold medal to be shot for, at a distance of a hundred yards, upon the Palmerston fair-green. It was a great occasion, and all the beauty and fashion of three villages adorned it with their presence. There stood the captain to see fair play and encourage the nervous, while his permanent sergeant, Ned Bullard, was ready with a jeer and a joke at the service of every one that shot wide of the mark. The zealous parson, adumbrated by a *shovel* of such dimensions as we see not in these days of skimping economy, rode up and down the line exhorting the brave to fear nothing, but remembering that the eyes of their country were upon them, to acquit them like men. Point blank was the practice on that memorable day. Had the target been a thing of life, it would have required to be of the feline species to have survived; for I have no doubt that at least nine out of the hundred bullets struck some part of its circumference. The victor was one Pierce Butler, a round, fat, oily son of Crispin, who had never discharged a bit of lead from a musket barrel before, and who approached his task as we may suppose King Agag to have approached the Prophet Samuel. With averted eye he raised the gun to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, in an agony of desperation, and falling back by the force of the rebound amongst his sympathizing fellow-soldiers, exclaimed, "Hould me up!" It was some time

before he could collect his scattered senses sufficiently to comprehend the cheers which announced that he had pierced the *bull's eye*. But when the great fact was made perfectly plain to his understanding, it was wonderful how promptly his spirit rose with his fortune, and with what a fiercely modest alacrity he strutted forward to the place where the vicar's niece, a charming young lady of eighteen, stood ready to invest him with the trophy. And now let me tell you that the only ghost of that corps that walks this firm set earth is the individual Bob Martin, whom your ghost-seer has so prematurely sent to his account. Bob is still as much as ever he was, which is not saying a great deal for him, extant amongst "articulate men," and, according to his own somewhat indignant account, has "as little call to sperrits, maybe, as gintlemen that takes greater liberties wid them."

But there was a Bob Martin once; the old Bob of all, who served the office of sexton when the population of Ireland scarcely amounted to three millions of interrable bodies. That man could have enwrinkled you all over with grave statistics. It was he that buried Luttrell, and saw the blue light flickering out of the coffin, when the first shovelful of black earth was cast upon it; and formidable were the stories which he related of the same Luttrell. Bob was for a long while "the oldest inhabitant," but, unlike that personage in general, he could remember many things; and he would tell them with a gusto, when engaged knee-deep, or deeper still, in his professional avocation. To him is the world indebted for a few fragments of *Satanic History*, collected from the transactions of "The Hellfire Club," every tittle of which he was prepared to verify before any tribunal.

The building of "*The Devil's Mills*," on the Lower Road to Lucan, was one of those incontestable facts. They were built in one night, at the requisition of the redoubtable Luttrell, who being hard pressed to devise a task beyond the ability of the architect to perform (otherwise he could not get rid of his society, which began to be rather *en-moyant*), he commanded the mill to be erected. But that was no trouble. He looked out of the window, and saw it done.

"Throw a weir and dam across the river." *Presto*, there it was!

"Make me a rope of sand."

"Ah, there you have me," said the old gentleman, "for the devil himself cannot do that;" and so he was quit for that time. The ruined mill at Woodlands, on the Liffey bank, still attests the reality of this wonder.

Again, at an annual meeting of the club, at which whoever happened to be last in a certain saltatory movement of the whole assembly, became the lawful prey of the *grand master*, it was Luttrell's luck to be left behind. But his good genius did not forsake him.

"What are your eyes for?" he cried, nothing daunted. "Take the fellow that is coming after me."

The devil let go his prey and seized—a shadow; whence the remarkable fact, that, to the hour of his death, Luttrell never had a shadow. Bob Martin had seen him a dozen times, without a shadow. He could not swear, indeed, that the sun shone on such occasions; but of the material fact, that Luttrell belonged to the *ascii* of the earth, there could not be a possible doubt.

On a third occasion, when immersed in study—it would be curious to know the name of the volume—the old one peeping over his shoulder, gave him a familiar tap, and said:—

"Come down, and finish it at my fireside."

"Stay," said Luttrell, whose ready wit was never at a "*nonplush*," I have a codicil to add to my will. Give me a delay till this inch of candle is burned out."

The request seemed so moderate, that it was granted without hesitation.

"Upon your honour?"

"As I'm a gentleman."

"Then, perhaps, you'll have no objection to sit a short time in the dark?"

So said, so done. He blew out the candle, locked it up in his desk, marked the sign of the cross over the key-hole, and requested his friend to ring the bell for fresh lights.

Now, though Bob was a staunch Protestant, and held mutterings in as much contempt as Lord John Russell, he believed most firmly that nothing could have hindered the old gentleman from following that inch of candle into the desk, and annihilating it with one puff of his breath, if the sign of the cross

had not been so timely interposed to bar him out.

But Bob's conversation was rich in remembrances of better men. His father had been married by "the Dane," whereby he meant Dean Swift, and a considerable proportion of his store of traditional anecdote was connected, more or less, with that great name; nor was he singular in that. All the old men of his time preserved a lively sense of the wit and patriotism of the eccentric Drapier. They could tell all that is written, and a great deal that is not written, illustrative of his peculiar humour. As for Bob, he was able to point out the particular spot on the Castleknock road, where he stopped his horse to bargain with a cow-boy for a secret whereby he was enabled to prognosticate the weather. The dean had passed by, lightly clad, in full confidence that the weather would continue fair.

"Go back for your cloak, sir," said the urchin; "it will rain."

Without heeding the warning, he passed on; and in an hour's time was wet to the skin. He returned to the spot, and demanded how the boy could foresee the shower? The youngster re-

quired half-a-crown for the information, which having obtained after some chaffering, he said:—

"You see that big stone, your reverence, in the middle of the field. Well, whenever you want to know if it is going to rain, come to that place, and if you find the bull scratching himself against that big stone, you may be sure of it."

To that big stone many a chuckling sexagenarian could point, as a memento of "the Dane," whose memory the whole community loved and revered, having been outwitted for once by a poor country boy. It may stand there yet, for aught I can tell.

It was surely something, when the peasantry of a whole district were accustomed to amuse one another with the sayings and doings of the greatest of the wits of Queen Anne. The schoolmaster may have done much for the world in the last half-century, but he certainly has not raised the minds or improved the taste of that class. There are very few Bob Martins, in whose mouths the names of Swift, and Sheridan, and Delany, and Archbishop Boulter are now as "familiar as household words."

JOHN BUNYAN.*

A NEW edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, the most beautiful and the best we have yet seen, has been laid on our table, and our thoughts are thus directed to good old John Bunyan. It would not be easy to think of Bunyan without the lines of Cowper, in which the Pilgrim's Progress is so happily described, rising up before the mind. They have been often quoted, and with them Southey commences his "Life of Bunyan;" yet, torn from the context in which they occur, half their effect is lost. We know no passage more striking than that with which the "Tirocinium," the poem from which Cowper's address to Bunyan is taken, opens; the calm grandeur, the continuous sublimity, language absolutely perfect, as if flowing without effort, the natural expression of habitual feeling, and yet—examine it—in each phrase, elaborated with an artist's consummate skill, is something that was unknown in Eng-

lish poetry from the days of Dryden, and even in Dryden, whose manner it most resembles, there is nothing superior. The passage is one not as well known as it ought to be, for Cowper's longer poems in rhyme never quite had the popularity which the "Task" at once acquired, and continues to possess; and this particular poem had the disadvantage of being first circulated in the same volume with the Task, and there can be little doubt was altogether overshadowed by the greater work. Our readers will probably, therefore, thank us for directing their attention to some of the finest lines in the language. The opening of this poem is, we believe, absolutely unknown, even to those who are best acquainted with the treasures of English poetry, and we entreat them not to delay reading for themselves the whole magnificent passage, of which we can give but a few of the closing lines:—

"If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endowed with reason only to decry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With passions, just that he may prove with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With every lust, with which frail nature burns,
His being end where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he of all that nature has brought forth
Stands, self-impeached, the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives, and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies."

The fitting education of a being thus endowed, and who (if all else in creation reflects its maker's wisdom), with attributes such as man has been gifted with, must be intended for purposes that do not seem realised on earth, is a duty; and thus, from the very earliest period in which the infant mind can be directed or trained, parents and governors should endeavour to direct and train it so as to be in correspondence with its high destiny. The purposes

with reference to which man is created, may be defeated as far as the individual is concerned, and the whole Hereafter of an immortal being affected by the mould into which his early thoughts are cast. Having stated this in a passage of somewhat more subdued eloquence than that which we have quoted, the poet proceeds to describe the education of the nursery, as the nursery was something more than half a century ago:—

"Neatly secured from being soiled or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page),

* "The Pilgrim's Progress," &c., by John Bunyan, with Memoir of the Author, by George Cheever, D.D. With Engravings on Wood, by Dalziel, from designs by Harvey. London: D. Bogue. 1850.

Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons, when they preach.
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget,
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction, and sweet truth, alike prevail ;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;
Witty and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables His slighted Word.
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man whose *pilgrim* marks the road,
And guides the *progress* of the soul to God.
'Twere well with most, if books that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age ;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die, at last, in comfort, peace, and joy ;
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul."

The final estimate which is made by that part of the public, on whose verdict literary reputation depends, is one which it would be hazardous in any particular case to anticipate. Bunyan was the contemporary of Baxter, of Taylor, of Milton. Had Cowper been speaking of any one of the set there could be no reason for suppressing the name ; yet, there can be no doubt, we believe, that even if the circulation of books be alone considered, the *Pilgrim's Progress* must have been in thousands of hands more than any of the more popular works of these great writers reached, and if we think not of the circulation, the diffusion of the books alone, but of the actual readers, we shall find it probable that Bunyan outnumbers not these alone, but almost any writer in the language. The period of childhood, too, in which the *Pilgrim*, as well as *Robinson Crusoe*, is first read, and in which whatever is read is sure, at some after-period of life, to reappear in increased vividness, renders it certain, that the influence of this wonderful book is greater than any other we could name. In many of the editions the rude wood-cuts greatly assist in impressing the story on the imagination. Bunyan has been happily called the Spenser of the people : in some respects he resembled Spenser, not, surely, in "the accomplishment of verse," not, surely, in scholarship, in which Spenser was unexcelled, and through which he scarcely ever touches on a classical image without

giving it some added beauty, in perfect keeping and harmony with the old mythology into which he breathes the life of a better religion, reminding us of the beautiful application which, in Keble's "Christian Year," we find, of the narrative of the Israelites entering Canaan :—

"And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
Among their fathers' tombs ;
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill.

"Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering sun had touch'd with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

"It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses bright,
Wreath'd o'er the cottage wall in garlands of delight.

"And now another Canaan yields
To thine all-conquering ark ;
Fly from the 'old poetic' fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark,
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo ! here the 'unknown God' of thine unconscious praise.

"The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
 'The sword in myrtles drest.'
 Each legend of the shadowy strand
 Now wakes a vision blest;
 As little children hie, and tell of heaven,
 So thoughts beyond their thought to those high
 bards were given.

"And these are ours: thy partial grace
 The tempting treasure lends:
 These relics of a guilty race
 Are forfeit to thy friends;
 What seem'd an idol hymn now breathes
 of thee,
 Tun'd by faith's ear to some celestial melody.

"There's not a strain to memory dear,
 Nor flower in classic grove,
 There's not a sweet note warbled here,
 But 'minds us of thy love.
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
 There is no light but thine: with thee all
 beauty glows."

These are lines of great beauty, and the deep truth implied in the fact which they state, that all things, however seemingly adverse, become subordinated to the ruling purpose of the mind, and work together for good, is one of which we should not lose sight; and if the heathen poets, and orators, and legislators are found to aid the teacher of Christian faith—if we can find them, notwithstanding adverse systems, and "strange religions, full of pomp and gold," assistant to us in the formation of the individual mind for a better world, and for our task in converting society into better conditions than it has yet manifested, how much more may we expect to derive help towards such purposes, from the works of such men as Bunyan. The Library is a scene which breathes repose—Fenelon, and Plato, and More;—prophets, and philosophers, and poets, and kings;—kings that laid down their lives for what they believed to be the truth; philosophers who lived

"As ever in the great task-master's eye;"

the Charleses and Miltons, all at rest, yet living to us in some truth, which through them became more distinctly understood, more operative through all after time. Here, among our books, we sympathise with all, and whatever their wars on earth were, we regard them as now in strong sympathy with each other. There is a passage of Coleridge, which is beau-

tifully written, and well worth dwelling on:—

"When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter: when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other: it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce.

"If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's, in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorised interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any.

"The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment, and by distinct visual

representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, ability, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expression and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

"Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benovolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press."

In our selection, then, of John Bunyan as the hero of our paper, we must not be understood to express any opinion whatever on any of the great questions on which the Christian world is divided; we ask not whether he is to be regarded as layman or ordained minister; we fall not out with those who were fond, in the latter part of his life, of calling him Bishop Bunyan, holding, that if we find him teaching apostolic doctrine, and not offending against the ordinances of society, it falls not within our province to affect to discuss or determine the serious questions which perplex divines and theologians. In thinking of the highest order of minds, where the affections are

not altogether shut out from our view by the nature of the individual's pursuits, we find the life of the man almost inseparable from his works. Each reflects illustration on the other. This is the case remarkably with Milton, whose life, notwithstanding all that has been done by Hayley and by Simons, if studied with careful attention to all the hints which his poems give, would greatly increase the interest of the poems. In the "*Samson Agonistes*" we cannot but read much of his own history, and the Latin poems are almost professedly biographical.

Without classing either Bunyan or Cowper with that highest rank of intellect, we regard their works and themselves as one. It is fortunate for Cowper's reputation that his letters have been preserved; they interpret his playfulness, and they soften and reconcile some exceedingly harsh traits in that part of his poetry which was first published—we mean the poems in rhyme, his first volume, given to the public under the ominous auspices, and with an austere preface, by Newton. Had these poems been the only fruit of his genius, and had we of his prose nothing but the biographical fragment which records the commencement of his insanity, with the strange lights from other worlds gleaming through the record, and only making the gloom seem more intense and more hopeless, we should in reality have been entirely misled as to his character and powers. Imperfect information is worse than none, and such a document as Cowper's account of his insanity, uncorrected by the private letters, would have just furnished the kind of evidence which each man's imagination would piece out into something most entirely unlike the proper character of the man. Indeed we do not think, in estimating Cowper's character, quite enough is allowed for his insanity. The contrasts with habitual feeling, which are often exhibited in insanity, are familiar to every one who has seen sufferers under some of the many diseases which are called by this generic name. His best friends are by the lunatic regarded as his bitterest and most implacable enemies. A German critic, who has analysed, with great subtlety, some of Shakspeare's characters, tells us that the wild, coarse language given to Ophelia is not only evidence of her reason being overthrown, but of the purity of her mind before the reasoning

powers were gone; that some law of contrast exists; and that insanity, far from revealing, as drunkenness is said to do, the real secrets of the bosom, perverts every feeling and every thought. If this be so, it may perhaps suggest how Cowper, who believed in the unlimited mercy of God, regarded himself as excluded from the hope of salvation. The "Memoir" of Cowper, to which we advert, is one that bears some resemblance in its character to Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," the narrative on which every biography of Bunyan is founded.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, a village near Bedford. His "descent was," in his own language, "of a low and inconsiderable generation. My father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." The father is stated in a history of Bedfordshire to have been bred to the business of a brazier, and to have worked as a journeyman in Bedford. Brazier seems but a more courteous form of language to express what is commonly meant by tinker. It would appear that Bunyan's father did not pursue his craft as an itinerant, and that he sent his son to school, and had him taught to read and write. From all this Southey finds some difficulty in accounting for Bunyan's language in describing his original position as of such extreme meanness; and Scott suggests, as a solution of the difficulty, —supporting the conjecture by a passage in Bunyan's autobiography, which does not quite sustain his view—that the family were originally gypsies. We shall, when we touch on that passage in the course of our narrative, show our reasons for differing from Sir Walter. At school, Bunyan attended "according to the rate of other poor men's children; though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose what I had learned even almost utterly." Bunyan's narrative of his early life was written in advanced age, and while there can be no doubt of its general truth, it would be unjust to regard all its statements as having the kind of accuracy which is ascribed to them by several of his biographers. Something is to be allowed for the use of a peculiar religious dialect, employed for the purpose of conveying a doctrine at the same time that it details a fact, and perhaps exaggerates the fact, lest the doctrine

should seem understated. That we should translate Bunyan's words in describing "his natural life" "before the gracious work of conversion in his soul," into something different from the full force of the language, will probably be admitted by most of our readers, when we tell them, that he studiously uses Scripture phraseology, the strongest he can find. We should not think ourselves warranted in lowering the statement to anything less than the author's words, were he using his own words, but where he uses the language of the inspired writers, we feel it absolutely necessary to believe it used with qualifications and accommodations, all which we must take into consideration, and limit this adopted phraseology by such facts as we find stated in ordinary language. We must separate the feeling, with which his past life is recollected by him, and which feeling we regard as alone embodied in the scriptural expressions, from the facts which he would detail. Words that would indicate general profligacy, we find, by other circumstances, meant what is bad enough, "that from a child he had but few equals for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God."

Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, is the title of Bunyan's narrative of his own life. This very title would render somewhat of over-statement to be expected. Exaggerate the sin, and you may make the grace more abundant. Calm, and apparently subdued as the old man's spirit was, yet the very title of his tract, making all allowance for the conventional language of the period in which he wrote, is that of a person under strong and habitual excitement. We admire and we should anxiously wish to share the feeling, but we cannot forbear saying, that it, like all other strong feelings, colours all that it beholds; that, vivid as the dreams of his childhood may have been, we think it by no means unlikely that in his recollections of them in after life, they assumed more intense vividness, that, in fact, in these biographical records, by a man of highly imaginative power, much of what seems to be but remembered is almost the creation of the moment, in which what is called the record is composed; that in the case of Bunyan as in that of Goethe, we have, without, however, the consciousness of the half self-deception, which

the German's title-page exhibits, an inseparable blending of truth and fiction. The divine dreamer was, it would seem, from his early childhood, the victim of dreams, and the scenery of his visions was always taken from the other world.

"Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions: for often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I should never be rid.

"Also, I should at these years be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains of bonds and darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

"These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormentors; but if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than to be tormented myself.

"A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness."

It is not improbable, that the dreams which re-appeared in such brightness in his successive works, were in some cases recollections of actual dreams of childhood; nor is it less likely, that

when he sought to bring back his childhood, and make it the distinct subject of thought, he should unconsciously exercise the marvellous faculty which gives shape and almost substance to what would, in the case of ordinary men, be classed with the mere vapours of the night. That Bunyan spoke with entire truth, when he told much of his early life to "those whom God accounted him worthy to beget to faith by his ministry in the Word," is a fact of which we have no doubt whatever, and we place entire reliance on all such details as are properly the subject of observation or of evidence. But it is scarce possible to regard any records of dreams and visions as coming within such a classification. The shadows of clouds might almost as easily be described. We are to remember, too, in forming a judgment on this matter, not merely Bunyan's habit of clothing all his thoughts in something of allegory; but the purpose of his communication to his followers. "It is profitable at large for Christians to be often calling to mind the very beginnings of grace with their souls." He writes to them from prison, and the language is altogether framed from passages of Scripture.

"Once again," he says, "as before from the tops *Shenir* and *Hermos*, so now from the *lion's den* and the *mountains of the leopards*, I have sent you here inclosed a drop of that honey that I have taken out of the carcase of a lion, *Judges*, xiv. 5-8. I have eaten thereof myself, and am much refreshed thereby. Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them, we shall find a nest of honey within them. The Philistines understood me not. It is something; a relation of the work of God upon my soul, even from the very first till now, wherein you may perceive my castings down, and risings up; for he woundeth, and his hands make whole. It is written in the Scripture, *Isa.* xxxviii. 16—"The father to the children shall make known the truth of God." Yea, it was for this reason I lay so long at Sinai, *Lev.* iv. 10, 11, to see the fire, and the cloud, and darkness, that I might fear the Lord all the days of my life upon earth, and tell of his wondrous works to my children, *Psa.* lxxviii. 3, 4, 5."

The purposes, then, of God in His dealings with His people, and the way

in which thoughts originate in the mind, are the proper subjects of this "Epistle" of Bunyan's; and there is seen in it everywhere a disposition, as far as is at all possible, to refer everything to a power operating without our will or against it. It is not surprising, therefore, that he looks for something like inspiration in everything that is seemingly least connected with the ordinary on-goings of the mental powers. He looks for miracles, and he finds them; but were it not for his extraordinary strength of mind, and for his logical powers, of an order rarely surpassed, there would have been the danger of this habit degenerating into the most servile or baseless superstition. The auguries and oracles of old pagan days would find a justification in this strange habit of seeking guidance from some capricious interpretation of dreams and omens; and we think even the language of Scripture, applied in the way he applied it, by persons of mental power inferior to his, not less likely to lead into absurdity and error. Bunyan, however, had this security against anything of important error; he seized some one truth, and this, once fixed in his mind, he never parted with. However derived, and it sometimes was made out by inferences depending each on the other, in what seemed argument, and was but analogy, yet, once attained, it became the measure of every other proposition with which it could be compared. There is a passage in this narrative which illustrates what we mean. He tells us that

"He was made to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. Now I read that the clean beasts *chewed*; that is, thought I, they show us that we must feed on the Word of God. They also *parted the hoof*; I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. . . . I thought the hare to be a type of those who talk of the Word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanted the Word of Faith, without which there would be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout."

In some such way as this is everything in the Bible made a sort of symbol, not altogether arbitrarily, for Bunyan, most often, is working out some suggestion of the New Testament, arguing

from the antitype first to the type; but then from the type deducing inferences often with extreme ingenuity, but their application being always limited by some fixed truth otherwise ascertained. Had Bunyan been a reader of the Talmud, this sort of allegorising and symbolising would not have been strange. As it was the fancies were altogether his own. We cannot render Bunyan known to our readers, nor will the "Pilgrim's Progress" be altogether understood, without our giving some account of his life. Though he appears to have cursed and sworn, and to have robbed orchards—this last is perhaps an unfair inference from his ascribing this feat to the hero of one of his spiritual romances—he felt a shock which made him tremble when he saw men professing religion act wickedly. He had a providential escape, which he thankfully records. He fell into a creek of the sea, and narrowly escaped drowning. He fell out of a boat, in the Bedford river, and was saved. He struck an adder on the back with a stick, and having stunned her, plucked out the sting with his fingers, "by which act," he adds, "had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to my end."

We next find Bunyan in the army. It is probable that it was while in the army he felt "those strokes upon his spirit which made his heart ache," that are told us of in his autobiography, when he witnessed the reprobate conduct of men professing religion. In his life of Mr. Badman, he gives an instance of such profligacy, which we suppose was common enough either in the royal or parliamentary armies. Bunyan, writing years after the Restoration, did not feel it necessary in his tract to say with which side he was engaged, but there can be no doubt it was Cromwell's. Among them the contrast of religion with profligacy was more likely to exist and to force itself on his attention, and Bunyan was, on the whole, likely to have been benefited in his moral nature, from being taken, even for awhile, from the streets of Bedford. Hume's description of the parliamentary army is probably pretty accurate, and to have been removed from the streets of Bedford, where he passed his time cursing and swearing (if we are to take his own account as accurate), or, when he was better employed, in earning his bread

as a tinker, herding with gypsies, and stealing poultry from farm-yards, and to be placed even under such irregular discipline as he must have been forced into, could not but have been a change for the better. Ascribe as much as you will to hypocrisy and fanaticism, there must remain much of what influenced the mind to good in such devotional exercises as occupied Cromwell's army.

"Never surely was a more singular army assembled, than that which was now set on foot by the parliament. To the greater number of the regiments, chaplains were not appointed. The officers assumed the spiritual duty, and united it with their military functions. During the intervals of action, they occupied themselves in sermons, prayers, exhortations; and the same emulation, there, attended them, which, in the field, is so necessary to support the honour of that profession. Rapturous ecstasies supplied the place of study and reflection; and while the zealous devotees poured out their thoughts in unpremeditated harangues, they mistook that eloquence, which to their own surprise, as well as that of others, flowed in upon them, for divine illuminations, and for illapses of the Holy Spirit. Wherever they were quartered, they excluded the minister from his pulpit; and usurping his place, conveyed their sentiments to the audience, with all the authority which followed their power, their valour, and their military exploits, united to their appearing zeal and fervour. The private soldiers, seized with the same spirit, employed their vacant hours in prayer, in perusing the Holy Scriptures, in ghostly conferences, where they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to farther advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle, the whole field resounded, as well with psalms and spiritual songs adapted to the occasion, as with the instruments of military music; and every man endeavoured to drown the sense of present danger, in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him. In so holy a cause, wounds were esteemed meritorious; death, martyrdom; and the hurry and dangers of action, instead of banishing their pious visions, rather served to impress their minds more strongly with them."—*Hume's England*.

In Philip's life of Bunyan, we find it distinctly stated, on the authority of a sketch of his life, preserved in the

British Museum, written by a person who knew Bunyan, that at the siege of Leicester he was called out to attack the town, then defended by the King's forces against the parliamentarians. This seems to decide what was before doubtful, and what his biographers can scarcely be blamed for misapprehending. Bunyan mentions the fact in the same way as the author of the sketch which Mr. Philip quotes, but does not mention the place. Others add the place; but this was not unlikely to mislead those who looked only at Hume, for Leicester was twice besieged in the civil war, first by the King's troops, and taken; and after the battle of Naseby, by the parliamentarians, and this last siege Hume says nothing of. At this siege occurred an incident which we must tell in Bunyan's own words:—

"This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

"Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy; but neither of them did awake my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation."

It has been suggested that Bunyan's military experience probably furnished him with some of the imagery in his "Holy War." Sir Walter Scott falls out with this supposition, on, we think, insufficient grounds. "The military operations are described," he says, "inaccurately, and the arms and armour are of earlier date than those used in the civil war." Bunyan's arms and armour for the assailants and defenders of the town of Mansoul are like the arms and armour which the old allegorists invented for their warriors; Fear and Horror and Discord formed part, and iron and brass another part of the same inseparable mass, in the same way as Tacitus describes hostile districts divided *mutuo metu et montibus*. We are not to expect accounts of actual military expedients, but something suggested by them, and which are more likely to occur to a man who has been in the field. There is a tone of excite-

ment foreign to Bunyan's verse, in the poem prefixed to the "Holy War," and we think it is to be referred,—not as to its interpretation, but as to its originating cause,—to the accident of his having been at the siege of Leicester.

"I saw the Prince's armed men come down
By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town.
I saw the *Captains*, heard the trumpet sound,
And how his forces cover'd all the ground,
Yea, how they set themselves in battle-ray
I shall remember to my dying day.

"I saw the colours waving in the wind,
And they within to mischief how combin'd
To ruin *Mansoul*, and to make away
Her Primum Mobile without delay.

"I saw the mounts cast up against the town,
And how the alings were plac'd to beat it down,
I heard the stones fly whizzing by mine ears,
(What longer kept in mind that got in fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,
And how old *Mars* did cover with his shade
The face of *Mansoul*: and I heard her cry,
'Woe-worth the day, in dying I shall die?'

"I saw the battering-rams, and how they play'd,
To beat down *Eargate*; and I was afraid
Not only *Eargate*, but the very town,
Would by those battering rams be beaten down.

"I saw the fights, and heard the *Cap-
tains* shout;
And in each battle saw who fac'd about:
I saw who wounded were, and who were slain,
And who when dead would come to life again.

"I heard the cries of those that wounded were,
(While others fought like men bereft of fear,)
And while the cry, Kill! Kill! was in mine ears,
The gutters ran not so with blood as tears."

Bunyan was but seventeen when he went into the army. At nineteen, he quitted the army and married. "My mercy," he says, "was to light on a wife whose father was counted godly." "We had not," he says, "so much as a dish or spoon between us. We had two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father left her when he died." In these books they sometimes read together, and his wife was fond of dwelling on her father's virtues, how he would reprove and correct vice, and what a

strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and in deed. Of the first of these books we know nothing, and of the second only what we learn from Southey. It was by Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, and must have been exceedingly popular, as it was translated into Welsh, into Hungarian, and into Polish, and more than fifty editions of it were published in the course of a hundred years. These books, and his wife's influence, made him desire to reform his life, and "to fall in eagerly with the religion of the times, to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too, with the foremost, and there very devoutly say and sing as others did, yet retaining," as he adds, "his wicked life." "I was," he says, "so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (to the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principally in his holy temple to do his work therein."

"This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, (though never so sordid and debauched in his life,) I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them, (supposing they were the ministers of God,) I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

"After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came into my mind: and that was, whether I were of the Israelites or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now, again I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it, who told me, 'No we were not.' Wherefore then I fell in my spirits as to the hopes of that, and so remained."

We are told that this reverential feeling was not directed to the services and clergy of the Church of England, for that the meagre Directory of the

Puritans had been substituted for the Book of Common Prayer, and that the Liturgy of the Church of England could not have been then used in any private family without subjecting the offenders to a large pecuniary penalty. Bunyan's language is not, we think, calculated to suggest anything of this kind; and we suspect either that the ordinance which proscribed the Book of Common Prayer had not yet been executed in this part of the country, or that Bunyan, writing some forty years after the period to which we allude, made some mistake of date. At all events, as we are concerned at present more with his state of mind than with any issues between Episcopacy and Puritanism that may be supposed involved in the matter, we will only observe, that the more meagre the form of worship exciting him to such veneration, the stronger must have been the impulse within his own mind to such devotion, or it could not be awakened at all. The question which he asked his father, and his reply, have led to Sir Walter Scott's notion of the family having been gypsies. Scott assumes the fact of some foreign descent as the foundation of Bunyan's question, and regards the answer, that they were not Jews, as proof that they were gypsies. We have quoted the passage in full, to show that Bunyan's question was asked under circumstances that made it natural, without at all suggesting the fact of knowing that they were of foreign descent as the cause of Bunyan's inquiry whether they were Israelites? In one passage, at least—and we think there are more in Bunyan's works—the gypsies are spoken of in such a way as would be most unlikely if Bunyan thought he belonged to that class of vagabonds. Did he belong to them, we have little doubt that he would have dwelt on it with a sort of spiritual exultation, and that his having been called out of Egypt would have been to him one of the proofs of Divine favour. We cannot imagine him suppressing the fact or disguising it. He tells, in the passage to which we allude, of a state of mind in which "he feared he should be deprived of his wits." He doubted, almost disbelieved, the existence of God, and this while he was engaged in the daily study of the Bible, and seeking to disentangle the deep

mysteries of election and reprobation. Could such things as this doubt and unbelief, he asked, be found among them that loved God?

"I often, when temptation had been upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child whom some gypsy bath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry, but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I also thought of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him, and did greatly fear that my condition was the same as his."

A sermon against Sabbath-breaking awoke Bunyan into more serious thought. He had by this time got out of some of his bad habits, but others remained. The way in which Sunday was passed was one of the great distinctions between the Puritan and the Royalist parties; and Bunyan, whatever were his political or theological leanings, was fond of out-of-door amusements, and Sunday was his day for them. Till this sermon, he never felt that there was guilt in his sports, but the sermon was a burden on him, and, we use his own language, embittered his former pleasures, and benumbed the sinews of his delights. He dined, however, and he forgot the sermon. Like "the Scotch rogue," Bunyan was but a sorry proficient in learning, being readier at cat and dog, cappy hole, riding the hurley racket, playing at *hyles* and *dams*, *spang-bodle*, wrestling, and football, than at his book;* and blackguard and semi-gypsy as our poor tinker was, it could not but be well for both his bodily and mental health that he enjoyed these active amusements. This day, however, was destined to be a remarkable one in his biography. Such religious sectaries as look for outward evidence of a new birth to righteousness, are anxious to mark the very hour and moment of such a change, and in this way importance is given to a particular sermon, to the accidental opening of a passage in the Bible, to the visit of a friend, to anything, in short, that imagination can connect with such a change. Bunyan would not himself have dated his spiritual birth from this in-

* Brand's "Popular Antiquities," Art. CAT AND DOG.

cident, and, indeed, we think when his mind had become calmed and sobered, there is reason to believe that he would have discouraged the inquiry, but most of his biographers do. It was, however, a remarkable incident, and one not to be forgotten, that on that day as he was playing at cat—one of the forms of the game of cricket—"a voice"—we must use his own words—"did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding amaze; therefore leaving my cat on the ground, was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices." It is plain from this account that his auditory nerves were affected, and that he seemed to himself to hear the words which he mentions—no doubt words that had occurred in the sermon to which he had been listening in the earlier part of the day. His biographers are disposed to represent him as believing himself to have seen a vision with the bodily eye. This we think, so far from being asserted, is distinctly negatived, by his language. He felt it was too late to repent. He paused, however, in his game; again thought over the case; said nothing to his companions of voice or vision; but having determined that repentance was out of the question, "returned desperately to his sport." And this kind of despair so possessed his soul, that settling with himself that heaven was lost, he felt a "desire to take his fill of sin, still studying that sin was to be committed that I might taste the sweetness of it, and fearing lest I should die before I had my desires." This temptation he describes as one which he believes to be very common. "It is Satan's policy to benumb the conscience, and overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seared frame of heart." Slight failings—such is his reasoning, and we see no ground of quarrel with it—are thus aggravated into guilt that forbids hope, and the feeling expressed in Jeremiah becomes a principle of action—"There is no hope; we will walk after our own desires, and we will every one do the

imagination of his evil heart." In this state of mind Bunyan actually resumed his old habits of cursing and swearing, and desperation looked not unlike actual madness, the probability of which became every day greater and greater; but from this he was preserved under circumstances where a mind less strong than his would have been endangered, were it not, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that the entanglements in which he seemed likely to have been for ever perplexed, belong to a class of subtleties that have properly no existence for an inferior class of minds. Bunyan, who was proof against the sermon, and the echo of the sermon conjured up by his imagination during his game of cricket, was one day playing the madman and blackguard at a neighbour's shop window; the woman of the house, a loose and ungodly wretch, rebuked him, telling him that his conduct was such as to corrupt the whole town. He stood admonished and abashed. "I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing." Till now he felt that to swear was to give authority to his words, but this rebuke from an abandoned woman broke down the habit.

Bunyan's conduct now became that of a respectable man. He fell in with an acquaintance who did "talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of the matter of religion." This led Bunyan to the Bible. The historical parts were what he read. He was as "yet ignorant of the corruption of our nature, or of the want or worth of Jesus Christ to save us;" and he therefore "could not away with Paul's Epistles and such like Scriptures."

Bell-ringing had been a favourite amusement of his. Conscience now became tender, and he gave up the practice. Yet his heart hankered, and he went to the steeple-house and looked on, though he durst not ring. Conscience still whispered in a voice that the bells thought in vain to drown, and he began to tremble with imaginary fears. "How if one of the bells should fall!" Then he would stand under one of the main beams for safety; but there the thought would intrude, "should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding, might hit me, for all this beam." Then he would stand

in the steeple-door. "But the steeple might fall," was the next thought; and this did "continually so shake his mind," that he was at last forced to flee.

The Puritans have no love for dancing; but the young will not give it up, and we don't see why they should. And our glorious tinker, in spite of all the voices from above and below that haunted him, had still an ear for the fiddle and a foot for the dance. Bunyan's love for dancing must have been for the sake of the exercise itself. If he is to be believed, he had an absolute detestation to the fair sex. Still his love of dancing, and his reluctance to give it up, make us disposed to regard with some doubt a passage which his biographers are fond of quoting. Did the man dance without a partner? We do not suppose the tinker was less happy when he had thrown off his pack and found himself in some village barn, or still better, on the open village green, than John Gilpin's horse, "right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels." But still look at John Bunyan's picture in any edition of his "*Pilgrim's Progress*"—his bright, brown, large British face, perfectly honest—brilliant actually, in the very rudest print we have ever seen, with good humour, and good nature, and good sense. Then read his pictures of Christiana and her children, and believe, if you can, the strange passage which he must have written in some moment when he was provoked into language foreign to his nature, by malignant accusations. Of Bunyan's perfect innocence of the charges he had to repel we can have little doubt; but the paragraph which we transcribe we do not believe:—

"And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. Those know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman; the common salutation of a woman I abhor, it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company, alone, I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand: for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objections against it; and when they have answered, 'that

it was but a piece of civility,' I have told them it is not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss. But then I have asked, why they made baulks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go? Thus, how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight."

Bunyan's dancing days, however, came to an end before their natural time; cursing, swearing, pilfering, bell-ringing, and dancing, all were at an end; and there was such a reformation in his whole manner and conduct as to excite the attention and admiration of his neighbourhood; and in spite of some occasional lapses, followed by promises that he would do better next time, and earnest efforts towards amendment, he thought with complacency of himself, and said within his heart, "that he pleased God as well as any man in England." Of distinct doctrine he appears then to have had no thought. "I knew not," he says, "Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope, for as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state would have been most fearful." "I was, as yet, nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, but I loved to be talked of as one truly godly." It would appear that Bunyan had not as yet connected himself with any sectarian congregation; and we should suppose, in his case, that some of the temptations that tend to remove a man from his parish church did not strongly exist. There can be little doubt, that among the poor, the ignorant, the self-educated, and the half educated, the sort of social distinction which such persons attain in small dissenting congregations is, perhaps, unconsciously to themselves, one of the motives for separation from a larger body in which their claims would be unnoticed or rebuked. In Bunyan's case, to have appeared at church clothed, and in his right mind, would, one should suppose, be distinction enough; and his connexion with the dissenting congregation to which he attached himself does not seem to have originated with himself, nor was it either altogether as accidental, as would appear from his account of the matter, or as, perhaps, he himself thought it. In all small dissenting congregations there is an anxiety to obtain converts, which is not understood or felt by larger establishments. And

it is certain, that in the unsettled times in which Bunyan's lot was cast, the feeling was not less strong in almost all these bodies, of attaching to it, whenever it seemed possible, any person of the slightest promise. In the little town of Bedford, Bunyan's story was not unlikely to have made some noise. On each of the occasions on which his life was saved providentially, it would have been likely to have been the subject of much discourse, and when at last news was brought to his fellow-townsmen, that the man who took his place when he was about to join a besieging party was shot dead, it would not be surprising, if what before was justly regarded as providential, now appeared not distinguishable from actual miracle. The subject of all this village-wonder is a young man, of idle vagabond habits, not absolutely profligate, but on the high road to ruin. He is married, and has to support a family by what was probably a miserable and precarious trade. Suddenly, the idler becomes industrious, breaks off all his bad habits, and is, in outward appearance at least, a man altogether changed. He calls himself a hypocrite, but in a sense which does convey the worst meaning of the word; and, unjust as it would be to him, to translate, in any case, the language of self-accusation, and the exaggerations of remorse, into the acknowledgment of such details of actual sin as to a person of less conscientious feelings might suggest the same words, there is no pretence for regarding Bunyan, at any time, guilty of hypocrisy. Had he called himself a "painted sepulchre" instead of a "painted hypocrite," you might as well insist on understanding him literally. A small congregation of Baptists was at that time formed at Bedford, and under the direction and ministry of a man, whom the commentators on the *Pilgrim's Progress* are fond of identifying with Evangelist, no doubt wrongly. John Gifford, their spiritual guide, had been a major in the royal service, and after the establishment of the Commonwealth he engaged in an insurrection, was tried, convicted, and with eleven companions, sentenced to death. The night before the intended execution his sister visited him in prison. The guards were asleep, his fellow-prisoners all drunk, and with his sister's assistance he escaped. He was, for awhile, concealed in London, and finally in Bedfordshire, where he

became a physician, with what qualifications for the office we know not. Gifford, though sober on the night of his escape, or at least less drunk than his companions, in general did drink like a major and a gallant cavalier. Those, who seem to themselves to have lost all, do not risk much in gambling: and Gifford was fond of play. Gifford was, in his own way, a patriot, and when the historians, who will see no good in the parliamentary party, have occasion to mention him, we find it recorded as his only virtue, that he hated the Puritans for the misery they brought on the nation in general, and on himself in particular, and that he often thought of killing one John Harrington, for no other provocation than because he was a leading man among persons of that description in Bristol. Gifford lost in gambling one night the sum of fifteen pounds; despair suggested more than one escape from the probable consequences, but while he was in the agonies of doubt, he looked into a religious book, which startled him into serious thought, and awaked a conscience which was not dead but sleeping. The passage which arrested his attention has been preserved, and may be found in Philip's *Life of Bunyan*, and probably in others. It is an address to the weary and heavy laden to come to Christ; and the invitation of our Lord is truly stated without exception of time, or place, or person. The very sense of his unfitness which deters a sinner from coming, is dwelt on as a proof that he is of those "specially aimed at, invited, and accepted." The appeal was not lost on Gifford. He at once sought out the meetings of those whom before he detested and despised. He was at first received doubtfully, but, after awhile, so won on them, that he was invited by some, who formed themselves into a distinct congregation, to undertake its care. Of the persons so inviting him to be their pastor, Anthony Harrington was one. The change was, in Gifford's case, as from death to life. Within a few days of the last of his life, he said, that from the day on which he was startled into thoughts of religion, "he had not lost the light of God's countenance, no, not for an hour." Bunyan says of him, calling him holy Mr. Gifford:—"he made it his business to deliver the people of God from all those harsh and unsound tests that by nature we are prone to." Though of the Baptist name, he seems to have

avoided, as Bunyan himself did, the controversies that divided the Baptists from other professing Christians, and that among themselves broke them into smaller sects. Faith in Christ and purity of life were the principles on which alone they insisted as the bond that united their congregations. They disregarded, or believed that they disregarded, all else.

Some of Gifford's flock were among the first persons to welcome Bunyan, when he assumed decency of conduct, and he tells us that as he was walking through the streets of Bedford on some business connected with his trade, he came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun. They were speaking on religious subjects, and Bunyan drew near to join their discourse, "being now a brisk talker myself in matters of religion."

"But I may say I heard, but understood not, for they were far above out of reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts; as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed and comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. They reasoned of the temptations of Satan in particular, and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults."

Bunyan had before thought of religion and salvation, but the language and the facts stated by these women were strange to him. The new birth had never before entered his mind. The deceitfulness and treachery of his own heart were things wholly unsuspected by him. That he could seem to himself to be religious, and not be so, was a mystery as yet to a mind not busied with speculation. The temptations of Satan within the heart itself were by him heard of for the first time, and the comforts of Holy Scripture assumed a new meaning to him in his conversation with these women. Southey describes him as accidentally overhearing the conversation of these women; we do not think this the fair interpretation of the passage. The women are described as conversing with each other, but Bunyan is plainly known by them to be present, and we cannot but regard the conversation as intentionally

directed to what they knew to be Bunyan's state of mind; that they were at the time engaged in what a dissenter, who has written a life of Bunyan, calls *episcopising*, meaning proselytising, or some kindred thought, and seeming to regard such efforts to save stray sheep as the habitual occupation of those who hold the pastoral office of a bishop. Bunyan returned again and again to the company of these poor people, and describes himself as each day feeling more ardent love for religion; still ignorant, but so engaged with thoughts on spiritual things, that it would then have been as difficult to him "to have taken his mind from heaven to earth, as he afterwards, he says, "found it to get it from earth to heaven."

The Presbyterians had by this time established themselves through England in most of the parishes. They had pretty well got rid of episcopacy, but the difficulty in all such cases is not to overthrow, but to substitute anything effectually or permanently in the place of what is overthrown. The iron rule of positive law may do something, and for awhile did something, but when, in the language of the Parliament of the day, a year of jubilee was proclaimed to tender consciences, uprose the congregationalists to war with "Presbytery," and among those many of the old enemies, who had been regarded as utterly extinct, reappeared; "not a hair of their head singed, nor any smell of the fire of persecution upon their clothes." They fell at once to gathering congregations. London was their chief resort, "Trent may be good, and Severn better, but oh, the Thames is the best for the plentiful taking of fish therein. They did fish, I will not say steal, hence a master, thence a mistress of a family, a son out of a third, a servant out of a fourth parish, all of which met in their congregations." The Presbyterians fell out with this; how could their churches stand, if corner stones, pillars, rafters, and beams were carried off by others to build their congregations? "They complained that the new pastor, though slighting tithes and set maintenance, yet so ordered the matter that the gleanings of Ephraim became better than the vintage of Abiezer." In the discussions at Holland of a year or two before, among other matters proposed as essential or desirable in a Church, was the establishment, in conformity

as it was said to apostolic regulation, of "an order of widows as essential she-ministers in the Church. Mentioning this, Fullersays, "our late civil wars in England have afforded us plenty for the place." These were the proposals of the congregationalists, and we cannot but suspect that the poor women of Bedford, whom Bunyan fell in with, if not officially employed in this sort of ministry, were persons making such services their habitual pursuit. Some of the sort of fishing for men, which Fuller tells us was exercised in the Severn and Thames, took place in other rivers, and there was nothing in the waters of the Ouse to prevent the use of the angle there. To win a new comer to the congregation was of serious importance; such we think was the object, and such certainly the effect, of these conversations with Bunyan. The person, with whom Bunyan had a little before most frequent conversations on religion, joined what was sometimes called the "family of love," more often "the Ranters," and passed on from stage to stage of frenzy, folly, imbecility. Bunyan was obliged to leave his company altogether, and the last we hear of him is, some raving blasphemy recorded by Bunyan, but not worth repeating.

The way in which Bunyan's livelihood was obtained made him wander through the country; no doubt, in a limited and ascertained circuit, but still under circumstances that threw him in with all varieties of opinion. There could scarcely be said to be a Church at that time in England, and the wildness of doctrine which was everywhere met with could not, under the circumstances of the country, be matter of surprise. Efforts were made by some of the sectaries to give definiteness to language, which even the best instructed men can but measure by its application, and others were united but by the uncertain and capricious bonds of temporary religious sentiment. Doctrine and conduct were alike shifting. What has been said of some of the Churches founded on this model was true of almost all. No account can be given of opinions from day to day susceptible of alteration and increase. "While countries whose immoveable mountains and stable valleys keep a fixed position may be easily surveyed, no geographer can accurately describe some parts of Arabia, where

the fleeting sands driven with the winds have their frequent removals; so that the traveller findeth a hole at his return, where he left a hill at his departure." The doctrines themselves were shifting, and the feeling of faith, a mental state, it would seem, in which the sentiment subsisted without an object, became all in all. However strong such sentiment might at first be, the language in which it was embodied was likely to survive the feeling, even in the minds that dealt most fairly with themselves, and the contrast between language and conduct became a marked thing. The professing religionist was not unlikely in this way to continue the dialect which he had learned in a better state of mind; and thus without his evil conduct being at all referrible to the doctrines which he had adopted, the doctrines would have to share in the disgrace of such a profligate as we have imagined. Others there were, whom doctrines, pure and true in themselves, seemed to mislead into perilous absurdity. We think in most of such cases the profligacy would, at any rate, have existed; and that when what are called evangelical doctrines have been supposed to induce impurity of life, and to end in what has been called antimonianism, the vicious conduct would have at any rate occurred, and some plea or other been put forward for it, wherever the logical faculty survived, as it often does in madness—and all vice is madness—the better intellectual and moral powers. The blackguard who told Bunyan, when remonstrating with him, that if it were not for such as himself the devil would want company, and that, therefore, he went on, was not a greater idiot than the persons who affected to deduce from scriptural language an exemption from all restraint, and who described their licentiousness as obedience to a perfect law of liberty.

Bunyan shook himself clear of profligate companions, but it was not easy to get rid of the kind of arguments which each day were brought before him. It is probable that he did not read much, but what he did read would have been better avoided. Some of the books put forth by the Familists fell into his hands; but the dissoluteness of conduct of the persons claiming exclusive possession of the secret of salvation, saved him from the contagion. We cannot relate with even

a show of consistency that which has little consistency in itself. We can only say, that some of these people would deny the existence of God, angel, or spirit; would, in reply to Bunyan, tell him he was legal and dark; that for themselves, they had gone through all religions, and at last had attained the true; that they had attained "perfection;" that they could do what they would and not sin.

"Oh! these temptations," says Bunyan, "were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime; but God who had, as I hoped, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of His name, and did not suffer me to accept such cursed principles."

Bunyan distrusted his own judgment, prayed to be preserved from error, and "the Bible was precious to me in those days."

In reading the works of St. Paul, Bunyan distinguished between miraculous powers and the ordinary gifts of the Spirit. Wisdom and Understanding he felt he had not, and he doubted whether he possessed Faith. That he should be without understanding and wisdom, in the degree that other Christians possessed them, was an appointment of Providence to which, if such was God's will, he could submit with resignation; but he thought he had learned that without possessing Faith, he could have neither rest nor quiet in his soul. He would not yield to despair, and he tells us that to ascertain whether he had Faith, he thought he should perform some miracle, and he was about to command the puddles to become dry, and the dry places puddles, when he was arrested in the insane purpose by the fear of the effect upon his mind should the failure of the test prove his want of Faith. It is not often that we are let thus into the secrets of a past state of being, though we believe that through such stages some of the most gifted minds have passed. Bunyan, though recording what he regards as remarkable providences, believed he was telling of temptations not essentially different from those by which all men are tried. The soundness of his conclusions from the whole is a remarkable part of this narrative. His inference was, that "if they only had Faith, which could do wonderful things then, that for the present he

had it not, nor yet for some time was even like to have it." He does not lower what he regards as the Scripture test, and he states a proposition certain of leading him to a conclusion, for which,—in the state of enthusiasm in which he was at this stage of his progress,—he was not prepared, that Faith, in the sense in which it is spoken of when identified with Christian belief, must differ in degree, at least, from that principle to which is ascribed miraculous power.

We have a remarkable passage in his autobiography which it would be unjust not to extract, as it shows the way in which Bunyan's mind reflected the past. Our readers remember the poor women of Gifford's congregation, whom he saw sitting in the sun.

"About this time the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a *kind of vision*, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

"About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein. But none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first got in my head, and after that, by a sliding striving, my shoulders, and my whole body. Then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

"Now this mountain and wall, &c. was thus made out to me: the mountain signified the Church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein: the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians

and world; and the gap which was in the wall I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father."

You have the same scene in imaginary picture which had occurred in actual life, and with the picture a sort of allegory not unlike the fictions of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." The conversations of these women, too, were plainly the occasion of that strange state in which his mind was engaged, it would seem, for years, in which Satan was for ever present with suggestions and whispers, and in which every passing thought of the mind assumed a voice that had power to wither up all hope. In a German poem, the work of a great artist, you have thoughts the highest with which man's intellect can deal, always gloriously expressed, but each casts its shadow too, and the darkness, the necessary darkness, of this shadow is given a depth and seeming outwardness. The old magician was supposed, when he attained the summit of his art, to have lost his shadow. This indicated a less power than that exercised by the enchanter to whom we allude, who made the shadowy and the substanceless express his conceptions of what would seem to be an evil spirit, if, in his view of good and evil, he could acknowledge absolute evil in the creation. We should be sorry to be regarded as vouching for the theology or the philosophy, or even the poetry of the enchanter to whom we allude, when compared with works written under the inspiration of Hebrew or Christian feeling, but some such strife of "thoughts excusing or else accusing one another"—some such mental dialogue as that in which we find John Bunyan and Satan interlocutors—seems to have been well known by him as the true shape into which imagination, acting with more rapidity than is consistent with having its operations the subject of distinct attention, is apt to throw itself. Bunyan gives us his own words and those of the spirit of evil, each armed with texts, each disputing, not according to the old scholastic forms, but just in the manner of modern polemics; and each well entitled to the dignity of a doctor's degree in any of the faculties. On the subjects of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the devil did not make as good a case as might be expected, if, as is probable, he was

one of the company who discussed the topics with Milton's friends. Still John was staggered when asked—how can you tell you are elected? This was a puzzler. The controversy was one of close text fighting, and there could not be, in the view of either of the combatants, a doubt as to the doctrines of election and reprobation. The doctrines were stated in many passages of Scripture admitted as decisive of the general fact. But was there any text which fixed the man John Bunyan was one of the elect? There was the rub; that was the sore spot. John was a casuist quite subtle enough for his antagonist. John was an anagrammatist, and by the same sort of analysis and synthesis as was exemplified after his day in the celebrated shoulder-knot case, John could do wonders; still that question did puzzle him, and Old Nick seemed to have the best of it: a text, however, did occur to him, and a glorious one it is, and embodying a truth coextensive with the history of man, and to which every heart bears witness.

"Look at the generations of old, and see did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?"

A strange and insuperable difficulty here arose; the verse which occurred to Bunyan could not be found anywhere in the Bible. It was sought for high and low; the truth was not denied; but the text—where is the text? Ancient men were asked about it in vain; the widows of Bedford sought for it; at last its hiding-place was found in one of the Apocryphal books. Other temptations and other difficulties followed. He was now introduced to Gifford, who brought him to his house. Bunyan was in the state of a person who takes up a book of medicine. Every disease of which he reads leads him to recognize its symptoms in himself. We doubt whether we are right in so minutely recording this state of mind, or that we do it with effect, as we have not room to give it in his own words. We have, we trust, better reasons for wishing our readers to be acquainted with it, and we therefore wish them to read for themselves the little tract of "*Grace Abounding*," but—among our reasons—is the light it throws on his peculiar style of fiction. That this state of mind is what he allegorises in the "*Slough of Despond*," we feel no

doubt, though we know it is otherwise interpreted. "My conscience," says he, in this part of his narrative, "was sore, and would smart at every touch."

I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir, and was there left of God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things."

The way in which Bunyan speaks of Scripture as then occurring to him is curious enough. While we cannot imagine other than the ordinary reasoning processes going on, we find texts flashed on his mind, at times creating great joy, at times great depression. Then there was plainly something of bodily disease in his at times hearing the utterance of distinct voices. At times he envied the birds and beasts; they were not of a sinful nature; they were not subject to the wrath of God. Then came a sermon which cheered his heart, "Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair." He thought of the words as he went home; and then sounded in his ears and rang as a sort of rhyme, "thou art my love, thou art my dove," twenty times together. He was cheered, but found himself replying in words to the same tune, "But is it true, but is it true?" as the awful sentence fell upon him, "he wist not that it was true which had come unto him of the angel."—Acts, xii. 9. This conjured up another verse, and he went home the happiest of men. "I thought I could have spoken of his love and have told of his mercy to me, even unto the crows that sate upon the ploughed ground before me, had they been capable to have understood me: therefore I said in my soul with much gladness, well I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I got any farther, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence. Alas! within forty days I began to question all again."

Distractions at places of devotion and in private prayer, were of frequent occurrence. Blasphemies, whole floods of blasphemies were poured upon his spirit; doubts of the truth of Scripture; doubts of everything. At prayer Satan would pull his clothes, bid him shorten his prayers, and then say, "fall down and worship me." A stranger temptation would then come over his mind; he would labour to compose his mind and fix it on God. "Then would the tempter distract me by representing to my heart and fancy

the form of a bush, a bale, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these he would also sometimes so hold my mind that I was as if I could think of or pray to nothing else."

We have said that Bunyan never ceased to think out a subject, and it was, we think, this perfect fair dealing with his mind that made his good sense eventually triumph. He endeavoured to view things from the first to the last. To place together, one by one, every stone of the edifice he was to create, is a remarkable characteristic of his mind. We could give instances that more fully exemplify this than the following, but none more interesting:—

"But, O! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God, to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world!

"Truly, I then found upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not anything that I then cried unto God to make known and reveal it unto me, but he was pleased to do it for me: I mean, not one part of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was orderly led into it. Methought I saw, with great evidence, from the four evangelists, the wonderful works of God in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth even to his second coming to judgment; methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up, as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged and nailed on it, for my sins and wicked doing. Also, as I was musing on this his progress, that dropped on my spirit, 'He was ordained for the slaughter,' 1 Peter, i. 19, 20."

Luther on the Galatians now fell into his hands. "Before all the books that ever I have seen, except the Holy Bible, I prefer it as most fit for a wounded conscience."

A temptation, not very intelligible, is then recorded at considerable length. The strength with which any image was presented to Bunyan's mind seems to have been evidence to him of some guilt of his own, even in the admission of the thought, if one associated with evil; for most of those which afflicted him passed through his mind, not to be indulged but to be repelled. "To sell Christ" was a thought that

dwelt with him night and day for a year. That he could not sell him out and out, and that his own interest in him could not be altogether parted with, he inferred from the fact, that in the Israelitish dispensation the land could not be sold for ever. "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." Whatever he saw, this temptation mingled with it. "Suppose a pin upon the ground which he stooped to pick up. Sell Christ for that—sell him—sell him." Sometimes it would run on for a hundred times together. "Sell him—sell him." And Bunyan's fear was that he should yield to the temptation, and he would reply—"no not for thousands, not for thousands, not for thousands," at least twenty times together; at last, when out of breath with strange repetition of unmeaning words, he felt the thought pass through his mind, "Let him go if he will." And now the crime was committed, and then came the thought of his ingratitude; then came the fancy that this was to sin against the Holy Ghost; then came a comparison of his sin with all the cases of sin he could imagine or read of, and he found some incident which distinguished his from all others by a deeper stain of guilt. He had committed a sin for which Christ had not died; God would pardon if it were possible, but it would require another sacrifice to save him, and it is written—"There is no more sacrifice for sin:—"

"187. Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause, about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw, as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light! and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me: methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world; I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me! for they stood fast, and kept their station, but I was gone and lost."

The difficulties of his case were at

last solved by his considering that we died with Christ; that His righteousness is ours; that He was looked on of God, and should be looked on by us as that common or public person on whom all the body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned. That we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over death, the devil, and hell by him. When he died we died; and so of his resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live, together with the dead body shall they arise." He ascribed his temptation to his not having prayed against being led into future temptation, but confining his supplications to being delivered from present evil. Some five or six years after his joining Gifford's congregation Bunyan was invited by some of the members of it now and then "to take a hand" in exhortation. They were pleased at his success, and he occasionally accompanied such of them as went into the country to teach; and at last was "called forth and appointed" to public preaching. In the occupation of instructing others he found the rest and quiet of mind to which he had been so long a stranger. He had been five years a preacher when he was apprehended and thrown into jail. Sureties were offered, but bail would not be taken, as it was intimated that he would repeat the offence. He was tried for upholding conventicles, and appears to have been severely dealt with. What, if his case had been conducted by counsel, would only have been regarded as an argumentative admission, was treated as a confession of the offence charged, and he was left to languish for some six years in Bedford gaol; and was scarcely discharged when he got back again, and was kept there six years more.

We incline to believe that to this lengthened imprisonment was due the calm of mind into which Bunyan finally passed, and which rendered possible the creation of the glorious work to which he owes his earthly immortality. Of that work, perhaps the most popular in the language, and in the best respects one of the best, we have not left ourselves room to speak as we could wish. The omission we shall soon supply.

ROCHE'S VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.*

LITERATURE, in all its varieties, presents so vast a subject for philosophic contemplation, that it is not surprising the critics have been baffled in assigning the fixed general rules which govern its production. The attempts made at classifying the principles that are actively at work in its creation, have all been clever schemes of system-mongering, arbitrarily adopted by dogmatists of the closet, and it is worthy of notice that the understanding can play as extravagant freaks as the imagination itself; or, in other words, that elaborately logical systems, planned by merely speculative ingenuity, can become as unreal and remote from the living truth as the fancy-begotten dreams of the visionary. How often do we find in the critical caprices of a Scaliger or Bentley as fantastic aberrations from the actual, as in the rhythmical ramblings of Ossian or of Shelley!

It is clear that adopting a national principle for the causative force of literature will not answer, because the history of letters has shown that the master-spirits often pass beyond the bounds of their country's mode of being, and exult in an intellectual atmosphere, quite alien from that of the land whence they have derived their birth and education, but not their characteristic development. Byron was more of an European than an Englishman, as Goethe was more a Greek than a German. How little of the English idiosyncrasy do we perceive in the poetry of Pope; and how alien in its generative principles was the best part of the literature of Rome! Admitting that literature must be judged as a social expression of the deepest spiritual and strongest intellectual import, the question still remains, what are the main principles which rule the germination and culture of letters in a nation?

That is a question which has often occupied our attention, and has, both in Paris and London, exercised our closest scrutiny. We have ourselves

watched the causes which appear to us to influence with predominating power the cultivation of letters. We have been a great deal behind the scenes, and have seen the great scribbling manufactory, which calls itself "the Literary World," in its working trim as well as in its holiday gear; and we have practically watched literary men in their habits and characters. We have brought experience and observation to the aid of reflection, and we have formed a theory on the genesis of literature, which we will offer to the reader. Before we do so, we may premise an observation of an explanatory kind.

There is a word current amongst the literary men who write the London journals (we allude specially to the daily press), which is not often used outside the circle of editors, proprietors, and leader writers. This word is *actuality*, and it refers to the current newspaper test for the merit of a leading article. Style is only a very secondary merit in a leading article for a daily journal. The grand point to attain in a leader is freshness of sentiment, and direct reference to what is passing through the heads of the readers or of the public at large. A man may think with the profundity of Bishop Butler, turn sentences as smoothly as Addison, and deck them with the wit of Congreve or Sheridan, and yet he may not tell as an effective leader writer. His writing may be fluent, animated, and brilliant, but yet without "actuality" it will not be effective in moving the minds of the multitude of readers. The passing circumstances—the fleeting caprices of that weather-cock, called public opinion by itself, and branded by statesmen and philosophers as popular caprice—the fluctuations of parties, and the fantastic whims of the factionists—all these a good leader writer must have direct cognizance of, either from first-hand sources, or from approved "go-betweens" (as Burke called them).

* Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By an Octogenarian. (J. R.) 2 vols. 8vo. Cork: 1850.

These are the facts which constitute that *actuality* which must be ever present to the journalist, a word which may be taken to include the proprietors, managers, editors, and leader-writers of a daily journal. For it is the spirit of the day, not the spirit of the age, that a daily journal records.

Thus, the word *actuality* supplies us with the term that we require. In looking to the causes which regulate the origin and the growth of literature, we would assign three main agents which rule its existence. We say, that literature is generated by public actuality, by personal ambition, and by private amusement. Firstly, we say, that a vast mass of literature is generated by the very necessities of a country. A prodigious part of any national literature is the transcript and utterance of popular and passing emotion, the thinking aloud of a nation. Ballads, pamphlets, newspapers, political economy, public speeches, and the criticisms current upon them all, may be referred to the head of actuality. All these are valuable, not so much for style or sentiment, but for their truthful utterance of the convictions of society. The character and ideas of the people are seen in them; and we read the wishes, if not the wants, of an age in their aspirations, political and poetical. In the political literature of a country we gather its opinions, and in the poetical we learn its sentiments; the former being more intellectual manifestations, the latter being more emotional revealings of the ideal of a country's character. Thus, we see the Scotch character in the songs and ballads of its bards, as well as in the systems of its philosophers. There are Scotch simplicity, rugged energy, and vigorous individuality in all the old Scotch ballads upon which Burns formed himself, and there is Scotch shrewdness in the cautious inductions of Reid and his followers. It would not be difficult to carry out this illustration through much of the national literature of Europe, but we have not space to do so here. It is enough to repeat, that political philosophy and popular poetry (and of course their kindred agencies) are all generated by actuality, and that they derive their primary force from realities. The reader will easily see at a glance, that political poetry derives its origin from "actuality," but he may require some elu-

cidation as to political philosophy drawing its power from the same source. All useful and practical political philosophy comes from actuality, and not from the cogitations of a dreamer in a closet. Adam Smith, by a vigorous effort formed an economic eclecticism upon the rules of the French philosophers, his ideas on free trade having been anticipated by David Hume in his Essays. But where were the *data* upon which Hume and Smith founded their schemes and views of social philosophy? The acts of the governments, the financial regulations and economic experiments of Chancellors of the Exchequer, were still prior to Hume and Smith, and gave the exercised intellects of the philosophers materials for their thinking. How much the best political philosophy depends upon actuality, may be gathered from a pregnant remark of Spinoza: "that no political writings are worth study, or have attained permanent fame, except those of men practically engaged in statesmanship." The observation here quoted can be illustrated by Tacitus, who was governor of a province, by Machiavel, who passed a great part of his life in political authority, by Sully in France, by Clarendon and Bacon, by Bolingbroke and Burke. The case of Swift is not an exception, for he lived in a clique of statesmen, and shared their knowledge with their passions. Observe, on the other hand, what speedy oblivion falls on the writings of merely literary politicians. Burke's Political Essays, Priestley's innumerable pamphlets, George Ensor's voluminous lucubrations, *cum multis aliis*, prove that without the actuality gained by practical experience from power, and from direct responsibility, the cleverest writings on politics are ever forgotten. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the ephemeral subject which causes oblivion so soon to fall on political compositions. We are now more than a century removed from the days when Bolingbroke's pen was in full activity; and every aspiring statesman in these islands still derives a practical knowledge of political science from the writings of Henry St. John.

We repeat that it is actuality, or great public exigency, which gives birth and force to the most important writings in political economy. The last science first began to be closely studied in England, just when the

empire appeared to be in a disastrous condition at the Peace of Paris, in 1783, when, during the brief ministry of Lord Shelburne, England was obliged to cede independence to America, and Benjamin Franklin appeared as representative of free America, in the old velvet suit which he had worn on the very day, when, in the presence of the Privy Council, he incurred the vituperation of Wedderburne. At that time the gloomiest clouds lowered over the destinies of England. America was lost, and Ireland had for a season achieved what was supposed to be "legislative independence." The Indian empire did not then present the boundless field of power and glory, which it subsequently presented under the conquering policy of the Marquis Wellesley. The immensity of the English empire, soon to be consolidated under the imperialising genius of the younger and greater Pitt, was not dreamed of. At that very time, the press began to teem with essays and treatises on political economy. The desperate fortunes of the country invited every intellect to scrutinise the sources of national prosperity. Sinclair, Eden, and a host of writers appeared between the year 1783 and the outbreak of the French revolution. The Prime Minister, Pitt, eagerly applied himself to the study of economical sciences; and the greatest of statesmen was closeted with Dr. Price, the clever Unitarian clergyman, then broaching his illusive scheme of a sinking fund. In our day, and in this island, during the fearful term of "The Famine in the Land," the tremendous actuality of the visitation made country gentlemen, lawyers, clergymen, and amiable women (old and young) appear as advocates of some favourite scheme of social economy.

So much for the first main agent in literary activity—Public Actuality. We now proceed to the second efficacious agent—Personal Ambition.

It is clear that the greatest masterpieces in literature, epic poems and tragedies, have originated in the thirst for fame, the ambition of the applause of ages. The first-class histories have also been written under the influence of the same potent stimulant; a fact which we have proved by the avowal of Thucydides and the candid confession of David Hume. Not lucre, nor desire of social influence, nor any of

the common-place motives of action, made Virgil compose the *Æneid*, or Milton the *Paradise Lost*. Burke, in one of his speeches, talks of "that instinct of great souls, a passion for fame." This great and predominating passion can only be truly felt by towering natures. Its bastard imitation, a cormorant vanity, is to be carefully distinguished from the principle which rules the breasts of heroes and great poets. When Thucydides thought of the *συναίσθησις*, he evidently cared little for the "*digiti monstrari atque dici hic est*." Byron sings of his desire to be "remembered with his land's language." Cowley, in two well-known lines, expresses the longing for fame as distinct from present applause:—

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

In his touching lines on "My Grave," the late Thomas Davis forcibly utters the aspiration of a noble passion:—

"Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind—
He loved his country, and served his kind."

Without that passion, it is scarcely possible that the first-class productions in art and letters could ever be undertaken. Between the money given for their remuneration in the most successful instances, and the enormous efforts of genius, there can be no proportion. Byron received £20,000 for his poetry, which exercised a world-wide influence, and Murray was "the prince of publishers;" but Sir William Follett had realised, by legal toil, nearly a quarter of a million. Scott purchased Abbotsford, and achieved the dignities of a laird and baronet; but Lord Eldon left a landed property of eight thousand a-year! Neither money nor present influence could ever compensate an author for the labour on a work like the *Æneid*, polished again and again to perfection, and deemed, by the fastidious genius who composed it, worthy of the flames. What could compensate a Hallam for the laborious research and long-sustained reflection demanded by his masterly history of European literature? Nothing but the honest satisfaction with which he penned his manly avowal, "that he has contributed something to the literature of his country, something to the honour-

able estimate of his own name, and to the inheritance of those to whom he will have to bequeath it."

It is to be observed, however, that mixed motives actuate master-spirits as well as commonplace people. Dryden felt the glory of his vocation, and at times glowed with sublime passion; but his hapless lot influenced his writings, and from the thirst for renown, he was compelled to allow his mind to be influenced by the desire of ministering to his personal necessities. Numerous other instances will occur to the reader.

Of the third agent in producing literature—Private Amusement—we will not say much. It is often combined with the love of utility, but it seldom gives rise to laborious efforts. The literary efforts of people of fashion may be referred to this agent. Tired of the routine of dissipation, they find the writer's pen an agreeable stimulant. Hence, Lady Blessington obtained so many contributors to the gilt and gaudy butterfly literature, which was sent forth every year under her auspices. Hence Lord Gower translates German works, and Lady Londonderry prints her diary, *non obstante* the London *Examiner*, and all the weekly and monthly critics. It is rarely that works written *pour passer le temps* can be useful. There is, however, a very remarkable instance in the case of Cowper's *Task*. The Satires and Essays were written by the bard, under the hope of being useful; but the *Task* was commenced half in a spirit of graceful courtesy towards the amiable woman who suggested a poem on *The Sofa*.

The remarkable and very curious volumes now before us cannot be ranged directly under any of these three agencies we have enumerated. Their source is to be traced to a mingling of the first and third causes. Partly from actuality, and partly from amusement, they derive their being, and furnish a striking transcript of their most accomplished author's literary character. They are a selection of the miscellaneous writings of "J. R." the correspondent of "Mr. Urban," and will well repay the attention of a reader of scholastic taste, addicted to the study of languages, and attached to genealogy, and that attractive region, the *gossip of history*. We regret that the learned author did not preface them by a biographical sketch. Even if we had materials for the pur-

pose we would not do so, as he has not thought proper to do it himself. Yet, we cannot notice this work, without a few words on himself, for his writings will exemplify the saying of Buffon, "Le style c'est l'homme."

"J. R." are the initials of Mr. James Roche, the senior magistrate upon the Cork Bench of Justice, the President of the Cork Library, and of the Royal Cork Institution. He is by birth of ancient extraction, a member of the ancient Roman Catholic family, settled at Limerick, and alluded to by Burke, when he inquires, "What are the Roches of Limerick doing?" in reference to the efforts at Roman Catholic Emancipation. He was for several years a denizen of France, and was a spectator of many of the scenes of the first revolution, and was acquainted personally with Vergniaud, and other notorieties of that period. At a subsequent time, he was in the habit, during his residence in London, of attending for amusement, and from curiosity, the debates in the British Parliament, and was a frequent hearer of Pitt and Fox. For several years he was a leading banker in the city of Cork, and resided at an elegant country seat over the waters of Lough Mahon. There he pursued his favourite literary studies, and collected a vast library of rare editions; delighting, at once, the taste of a scholar, and the appetite of a bibliomaniac. In early life he had received a careful classical education, and his proficiency in the tongues of antiquity was kept up by constant perusal of Greek and Roman literature. Taking much interest in the diffusion of knowledge through the community, it was no matter for surprise that Mr. Roche should have been an active supporter of the new Colleges. Several years since, some members of the Royal Cork Institution resolved themselves into a permanent Committee for the purpose of directing the public mind to educational improvement, and the leading aim of that most useful and intelligent Committee was the erection of Collegiate Institutions to meet the growing numbers of the middle class, and the demands of Irish society. Mr. Roche was the Chairman of this Committee, and rendered it substantial services, and we appreciate the feelings of satisfaction with which he refers to the labours of the Cork Committee.

Up to his seventieth year, Mr. Roche

had remained a mere *helluo librorum*, and never indulged himself in literary exertions. A passionate lover of literature, he spent all his leisure hours in the perusal of works in all tongues, and almost on all subjects. His memory was always remarkable for tenacity, and having once begun to correct (through the medium of our venerable contemporary, the *Gentleman's Magazine*) some errors in popular historical works, he insensibly became a constant contributor to "Mr. Urban," and gradually he was drawn in for contributions to other journals. Of those miscellaneous articles, the present volumes are a collection.

We know not how far we are entitled to criticise such a work. Originally, its component parts were subjected to all the reading public, but in their collected form we see the words "not published" on the title page, which operate as a *caveat* against criticism. Yet, the printing, if not the publication, of two such goodly volumes (550 pages each) at an Irish provincial press calls for our notice. The Belfast press has been honourably active of late years, as the interesting publications of the enterprising Messrs. Simms and M'Intyre, and the scientific treatises of certain citizens of Belfast, honourably demonstrate. Although we have been informed, and can readily believe, that the love of letters is a marked characteristic of Cork society, there have been few original works published in Cork. It is matter of notoriety that Cork, for the last thirty years, has contributed more than its quota to the periodical and daily press of London. Probably no other city with a similar population has produced so many *litterateurs*. The volumes before us, spangled all over with quotations in all tongues, carefully and elegantly printed in a style worthy of any metropolitan press, not merely reflect credit on the typographical ability of Mr. Nash, but suggest to us the reflection, that we may in future look for works of importance and interest from the Cork press, and that the professors of the Queen's College need not seek elsewhere for better means of communicating their lectures to the world than are now existing in that city where "J. R." has printed his very curious work.

"Critical Essays" is not the happiest title for such a work as this of "J. R." Both volumes display a vast extent

of reading, close knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and an encyclopædic acquaintance with books, but the papers do not strictly come under the term essays. "Literary Researches" would have been more truly descriptive of these acute investigations into the details and subject matter of important works in literature. "Painters' properties are best" was a frequent saying of Edmund Burke, and it is established well in the criticism of the Fine Arts that the critic should ever bear in mind the object of the artist. An analogous rule ought to prevail in criticism on books, though Lord Jeffrey used constantly to attack a work because it was not something different in kind. Thus, for example, he criticised Wordsworth, not by the canons of a spiritual creed, but by the stereotyped rules for trying worldly poetry, like that of Dryden or Pope, as absurd as if the bursts of Lord Chatham were to be measured by "Blair's Rhetoric." "What does the writer aim at?" should be the first question, and "How far has he achieved his objects?" should be the second. Of the immediate object of "J. R." in these lucubrations we can truly say, that he generally succeeded. His correction of details was rapid and exact; his quotations mostly as apposite as far-fetched, indicating that peculiar talent for quoting which unites the *apropos* to the *recherché*, and the knowledge evinced in them was useful to authors. We might, perhaps, have anticipated that, when collected together, his various papers would have rather a desultory appearance; but the work has a propriety of its own which sets at nought the common test for judging literary performances. We can fancy some cavilling critic snappishly urging, "*cui bono* this prodigious parade of erudition? What system of thinking is adopted by the author? Has he enunciated broad general principles capable of practical applications?" To which we would answer, in the words of Dean Swift, "that the most disgusting of all cant is the cant of criticism." These volumes belong to an exceptional class in literature; they are the commentaries and suggestions of a profound scholar blended with the curious recollections of a venerable Irish gentleman, who lived much abroad, and met with many remarkable persons. They are the "Omnia" of "J. R.," and are two

of the most interesting volumes we remember. Though they are nominally broken into subjects, their nature is so miscellaneous, and the facts so diversified, that we are at once forcibly reminded of the "Curiosities of Literature," and of the "Walpoliana." Every page is decked and garnished with quotations; singular bibliographical knowledge mingles with anecdotic fecundity of a memory almost marvellous for its tenacity of *minutiae*; the text, while elaborately treating of the gravest topics, is illustrated by a running fire of foot notes, in which a crowd of reminiscences are brought before the reader, astonishing him by their number, and not a little distracting the attention by their motley variety.

Yet this *bisarrerie* of curious detail is not at all unpleasing. The work reminds us of some venerable country mansion, in which we gaze now on the homely antique oak parlour, now on the quaint staircase with its fantastic balustrades, now on the long gallery of portraits, where the worthies are strangely blended with the worthless; now into deserted bedrooms, where we sigh over the moth-eaten trappings of departed grandeur; and now into the china closet full of crockery monsters, almost as incredible, and certainly more indescribable than that sad stay-at-home creature the sea serpent. So tessellated is the texture of these most readable and instructive volumes, that the reader is reminded of that masterpiece of fanciful description in which Burke characterised Lord Chatham's ministry, but we are sure that though variety is often a source of weakness to a cabinet, it gives freshness and interest to a book. For our part, we confess that in our thankless and wearisome task of wading through the flatulent superficialities which pass current for philosophy, our appetite for books of mere facts becomes sharpened as we grow older. "J. R." in his writing keeps his attention mainly directed to facts, and cares less for the setting of his thoughts than might be anticipated in such a deeply-read scholar. We repeat that he is to be judged as a scholar not as a stylist; and taking his learned writings from that point of view, we can express our sincere admiration of the rare learning, the familiarity with the ancient classics, and the remarkable

knowledge of modern European history shown in these curious compositions. Though they reflect the highest credit on their venerable author, we may remark that they are not entirely fair samples of his powers. It must be recollected that he did not embark in literary composition until his seventieth year, and that his objects for the most part were casual. The greater part of his life was passed in commercial pursuits as a banker, and no candid reader can rise from the examination of these learned researches without being conscious, that if "J. R." had been trained to one of the learned professions, and had as sedulously cultivated the active as well as the acquisitional faculties of his mind, the highest honours would have awaited him.

The subjects treated of by "J. R." are literary, historical, and genealogical. The sketches of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, by Lord Brougham, give him an opportunity for enumerating almost as many errors in the noble lord's biographies as Mr. Tyas indicated in his edition of Demosthenes. But though Mr. Tyas is a much better Greek scholar than Lord Brougham, and though "J. R." is immeasurably more conversant with French literature, their criticism and strictures cannot deprive Lord Brougham of well-earned literary laurels, the more honourable because gained while he had to toil at the bar and to take part in the debates of the senate. When his lordship went upon Greek and French subjects we expected that he would commit himself, but no literary man now living can wield a more effective and masterly pen when he writes upon subjects familiar to him. His "Historical Sketches of Statesmen" is a work that may be esteemed as classical. The characters all stand out in the canvass, and are masterly specimens of literary portraiture. Our readers must recollect the sensation they made on their first appearance in the *Edinburgh Review*. In their reprints they are to be found in every collection aspiring to the name of a library; and the vigour of their composition, the rapid energy with which the reader's attention is arrested, spell-bound by the sight of the younger Pitt, or Burke, standing before him at the summons of the historical artist,—these are merits of which no critical depreciation of his exercises in literature can deprive Henry

Brougham. No works have found an audience so numerous and *so variously composed* as Scott's novels, Macaulay's Essays, and Brougham's British Statesmen.

The characters of Gibbon, Voltaire, and Rousseau, do not present the best subjects for a writer in these days, when ingenuity has been exhausted in treating of them. We turned with more curiosity to "J. R.'s" strictures on "Hallam." Perhaps no higher compliment could be paid to the critical acumen of Mr. Roche, than the fact that Henry Hallam should have engaged in learned controversy with our author. The opinion of "J. R." on the recent works of Hallam, is worth citing. He says that "the Literary History of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth Centuries enriches our literature with a work to which it possesses nothing parallel. We may in truth confidently extend this claim to whatever Europe may boast of in similar composition, for Eichorne, Andres, or Sismondi, the only writers who have embraced an equal latitude of critical illustration, can sustain no comparison with our accomplished countryman."

The minute accuracy and the authentic evidence which Mr. Roche can exhibit has long arrested the attention of persons engaged in literature, many of whom have often availed themselves of his kindness in communicating his knowledge. In his strictures on Hallam, he gives us a fair specimen of his style of suggesting emendations:—

"At page 63 of the second volume, Mr. Hallam observes, that it is questionable whether any printing press existed in Ireland before 1600; but we have the distinct assertion of Sir James Ware, (*Annals*, p. 124, ed. 1705, repeated in that of 1746,) that the English Liturgy was printed in Dublin, by Humphry Powell, in 1551, at the command of the Lord Lieutenant Sentleger, (*sic*), and the Council. Powell, as may be seen in Dr. Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, (vol. iv. 311,) had exercised his profession in 1548 and 1549 at Holborn-Conduit, in London whence he removed to Dublin: and, in the History of this latter capital by Whitelaw and Walsh, (vol. i. p. 195,) it is stated more particularly, 'that on Easter Sunday of the year 1550, the Liturgy in the English tongue was first read in Christ-church, in pursuance of an order from the King, (Edward VI.) for that purpose; and the following year was printed by

Humphry Powell, who had a license for so doing, to the exclusion of all others.' 'It is probable,' these compilers add, that 'this is the first book printed in Ireland.' In a subjoined note, it is moreover affirmed, that the Bible had also appeared the same year; for which reference is pointed to Ware's *Annals*; but that antiquary is silent as to the Bible, though positive in regard of the Liturgy; and the Dublin Annalists have, therefore, transgressed their quoted authority. Indeed, it is perfectly certain that no Bible of so early a date issued from the Irish press; for I do not recollect any trace of it in our bibliographical records. It exists not, as I have ascertained by inquiry, in the royal collection of Wirttemberg, nor in the library of the Duke of Sussex; and the former, it is well known, is the largest repository of the sacred code ever formed. See *Bibliotheca Württembergiana Ducis*, (grandfather of the reigning monarch,) olim *Lorkiana*, auctore I. G. Aldero, Hamb. 1787, 4to. and *Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon*, Leipsic, 1821-1830; as also Dr. Dibdin's *Tour*, iii. 21. Were it to exist, a copy would doubtless be in the Dublin University library, as that of the Liturgy is, but it does not contain such a volume, though Mr. Shaw, representative of the University, has asserted that it did; but he, like others, mistook the Liturgy, which, of course, he could not have seen, and only accepted the fact on report for it. This occurred in parliament, where there was no one competent to prove his error. In 1566, the London printer, John Day, sold in Dublin, according to his statement, seven thousand copies of his octavo edition of the English Bible, which he was the first to publish in that minor form, in 1549; and these, we may presume, were the earliest copies that circulated in Ireland. Dr. Heale, Archbishop of York, had presented to the two Deans and Chapters of Christ-church, a large folio Bible each, in 1559.—Ware's *Antiquities*, *ibid.*)"

On the question of fortifying capital cities, here is the evidence of antiquity dragged into court by the never-failing *subpena* of the erudite "J. R." :—

"In general, it will be seen, that they, according to the classical authors, preferred committing the safeguard of their cities to the citizens, rather than to a mural protection.

"'Fuerat quondam sine muro Sparta; tyranni nuper.....objecerant muros,' says Livy, (*lib. xxxiv. 38.*) in relating the contest of Titus Quintius, (U.C.

557) with the tyrant Nabis. Shortly after (A.U.C. 563) the walls were destroyed by order of Philopœmen and the Archæans, who, in right of victory, imposed on the Spartans various harsh conditions; but, observes Livy, (xxxviii. 34.) 'nihil obediunt fecerunt Lacedæmonii quam ut muros diruerent.' And when Appius Claudius, at the head of a Commission deputed (A.U.C. 568) to adjust the affairs of Greece, appeared rather adverse to the Achæans, Lycortas, their ἄρχων or chief magistrate, (he was the father of the historian Polybius,) after powerfully objecting, that the Roman Commissioners were at once their accusers and judges — 'a vobis ipsis accusati sumus, apud quos causa, dicenda est,' (exactly as the noble advocate of Louis XVI., M. Deseze, addressed the Convention—'Je cherche parmi vous des juges, et je ne vois que des accusateurs,') adds, 'Tyrannei eos muros sibi, non civitati paraverunt..... Vos ipsi, Lacedæmonii, vestris manibus, amoliri et diruere omnia tyrannidis vestigia debuistis. Vestræ enim illæ deformes veluti cicatrices servitutis erant, et quum sine muris per octingentos prope annos liberi, aliquando etiam principes Græciæ fuissetis, muris, velut compedibus circumdatis vincti, per centum annos servistis.' Also, when the Spartans first encircled their proud city with walls, contrary to its great founder's ordonnance, in resistance to Cassander the son of Antipator, successor of Alexander in his hereditary Macedonian kingdom, Justin (lib. xiv. 5,) observes, 'Urbem quam semper armis non muris defenderant, tum contra responsa fatorum, et veterem majorum gloriam, armis diffisi murorum præsidio includunt.' Xenophon too, at an anterior period, and he is confirmed by Polybius and Plutarch, denotes how efficiently the citizens, few even in fact and appearance, could defend the unwallèd town—Οἱ δὲ Σπαρτιάται ἐπιχίιστον ἔχοντες ἐν πόλει, ἄλλος ἄλλῳ διαταχθέντες μὲν ἑκάστῳ καὶ ὅντι καὶ φαινομένοις ἰσχυρότεροι. (Ἑλληνικὰν—το ἔκτον—κ. η.) p. 609 — ed. Paris, 1625, folio. Numantia was without walls, when it so long defied the whole power of Rome, as we learn from Florus; (lib. ii. 18,) and Plutarch, (Ἐπεὶ σφοδρὴν συμπύκνουν, li. 6,) emphatically marks the little use of walls to brave men. Believing, as from the character of the reigning King of the French we may, that the invasion of civil liberty is not the instant design of this *embastillement*, as it is not inaptly designated, of Paris, that the eventual effect will be to furnish arms to future despotism may be confidently predicted. When in 1370,

Aubriot, prevot or Mayor of Paris, laid the foundation of the Bastille under Charles the Wise, it was as a citadel of defence against the English, then masters of several provinces of the kingdom; but we learn from the records of Paris how this legitimate purpose was subsequently perverted by Louis XI., Richelieu, Louis XIV., &c. France, in fact, can have no dread of an invasion, unless provoked by her own warlike frenzy and aspirations of *glory* — a word which, it would be for her happiness, not less than for that of Europe, if she discarded from her vocabulary, as boastfully did Napoleon that of *impossible* from his."

In point of original power and strength of composition, perhaps the best pieces of writing in these volumes are two essays, one called "The Bible and the Reformation," and "D'Aubigne's History." A prodigious exhibition of bibliographical and historical knowledge is made in these essays. From one of them O'Connell derived the materials for his attacks on the Methodist body, and for a certain speech of his in reply to Sir Robert Inglis. We willingly admit the learning displayed in these essays, and the acuteness with which the writer marshals his facts to one point of view; but we decline to enter into controversy with the venerable and amiable writer. At a future period we may probably address ourselves to the contents of these essays; but the sight of a work like that before us, published by an octogenarian in an Irish provincial city, takes away for the moment our appetite for polemics, and we prefer to meet the venerable author on topics more agreeable, though far less important, than grave religious controversy. We may remark, that through these writings there trickles a rill of Roman Catholic religionism. The author is evidently a conscientious and even zealous supporter of the Church of Rome. There is no trace of that sentimentalism in his mind which may be often observed in Roman Catholic writers; but his convictions and his prejudices are as Roman Catholic as those of his old friend, Charles Butler. His verdict in favour of the Queen's Colleges, and his strictures on Mr. O'Connell's hostility to these institutions, derive increased importance from the overflowing zeal of the venerable author for his favourite creed.

We have long been of opinion that genealogy could be raised to a higher rank than it occupies in general estimation, if competent authors embarked in its literary illustrations. Nearly all the historians have been fond of the study. Hume and Gibbon investigated their descents with mingled feelings of curiosity and complacency; and the latter has left an unfinished History of the House of Brunswick. The "Dissertation on French Genealogies," by "J. R.," is extremely interesting, and we make a large quotation from it:—

"Commerce, indeed, was deemed incompatible with noblesse, though an edict of Louis XIV. opened the class to the *négocians en gros*, in contradistinction to the *marchands* or retailers; but the golden key of Philip, of which he was taught the talismanic virtue by the oracular precept, "*Ἀργυρίαις λήγχεσι μάχην, καὶ πάντα κινήσει*," still more potent than the *sesame* of the Arabian Nights, unclosed every door, and led to every elevation. Beaumarchais, (*Mariage de Figaro*.) makes Basile say in similar appliance to the present time—"au temps ou nous vivons, on retablit l'harmonie dans les rangs par l'accord parfait de l'or." At all times, however, less prejudice, in this respect, barred preferment in Brittany, than in the other provinces; though even there, as Sterne's graceful story of the *sword*, in his Sentimental Journey, [usually supposed referrible to an ancestor of Chateaubriand, but unnoticed by him in his *Memoirs*,] so happily illustrates, *that* most distinctive emblem of nobility was held in abeyance, while its owner pursued the paths of industry. In Rome, likewise, the '*Mercatura magna* et *copiosa*,' was not despised; '*non admodum vituperanda* est' is the not very laudatory admission of Cicero, (*De Officiis*, lib. i. cap. 42,) unless we construe these words, as Casaubon does those of Livy, who (lib. xxx. 45.) calls Polybius, '*haud quam spernendus auctor*,' an apparently negative praise, but which that excellent commentator of the Greek historian, (ad lib. xvi. 12, in *Fragm.* page 1547, edit. Gronov. 1670,) solves by the rhetorical figure *μεινός*, and makes equivalent to '*maximæ auctoritatis*.' Saumaise, (*Salmasius*, the antagonist of Milton in the royal controversy,) of whom his wife, who governed him, though not very mildly, was wont to boast that he was '*le plus savant de tous les nobles*, et *le plus noble de tous les savans*,' in a long note on the cited passage of Cicero, utterly condemns all trade as *illiberal* and *debasing*—'*bono*

genere prognatis param convenire mercaturam.....ut nobilitate excedere sit eam colere, aut quamcunque ejus speciem attingere.'—He then defines the essence of commerce to be, '*fallere, decipere, simulare, et mentiri*,' but Grævius, who says that in Germany, of which he was a native, the same disparaging sentiments of trade existed, adds, being then a professor in the commercial state of Holland, '*In Italia aliter se res habet, et ipsi principes mercaturam exercere non putant humile*,' &c., of which the highest example certainly is that of the Medici.

"The Greeks, too, distinguished the *μεγαλμαίρειον*, or extensive merchants, from the *ἐμπόροι*, or common traders, though both Aristotle, and his master Plato, represent agriculture as the only *gentlemanly* pursuit.

"In some parts of Germany this interdict on trade still exists by law or opinion, as it did till lately in most of the continental nations. It was only in 1808, that the *unnobles* were allowed to become the purchasers of land in fee simple, or that the noble could engage in commerce without derogation, in Prussia, where, even under the Great Frederick, none but nobles could obtain a military commission. Not long before the battle of Jena in 1806, the Elector of Hesse Cassel, who commanded a Prussian *corps d'armée*, and, in recollection of the glories of the Seven Years' War, thought the Prussian troops under noble officers invincible, observed to M. Bignon, then French minister at his court,—"C'est, Monsieur, le plus beau *corps d'officiers* qui existe, et *d'officiers tous nobles*.' A short time after, however, when that great battle had *disenchaîné* the Elector, Napoleon, then at Potsdam, and to whom M. Bignon had communicated the Hessian vaunt, said to this minister, 'Eh bien, que pensez maintenant l'Electeur de ses officiers nobles? Il ne sait sans doute pas que j'ai des *maréchaux* qui sont fils d'*artisans*.' And again at Berlin, in irritation against the noblesse of Prussia, he angrily said—"Je regretterai cette noblesse de cour si petite qu'elle sera obligée de mendier son pain," words condemned even by his panegyrist M. Bignon—(tom. vi. 15.)

"Genealogists are always the first to hail an ascending star, and offer incense to rising fortune. Few, truly, would address a fallen minister, as Gibbon did Lord North, to whom he dedicated his history of the *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*; or as Garrick paid homage to Mr. Pelham—

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to him whose course is run, &c.

But rare, necessarily rare, were these noble examples of men, who, as we are told of Atticus by his biographer, Cornelius Nepos, (cap. xi.) 'non florentibus se venditabant,' while rising greatness is sure to number in its train, amongst other ministers to vanity, like the Celtic minstrels of old, the framers of pedigrees. It is in human nature, and therefore not of recent practice. Cicero (in Bruto, cap. xvi.) attests the falsification of family records, in order to enhance the glory of a name, and marks it as a source of historical errors. The funeral orations, in particular, were habitual grounds of fabrication. 'Quantum his laudationibus,' he adds, 'historia rerum nostrarum est facta mendosior.—Multa enim scripta sunt in eis, quæ facta non sunt, falsi triumphi, plures consولات, genera etiam falsa, et a plebe transitiones, cum homines humiliores in alienum ejusdem nominis infunderentur genus.' Of the *Medici* nothing was known before the 13th century, but they were at once, in their prosperity, traced to a long series of illustrious forefathers; and when our Cecil shone in royal favor, he was immediately deduced from the Cæcilii of Rome, one of the most splendid, though plebeian families of the republic. Sally and Colbert, the renowned ministers of France, when the royal smile beamed on their fortunes, were proclaimed descendants of Scottish, even of royal Caledonian blood; (St. Simon, vi. 36,) for as a domestic fabrication is less difficult of exposure, a foreign origin is frequently resorted to. Thus, our Fitzgeralds, not satisfied with six or seven centuries of prominent illustration, would fain seek an antecedent eminence in Italy, a pretension of which the noble poet, Lord Surrey, has so beautifully availed himself.* But Napoleon was, or appeared to be, above such delusion. In the very zenith of his resplendent course, after he had attained the first wish of his heart, and became a father by 'die Tochter der Kaisern.'

the daughter of the Cæsars, his father-in-law, in all the delectation of a mighty discovery, presented to him a genealogical tree, exhibiting at its base the Bonaparte family as sovereign princes of Trevisa;† but the ruler of continental Europe, with cold indifference, replied, (as Vespasian did when a similar attempt was made on his vanity or credulity, 'derisit ultro,' says Suetonius, cap. xii.) that he preferred being the Rodolphus of Hapsburgh, or founder of his own name; as that Prince had been of the House of Austria, and desired only to date his nobility from the battle of Marengo. (See *Las Cases*, *Août*, 1815, and *Mémoires de Joséphine*, i., 137.) This occurred at Dresden in 1812, when, surrounded by sovereigns of his creation or sufferance, a scene graphically described by Bignon, (x., 480,) the characteristic mutability of fortune seemed, in his career, to assume the fixedness of fate, and following as a chained captive the yet undimmed lustre of his star, appeared by his enterprise and success to affirm his arrogant rejection of the word *impossible* from his vocabulary. But heaven rebuked his presumption—

"'Sa presunción con risa mira el cielo:
 Ed! nunca en su locura bien hallado,
 Mientras anhela el bien con mas desvelo,
 Mas parece que el bien huye su lado."
Poesías de Don Juan Meléndez Valdés,
 Madrid, 1797, 12mo. 4 tom."

We could desire that "J. R." would illustrate the pedigrees of the houses of Fitzgerald, Butler, O'Brien, De Burgh, and O'Neil (especially the last), in the same style as he has treated the Mac Carthy family.

Not the least interesting part of this learned miscellany are the Irish recollections detailed in the review of "O'Connor's Military History of Ireland," and "O'Connell." The author has added considerably to the history of the Irish Brigade, and we could wish

* "This eminent family presents the unexampled instance in our existing peerage of the possession of the title of Earl (Kildare,) in the unbroken male line for above 520 years; and our Earls of Ormond reckon only ten years less. The house of Vere, Earls of Oxford, alone, in the whole history of British nobility, exhibit a longer succession, though of inconsiderable difference, or about forty years. Our Irish Viscount Gormanstown, and the Baron of Kinsale, also precede in time the English peers of the same rank."

† "Mr. Foster, in his biography of Cromwell, fondly details the genealogy of his hero, who was related through his mother, a Stuart, in the eighth degree, to Charles I. The paternal lineage is likewise complacently dwelt on; though it does not appear that Cromwell, more than Bonaparte, prided himself on the circumstance. A quarto volume, published in 1661, at Foligno, of 118 pages, containing the life of Bartolomeo Buonaparte, is curious, from the particulars it gives of the family."

that he would group together all his recollections of Ireland under one head. Here is a note of the Irishmen at the Council of Trent, and of Irish Cardinals:—

"It has been noticed that, notwithstanding the devotion of this country to the Holy See, no native Irishman has been honoured with the purple. Some early names have been mentioned, but no certainty of the fact can be established. Cardinal Norris, though of Irish extraction, probably remote, was born at Verona; but I have read that Cardinal Cienfuegos, who died in 1739, was an Irishman by birth, who, sent very young to Spain, there translated his patronymic, *Keating*, into the corresponding Spanish appellative. Certain it is, that both have exactly the same meaning—a *hundred fires*, (in Irish, *Cead-teinid*, pronouncing very like *Keating*.) Saint Simon calls this Cardinal 'un homme d'esprit et d'intrigue,' (tom. xviii. 276,) but he was opposed to the Bourbon succession, and openly espoused the Austrian interest in Spain. His Irish descent is very problematical, for Spanish biography represents him as born in the diocese of Oviedo; but the accordant sense of the names in both languages is undoubted. The name of *Keating*, however, does not appear to be strictly Irish, though many old Irish names have for safety, in times of persecution, been identified with those of consonant or approximate sound in English, such as *Mead*, *Reynolds*, *Hardiman*, *Lyons*, *Nolan*, *Holland*, *Collins*. It is right to add, that it requires a larger fortune to support the dignity of a Cardinal—a prince of the Church—than Irish ecclesiastics can be supposed to possess. Napoleon said that he would have created *Corneille* a prince, and *M. Arago* is surprised that *Watts* was not elevated to the peerage; but in England, such promotions, unless supported by adequate fortunes, would be incumbances. There were three Irish bishops at the Council of Trent—1° *Thomas O'Herlihy*, bishop of *Ross*, (called *Overlathie* in the records of the Council,) 2° *Eugene O'Harte*, bishop of *Ardagh*, and 3° *Donogh Mac Gonegail*, bishop of *Raphoe*. To these three prelates, Sir *James Ware*, (*Annals*, page 125,) adds *Robert Waucup*, or *Venantius*, who, though blind from his childhood, had made such a proficiency in learning, that he was nominated a Doctor of Divinity at Paris, and Archbishop of *Armagh*, even in the life-time of his predecessor, *George Dowdal*; but he never obtained possession of the archdiocese. He was a Scotchman by birth.

I can only discover two Englishmen at the Council. 1° *Cardinal Pole*; and 2° *Francis Godwell*, bishop of *St. Asaph*. Of the abovementioned Irish bishops, *Dr. Magonail*, or rather *Mac Congal*, died in 1589. *O'Harte* lived to 1603, when he had completed a century."

The only biography of Lord Clare we possess, is the masterly sketch of him from one of our most valued contributors, in an essay published in this magazine three years ago. We are obliged to take his character, for the most part, from his enemies. Mr. *Charles Phillips*, in his "*Recollections of Curran*," confesses his opinion that Lord Clare has been misjudged by posterity. In *Daunt's "O'Connell"* the severest strictures were made on Lord Clare by *O'Connell*; but let our readers mark how different is the testimony as to Lord Clare's character borne by Mr. *Roche*, a consistent Whig, a zealous Roman Catholic, and one who knew Lord Clare personally:—

"Before the outbreak of the insurrection in 1798, during the assizes of Limerick, Lord Clare desired to have an interview with the two *Sheares*, to which my father, in the hope of a pacific result, invited them at his house: but it ended unfortunately in more intense and exasperated irritation, as was discernible in the young men's flushed features and defiant bearing, as they parted. Yet the Chancellor's object was certainly benevolent and conciliatory; but they were intractable. The interview was close and private; still I marked their aspect on leaving the house, inflamed and indignant in every lineament. Possibly overtures repulsive to their feelings may have thus excited them. Happening the following year to occupy in Dublin, apartments where the younger *Sheares*, *John*, had resided, I discovered in a recess a parcel of his correspondence, which on finding it to be from a female, I instantly burned.

"The character assigned to Lord Clare in the tenth chapter of volume the second, is so far just, that it is granted he possessed a commanding energy, and great intellectual powers; but though this energy too often betrayed, in its official appliance, both on the bench and executive rule, a deep tinge of overbearing temper and despotic authority, and though his intellectual powers were not always regulated, in their direction or action, by prudence or considerate reflection, he certainly was no monster or semblance of *Robespierre*, as repre-

sented by O'Connell. No two men could indeed, in most respects, be more remote or dissident in natural temperament. The one was bold, open, and intrepid in every deed or word; whilst the Frenchman, envious, suspicious, dark as Tiberius, and sanguinary as Caligula, ever skulked from the danger to which he urged his associates, as we know he did the 20th of June, the 10th August, 1792, and the 31st of May, 1793.

"Surely, no fair parallel can be instituted between such a man and Lord Clare, who, arbitrary as he was, doubtless was not without some substantial grounds for several of his public measures, pushed, unhappily for his fame, too frequently to an excess of enforced severity; but, I could state many redeeming instances of persons, whose legal guilt could not be gainsaid, saved by him from the lash and halter, and not a few, I have the happiness to know, through the intercession of my own family, of whom the descendants of more than one now reckon among our fellow-citizens. In private life, moreover, I can affirm, that he was a generous and indulgent landlord, a kind master, and attached friend; while the epitaph proposed for Robespierre, and truly depictive of him, requires no aggravating proof to justify our horror of the man:—

" *Passant !*
De ce tyran ne plains pas le sort ;
Car s'il vivait, tu serais mort."

"Dr. Madden, in his 'United Irish

men,' commits several faults in regard to Lord Clare; and respecting his father, O'Connell must, I think, be in error, when, after stating that he with his brother were the first to introduce the system of reporting the proceedings of the English law courts in the public newspapers, without the authority of the presiding judge, he adds, 'that the brothers were students at the Temple at the time, and that Lord Mansfield tried, but did not succeed in putting a stop to the practice.' No doubt, old John Fitzgibbon did, in early life, and while a student in law, publish 'Notes of Cases determined at Westminster, but I do not believe he then reported for the newspapers; and certainly, when he was a student in the Temple, that is before 1732, when he was called to the bar, Lord Mansfield had little or no practice in the courts, much less was he invested with any official authority to stop the Fitzgibbons from proceeding in their course, for he was not made a crown-lawyer for many years after, nor Attorney-General till 1754, when John Fitzgibbon was rapidly advancing to eminence in Ireland, and had been long in considerable practice there. Between him and Lord Mansfield, the difference of age did not exceed five years, from 1703 to 1708. In Burke's *Commoners*, (vol. i., p. 671,) will be found a singular anecdote of him, which I substantially repeat in the subjoined note,* on his arrival at the Irish College in Paris, whither he was sent, not to be a priest, as asserted by Sir Jonah Barrington, but to study medicine, when the benefit

* "1724, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to pursue his studies at the Irish College in Paris, and, as usual for new comers, was allowed the first day to take a view of the city, accompanied by a previous student, afterwards one of the most eminent physicians in Limerick—Dr. Ankettle. The youths having traversed the metropolis in every direction, stopped at the cathedral of Notre Dame, in the vicinity of the College, when, exhausted with fatigue, they sought repose on the benches of the choir, and fell so soundly asleep, that they noticed not the closing of the church doors, while they were equally unobserved. It was past midnight when they awoke, and finding themselves thus immured, they groped about in the dark, until they happened to reach the bell chains, which they vigorously pulled, to the surprise and affright, not only of the sexton, but of the city at large, having made the great chimes—even the fearful tocsin—resound, and spread alarm over its surface. They were finally liberated, though not without a sharp reprimand, followed by the severer and more impressive reproof of the President of their College. Often, in after life, when these gentlemen had attained a distinguished rank in their respective professions, was this youthful adventure the subject of their conversation, and not unpleasant reminiscence. Both were the particular friends of my father; and my grandfather had been the first client who paid Fitzgibbon a fee, which was the origin of a long subsisting family intercourse. His professional gains exceeded one hundred thousand guineas; a very large sum for that period, and principally acquired as a consulting lawyer; for he had no pretensions to forensic eloquence, like Anthony Malone, Hussey Burgh, and others, his contemporaries. His law reports are interesting even to the general reader, from the incidental family anecdotes which they reveal. The more direct family connexion with Dr. Ankettle is stated as above in Burke's 'Commoners.'"

of all professional education, indeed of almost any education, was denied the Catholics, in our *tolerant* realms. He then was one, but he soon abandoned his native creed and intended profession, which he exchanged for the law, while, in his last moments, he refused all religious ministration. The long interval of above seventy-years has passed since I saw him, for he is nearly as many years deceased, yet even through this lengthened vista I have a distinct recollection of his features and figure—both not unlike his son's, who had an elder brother named Ion, of mild and easy temper, and so far, little resembling the Chancellor; but the former died young, and the father's acquired estates, of above £5,000 a year, devolved to the future Chancellor, who added little, if anything, to them, though from the gradual rise of agricultural property, now, in all likelihood, of considerably superior produce. Dr. Madden represents Lord Clare as originally a struggling barrister.—He never was so, for his father was always liberal; and business flowed rapidly into him, at first in the supposition that his given opinions were in reality those of the father, which, more or less, was the case for the first year, beyond which his aid was dispensed with.* Like his constant adversary, Curran, he was tainted, though rather in a less degree, with the too general custom of the day, profane swearing, and lewd talk. His father's luminous mind had, so early as 1771, when he published an "Essay on Commerce," advocated the system of free trade, that is, some years before Smith's great work had appeared, and familiarised the thinking world with the subject."

We think that the foregoing extracts will justify our praise of these rare volumes. We feel, indeed, that their merits could not be better described than in the words of an able critic in the *Globe*, a part of whose notice we extract, and in its concluding

aspiration we most cordially and heartily concur:—

"Our respected cotemporary, *Franch*, has been seeking for the *habitat* of that famous personage, 'the oldest inhabitant,' and, lanthorn in hand, has been exploring the Queen's Bench prison in the belief that he would turn up there in the shape of an indweller committed for contempt of Chancery. Now the oldest individual we wot of must be the author of this volume, especially since our friend Tom Hill is dead, whose real age could never be ascertained, owing to the registry perishing in the great fire of London. Here is a Corcagian who (p. 94) has conversed with Gibbon in Switzerland, and who, though in the 'decline' of years, is not yet happily come to the final 'fall,' for he boldly announces another tome to follow. Here is a gentleman who at Bordeaux narrowly missed having a chat with Montesquieu, with whose family he was intimate (p. 243). In reading his pages we are startled to find him talk of 'his friend,' the famous Girondin, Vergniaud, and record his impression of Mirabeau's speech on national bankruptcy as one might talk of a currency oration from Muntz, delivered last session. He once paid 14,000 francs (in assignats) for his dinner at a Paris chop-house, an illustration of the Birmingham theory of paper money. To have been put in prison by Robespierre in company with Malesherbes, and rescued by one who since became Marshal Brune, are but trivial incidents thrown out in the current of his recollections, just as he tells, *en passant*, how he remembers that a groom or ostler belonging to his family, one John Rock, married the widow of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the famous *Therese*, who took violently to the bottle, or rather to gin (in honour of the Genevese philosopher), and died aged over eighty in some obscure mews of this great metropolis, unknown to the Literary Fund. In perusing these essays, filled with scraps from the most

* "As a characteristic instance of the early-betrayed imperious temper of the Chancellor, a companion of his boyhood long since told me, that old John Fitzgibbon having summoned his young son to his presence for some imputed fault, the messenger, his brother, said—

"Your father orders you to go to him—you must come instantly."

"Orders! must!" repeated the boy of thirteen, 'such language suits me not; nor will I stir an inch—DECRETUM EST'—proudly stamping his foot on the ground.

"The old gentleman heartily laughed at this presumptuous burst of haughtiness, and in a note jocosely 'requested the honour of an interview with Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Junior,' when, after a few words, no further notice was taken of the matter.

"I am surprised that no special biography of a person, who, for several years, and in most perturbed times, exercised an uncontrolled rule over Ireland, has appeared. Few Irishmen, in the narrative of their lives, would offer a subject of more varied instruction and interest to a competent pen."

recondite and unreadable Greek and Hebrew authorities, while at the same time that the last century's celebrities are talked of with the familiarity of personal acquaintanceship, we alternately fancy we have got Dr. Parr, the Hellenist, before us, or 'Old Parr' himself, with the flowing beard and venerable aspect displayed on the wrapper of his life pills.

"The vellum copy of the Complutensian Polyglott, of which Ximenes printed only three, and which sold by Payne and Foss for £650, and passed away back through M. Standish to France, was rescued in 1793, at Toulouse, from serious peril, by our author (p. 232), whose bibliomaniac pursuits have been prominent from early infancy; for when an extensive banker in Cork, at the commencement of the century, his library was a marvel of provincial opulence in rare works on every possible topic; but he is in himself an ambulant glossary, index, appendix, and catalogue *raisonné* of universal bookdom; and the Corcagians justly look up to him as the people of Syracuse to their townsman Archimedes for the solution of every

social and literary problem. On any given subject he can bring the reflections of his many-sided experience to converge and illuminate and kindle the matter before them. Long may the old gentleman preside over the intelligence of that beautiful city!"

These volumes are dedicated to the author's accomplished daughters, of whom we learn that they corrected the entire letterpress, a most difficult task in a work radiant with quotations from nearly every famous language. When the Queen's College at Cork shall confer degrees on literary ladies, the two first of the fair sex selected for the academic honours should be the rarely endowed daughters of "J. R." nearly the most learned, and certainly the most attractive of his works! Inheriting the talents and learning of their venerable parent they are a brilliant exception to the truth contained in the lines:—

"*Messieurs les beaux esprits d'ailleurs si estimables,
Ont fort peu de talent pour faire leurs semblables.*"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MY OWN PARLOUR.

Carrigbawn, March 18th, 1851.

If you were like Asmodeus, my dear Anthony (though I am far from insinuating that you resemble him in any respect), and had the gift of looking into another man's dwelling at your desire, and that it chanced to be your fancy to look into mine on yesterday evening, you would have seen me, about the hour of half-past six o'clock, seated at my fire-side, evidently in a state of expectation. A glance at my table would have showed you that I had dined—not that any vestiges of dinner were to be seen on the table, but it was in the occupation of a force whose presence always announces that the eatables have been driven from the field, or, as Jack Bishop would say, that the flesh has given way to the spirit. In a word, my dear Anthony, certain flasks of blue and amber stood upon the board, with a few long-necked, graceful bottles, whose transparent glass was rivalled by the limpid liquor within them. Some dishes of dried fruits were scattered around, with glasses and doyleys for, it might be, half-a-dozen persons, and in the midst lay a square box, from which issued an aroma that breathed “Havannah” upon the grateful senses. While upon a distant table that stood against the wall might be seen a tongue, a few cold chickens, and some trifles of that sort, modestly awaiting the time when a sufficient interval should elapse from the hour of dinner, to render their nearer approach to the scene of action a matter to be desired. But I was still alone. The *pendule* on my mantel-piece had chimed seven when the door was softly opened, and the quietest step imaginable—such as a man with his heavy gait can never accomplish—stole across the apartment, and placed a small brass kettle on the hob. I scarcely noticed the presence of her who entered till she came up to where I sat, and, placing her hand lightly on my shoulder, she looked gently into my face, and said with an affectionate freedom—

“Well, now, I do believe you are going to sleep!”

“Nay, dear Bridget,” said I, “I was only musing.” And then I turned up my eyes to that sweet countenance.

Now, Anthony, I know very well what you think, and how you turn up your eyes, and what you are going to say, but I must request you to keep your thoughts and your suspicions to yourself, and hear me out at all events. I turned, I repeat it, my eyes to that sweet countenance, and saw it beaming with love for me, a love which I returned with all my heart. Dear Bridget!—thine eye may have lost some of its brightness, but none of its benevolence, and the wrinkles that are gathering on thy old face mar not its placidity; the lily is not purer than thy coif, nor the snow than thy hair, and yet I love thee better than when thy cheek was brighter and thy tresses were black. And now, Mr. Poplar, what have you to say against my loving my old nurse!

“I think, Bridget, they ought to be here shortly; I’ll just step out and see if they’re coming,” and so I passed out and stood before the door.

How beautiful was the scene around me! The sun had set nearly an hour before, and not the faintest tint of twilight in the west left, as it were, a memory of his brightness; but yet were the heavens filled with a light so pure, so tender, so holy, that one might almost wish that day should never come again to flout its pallid lustre with his bright hot flushes. The moon was at her full, and had already climbed up some degrees in heaven, for she rose at sunset; and as she glittered down in her serene glory on the outstretched earth, her beams, as if endued with a celestial mesmerism, threw all that they smote into a delicious repose. The stars winked far away and feebly in the deep blue impermeable heaven; the mountain tops faded mistily away into the vapor; the stream gleamed in a silvery slumber, and field and forest had a dim, distant, drowsy look, like the landscape that passes over a sleeper's vision, or the pictures that are produced by a camera obscura. Sound there was none to break the spell, save the faintest of breezes that crept over the leaves of the early rose, the gurgling of the streamlet, like the murmurings of a child as he stirs in sleep, and the solemn distant bow

of the ocean waves as they broke against the rocks, or rippled fretfully up the sloping sands.

Ever restless Ocean! life-pulse of Nature! Thou, like thy great Maker, knowest neither sleep nor slumber. All things rest save Thee, and rest refresheth them, but rest would be to Thee what a pause would be to the heart—stagnation and death. And so when the wearied world lies with her giant limbs relaxed in repose, thy heave is still seen and thy throbbing still heard, to tell that she “is not dead, but sleepeth!”

Not more naturally does the flame, kindled on the earth, mount up towards heaven, or the vapour on her bosom float skyward, than do the thoughts, which have their origin in the contemplation of terrestrial things, rise by an almost natural necessity to their mighty primal Creator; “who dwelleth in the heavens.” So from the moving ocean my thoughts passed to Him whose power first stirred it with life:—

“The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs, and built his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o’er his face,
Moves o’er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
Still, from that realm of rain, thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green.”

My contemplation was broken by a heavy, measured pace near me, and a figure emerged from a path in the shrubbery, and stood in the moonlight. Ere he stood by my side, the light threw out his form, and revealed every feature as clear as in day, and I welcomed one of my oldest and kindest friends, the priest of the parish. Let me describe him to you, Anthony, for he belongs to a class that is passing rapidly away. Father Dionysius O’Kelly, as he loves to hear himself called, or Father Denis, as every one persists in calling him, is a fine specimen of the good old priest which was common enough fifty years ago. A man that was often an honoured guest of the lord of the soil, and the rector of the parish, who eschewed political rancour and polemical bitterness, who loved his own flock, and sheared them duly at Easter and Christmas with a shepherd’s care, and loved his neighbour’s flock too, though he thought they were wandering out of the way, and might be all the better if penned up in his own fold, and clipped by his own shears; one who cared not to read deeply of modern theology, but was often tinctured with Latin, and even French classics, and had generally a knowledge of Irish literature. All this had Father Denis in common with his class, and now for the individualities that made up the man. Physically he was a favourable specimen of an extensive human area, cultivated upon a judicious system of animal husbandry. Above the middle height, massive and rotund, he stood about five feet ten, and weighed well nigh fifteen stone. He invariably dressed in black broad-cloth; the knees of his smalls were closed with silver buckles, while his legs were lost in long jack boots, which shone not with the lustre of modern blacking, but had a rich, unctuous look withal, that showed the leather was nourished with a more congenial lacker. The countenance of the good priest was pleasing to look upon, weather-beaten and florid, plump and oleaginous; and the facial landscape, though very well diversified with the elevations of all the prominent organs, had not anything approaching to an angle upon it; all was round and swelling, from the top of the frontal bone to the chin, which later repeated itself again and again in the waves of fat that encircled his neck, and were supported by a white cravat, or rather series of cravats within each other, forming what was long ago familiarly denominated a “pudding.” But the eye of Father Denis was his crowning charm; it was grey, large, and in general somewhat languid, and swam in an atmosphere of moisture that proved the priest could, always within proper limits, enjoy the good things of life, both liquid and solid, as well as his neighbours; but once set the eye of Father Denis in motion, and it was something worth looking at, rolling restlessly about from one object to another, sparkling with intelligence, or twinkling with fun, as by turns it sought food for information or humour.

Our greetings were scarcely exchanged when the distant sound of wheels was heard. Have you ever listened to this sound in a still night in the country, Anthony? The continuous roll and ringing tone which the wheels make upon the hard dry road, with the measured beat of the horse's feet as he slings along, have something quite musical in them; and I never hear them without involuntarily attaching to them some pleasant chanting melody. And now the noise has suddenly ceased; the clear, sharp clank of iron tells that the latch of the gate has been raised; the wheels come on ringing and singing again, and in a few minutes more a dog-cart, with its freight, drew up at the spot where we were standing. Uncle Saul descended leisurely from the front, and threw the reins to "Shawneen," who was in attendance. My godfather jumped down from beside him somewhat more briskly, and Jack Bishop, who sat behind, vaulted lightly over the back of the vehicle, and, executing an aerial gambol, descended to *terra firma*. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, as Dickens says, added to which Jonathan Freke slapped the priest upon the back by way of emphasis, for they were old friends, and so we proceeded, without loss of time, to the parlour, Jack bringing up the rere, trolling the appropriate melody of "Patrick's Day in the Morning."

I have always observed, my dear Anthony, in social meetings, if there be in company intelligent and good humoured men, willing alike to listen and to communicate, that conversation, no matter how trifling and desultory it be at first, is sure, ere long, to cast off its commonplaces, to concentrate and intensify itself upon some worthier subject, and become pleasant and interesting always, and often instructive. Accordingly, after a few colloquial skirmishes, which usually continue during the time that is occupied in selecting each his particular refection and compounding the same, taking up the position at the fire or the table, which is most agreeable to the individual, and, in a word, "making one's self comfortable," the conversation insensibly turned upon the subject of the national festival and the saint whose memory we were that night assembled to honour. Father Denis, not only in his clerical character, but also as being a tolerable antiquary and a great Irish scholar, naturally took the lead, and recounted passages of the history and life of the great apostle and missionary of Ireland, with which his mind was well stored both from tradition and reading. Sooth to say, however, some of his accounts of Saint Patrick, in his encounters with the Pagan Irish, bordered so closely on the marvellous, that we were disposed to hold them as rather apocryphal, though we did not care just to tell the priest so. At length he narrated to us a smart brush or two which the saint had with the Irish Magi, and the miracles with which he discomfited them.

"Phew!" responded my godfather, in a subdued but lengthened whistle.

Now the narrator and his auditory interpreted this sibilation, each in his own fashion. The latter considered the sound as decidedly indicative of dissent and incredulity. And indeed the utterer, when afterwards questioned in private, admitted that it might be justly translated into "what a whopper!" The former looked upon it as a becoming expression of belief and admiration, such as a peasant would give utterance to in the words "Glory be to God, see that now!" And so being gratified and encouraged he raised his glass to his mouth—a silent oblation to his beloved saint—and, after a moment's pause of an ardent and devotional character, he proceeded.

"Gentlemen, I'm now going to give you a treat such as you won't meet every day nor from every one, I can assure you. What do you think of an original hymn composed by St. Patrick himself in the Irish language, and which he sang with his monks when they were approaching the royal palace of Temoria, or Tara, and were surrounded by their Pagan enemies? It was first given to the world by the learned Dr. Petrie, whom I have the high honour of knowing."—"The best hand living at an Irish air on the violin," interposed Jack, "and has the finest collection of Irish music extant. I wish he would publish it."—"And," continued the priest, "extracted from an Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, that is at all events 1,200 years old. It is even now but little known, and I believe no metrical English version of it has ever been made except that which I mean just now to recite to you. But first listen to the hymn in the original."

Hereupon the priest threw himself back in his chair, and fixing his eyes ste-

dily upon a little statuette of the "Apollo Belvedere" that stood on a bracket against the opposite wall, thus commenced :—

Ἀ τοῦ ἁγίου πατρὸς ἡμεῶν, τοῦ ἁγίου Τριῖνος.

Κρεῖττην ἐρεωτάτατον πόσιν οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἢ εὐεμεῖαν ἔα.

"In the name of the blessed St. Patrick and all his holy monks, dear Father Donysius, spare us the vernacular," whined Jack Bishop in a tone of most ludicrous supplication. "I never could pick up as much of Irish as would carry me through Connemara. Remember this is no night of penance, though it is in Lent."

The priest came to a dead stop, and looked at Jack with an expression of surprise and mortification in silence; but in a moment his eye began to twinkle, and he said with a smile :—

"You're quite right, Mr. Bishop, the Irish is not the thing at all for such as you are. I deserve the rebuke. *Ne date quod sanctum est canibus. Nec projicite margaritas vestras coram porcis.* 'Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again, and rend you.'"

"Bravo! Father Denis," said Uncle Saul, "that's a hard hit you have given Jack Bishop."

"And convicted him of being a great *boar* on his own showing," added I.

"*Peccavi, peccavi,*" cried Jack in a penitential voice, "I submit, good father, to wash away my sin in an extra tumbler."

"By no means," replied the priest, "I shall not inflict so disagreeable a penance; I will be content with condemning you to strict silence till I have recited the English version of the hymn."

Jack bowed in dumb submission, and the priest thus proceeded :—

HYMN OF SAINT PATRICK.

I.

At Temoria, on this day,
To my aid I humbly pray
The Almighty potency
Of the blessed Trinity.

II.

In the blessed Trinity,
Under the form of unity
Of elemental Deity,
I believe most steadfastly.

III.

At Temoria on this day,
Betwixt me and all ills, I lay
Sacred things whose virtues be
Of the holiest potency;

IV.

Christ's birth, his baptism in the wave,
His crucifixion and his grave,
His rising and ascent on high,
His coming to judgment finally.

V.

At Temoria, on this day,
Betwixt me and all ills, I lay
The virtue of seraphic love,
Obedience angels yield above;

VI.

The virtue that the hope affords
Of resurrection to rewards,
In noble fathers' fervent pray'rs,
In prophecies of ancient seers ;

VII.

In preaching of the Apostles blest,
In faith by dying saints confest,
In holy virgin chastity,
In good men's deeds of piety.

VIII.

At Temoria, on this day,
Betwixt me and all ills, I lay
The strength of heaven, the sun-beam's light,
Whiteness of snow, of fire the might ;

IX.

The lightning's dread rapidity,
The speed of wind, the depth of sea,
Earth's stableness that bides the shock,
The hardness of the flinty rock.

X.

At Temoria, on this day,
God's strength be pilot of my way ;
May God's power, preserving, reach me !
May the wisdom of God teach me !

XI.

May the eye of God still view me !
May God's ear incline unto me !
May the Word of God be sent,
My speech to render eloquent !

XII.

May the hand of God protect me !
May the way of God direct me !
May the shield of God still ward me !
May the host of God all guard me

XIII.

From demon's snares, from sin's temptations,
From the mind's bad inclinations,
From all who think on ill to me,
Far, near, alone, in company !

XIV.

All these powers I place between me,
And evil powers, 'gainst them to screen me,
Who their deadly arts employ,
My soul and body to destroy ;

XV.

Against false prophets, incantations,
Against black laws of Pagan nations,
Against false laws of heresy,
And treacheries of idolatry ;

XVI.

'Gainst women's spells and every charm
That smiths and Druids work for harm,
'Gainst all forbidden lore that can
In blindness steep the soul of man.

XVII.

From death by poison, or by fire,
By drowning, or by wounding dire,
May Christ to-day my person guard,
Until I gain a great reward !

XVIII.

May Christ be with me and before me,
After me, in me, 'neath me, o'er me !
Christ at my right and left abide,
Behind, at this, and at that side !

XIX.

May Christ be in the heart of each
To whom this day I speak or preach !
Christ in the mouth of each one be,
Who on this day shall speak to me !

XX.

May Christ be in the eyes of all,
Whose eyes this day on me shall fall ;
May Christ be in each listening ear
That shall this day incline to hear.

XXI.

At Temoria, on this day,
To my aid I humbly pray
The Almighty potency
Of the blessed Trinity.

XXII.

In the blessed Trinity,
Under the form of unity,
Of elemental Deity,
I believe most steadfastly.

XXIII.

God the Lord is our salvation !
God the Lord is our salvation !
Christ the Lord is our salvation !
Oh ! may thy salvation be
Always with us, Lord, pray we.

"That is a very curious composition, no doubt," said my uncle, when the priest ad concluded his recitation ; "but are you quite sure that you are right in attributing its authorship to Saint Patrick ?"

"There are persons," replied the priest, "who are sceptical enough to suggest doubts on this point, as they do on every other ; but for my part, I feel a thorough conviction that the hymn was written by the saint himself. I think there is quite a good evidence of its authorship as that Ovid or Horace wrote the verses attributed to them, and much better than that Thomas of Celano wrote the *Dies Irae*."

"Or that Sir Philip Francis wrote the letters of Junius," said I.

"Let us hear his reverence's proofs," said Jack Bishop, who owed the priest a grudge, and would not be sorry to find him fail in establishing his position.

"In the first place," said Father Denis, dogmatically, "it is known to be a hymn of the highest Christian antiquity, being mentioned in several of the oldest manuscripts, and contains within it strong internal evidences from the fact of its being, as Dr. Petrie observes, so tinged with Pagan allusions as to indicate a period for its composition anterior to the full development of the Christian doctrine in the country. It may then be as old as the time of Saint Patrick; and we have next the fact of its being considered as his composition so long ago as the seventh century; indeed the manuscript from which it is taken states it distinctly to have been written by the Saint, and declares:—'And this is a religious armour to protect the body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every person who sings it every day, with all his attention on God, shall not have demons appearing to his face. It will be a protection to him against sudden death. It will be an armour to his soul after his death. Patrick sang this at the time that the snares were set for him by Loegaire, that he might not come to propagate the faith to Temur; so that it appeared to those lying in ambush, that they were wild deer, and a fawn after them.' And now, Mr. Bishop, can you give me as good evidence that Shakspeare wrote some of the plays attributed to him, though he lived ten centuries later than Saint Patrick?"

Whether right or wrong in his conjectures, the priest had the best of the argument, for none of us were able to gainsay him, so he remained in possession of the field.

"Ah," he continued, "it must have been a grand sight to see the saint at the great assembly at Tara, associated with bishops, and kings, and legislators, revising the Brehon laws, and engrafting the noble precepts of Christianity on the code of Paganism; and in after times rebuking even a king on the authority of his priestly power; yet, with the humility of a follower of Christ, designating himself '*Patricius peccator, indoctus*.'"

"They say," said my uncle, "that the improved code contains a license for priests to take a double potation in honour of the saint on his natal day, so prove your obedience, my worthy friend, by replenishing your glass, which I see is empty."

"Tis a truth," said the priest, taking the hint, "and I yield a willing compliance, though I am no advocate for the excesses with which Irishmen are even still too apt to honour, or rather dishonour, the festival. And now, as I am in the vein, I will give you a poem of a more recent date. There is no people who feel more deeply or describe more passionately the sentiment of love than the Irish. The poem which I am about to repeat was composed in the sixteenth century, and will illustrate my observation. It commences thus.—Don't be afraid, Mr. Bishop, I shall give you only the first verse of the original."

"Well," said Jack, "let me light a fresh cigar and get a mouthful of something hot to fortify me, and I shall bear it with Christian resignation."

Thereupon Father Denis proceeded with his poem.

PAIRIS ÓÁINN O'AR OÁN
 A CÚL NA O'CAT FÍAR
 RÍBÍ CUP AN ZCÚL
 A ÍOIRIS LÚTÉLÉARIS LÍAT.

"Here is my translation, which, on the word of a priest, you may take to be faithful. I call it

"THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT."

I.

ALAS! that my destiny bids me depart
 From thee, loved Fíola, thou star of my heart!
 O lady, whose clust'ring locks airily flow
 Like sunbeams in showers o'er the bosom of snow.

II.

Must I turn my sad steps to my home far away,
 From thine eye of light blue, with its soul-piercing ray?
 Those glances that wounded wherever they fell
 Like death pangs, now pierce as I bid thee farewell.

III.

Oh, pulse of my heart! that throb'at deep in its core,
 As sweet as the harp-strings thy fingers stray o'er!
 Oh, thou of the fair bounteous hand, and the face
 Where mantles the blood of thy generous race!

IV.

I mourn my far pilgrimage now with vain sighs
 To the shrine of thy beauty, adored of all eyes.
 Ah! would that mine never had looked upon thee,
 Or seen thy long tresses so floating and free!

V.

In the north and the south, through the deep pastures stray
 Many herds of fat kine in my lands far away;
 All these would I give that I never had known
 Thy beauties, or knowing, might make them my own.

VI.

Oh, sad is my journey of life here below,
 In this world of fleet joys and of thick-crowding woe,
 And dismal the fate I was doomed at my birth,
 To live but in grief till I'm laid in the earth.

VII.

One feeling alone can a solace impart,
 To lighten the mist that hangs over my heart;
 The feeling that Death comes with speedy relief,
 To strike down his victim, and end all my grief.

VIII.

Since thou, my adored one, hast guided the dart
 That mortally pierces my love-stricken heart,
 The balsam, oh, give, thou alone can'st supply,
 And heal with thy lips the deep wounds of thine eye.

IX.

But if to my pleadings obdurate thou prove,
 If sternly thou close thy hard heart to my love,
 Death the crime of my eyes and my heart will repair,
 That I saw and I loved one so peerless and fair.

Father Denis's effusion was received with acclamation by us all, and our praises were duly acknowledged by the good priest, who was now in the highest state of complacency.

"And yet," said Saul, "it has the fault of most of the amatory compositions of poets of every age and country. It has too ostentatious a parade of feeling to be genuine. I doubt that the writer felt all the woes he deals with so prettily, and I dare say he lived to a good old age notwithstanding his repulse, and would be very slow to accept the boon of death which he courted so earnestly in his verses."

"I am much of the same opinion," I remarked, "and poets have not been wanting to ridicule the love-pangs of their brother bards. I remember some

verses of an Irish poet who lived about the same time, Cuconnacht O'Cleary, in which the affected woes of lovers are very humorously commented on, and contrasted with the pleasurable and healthy emotions by which the writer describes himself to be inspired under the influence of love. All the points of the poem would, I have no doubt, be better understood if we had the love songs of his contemporaries before us, in some one or other of which it is probable we should find the symptoms described which O'Cleary laughs at."

"I did not know you were a proficient in Irish, Jonathan," said my god-father.

"I got the poem from my esteemed friend, Eugene Curry, of the Royal Irish Academy, the most indefatigable of Irish scribes, and perhaps the greatest repository living of those old Irish songs and ballads that are rapidly perishing from the land. We shall not fully estimate his value till Time shall force us to know it when he takes him away from us."

"You say truly," said the priest, "but let us have the poem, Master Jonathan. I am entitled to a call, am I not, gentlemen?"

Father Denis's right was pronounced to be undeniable, and I acknowledged it.

"You are heartily welcome to the poem through the medium of my translation, such as it is. I only fear that much of the humour of the original has evaporated in the process."

"Let us have it then without further preface," said Jack Bishop; "I hate your apologies; they never make matters a whit the better, and always savour of mock modesty."

"You shall be inflicted with the first verse of the original for your discourteous observation. Thus sings jolly Cuconnacht O'Cleary:—

Nemhóinn an zalan é an zpát,
Bneaz anát, các ra fuzó
Zoinpéan nianh n nianb rlan
Zize nac nánb zpát co nnaor.

"Now, then, for my English rendering of

"LOVE IN REALITY."

I.

AWAY with the nonsense of vain poetasters,
Their sighing and dying 's all lying and fudge;
They say love 's a disease full of woes and disasters:
I deny it, point blank, and I think I'm a judge.

II.

I boldly assert by my manhood, that no man
Is all that he should be who is not in love;
And Providence, sure, sent us beautiful woman
The joy, not the plague, of existence to prove.

III.

For myself, I'm in love head and ears at the present,
With a maid like a young swan so graceful and fair,
And the symptoms I find, on the whole, very pleasant,
And just the reverse of what poets declare.

IV.

I shed not a tear, and I ne'er think of sighing;
I moan not, I groan not, in fanciful woe;
And, if truth must be told, I am so far from dying
Of love, but for love I'd have died long ago.

V.

I keep up flesh and blood for the sake of this beauty ;
 I make it a point to be sound wind and limb ;
 I eat well, I drink well, I sleep as a duty,
 For then of my love all sweet things I can dream.

VI.

I can listen to music and still feel delighted ;
 It shakes not my spirits to hear a sweet song ;
 My pace is quite steady, not like one affrighted,
 Or a tree down a torrent swept swiftly along.

VII.

I've my voice at command, and my words are ne'er wanting ;
 And if half of the clothes in Conn's northern domain
 Were heaped on my back, with their heat I'd be panting,
 And fire is much hotter, I grant, than my skin.

VIII.

If I stood 'neath a torrent, or plunged in the ocean,
 I'd come out rather chilly and not over dry ;
 If robust health and strength can cause death, I've a notion
 I'm just in the very condition to die.

IX.

I'm not swollen out with grief till a long rope won't bind me ;
 My mouth is more moist than the touchwood, no doubt ;
 And I'll give you my oath, that you never will find me
 Drinking dry a deep lake to extinguish my drought.

X.

I can tell night and day without making a blunder ;
 A ship from a wherry, as well as the best ;
 And I know white from black, which you'll say is a wonder,
 Despite all the love that is lodged in my breast.

XI.

A mountain I never mistake for the ocean,
 A horse I can tell with great ease from a deer,
 Of great things and small I've an excellent notion,
 And distinguish a fly from a whale very clear.

XII.

And now, to conclude with a stiffish conundrum—
 "A part of the stern of a boat o'er the wave,
 Seven hazels whose barren twigs cast no fruit under 'em,"
 Is the name of the fair one who holds me a slave.

XIII.

Not one in a thousand that try will make out of it
 The name of the maid most beloved of my heart ;
 And though Love touch my brain, yet the sense 'twon't take out of it,
 For I swear there's no poison or pain in his dart.

"Before we discuss the merits of the poem, Master Jonathan," said the priest, be so good as to expound the riddle of the poet. What was the name of the lady that made him so happy?"

"Ah! that's the puzzle; I wish you could aid me to its solution. My good friend, Eugene Curry, has turned it over again and again, and though he has suggested a name which he considers fulfils the conditions, I am not quite satis-

fied with it. We were puzzling over it one day at the Academy, when a most erudite member of that body, himself a distinguished Irish scholar and an expounder of all sorts of cyphers, came up to us. We at once took him into council, and asked his assistance. After a moment's cogitation he observed, with his usual practical good sense, 'I think it probable enough that I should discover the name ultimately, but I have great doubt that I would be repaid for the time and toil I should expend upon it.'

"I entirely agree with that wise scholar," said Bishop, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

"Well," said the priest, "give me the verse in the original at any rate, I'll take it home and amuse myself with it."

"Ay," cried Jack, "give it to his reverence, by all means; I'll warrant you he'll find himself as much at sea as the ship, and as fruitless as the hazels."

"I suspect these hazels have nuts, however, Mr. Bishop, that are too hard for your jaws to crack," retorted his reverence.

"I shan't break my teeth trying to crack nuts that I'd be sure to find blind," returned the other.

"A drawn-battle—a drawn-battle!" cried my godfather, in high delight at the smart, yet not unfriendly, sallies of the combatants.

"But now to the merits of the poem. Saul, I consider you, meaning no offence to his reverence or Jack Bishop, as the best judge amongst us, upon matters of love. From the first moment that you spread your wings, till you burned them to the stumps, you have been fluttering about the candle."

My uncle laughed heartily; "Ah, Freke, Freke, the days when we were young! Well, then, as you have appealed to my experience, I must say, that honest Cuconnacht was not much astray, in my judgment. The passion of love, acting on a manly nature, a healthy temperament and a brave heart, is sure to elevate and improve, not to depress and deteriorate. When I see a young fellow, with his head high, his eye bright, his cheek warm, his step elastic, his speech vivacious, with a little dash of sentiment in it, and his dress displaying just so much careful arrangement as shows he thinks there is some one in particular in whose eyes he wishes to find favour; when I see such a man in such a *status*, moral and physical, I set him down, without a moment's hesitation, as being in love, heartily, and hopefully, and with a worthy object. I admit, that when the course of a man's love does not run smoothly, he may chafe at his crosses, or even, now and then, lose half-an-hour's rest o' nights, but he doesn't go sighing and moping all day long. He neither shuts himself up in his house, and lets his beard grow, nor prowls about amongst his acquaintances with a woe-begone visage, and his apparel hanging slovenly about him. No, he bears up with a brave and constant heart, and is all the surer to gain his object. 'Tis only your fellows fed upon goats' milk, like Sylvius, that whine and fawn the more they are spurned, and ill-treated; or your coxcombs, like Malvolio, that cut antics and trick themselves out in yellow stockings, and go cross-gartered. By the way, how admirably does Shakespeare make Phoebe disdainfully reprove the lying hyperboles of Sylvius's sneaking courtship:—

"Thou tellest me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty sure and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailest and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies—

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if my eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;

Or, if thou can'st not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound my eye hath made in thee;

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moments keeps: but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt."

"Bravo! bravo! Saul, you discourse of love like a professor; I subscribe to your dogmas, with all my heart. When we were youngsters, Mr. Bishop, we had our flirtations and *affaires du cœur*, like our neighbours; had'nt we, Saul?"

"Ay, old friend, that had we," responded my uncle, while something like a shadow flitted over his face, that he drove away with a cheery smile. "When I look back upon the scenes of youth, chequered with their lights and shadows, I sometimes feel almost a sadness steal over me, because they are past for ever; but I am soon myself again when I call to mind the truest of all philosophy, to make the best use of the present, and the best provision for the future. And so to carry out the first part of the maxim, I'll chaunt you something to the very point with such a voice as is still left me. And I hope you'll all deal tenderly with—

"THE BACHELOR'S MEMORIES."

I.

Ah, the hours I've lost and lavished!
Ah, the years I've lived in vain!
Ah! the graces Time has ravished,
Time will ne'er restore again.

II.

Hot blood, welling, like a fountain,
Briskly through each youthful vein;
Manly sports o'er moss and mountain—
Limbs that toiled yet felt no pain.

III.

Spirits light and temper plastic—
Courtly feats and revelry;
Rustic dance, with feet elastic,
By the village hawthorn tree.

IV.

All are gone! like dreams at morning,
Fading in the cold grey light—
One by one—and give me warning
How Time pilfers in his flight.

V.

Drinking toasts and courting lasses,
These are things that cannot last,
And the joys I found in *glasses*
Are, I fear, for ever past.

VI.

One but yields me now dejection;
All its bright wine drained apace;
And the *other* brings *reflection*,
When I look into its face.

VII.

Raven locks, I find, are whitening,
Crows' feet gather round my eyes—
And my figure needs some tightening,
As 'tis growing out of size.

VIII.

If I feast I grow dyspeptic,
And my temper's put astray;
If I drink I'm hot and hectic,
With a headache all next day.

IX.

Dancing makes me now quite giddy,
I'm too stiff to twirl and twist ;
So, I'm placed with some old lady
At a quiet game of whist.

X.

What ! is nothing left at fifty
But the yellow leaf, and sear ;
Has my youth been so unthrifty,
That my age finds nought to cheer ?

XI.

Ah ! not so—there's still some pleasure
Left of joys I loved so dear ;
Like the bee that hoards his treasure
For the winter drawing near.

XII.

Though the days so bright and sunny
May return to me no more,
Still I've kept a little honey
Hived up for my winter store.

XIII.

Like soft music heard at even,
When the winds are all asleep ;
Like the starlight, showered from heaven
On the still face of the deep.

XIV.

Sweet, yet sad, the mem'ry o'er me
Comes of joys in youth and prime ;
Yet, in hope, I'll look before me,
And enjoy the present time.

XV.

I have friends still firm and steady,
All the dearer that they're old,
Like this wine, that is not heady,
But cheers and warms me when I'm cold.

XVI.

With them I can still talk over
All our happy days again ;
Be once more a youthful lover !
But no longer feel love's pain.

XVII.

Though the belles I loved at twenty,
I can dance no more with these,
They've got young ones all, in plenty,
That I dance upon my knees.

XVIII.

I've my books, my thoughts, my rambles
By the river-side and wood ;
And I learn, though full of brambles,
Life has fruits both sweet and good.

XIX.

To repine at fate is folly ;
 Brightest flowers are first to fade.
 I would be the trim, smooth holly, .
 Green when every rose is dead.

XX.

Let me live, while life is given,
 Not sadly-wise, but sagely gay ;
 Thankful for the gifts which Heaven
 Shall assign from day to day ;

XXI.

Till at length, my old trunk withered—
 All my branches in decay,
 Trunk and branch, by kind friends gathered,
 Are laid in their primal clay.

XXII.

And the Lord of tree and flower,
 Who gives to each its growth and bloom,
 Ah! may he—in that last hour,
 When my life he shall resume—

XXIII.

Plant me by that holy river,
 Whose streams shall make God's city glad,
 There renewed to flourish ever
 In undying verdure clad.

When my uncle began his song, my godfather gently drew over to him a high-backed chair, and placed the extremity of his legs on the highest part of it, so that they acquired an elevation above his head that would have satisfied the most luxurious Yankee. Then he lighted a fresh cigar with the stump of the old one, which he threw into the fire, and, as he puffed away, gave himself up to the pleasant or saddening recollections that his old friend's verses called to mind. You might have known from the puffs how his feelings fluctuated : now a long, straight, cylindrical column stretched out as from the pipe of a pair of bellows ; next, a succession of quick, vigorous puffs ; anon a large placid volume rolled languidly from his mouth, and then came the moderated breathings of the vapour at measured intervals, till, as my uncle finished, he took the cigar from his lips, and deposited it upon a plate with a gentle carefulness that did not disturb the white top of ashes that had gathered on it.

"Ah! Saul, Saul, how many sad and pleasant thoughts you have awakened within me, my old friend—what we have been, what we are, and what we shall inevitably come to ; fiery and fervent at first, then burning slowly down, and at last clean smoked out and laid down in ashes."

"*Quæ est enim vita nostra? Vapor enim est ad exiguum tempus, apparens et deinde disparens,*" said the priest, solemnly. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

"Come, come," cried Jack Bishop, "this will never do. No moping upon the festival of good Saint Patrick. Fill up your glass, Mr. Freke. I protest you are looking downright melancholy for once in your life. Father Denis, let us see the light of your countenance once more. Remember this isn't Ash-Wednesday, but the day of our own illustrious tutelar Saint of happy and joyful memory. Come, I'll give you a song which Jonathan wrote expressly for me to sing this blessed evening:—

"Not yet, not yet," said I, "it is high time to have a few minutes' respite. Come over here, Jack, and aid me in anatomising these roast fowls and slicing the tongue."

"With all my heart," cried Jack; "your reverence has no objection, I hope, to a morsel of meat?"

"None in the world," said the priest, "it is not fast day."

"For my part," said Jack, "I have always been too bad a Christian to cultivate the practice."

"And yet," retorted the priest, "for all your sneer, Mr. Bishop, there was a time when your own reformers enforced the rule of abstinence from flesh as rigidly as we Catholics."

"I can give you," said I, "a very amusing and veritable instance of the truth of my worthy friend's remark, and as soon as you are all fairly at work I shall read it for you."

It did not take many minutes, you may be sure, to accomplish that object, and I took down a book from a neighbouring shelf from which I read the following historical fact:—

"Thomas Freburn's wife, of Paternoster-row, London, longed for pig. Fisher, a butter-woman, brought him a pig ready for the spit, but carried a foot of it to Dr. Cocks, dean of Canterbury, whilst at dinner. One of the dean's guests was Garter King-at-Arms, Freburn's landlord, who sent to know if any of his family were ill, that he ate flesh in Lent. All well, quoth Freburn, only my wife longs for pig. His landlord sends for the bishop of London's apparitor, and orders him to take Freburn and his pig before Stocksley the bishop. Stocksley sends him and his pig to judge Cholmly, who, not being at home, he and the pig were brought back to the bishop, who committed them both to the compter. Next day, being Saturday, he was carried before the Lord Mayor, who said on Monday next he should stand in the pillory, with one-half of the pig on one shoulder, the other half on the other. The wife desired she might suffer as the pig was on her account. A string was put through it, and it was hung about his neck, which he thus carried to the compter again. Through Cromwell's intercession the poor man at last gained his liberty by a bond of twenty pounds for his appearance. This mischief-making pig was, by order of the Right Reverend father in God, the bishop of London, buried in Finsbury Field by the hands of his lordship's apparitor, and Freburn was, by his landlord, turned out of his house, and could not get another in four years."

"Thank heaven," cried Bishop, "these times are gone by. A Jewish synagogue could not have punished the poor fellow more severely. And now for my song. By the way, you must know, the saint and myself were born on the same day, so I have a natural right to be doubly festive. Here goes:—

Ain—St. Patrick's Day.

I.

THE white and the orange, the blue and green, boys,
We'll blend them together in concord to-night;
The orange most sweet amid green leaves is seen, boys—
The loveliest pansey is blue and white.
The light of the day,
As it glides away,
Paints with orange the white clouds that float in the west,
And the billows that roar
Round our own island shore
Lay their green heads to rest on the blue heaven's bosom,
Where sky and sea meet in the distance away.
As Nature thus shows us how well she can fuse 'em,
We'll blend them in love on St. Patrick's Day.

II.

THE hues of the prism, philosophers say, boys,
Are nought but the sunlight resolved into parts;
They're beauteous, no doubt, but I think that the ray, boys,
Unbroken, more lights up and warms our hearts.

Each musical tone,
 Struck one by one,
 Makes melody sweet, it is true, on the ear—
 But let the hand ring
 All at once every string—
 And, oh! there is harmony now that is glorious,
 In unison pealing to heaven away;
 For unison is beauty, and strength, and victorious,
 Of hues, tones, or hearts, on St. Patrick's Day.

III.

Those hues in our bosoms be sure to unite, boys;
 Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true;
 Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys,
 Be bright as the orange, sincere as blue.
 I care not a jot
 Be your scarf white or not,
 If you love as a brother each child of the soil;
 I ask not your creed,
 If you'll stand in her need
 To the land of your birth in the hour of her dolours,
 The foe of her foes, let them be who they may;
 Then "FUSION OF HEARTS, AND CONFUSION OF COLOURS!"
 Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

Ere Jack had concluded we were all as gay as ever. When he ceased, the singer and the writer received all the praise that good-natured friends, especially after supper, are sure to award.

"Mr. Bishop," said the priest, addressing Jack in the heartiest manner, "I like your song, and I like the sentiment of it. It would be well that Irishmen would do what every other nation under heaven do, *pull together*. With all their talk about nationality, they have as little of this indispensable attribute of nationality as any people in the world. May the time come, and soon, when it shall be otherwise."

"Amen," said Saul, and his aspiration was repeated by all present. The priest held out his hand to Jack, who, not content with this moderate demonstration of good will, dramatically flung his arms around the portly person of the old man, exclaiming, "*Embrasson nous*."

In a few moments the silver bell of the pendule began to sound; Saul reckoned its peals, "one, two," and so on, till at last he said—

"Bless me, 'tis eleven o'clock—who would have thought it?"

"And you may add one more to make it the dozen," added Bishop, as the last stroke tolled. Then Saul rang for the dog-cart, which was at the door by the time we had finished our glasses. I shook hands heartily with each, the party mounted the cart, Jack amicably making room for the priest beside him, and I was once again alone in the moonlight.

Ever, dear Anthony, thine,

JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY.

HISTORY OF THE WAR OF THE SICILIAN VESPERS.*

AMONGST other truths which the experience of ages is gradually developing in the world, there is one which seems at this time especially to commend itself to the minds of men, viz.—that the future is for us reflected in the mirror of the past; of course we speak generally in making this assertion; diversity of detail there will always be as of circumstance, but forasmuch as the working of human passions will ever be the same and the power of good and evil influences on them unchanged, so will the same causes continually reproduce the same effects, and in particular, the various forms of government to which almost every people is subjected in rotation will never fail, however varied the subject matter on which they act, to lead in operation to results of a precisely similar nature.

When we look back over the centuries whose ebb and flow is swayed by one prevailing Power, as the moon rules the tides, do not the nations seem to rise and fall on the face of the earth like billows on the ocean? one after another swelling up in their progression from barbarism to civilisation, from weakness to strength, from slavery often to dominion, and then giving way before some new power, that, strong in its lusty youth, comes to swallow them up, and erect its head triumphant, till in like manner itself recedes into the glory that has been, and leaves room for the next in order. Thus, while to the living generation it will ever seem as though the events in which they are immersed are altogether new and strange, their trials and troubles peculiarly their own, to those of succeeding ages, who look back upon their time as on a landscape, where distance has softened the asperities of outline, and blended the details into one harmonious whole, the course of nations will be found ever presenting the same features of progression and decadence.

This truth, we say, is forcing itself on the minds of men with a twofold result; it has caused those who would judge of the signs of the times, or, haply, seek to colour them, to find it their wisdom to sift the records of the past, with a minuteness of research into the hidden working below the surface of events, which has been hitherto rarely practised; and further, it has induced men of the greatest ability, in all countries, to devote their talents to the elucidation of some one epoch or event in past history, feeling they cannot read a more profitable lesson to their fellow-creatures, than by tracing out the causes, in former times, of convulsions that seem threatening the world anew. Such a man is Michele Amari, author of the very interesting work now before us; and in this, chiefly, that his talents are of a first-rate order. His productions prior to this attempt had already established his fame in his own country, but in the present volumes (decidedly his *chef-d'œuvre as yet*) he has chosen a subject, to whose deep interest he has added a great importance, by his research and clearness of perception. The well-known rising of the Sicilians against their French oppressors in the year 1282, which has been called by the name of the Sicilian Vespers, and whose result was the massacre of thousands of the French, and the entire overthrow of the Anjevin dynasty, has always been supposed, and asserted by historians, to have originated in a deep-laid conspiracy, the growth of years, between John of Procida, Peter of Arragon, the Emperor of Constantinople, and the Pope, aided and abetted also by certain of the Sicilian barons. Now it has been Amari's object in the present work to prove that this view of the case is altogether erroneous, and that so far from this great event being the result of the well-weighted machinations of those who sat in high places,

* "History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers." By Michele Amari. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Earl of Ellesmere. 3 Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.

it was, in fact, the sudden and spontaneous movement of an oppressed people—the simultaneous impulse, communicated as with electric fire from heart to heart amongst them, that they would, at any cost, purge their beautiful island of the usurpers, whose tyranny had become intolerable. Now we conceive that in proving this, as Amari does to our mind most satisfactorily, he confers an important service on this present generation; for, had this remarkable event in the history of Europe been, as men have hitherto supposed, the offspring of a subtle conspiracy, it must have remained to us a mere isolated fact, which, however interesting, could convey no lesson to our times, since it could have been reproduced only by an impossible approximation of precisely the same characters as those of the plotters themselves. But when we find it shining out from the shadows of the past, as the vivid and solemn expression of the result of oppression upon our common nature, it becomes to all a great and salutary warning; to the rulers, of men of like passions as those who, centuries ago, made the peaceful vesper bell the tocsin of a bloody war, it tells, what will be in all ages the measure of human endurance to human tyranny, whether it come in the shape of open persecution, as then, from the fierce hands of Charles of Anjou, or under the form of fair-seeming laws that grind them to the dust in the name of expediency; and to the people it will prove, in the interesting details of the results of the Sicilian Vespers, that it is a fearful thing for them to take the executive in their own hands, and release, as it were, from prison a worse tyrant than any fellow-man could ever be to them, even their own unrestrained and restless passions! restless to themselves, carrying them from the administration of justice to the exercise of a lawless cruelty, and from the support of a rightful cause to a persecution fiercer than they themselves experienced.

Thus the very groundwork of Amari's work would make it one of great value, if even it appeared to us in a less attractive garb, but it has many other merits which render it indeed worthy to take a place in the highest ranks of literature. We need hardly specify, first, the genius of the

author, which, in the original, has secured it long since an honoured name among the Italian classics, nor the deep research and reasoning which he has brought to bear on his subject. These are as well known as his own celebrated name; but that which to us gives a singular charm to the book is the strong *amor patriæ* which has inspired it; the warm Sicilian heart of the writer glows in every line; it is as though he were detailing almost the history of his own family, for, though centuries have trampled on their dust, they were his brethren—these men, whose noble spirits were stirred so fiercely, at the cry of a weak girl, fainting under the insults of a dastard Frenchman, that they avenged her in the blood of many thousands; and it is his own fair land, still unchanged in the glory of its deep blue skies and the beauty of its smiling vales, that they purged in that hour from the host of their oppressors.

Again, we might not sufficiently have appreciated this, the latent fire, which gives such energy and vigour to the calm words of the author, but for the valuable preface of the editor. Few and simple as are these pages, they bear the stamp of those fine talents and that peculiar elegance of diction which have ranked his name so high among our English authors; and they are eminently useful in paving our way to the work itself, for the graphic sketch therein given of Amari's life up to the present time, and of the circumstances which developed his character, enable us to walk side by side, as it were with his spirit, through the regions of all that troubled past, seeing with his eyes and feeling with his heart the atrocious details of that oppression which burdened once his native land.

Before proceeding to give a few extracts from this work, in order so to stimulate the appetite of our readers that they shall not be content till they have devoured the whole—touching at the same time on certain matters in which, with all our admiration, we cannot agree with Amari—we must first point another most striking advantage which the work, in its English dress, possesses, and that is the very great elegance and merit of the translation. Many persons are not aware what a combination of talents (by no means of an ordinary nature) it requires to make an even readable translation of a

fine work. It is very easy to render the words with grammatical precision, and to produce a book as like its original as the wooden representation of a living face; but to overcome all those subtleties of human language, which cause that strength, and beauty, and feeling should lie often in the choice of one word out of many bearing the same meaning, or in the peculiar turn of a phrase, a task for which not one in a hundred is fit—such a knowledge of the foreign language as very few English men or women ever possess, is the least of the indispensable requisites; for the mind of the translator must actually be commensurate with that of the author, capable of appreciating the thought from which the work has sprung, before he can hope to reproduce it in another tongue. With so high an idea of what a translation ought to be, we shall be bestowing our best praise on that now before us when we pronounce it *perfectly successful*. It is one with its original, not only in the flowing ease and elegance of the composition, but in vigour and power, in the spirit, in short, which animates it.

We proceed to extract, so far as our space will permit, the account of the extraordinary outbreak at Palermo, which commenced this fiery war, and gave it the name of the Sicilian Vespers. We regret that our limits force us to mutilate the lengthened details of this remarkable struggle; as also to pass in silence over much that is interesting which precedes it. One peculiarity which struck us greatly is, that Amari's work is actually a commentary on some parts of Dante, as Dante of him, the cross lights literally range from one to the other. Premising that every species of indignity and persecution had long been heaped on the Sicilians by their French tyrants, we proceed to the statement of their first revolt:—

“On the Tuesday, at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this their cheerful plain, carpeted with the flowers of spring, with citizens wending their way towards the churches. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, threw off, for the moment, the recollection of their sufferings, when the followers of the Justiciary suddenly appeared amongst them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The strangers came, with their usual inso-

lent demeanour, as they said, to maintain tranquillity; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarrantable liberties with others; addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant; until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot-blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said to one another, ‘These insolent *paterias* must be armed that they dare thus to answer,’ and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting, with great insolence, on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks or thongs. Every heart already throbbd fiercely on either side—when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared, with her husband and relations, bending her steps towards the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or license, approached her, as if to examine her for concealed weapons, seized her and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, ‘Death, death to the French!’ At the same moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, disarmed and slew him; and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his own life, leaving his name unknown, and the mystery for ever unsolved, whether it was love for the injured woman, the impulse of a generous heart, or the more exalted flame of patriotism, that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people; and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage. ‘Death, death to the French!’ they cried; and the cry, say the historians of the time, re-echoed, like the voice of God, through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully-armed opponents; they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but, of the French there

were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

“Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. ‘Death to the French!’ they shouted, and as many as they found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. In the heat of the tumult Roger Mastrangelo, a nobleman, was chosen or constituted himself their leader. The multitude continued to increase; dividing into troops, they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting ‘Death to the French,’ smote them and slew them, while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. On the outbreak of this sudden uproar the Justiciary had taken refuge in his strong palace, the next moment it was surrounded by an enraged multitude, crying aloud for his death; they demolished the defences and rushed furiously in, but the Justiciary escaped them; favoured by the confusion and the closing darkness, he succeeded, though wounded on the face, in mounting his horse unobserved, with only two attendants, and fled with all speed. Meanwhile the slaughter continued with increased ferocity, even the darkness of night failed to arrest it, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever; nor did it cease at length because the thirst for vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand French perished in this first outbreak. Even Christian burial was denied them, but pits were afterwards dug to receive their despoiled remains. And tradition still points out a column surmounted by an iron cross, raised by compassionate piety, in one of those spots, probably long after the perpetration of the deed of vengeance.”—*Vol. I. p. 180.*

The details which follow, of the working out of this remarkable struggle will be found truly interesting, but we must resist the temptation of dwelling upon them, and pass to a most curious episode in the long-protracted war that occurred between the houses of Anjou and Arragon. Peter of Arragon being in right of his wife, Constance, daughter of Manfred, the lawful heir of the kingdom of Sicily, had openly arrived with his army to secure the conquest which the Sicilians had already gained over the forces of Charles of Anjou; and the latter meanwhile refusing to avow his defeat had retreated into Calabria,

and there it was that the rival kings decided on settling the momentous question of the fate of Sicily, involved in their respective claims, by a duel between themselves, which it was arranged should take place at Bordeaux. A certain day was fixed, when the bellicose monarchs were to meet in that town before Edward I. of England, then sovereign of Aquitaine and Gascony, of which Bordeaux was the capital. Each king was to be attended by 100 knights, who of course were likewise severally to meet in single combat. In the interval before the time appointed for the duel, however, Pope Martin, the vigorous ally of Charles of Anjou, exerted himself to prevent its taking place, probably because he readily perceived that, in challenging his rival, the King of Arragon had craftily gained no small advantage to himself; since by this means he placed himself on equal terms with the Anjevin monarch, whose forces in open field would have been greatly superior to his own. If he had any such motive, however, it seems plain that he was met by deeper treachery on the part of Charles. It was the business of this latter to have the lists prepared, and certain arrangements were made which gave rise to suspicions that the French purposed, should the enemy remain masters of the field, to occupy the gate from without, and having thus enclosed them within the defences, to put them to the sword.

The preparations went on despite the Pope's opposition, who having forbidden Edward of England to appear either personally or by proxy, finally desisted from endeavouring to dissuade the resolute combatants themselves. Peter of Arragon set sail in order to arrive at the appointed time. He encountered a grievous storm; and the historian states that he remained three days without food, from distress of mind lest the delay should cause him to appear a defaulter and traitor to his oath. Finally, through the skill of the seamen, he reached Valencia, accompanied by only three knights.

“Here, while still exhausted from the voyage, he learned the suspicions created by the great display of force made by the French, if with no other object, at least to deter him by fear from proceeding to Bordeaux. He reflected that he could not take with him an army sufficiently strong to confront them, but at

the same time he was equally unwilling to fail in the fulfilment of his oath, or to place himself undefended in the power of his enemies: he had, however, little trouble in devising a means of eluding the difficulty. He despatched orders to his champions, who were all in readiness in the neighbourhood of the frontier, that each one should halt in the place where he had first received information of the unfair dealings of the French. He despatched Gilbert Cruyllas to the seneschal of the King of England, to require of him to guarantee a fair field, and every day he sent a fresh messenger after him, both in order to receive constant intelligence, and also to render the appearance of the followers of the King of Arragon upon the roads no unusual occurrence. He himself, with three trusty knights, Blasco Alagona, Berenger Pietralalladra, and Conrad Lucia, on horseback, and without any other retinue, joined company with one Domenic Figuera, of Taragossa, a horse-dealer, well acquainted with the country, binding him to secrecy by fearful oaths, and confiding the secret of his journey to no one of his court, not even to the Infant Don Alphonso. The king armed himself with a shirt of mail under his clothes, and a steel head-piece under his cap, wrapped himself in an old blue cloak, took a javelin in his hand, and a valise upon his horse, to appear like the servant of the merchant, while the others disguised themselves in still meaner clothing as grooms. Figuera, on the other hand, was richly attired and equipped, and treated with distinction: he used his companions roughly, lodged apart, and the king waited upon him at table, and poured water for him to wash his hands. Thus, mounted on swift palfreys, which they changed at every post, they took the road to Tarragona. To the inquiries made of them at the frontier passes, the merchant replied that he was travelling on his own business with his servants; and thus eluding all the snares of the enemy, they halted under the walls of Bordeaux at noon on the 31st of May.

The king immediately sent Berrenger, the son of Cruyllas, into the city to seek his father, and to charge him secretly to persuade the English seneschal, John de Greilly, to come forth from the town, by telling him that a knight, one of his friends, wished to speak to him on a subject of importance, and requesting him at the same time to bring with him a notary. John went forth as desired at nightfall, and Peter, feigning himself to be another envoy, asked again whether the King of Arragon could come. Greilly resolutely replied that he could not; that large bodies of French horse

were stationed in the neighbourhood; that King Edward had never guaranteed the field, and now could not do so if he would, even by uniting his own forces with those of Arragon, as he had already, he said, affirmed to Gilbert. Peter thereupon requested him to let him see the lists. Greilly conducted him thither; and then the King of Arragon, throwing back his hood, discovered himself to the seneschal, who conjured him for the love of God to save himself from his enemies. The king mounted his charger, rode three times round the lists, and halting in the midst, solemnly protested to the seneschal and to the notary, that he had come to redeem his oath, and if the duel did not take place it was not to be ascribed to him but to the perfidy of his enemies. He then had a protestation to this effect drawn up in due form, in which Greilly attested the coming of the King of Arragon, and the order given by Edward to consign the city to Philip and to Charles. The king left his arms to the English seneschal, requested him to delay the promulgation of the occurrence for a short time, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped back to the Spanish frontier by the way of Bayonne. He reached that city weary and travel-worn, not having closed his eyes for three days, and from thence published a protest, sent letters and messengers to the princes of Christendom; and, in the anticipation that war would immediately be declared, summoned all such of his subjects as might be in France to return forthwith to Arragon.

“Charles, on the other hand, who had been at Bordeaux ever since the 26th of May, being informed by the Seneschal of the coming of his adversary on the very day of the duel, was infuriated at the tidings, sent off horsemen in pursuit of him (whose toil was, however, fruitless, owing to the start that Peter had obtained), showered bitter reproaches upon Greilly, and even presumed so far as to confine him in the palace, but speedily released him on seeing the citizens rise in rebellion against such violence. On the same day Charles, with all his champions fully armed, remained in the lists until noon; and a French force, of some say three, some five thousand horse, and some many more, ostentatiously occupied the outskirts of the city. Charles uttered a haughty protest, openly proclaiming Peter a defaulter and a coward; but Saba Malespina himself says, ‘that in his heart he was full of chagrin, that his snare had thus been spread in vain;’ and d’Esalot relates, that he called his daring enemy not a man, but rather a fiend of hell, and even worse, for at the sign of the cross the devil will flee away.

but against him there is no security; you deem him a thousand miles away, and you find him upon you. At length, leaving Bordeaux on the 11th of June, Charles hastened to publish in Italy an interminable recapitulation of the offences of Peter, and of the taunts and insults to which he had submitted, and thus the drama ended."

But the drama of Sicilian convulsions was not yet ended; truly the ever-burning mountain that stands in the midst of that beautiful island is an apt type of the fiery heart of its generous people. The remainder of the volumes contains most interesting details of the after results of the Sicilian Vespers, and how, from struggle to struggle, now in light, now in darkness, Sicily passed through the ordeal of a brief anarchy, to come forth, as the author says, "from her revolution in the thirteenth century, with a political constitution hardly equalled by those of the most civilised nations in the nineteenth century." But we will not mar the interest which many readers, we trust, will find in this remarkable work, by giving more of these necessarily garbled extracts. We recommend all to judge for themselves of the merits we have so briefly touched upon; and now, in conclusion, having amply testified our admiration, of this work in its graceful English dress especially, we must, as a conscientious reviewer, comment briefly on certain remarks of Michele Amari, for which we cannot quite forgive him. We conceive it to be the bounden duty of great minds to strip themselves of all world-taught fallacy and prejudice, all received conventionalism, and to view things as they really are in the sight of high Heaven, and not in the dim eyes of man, and thus to separate whatever is really true, and holy, and of good report, from the mass of dross, and clay, and painted rubbish which the maxims of a false society too often dignify

with such names. Thus *war*, viewed simply as an existent fact, wholly independent of temporary causes—*war*, a principle admitted and established in the world, for the organised destruction of portions of the human race by the hands of their fellow-creatures—is a thing so preposterous, that it is only in compliance, or under the influence of received fallacies, that we can talk of the greater or lesser merit of those who practise it. Now there is a certain *gusto* in the manner in which Amari talks, of the actual massacre of the French, a forgetfulness of what is due from man to man, in the excitement of telling how it fared between nation and nation, which, with all due allowance for the fact that he is a Sicilian and a patriot, we yet cannot approve. In justification of our feelings on this subject, we will but quote his own remark, after mentioning that on one occasion, when the Prince of Salerno, son to Charles of Anjou, was in the power of the Aragonese, they threatened to put him to death, though innocent of any crime, save that his father had conquered Sicily, Amari says:—

This menace, which, carried into effect, might have proved a *wise and salutary measure* to strengthen the Sicilians with the courage of desperation, would not, I think, have sufficed to arrest the progress of Charles, when confident of victory."

The translator has, in a very *spirituelle* manner, given the substance of the feelings which this passage must excite, in a note consisting solely of three points of admiration.

And now, having relieved the reviewer's conscience, so proverbially *tender and scrupulous*, with this brief criticism, we would wish to conclude with a strong recommendation of the work as a most attractive reproduction of a very clever book for the benefit of the English public.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—LXIII.

SIR JOHN A. STEVENSON, MUS. DOG.

"He who, if sought of grace there be
 In the wild notes I write or sing,
 First smooth'd their links of harmony,
 And lent them charms they did not bring;—
 He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
 With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,
 (That art which gives this world of ours
 A notion how they speak in heav'n;))
 I've pass'd more bright and charmed hours,
 Than all earth's wisdom could have giv'n."—MOORE.

Among the many remarkable men who distinguished themselves in Ireland during the last century, Sir John Stevenson's name deserves to be recorded. His life presents an instructive as well as interesting page in our history. Raising himself from obscurity by his own exertions and industry, he acquired celebrity as a musician, and identified himself, both in his professional and social character, with the best and most honoured of his cotemporaries. There are many with us still who recollect him in that festive intercourse which his genius adorned, and but few unacquainted with the part which he took in the adaptation of our National Melodies to the most brilliant gems of Moore's lyric fancy; while his sacred compositions hold a place among the best of choral services, and are still to be heard in the swelling notes of the organs of our ancient cathedrals, with which his earlier career and subsequent fame are so intimately associated.

Some ninety-one or ninety-two years ago, there lived in an humble lodging in Crane-lane, off Dame-street, in the city of Dublin, a musician, professing the violin, whose name was John Stevenson. He was the son of one Andrew Stevenson a coach-maker, a native of Glasgow, where he also was born. Brought up to his father's business, he continued to follow it in his youth, until he began to think, that he could do better for himself in the world by scraping the strings of a fiddle, than by performing the less harmonious operation on the spokes of coach-wheels. Leaving his home and his trade, he wandered from town to town, earning a very scanty livelihood by his new occupation; and by way of improving his fortunes came over to Dublin in the year 1760, taking up his abode in the locality we have already stated. There (and we could show the house in the lane, for it was pointed out to us the other day), was born, in the summer of 1762, John Andrew Stevenson, the subject of this memoir, and, in a year after his birth, another son, whose name, we believe, was William. Of their early boyhood, passed in the routine of such education as their parents' means could afford, we know of nothing interesting to relate. Their father worked hard to support his family, occasionally playing in the orchestras of the musical societies and concerts of the metropolis, and giving lessons on his favourite instrument. In the month of September, 1771, he was attacked by fever, of which he died after a short illness, and his wife having caught the infection, by close and affectionate attendance on her husband, followed him in a few days. They are both buried in the church-yard of Rathfarnham, from which neighbourhood it is supposed Mrs. Stevenson's family came; he married her shortly after his arrival in Ireland. The condition of two children thus suddenly, and at so early an age, deprived of both parents, was aggravated by their having been left almost totally unprovided for. The sympathy, however, of some kind relations and friends was excited in their behalf, and they received at this critical time very generous assistance. Mr. Gibson, of the firm of Woffington and Gibson, who kept a musical instrument shop in Grafton-street, knew Stevenson well, and having ascertained that John Andrew (or Andrew, as he was then called) had inherited somewhat of his father's musical taste, interested himself in his behalf, and, after considerable difficulty, obtained for him admission to the choir-school of Christ Church Cathedral, where the boys are educated, clothed, boarded, and lodged. This was in the early part of the year 1771, he being



J. A. Stevenson

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Dublin James M^c Glashan 1851.

then about ten years of age. The younger brother was sent to sea, and is said to have perished by shipwreck on his first voyage. There is no reason to doubt that such is the fact, for he has never since been heard of. Young Stevenson continuing steadily to attend the choir-school, received instruction from the master, Mr. Sharman, who will be recollected as the author of a geography, which, for many years, held a position among the best of our elementary books. The authorities did not then deem it necessary to include classics in the course of study at the school; the instruction being limited to an English education. Doctor Woodward (Mus. Doc.), organist of the cathedral, was also master of singing; from him Stevenson received his first lesson in music. Applying himself with zeal and attention to acquiring a knowledge of its theoretic rules, he soon became conspicuous for the advance he had made in his art; and the steadiness and care with which he sang music, procured for him the approbation and confidence of his teacher. It was then the custom for the boys of Christ Church to sing at evening service at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and our young musician soon distinguished himself from his youthful brother choristers, by the superior quality of his voice; while his handsome features, in which there were marked indications of intellect, attracted general notice and admiration. For about four years he was a supernumerary in the choirs of both cathedrals, and it was not until after the election of Dean Cradock to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in 1775, that he was bound. The indenture, the original of which we have seen,* was executed on the 20th of July, 1775. It describes him as Andrew Stevenson, which name he went by up to the year 1783, when upon being appointed half-vicar choral by Dean Cradock, John Andrew Stevenson appears as the signature on the roll. From 1775 to 1779 we find him on the list of choristers, during which period, under the instruction of Dr. Woodward and Dr. Samuel Murphy, the latter being the organist of St. Patrick's, he made rapid progress in his profession; so much so, that though his masters discouraged him from composing, he obtained, at this early age, the prize medal given by the Amateur Society in 1788, for the best glee; the words of which ran thus:—

"One night when all the village slept,
Myrtilla's proud disdain
The wandering shepherd kept,
To tell the woods his pain.
Begone, said he, fond thoughts begone,
Eyes give your sorrows o'er;
Why should you waste your tears for one,
Who thinks on you no more?"

In 1779 he appears to have made the acquaintance of O'Keefe,† the celebrated dramatist, who thus speaks of him in his Recollections:—

"One day at dinner at Blarney the conversation turned upon their friend and mine, Mr. Colman. I had mentioned, I had sent him over a third piece in two acts, but had not heard from him—this was the 'Dead Alive.' I had preserved a copy, and telling them this circumstance, Mrs. Jeffries advised me to bring it out in Dublin, when Mr. Jeffries, with prudence and a longer look upon the road of life, said, 'No, Mr. O'Keefe, don't do any such thing. Belinda, how can you advise such dangerous folly? If he brings it out in Dublin, Colman will never bring it out in London.' I believe I looked rather silly and alarmed at Mr. Jeffries' friendly check, for the fact was, on my not hearing from Mr. Colman, I fully intended to have it performed in Dublin. I had already written some of the songs and given them to set to a very young gentleman. He was not above *fourteen years of age*, of most promising talents; his name was Stevenson. He composed some of the airs, and played and sung them to me at my house in Capel-street, and very beautiful they were; however, on Mr. Jeffries' alarm, there the matter dropped of bringing the piece out in Dublin. The youthful musical genius of that day is now the admired Sir John Stevenson, the successful composer of sacred and sublime melody."

* Through the kindness of S. P. Lea, Esq., to whom we are also indebted for much information with respect to Sir J. Stevenson's earlier life.

† "O'Keefe's Recollections," vol. i. p. 403.

O'Keefe was evidently deceived as to Stevenson's age, whom he describes as a boy of not above fourteen ; he must have been seventeen at least ; but he was remarkable for his youthful appearance and figure.

In the year 1779, Dr. Fowler was Archbishop of Dublin, being translated in that year from Killaloe. He was remarkable for his strict discipline in Church government, and is said not to have been blessed with the best temper in the world, being overbearing and pompous in manner to his inferiors. Shortly after his elevation to the archbishopric, he came to Patrick's Cathedral on a week day, at three o'clock. Finding that the gentlemen of the choir were not in attendance, and supposing that he had jurisdiction in the church, he thus called the Verger* to him :—

"Hollo, fellow, come here. Where's the Dean ?

"He is in the chapter-house, may it please your Grace," said the quivering official !

"Tell him to come instantly, and attend me here."

Away went the Verger to the Dean, whom he found sitting in a room in the Chapter-house, with Dr. Ledwich, then one of the minor Canons.

"Please your Reverence, Mr. Dean, his Grace the Archbishop requires your presence immediately in the Cathedral."

"Present my compliments to his Grace," replied the Dean, "and say if he wants to see *the Dean* he will find him here."

The Verger returned, and delivered the message *verbatim* to the Archbishop, who could scarcely conceal his anger at the want of respect which he considered the Dean had shown him. He made up his mind, however, to proceed to the Chapter-house, and, on entering the room where the Dean and Dr. Ledwich were sitting, addressed the former as follows :—

"Ho, Mr. Dean, what's become of the men of the choir ; why are they not in the Cathedral ? Let them know, in future I shall require them to be present in the choir every day at three, P.M."

The Dean, who was calm and dignified in his manner, replied—

"Please your Grace, the gentlemen of the choir are not accustomed to attend on week days, unless specially informed that their services will be required, and I apprehend you will find that *I* am the person who am authorised to enforce their attendance."

The Archbishop made no reply to this observation, but, evidently mortified at the mistake he had made, retired. Dr. Ledwich, who was a man of considerable humour and wit, lost no time in thus reducing the dialogue which he had heard to verse :—

" ARCHBISHOP.

'Mr. Dean,' said his Grace,
New-fangled in place,

'What's become of the men of the Choir ?
Let them know, sir, I pray,
That henceforward each day,
Their attendance at three I desire.'

" THE DEAN.

Please your Grace,' said the Dean,
The matter is plain ;
They're not used to attend here at three.
I, besides, apprehend,
That to make them attend
Is a right belongs only to me.'

" MORAL.

A Fowler of fame,
For taking good aim,
Should be careful his sport not to spoil ;
Nor, when his gun's large,
His piece discharge,
Lest its force on himself may recoil."

* Mr. Ferns, afterwards Sir John Ferns, who was Sheriff of Dublin in the year 1800-1.

The vicars choral, with the whole body of choristers, were in great delight on hearing that their rights had been upheld by the Dean, and he was looked up to as their champion. Dr. Ledwich's verses soon became known, and Stevenson having obtained a copy, composed a catch for the words, which for many years was sung at the festive meetings of the vicars choral as a sort of charter song.

Dr. Fowler's dispute with the Dean not only supplied Stevenson with a theme for his first catch, but, if we be not very much misinformed, his talents were shortly afterwards put into requisition on an occasion when the peculiarities of the Most Rev. Prelate, who was called "the boxing bishop," were described in a long ballad, the verses of which are attributed to the joint humour of the late Archbishop Magee and the celebrated Dean Burrowes. Dr. Fowler was a prelate of highly polished manners, and of a very commanding and handsome person, but he was so dictatorial and severe that he became very unpopular in the Church, and nothing but the fear of incurring the penalties of "*scandalum magnatum*" prevented his being lampooned over and over again. "We must have our wicked will of Fowler," said Magee to Burrowes; so one day they put their heads together and wrote the ballad, which they managed to get squalled before the palace in Kevin-street by an itinerant puppet-show man. Stevenson wrote the music. One of the verses ran thus:—

"Young clergymen, no more be cool,
For now you're taught to box by rule;
For there's set up a boxing-school
In Kevin-street by somebody."

At the visitation held in January, 1780, his name does not appear among the list of choristers, and from this time up to 1783, he was left to support himself by his own exertions. Having obtained introductions, through the kindness of his friends, he commenced giving tuition in music; his first pupil being, we believe, a Miss Glascock, who afterwards married Mr. Saunders, of Saunders Grove, in the county of Wicklow; he also taught her sister, Miss Elizabeth Glascock, subsequently wife of the celebrated General Ross who fell in the American war. Mr. Saunders introduced him to Lord Aldborough, to the young ladies of whose family he gave lessons. Struggling with very straitened circumstances, he lived in an humble lodging in Chapter Court, and by his prudence and care, managed not only to keep out of debt, but presented in his person and dress a much neater appearance than most of his companions in the choir, who were possessed of better means. A vicar choral's stall having become vacant after the elevation of Dean Cradock to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he bestowed a moiety of the appointment on Stevenson, the other half was presented to Mr. John Matthews, both gentlemen, to use the words of the act of the Chapter, "being sufficiently recommended for their honesty of life and knowledge of music." Thus placed in a position of comparative independence, he was enabled to pursue his profession and cultivate his taste more advantageously, soon making himself known in the circle of musical society by his compositions, which were admired and appreciated for their originality. Shortly after his appointment to a vicarage in Patrick's choir, he married a Mrs. Singleton, a widow, the daughter of a Mr. Morton, who held an appointment in the customs; that gentleman lived at a place called Rahoboth, near Dublin, and Stevenson, lodging in his house, became acquainted with his future wife. At this time there was rather a lack of musical ability in the metropolis. With the exception of Michael Kelly and Sampson Carter (the author of "O Nanny will thou gang with me") there were few native professors of any note, and thus Stevenson's appearance as a composer, was opportune and favourable. Dublin, was not well furnished with singing or music masters of much ability, and a large income was open to him from tuition, had he followed it steadily, but he never liked its drudgery. Want of punctuality in giving his lessons soon got him the name of an inattentive master; besides, his mind was so much engrossed by musical inspiration, that he never could settle himself down to give instruction with method or patience. He continued, however, to take pupils to a late period in his life, but it was always against his inclination. The musical societies at this period in Dublin were the Hibernian Catch, the Sons of Handel, the Beefsteak Club, the Harmonics, the

Anacreontic, &c., among the members of which were many distinguished amateur singers. Stevenson belonged to all of these clubs, where he became a favourite for his well-known social qualities. For many years he was in the habit of competing for the prizes given for glees and catches, his works almost invariably obtaining the reward and distinction he sought. Upon one occasion he contended for the prize given by the Catch Club, sending in his compositions, according to the rules, under a feigned name. The judges having selected from among the number submitted to them, those which they considered of sufficient merit to enter the lists for competition, proceeded to examine their merits. One or two were allowed to be of great excellence. Some nearly approaching them, others were deemed a little inferior, but about a dozen greatly surpassed the mass of compositions upon which they were called upon to pronounce their opinion. On opening the secret marks for ascertaining the authors, it was found that the twelve bore Stevenson's name, for one of which he was adjudged the prize.

The advance which Stevenson made in public estimation is to be found in the number of his glees, catches, and songs, which were published in rapid succession; and while this class of music delighted those who were not familiar with his sacred compositions, the latter obtained for him preferment in both Cathedrals, where he was soon advanced to the position of vicar choral.

His character as a musician being thus established, the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him by the University in the year 1800, for several years previous to which he had been a chorister in the choir of the College Chapel, whose members have always been selected with great care from the establishment of Christ's and Patrick's Cathedrals. The authorities of College were wont to take very good care of their choir, giving them, according to ancient custom, on every Trinity Sunday a substantial dinner, and the best wines of their cellar. About the year 1790, the day for dining was changed from Sunday to Monday, upon the ground that the gentlemen of the choir might have a more unrestricted opportunity of enjoying themselves. Trinity Monday, 1801, was the last occasion on which the choristers met, an occurrence having taken place which justified the College in putting an end to the old custom. It happened that some seven or eight of the guests assembled an hour before dinner in the ante-room, where a quarrel having taken place between Doctor Spray and Mr. Hooper, blows were exchanged, the doctor planting such effective thumps on his brother vicar's nose, that the injured organ gave out an abundant stream of blood. Dr. Langrishe Doyle, Mus. Doc., who had a special invitation to dine with the Vice-provost, was making his toilet in an adjoining chamber. He was in the act of shaving at the time, when hearing the noise of angry words, he rushed out, and forcing his way into the room, endeavoured to separate the combatants, in which he was assisted by Stevenson and one or two more. While thus engaged, and, to their surprise and confusion, in came the Senior Proctor and the Junior Dean, accompanied by a whole posse of porters, whose astonishment may be imagined on seeing Doyle with a razor in his hand, Hooper with a shirt as red as a doctor's hood, and Spray panting after the fight. An attempt at explanation was made, but it would not be listened to, the vicars being peremptorily ordered to leave College forthwith, and, what was worse than all, without their dinner. On the next board day the occurrence was formally reported to the authorities, when it was resolved to discontinue the annual entertainment; but in consideration of the loss which the vicars thereby sustained, and in the exercise of the equitable maxim, "that the innocent should not suffer for the guilty," a small addition was made to the salaries of the choir. Spray, in giving an account of his fight with Hooper, used to urge that he was entitled to some testimonial, for having originated a row which got rid of the "College feed," and led to a much more independent and satisfactory substitute.

In the year 1803, Lord Hardwicke, then Lord Lieutenant, accepted an invitation to dine with the Irish Harmonic Society. Upon that occasion Stevenson's glee, "Give me the Harp of Epic Song," was performed, for the first time; and his Excellency took the opportunity of conferring the honour of knighthood on its author. Shortly after this distinction had been bestowed upon him, he sustained a domestic calamity in the death of his wife, who left two sons and two

daughters to his care, whose subsequent station in society affords the best proof of the manner in which they were brought up.

We now come to that period of his life when he was associated with Moore in the publication of the "Irish Melodies." For some years before their services were secured by the Messrs. Power, who were the publishers of the work, they had been intimately acquainted. We have heard it said that they were introduced to each other by the Rev. Mr. Cradock, the assistant librarian of Marsh's Library; and we believe this not to be very unlikely, for Moore was a constant student there. Indeed he has told us so himself in one of his prefaces, when speaking of the means that he had had at his disposal for collecting the materials of the notes appended to the translation of the Odes of Anacreon. "I was chiefly indebted," said he, "to the old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called, from the name of the archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the Deputy Librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to the collection, even at that period of the year when it was closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings." Moore having completed his "Anacreon" (which must have been about the latter end of 1798), met Stevenson one day coming out of Mr. Ferns's house, at the corner of Mitre-alley. He communicated to him his intention of publishing his work, and expressed his anxiety that he should hear some of the translated odes. "With all my heart, my dear boy," said Stevenson; "but it must be after dinner. So, if you and Ferns will dine with me, you shall spout your verses." The invitation was accepted; and in the course of the evening, Moore was called upon to recite some selected bits of his translation; with which request the young poet, then but eighteen years of age, readily complied. Nothing could be more spirited and effective than his mode of reading his poetry; and so delighted was Ferns with what he had heard, that he asked Moore's permission to show the translation to Mr. Leslie Foster, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, who was a most distinguished classical scholar. Stevenson, in telling this anecdote, used to add:—"Mr. Foster, sir, pronounced my friend's work to be one of the most brilliant compositions he ever read, and with such an opinion on its merits, it is scarcely to be wondered at that I never lost sight of Moore, in the hope of getting him to write poetry for some of my music."

Moore left Ireland in 1799, with the "two not very congenial objects," as he himself writes, of "keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, and of publishing by subscription his translation of Anacreon." Returning to Dublin in 1806, after having visited Bermuda, America, and the West Indies, he found Sir John Stevenson occupying a high position in the brilliant circle of society which the Irish metropolis could then boast of. Towards the close of this year, Sir John, who had long entertained a hope of associating himself with Moore in rescuing the music of his native country from oblivion, communicated to Mr. Power, the celebrated music-seller, a proposition which led in a short time to the appearance of a work, the popularity of which has seldom been equalled. That the merit of the suggestion is due to Stevenson, there can be little doubt, for in a letter which Moore addressed to him from Leicestershire, in 1807, and which was published in the advertisement prefixed to the first and second number of the "Melodies," he says:—

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude, some minor third or flat seventh, which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty, which is, however, purely mechanical, arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will

in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions—'Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.' That beautiful air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Rams des vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes, which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

"Leicester-shire, Feb. 1807."

The success of the first number, which appeared in 1808, was so great that the publishers, who had not then, we believe, entered into any very precise agreement with either Mr. Moore or Sir John Stevenson, as to the remuneration they were to receive, were induced subsequently to conclude a more definite arrangement, by which the former was secured £500 and the latter £200 per annum for their respective services. Moore, in a very pleasant letter,* addressed to Mr. Gardner, humorously describes the commercial restraint under which his muse was placed by the Messrs. Power:—

"Kegworth, June 12th, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—The more you do me the honour of valuing the assistance you expect from me, the more I lament my thoughtlessness in offering it; for I ought to have recollected, when Miss Dalby wished some verses of mine, that I am no longer a free agent in the disposal of my writings, at least of those connected with music; having given, by regular deed, the monopoly of all such productions to the Messrs. Power, of London and Dublin. These legal trammels are so new to my muse, that she has more than once forgotten herself, and been near wandering into infidelity, very much, I assure you from the habit of setting no price on her favours: but I think you will agree with me, that it is worth while keeping her within bounds, when I tell you that the reward of her constancy is no less than *five hundred a-year*, during the term stipulated in the deed. For not complying with your request I need offer no better apology; but for inconsiderately promising what I could not perform, I know not what I can say to excuse myself, except that (and believe me I speak sincerely) the strong wish I feel to show my sense of your merits made me consult my *inclination* rather than my *power*; and it was not till I had actually begun words to one of your airs, that I recollected the *faux pas* I was about to commit. I thank you very much for the sermons, which I am reading with great pleasure; and beg you to believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"To M. Gardiner, Esq., Leicester."

The accompaniments of the melodies were objected to by some of the musical critics of the day, who censured them for not being subordinate, urging "that however natural they might be to Sir John Stevenson's graceful and artificial strains, still that they were of too elaborate a character for the simplicity of Irish music, the graces of which, they said, were concealed or disfigured by the ambition of his style."† Sir Jonah Barrington, in his memoirs, says that some of Sir John's proceedings in melodising simplicity reminded him of the Rev. Mark Hare, who whitewashed the giant Rock of Cashel to give it a genteel appearance against the visitation.

There is a substantial answer given to this species of criticism, by Moore, in the prefatory letter addressed to the Marchioness of Donegal, in the third number:—

"Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish

* Gardiner's "Music and Friends," vol. ii. p. 846.

† Article on Irish music in the *Dublin Examiner*, 1816.

melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to the task which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music, and far from agreeing with those critics, who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs they introduce, I would say, that in general they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured, and more curiously ornamented."

Mr. Bunting, to whose zeal and industry (as Moore himself writes) "his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs," charged Stevenson with having altered several of the melodies to their great detriment; but the poet again comes to the defence of his coadjutor, and says in a note to the preface of the fifth volume of his collected works:—

"I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish collection. Whatever changes of this kind may have been ventured upon (and they are few and slight) the responsibility for them rests solely with me, as, leaving the harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved to myself the selection and arrangement of the airs."

We were talking on this point the other day to one whose appreciation of the excellence of our national music, and whose knowledge of its spirit and character, make his opinion of value and authority—Dr. Petrie—and he told us that Stevenson considered his symphonies and accompaniments should be always kept subservient to the melodies for which they were written, and once said to him, "I would recommend any one who means to sing them to purchase a piano, about the value of *five pounds*, for it will be then likely that one may have a fair chance of hearing very little of the instrument, and something of the melody and the poetry."

It would be well if many of the singers of the present day would profit by the spirit of this remark, particularly those who sit down to accompany themselves to a simple ballad. Thumping through preparatory modulations, the symphony is delivered, and then the voice, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be, is attempted to be sustained by a roulading brilliancy of execution, to which melody and words are both sacrificed. Moore's singing of his own songs was perfection, and yet he had scarcely any voice. It was, however, that combination of expression and soul in speaking his poetry, to which he employed the music, merely to give effect, that left an impression on the hearts of those who heard him, never to be forgotten, as he himself says:—

"For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes;
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly."

The harmonisation of the melodies has also been objected to upon the ground that their natural beauty was not improved by the addition of parts; and once more Moore comes forward to defend his friend. In his letter to Lady Donegal, he thus alludes to the criticism:—

"In those which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonised shape with new claims upon our interest and attention, and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so

artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it), *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part."

There are some melodies whose original beauties should not be interfered with, for they are like the outlines of pictures which convey at once to the eye the idea of the artist, requiring neither colour nor any other means to enforce their effect; but there are many airs which require harmony to give them strength, as colouring adds life to a design. An examination of those which have been selected for harmonisation inclines us to the opinion, that a sound judgment was exercised, both by the poet and the musician. The melodies were published by subscription, and on the announcement that the first number was ready to be delivered, Power's music shop, in Westmoreland-street, presented a scene of excitement not yet forgotten by those who witnessed it. The work was originally intended to have been completed in three volumes, containing six parts, but it was subsequently extended to seven, and with the appearance of that number, Stevenson's name ceased to be connected with the "Irish Melodies." An eighth number was published by Power of London, Mr. H. Bishop (now Sir Henry) being engaged to assist Mr. Moore in the arrangement of the airs; and two additional numbers, with a supplement, finished the undertaking. Some difference took place about this time between the Messrs. Power, which resulted, after litigation, in a reference of the dispute to arbitration, by which the respective rights of the parties were ascertained, and an arrangement effected as to the publication of future numbers.

The copyright in Ireland was secured to Mr. W. Power, while the right to publish in England was adjudged to his brother, Mr. John Power. We believe it is under an assignment of the former that Messrs. Robinson and Bussell have recently published an edition of the original melodies, which has been brought out in a way highly creditable to their house, and at such a price as must ensure an extensive sale. Before we conclude this account of the publication of the Irish Melodies, we would just add an interesting fact, of which Moore himself informs us:—"Of the translations that have appeared of the Melodies in different languages, I shall mention such as have come to my knowledge:—

"Latin.—'Cantus Hibernici.' Nicholas Lee Torre. London: 1835.

Italian.—G. Flechia. Torino: 1836. Adele Custi. Milano: 1836.

French.—Madame Belloc. Paris: 1823. Loeve Veimars. Paris: 1829.

Russian.—Several detached melodies by the popular Russian poet, Kozlof."

In 1816 Sir John Stevenson and his distinguished colleague were associated in the publication of a series of sacred songs, duets, and trios, which acquired considerable celebrity. Several of the airs were written by Stevenson, and the rest comprised collections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Dr. Boyce, Lord Mornington, Rousseau, Avison, Novello, &c.

British, Foreign, Oriental, French and Indian melodies were subsequently published by Mr. Power's house, in the same form, and at the same price in which the "Irish Melodies" came out, Sir John having written the symphonies and accompaniments for some of them. A selection of "Irish Airs," with characteristic words by the Hon. George O'Callaghan, and the "Oriental Melodies," for which Mr. Thomas Power supplied the poetry, was among the number. He also arranged the music for Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayley's "Miniature Lyrics." In "Rose's Biographical Dictionary" it is stated that he composed the music for O'Keefe's farces called the "Son-in-Law," and the "Agreeable Surprise;" but we think this must be an erroneous statement, for O'Keefe, in his *Recollections* says:—"My 'Son-in-Law' appeared in 1779, and in the London newspapers which I saw at the inn in Clonmel, I read my triumph, thus for ever silencing the croaking of my timid friends. I soon after saw it played, for the first time, in Dublin. *Doctor Arnold* wrote the music of the 'Son-in-Law.'" He connects the same hand with the composition of the music of the "Agreeable Surprise," in an account which he gives of its first representation at the Haymarket.

In a Dictionary of Musicians, published in 1824 (Dublin), it is alleged that while Stevenson "continued in Ireland, the musical afterpieces of the 'Son-in-Law' and the 'Agreeable Surprise,' being the property of the management of the Haymarket, London, and the original music not having been published, he was requested to set the words afresh for the purpose of their being played in Dublin,

and in this city they continue to be still performed with his music." How far this may be true, we are not in a position to controvert, but it appears improbable that O'Keefe would have omitted to state so if such were the fact.

The authorities we have just mentioned also attribute the music of "Love in a Blaze" and the "Contrast" to his pen; but though we have made some inquiry, and searched among old music, we have not been enabled to ascertain whether the statement is accurate or not. The only operas we know of his are the "Bedouins, or the Arabs of the Desert," the "Burning of Moscow," the "Outpost," the "Border Feuds," the "Patriot," the "Spanish Patriots," none of which, we believe, were very successful. It would be needless to enumerate his glees, catches, songs, and duets, of which he wrote a vast number. They all enjoyed popularity at the time, and many of them are still as familiar as "household words." In the Hibernian Catch Club* his catches and glees are still sung, and the members of that time-honoured society, at whose board some of the choicest and most intellectual men of by-gone days met in harmonious intercourse, toast his memory in silence at each returning meeting. Some years before his death he was presented by that club with a massive and elegant silver cup, in testimony of the many delightful compositions which he had contributed to their entertainment, and to the honour of his country. The Beefsteak Club also presented him with a piece of plate.

One of his most successful songs was "Faithless Emma," which he wrote for his friend, Dr. Spray, at the house of Mr. George Alley (afterwards Sir George). It happened that that gentleman, meeting Stevenson and Spray on one day, after morning service at Christ Church, asked them both to take share of his family dinner, to which they assented. In the course of the evening, Stevenson expressed his delight at the admirable manner in which Spray sang the tenor part of Croft's magnificent anthem, "Oh, Lord, thou searchest me," whereupon Spray said, "If you admire my singing so much, why don't you write something for me?" "Agreed," said Sir John; "how shall it begin?" "Thus," replied Spray, giving out, at the same time, the first two notes of his part in the anthem, in the rich, prolonged swell with which he was accustomed to render them. "Very well," said Stevenson; "have you any music-paper, Alley?" "I have," answered his host, "but what say you to my writing the poetry before you commence to write the music?" "Capital," said Spray; and a very short time they had to wait, for Alley had soon completed the words of "Faithless Emma," for which Sir John as quickly wrote the melody, placing it in the hands of his friend, who sang it at once, and many a time afterwards, in public and private, delighting those who heard him in that pathetic ballad. The identical manuscript, thus hastily but not less effectively put together, is in the possession of Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., to whom it was presented by Dr. Smith, Professor of Music to Trinity College, who is married to Dr. Spray's daughter. The facility and rapidity with which Stevenson wrote may be illustrated by another anecdote, which was told to us by a gentleman who witnessed what we are going to relate. There was a dinner party given by the celebrated Dr. Walcott (Peter Pindar), at his residence, near London, to a select few, among whom was Stevenson, who drove out to enjoy the society of his friend an hour before dinner. Pindar, in the course of conversation, handed him some poetry, for which he expressed a wish to have music. Sir John retired to an adjoining room, and in a very few minutes completed a melody. As he was finishing the last bar, Charles Incedon, one of the invited guests, was announced, and calling him to the piano-forte, the composer enlisted the singer's services, turning what he intended to be a song into a duet, which they sung together that night with great applause. "Dearest Ellen" was another very popular song. It is said that he wrote it on the counter of Power's music shop; and the first person, we believe, who sang it was our friend Terence Magrath, whose name is so pleasingly associated with the harmonization of some of our national airs, and whose musical taste and feeling make us regret that he has not written more.

* The Hibernian Catch Club's first meeting was held in Francis-street. It was founded by the Vicars Choral of Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals, and is at least 150 years old.

Sir John Stevenson's fame is generally supposed to rest on his sacred compositions, but not with justice, in our opinion, for he has forsaken the style of those writers who have been always looked upon as the best models for this class of music. In the "Glee" (and indeed in all his secular compositions) he is more to be admired. Flowing and graceful melody, well-marked rhythm, and florid harmony, are to be found in all of them, which requisites, however beautifully expressed in such charming writing as is evidenced, for instance, in his glees, "When Damon is present," "Buds of Roses," "Alone on the Sea-beaten Rock," are foreign to the church style, and, we think, inadmissible. His anthems are collected in two volumes, of which "O Lord, our Governor," "By the Waters of Babylon," "Rejoice in the Lord," "Lord, how are they increased," "I am well pleased," may be taken as examples of his style. His two services in C are much admired. He also wrote several other services, of which may be enumerated those in C, E natural, E flat, F natural, and G natural, which was his last. In 1822, he published two numbers of psalms, the poetry of which was selected by Mr. Dalton, his son-in-law. His oratorio, the "Thanksgiving," which he wrote at a late period of his life, has been frequently performed in our Cathedrals, and selections from it were given at the Musical Festival which was held in Dublin in the autumn of 1831.

These, we believe, comprise the principal part of his sacred compositions; and, as one of the few Irishmen who have contributed to Cathedral Music, his name is entitled to high credit. From the time of Benjamin Rogers, who was organist of Christ Church in 1641, to the present day, we know of but six composers who have written anything deserving of notice. Ralph Rosengrave in 1740 wrote some good anthems. Dr. Woodward (Stevenson's master) published his Cathedral Music in 1771. The Rev. Robert Shenton also contributed many excellent anthems and services. Stevenson then followed; while more recently we have had before us the works of Dr. Smith, Professor of Music to Trinity College, and those of Mr. Stewart, the organist to Christ Church. A service (Te Deum and Jubilate) in E flat, by the latter gentleman, written in the florid style which has prevailed so much since 1820, has placed Mr. Stewart's service in a position second to none of his contemporaries.* Organists of cathedrals (as Mr. Avison says) are or ought to be our *Mæstri di Capella*, and, under the influence and protection of their deans, might do much for the advancement of their choirs by the introduction of the best compositions into their service.

How far the gentlemen who preside at the organs of our metropolitan Cathedrals are permitted to interfere in the selection of music, and how much "influence and protection" they derive from their deans, is to be found in the state of their choral establishments at the present moment, which, we regret to say, are by no means as efficient as they ought to be. We recollect with what pleasure some years ago we used to hear the works of Dr. Aldrich and Dr. Boyce done without organ accompaniment, and considering the paucity of numbers (the chorus forming in fact but a double quartet singing antiphonally) the effect was excellent. But now the true Cathedral style (that is the choral) has made way for the exhibition of solo singing in some half-dozen anthems repeated Sunday after Sunday, until the congregation have become tired of them, while the noble contrapuntal specimens of Gibbons, Boyce, Weldon, Greene, and many others, are never heard. To make matters worse, even the solo singers, upon whose efforts the authorities have hitherto relied, are gradually disappearing. This may be attributed to an attempt made within the last few years to divide the choirs, so as to have a separate staff for each Cathedral, the emoluments of which, when put together, would be worthy of the attention of men of musical attainments, and would act as an inducement to keep these men in our city. In former times cathedral schools used to be looked to as the source from whence musical men were to emanate. In England many of her best musicians received their early education in choirs, and the Continent supplies the names of composers of eminence, whose first studies were those of the sacred masters. Had Stevenson

* Mr. Stewart has recently obtained two prizes in England for the music of part songs; the words chosen by Novello, printed and submitted to all composers, professional as well as amateur.

been made acquainted in his boyhood with better examples and subjects for the practice of harmony, had he had access to the works of the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, in his time, were sealed books, we might have now to record and speak of a much higher style of composition than that which he left behind him. His genius for melody did nearly all for him; art but comparatively little. It has often struck us as remarkable, that while Ireland has given to the world men who have distinguished themselves in every department of art, science, and literature, she has produced so few musicians: but when one comes to consider why this should be the case in a country whose people are nationally musical, the cause can be readily traced to the absence of a sound and theoretic school, and to the want of models, by the study of whose compositions a foundation might be laid for the formation of a pure and refined taste. Painting has long had this advantage; and now in our Schools of Design progress will be made in art, because models are provided from which the pupils may see and draw perfection. Ought not music to be similarly dealt with? and although she may not be deemed entitled as a science to the fostering care of Government, yet still she should not be neglected by those who profess to love her. An effort has been made in Dublin to establish an Academy of Music, and we rejoice to say that there are among the members of our numerous musical societies some who have devoted themselves to the foundation of such an institution. If it only obtain the support it deserves we may yet hope that we shall have to boast of musicians whose fame will be derived from their association with, and instruction in, an Irish academy, not merely as instrumentalists, to which the efforts of the Society we have alluded to are at present confined, but as singers whose services would be sought after and properly estimated. What effect such a system of instruction, given by the best masters, would have in the improvement of our cathedral music, can be easily understood.

But we must now say a word of Sir John's social character, and tell one or two anecdotes to illustrate it. He was very convivial in his habits, and now and then was wont to take more than would be considered quite prudent in these sober times; but whenever he did exceed, he was always good-humoured and harmless in his cups. Dining on one occasion with some musical friends, among whom were Spray and Magrath, he became so *Bacchi plenus* that it was deemed expedient to put him on a sofa, in order to give him an hour's sleep before going to a concert which was to take place that evening. After some time his friend Magrath got up from the table to see how the prostrate knight was getting on, and having satisfied himself that he was progressing towards sobriety, he turned round to one of the party, and remarked, that he didn't think Stevenson had such a good pair of legs. "They are a good pair, my dear Terry," said Sir John (who was all this time supposed to have been fast asleep), "but *hang them they won't walk.*"

He was very fond of theatricals, and though his name does not appear among the *corps dramatique* of the Kilkenny private theatre, he gave his aid there on more than one occasion in getting up musical pieces, and if we mistake not, sang in the mask of *Comus*, which was done in the season of 1812.

In masquerades and fancy balls, which in his time were so much in vogue, he used occasionally to take a part. So late as 1818, we find him one night in the full enjoyment of one of these joyous scenes:—

"A group of Bacchanals" (says the *Dublin Journal*, May 21, 1818), "led by the merry *Comus*, attracted universal observation. Their costume was fanciful and beautiful, and in strict adherence to the dramatic taste with which this party is usually represented. They looked like the sons of jollity and revelry, though they gave very delightful specimens of their being the sons of harmony also. The group consisted of Sir J. Stevenson, and Messrs. M'Caskey, Eccles, R. Dixon, Townsend, C. Shannon, J. Armit, A. M'Clean, H. Townsend, Robinson, Master Attwood, &c.; the latter personated the jolly god Bacchus, and was seated upon a tun, decorated with flowers and various emblems of the sylvan deities. The tun being placed upon a car suitably ornamented, and to which were attached cords decked out with becoming gaiety, Bacchus was drawn by his votaries round the various rooms of the Rotundo, and the progress of the procession was marked by—

"" Tipsey dance and jollity,
Midnight shouts and revelry."

The group stopped occasionally in different parts of the rooms, and sung a number

of glees, appropriate to what it represented, in admirable style and with very beautiful effect. Due homage and respect was paid by the party to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Talbot; they stopped at different times of the night, immediately in front of the seats occupied by the viceregal party, and performed several glees, much to the gratification of their illustrious auditors."

Sir John was about middle height and of a slight figure, any approach to corpulency in which he looked forward to with great horror. In dress he was most particular and accurate, always appearing in the prevailing fashion. His manner was rather pompous, particularly in his mode of speaking, but in reality he was unaffected and natural. Simple in character, and unsuspicious in disposition, he has been occasionally made the subject of practical jokes, one of which is too good to withhold from our readers. A few days after the death of the Countess of Talbot, who died at Dublin Castle, he received a letter purporting to be from Sir Stewart Bruce, Master of the Ceremonies, requesting the honour of his attendance that evening, to act as *head mute* at the ceremony of the lying in state of her Excellency's remains. Connecting the invitation in some way with the official position which he held as State composer, he felt complimented by being asked to assist on the mournful occasion; and having studied the most lugubrious expression of countenance before a looking-glass, proceeded at the appointed time to the Castle Chapel. Being well-known to the officials, he had no difficulty in gaining admission, and walking up the aisle, he placed himself in a conspicuous position near the coffin. Nothing could be more perfect than his show of grief; and though addressed by one or two of the viceregal staff, who were wondering what could have brought Sir John Stevenson to take a part in the solemn scene, he waved them away with his hand, and resumed the studied position of his mute office. At last he was somewhat startled by getting a good smart slap on the back from Sir Stewart Bruce, who ventured to ask how it was that he was honoured by his presence?

"What do you mean?" said Stevenson; "did you not write me an invitation to act as *head mute*?"

"*Head mute*!" almost screamed Sir Stewart, and spite of decorum he was obliged to laugh outright.

Poor Sir John saw at once how it was, and rushed out of the Chapel in agony, shut himself up for a whole week, vowing vengeance if he could only discover the author of the hoax.

One of the few last occasions of his taking part in the enjoyment of social life was at a fete given to Catalani at Leixlip. It was a charming day, and in the beautiful grounds which adjoin the Salmon Leap, was assembled a brilliant and distinguished party to do honour to the great artist. Sir John presided at the festive board, and after dinner called on Catalani for the National Anthem, who at once stood up and sang it with that power and effect which used to thrill the hearts of her audience. "But now Sare John you must compose for us a leetle canon. You vil do *Basso*; myself *Soprano*; you (pointing to Miss Ashe), *Alto*; you, to her sister, *Tenore*; you, to another, *Contra tenore*." Stevenson thought for a moment, and then hummed the subject *sotto voce* to Catalani, who at once took it up, and was instantly joined by the others in the parts she had assigned to them in as sweet and pleasing a composition as ever emanated from Stevenson's fertile mind:—

"Nay ask not his age when we meet him thus,
As youthful as ever in song and mirth;
His eyes are still bright, and what is it to us,
How many years back they first opened on earth."

We have now little to add. After having passed a long and honoured life in his native city, living to see his children occupy a position and rank in society of which any man may have been justly proud, he died on the 14th of September, 1833, in the 71st of his age, at the family seat of his son-in-law, the Marquis of

Headfort, in the County Meath.* A monument has been erected to his memory by public subscription in Christ Church Cathedral, whose tablet bears the simple inscription "Stevenson," but a more immortal tribute has been paid to him by Moore in the following lines, the last of the Irish Melodies:—

" Silence is in our festal halls—
Sweet son of song ! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more ;
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze that wak'd its swell
At sunny morn hath died away.

" Yet, at our feasts thy spirit long,
Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise ;
For name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies ;
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

" But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when by thy side
He who now weaves *this parting lay*
His skillless voice with thine allied ;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalmed by fame undying last.

" Yea, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or if thy bard have shar'd thy crown,
From thee the borrowed glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down ;
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee."

* Sir John Stevenson had four children. His eldest son, John Andrew, was in the army and died in Canada. Olivia married Dalton Edward Tuite, Esq., and subsequently was allied to the Marquis of Headfort. Anna married Gustavus Lambert, Esq., of Beauparc, in the County Meath. Joseph, his only surviving child, is Rector of Kells. The Marchioness of Headfort and Mrs. Lambert have been dead some years.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE BREAKFAST AT LETTERKENNY."

EARLY the next morning, a messenger arrived from the Cranagh, with a small packet of my clothes and effects, and a farewell letter from the two brothers. I had but time to glance over its contents, when the tramp of feet and the buzz of voices in the street attracted me to the window, and on looking out I saw a long line of men, two abreast, who were marching along as prisoners, a party of dismounted dragoons keeping guard over them on either side, followed by a strong detachment of marines. The poor fellows looked sad and crest-fallen enough. Many of them wore bandages on their heads and limbs, the tokens of the late struggle. Immediately in front of the inn door stood a group of about thirty persons; they were the staff of the English force and the officers of our fleet, all mingled together, and talking away with the greatest air of unconcern. I was struck by remarking that all our seamen, though prisoners, saluted the officers as they passed, and in the glances interchanged I thought I could read a world of sympathy and encouragement. As for the officers, like true Frenchmen, they bore themselves as though it were one of the inevitable chances of war, and, however vexatious for the moment, not to be thought of as an event of much importance. The greater number of them belonged to the army, and I could see the uniforms of the staff, artillery, and dragoons, as well as the less distinguished costume of the line.

Perhaps they carried the affectation of indifference a little too far, and in the lounging ease of their attitude, and the cool unconcern with which they puffed their cigars, displayed an over-anxiety to seem unconcerned. That the English were piqued at their bearing was still more plain to see; and indeed in the sullen looks of the one and the careless gaiety of the other party, a stranger might readily have mistaken the captor for the captive.

My two friends of the evening before were in the midst of the group.

He who had questioned me so sharply now wore a general officer's uniform, and seemed to be the chief in command. As I watched him, I heard him addressed by an officer, and now saw that he was no other than Lord Cavan himself, while the other was a well-known magistrate and country gentleman, Sir George Hill.

The sad procession took almost half-an-hour to defile; and then came a long string of country cars and carts, with sea chests and other stores belonging to our officers, and, last of all, some eight or ten ammunition wagons and gun carriages, over which an English union jack now floated in token of conquest.

There was nothing like exultation or triumph exhibited by the peasantry as this pageant passed. They gazed in silent wonderment at the scene, and looked like men who scarcely knew whether the result boded more of good or evil to their own fortunes. While keenly scrutinising the looks and bearing of the bystanders I received a summons to meet the General and his party at breakfast.

Although the occurrence was one of the most pleasurable incidents of my life, which brought me once more into intercourse with my comrades and my countrymen, I should perhaps pass it over with slight mention, were it not that it made me witness to a scene which has since been recorded in various different ways, but of whose exact details I profess to be an accurate narrator.

After making a tour of the room, saluting my comrades, answering questions here, putting others there, I took my place at the long table, which, running the whole length of the apartment, was indiscriminately occupied by French and English, and found myself with my back to the fire place, and having directly in front of me a man of about thirty three or four years of age, dressed in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade; light haired and blue eyed,

he bore no resemblance whatever to those around him, whose dark faces and black beards, proclaimed of a foreign origin. There was an air of mildness in his manner, mingled with a certain impetuosity that betrayed itself in the rapid glances of his eye, and I could plainly mark that while the rest were perfectly at their ease, he was constrained, restless, watching eagerly everything that went forward about him, and showing unmistakeably a certain anxiety and distrust, widely differing from the gay and careless indifference of his comrades. I was curious to hear his name, and on asking, learned that he was the Chef de Brigade, Smith, an Irishman by birth, but holding a command in the French service.

I had but asked the question, when pushing his chair from the table he arose suddenly, and stood stiff and erect, like a soldier on the parade.

“Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied with your inspection of me,” cried he, and sternly addressing himself to some one behind my back. I turned and perceived it was Sir George Hill, who stood in front of the fire leaning on his stick. Whether he replied or not to this rude speech I am unable to say, but the other walked leisurely round the table and came directly in front of him. “You know me *now*, sir, I presume,” said he, in the same imperious voice, “or else this uniform has made a greater change in my appearance than I knew of.”

“Mr. Tone!” said Sir George, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

“Ay, sir, Wolfe Tone; there is no need of secrecy here; Wolfe Tone, your old college acquaintance in former times, but now Chef de Brigade in the service of France.”

“This is a very unexpected, a very unhappy meeting. Mr. Tone,” said Hill, feelingly; “I sincerely wish you had not recalled the memory of our past acquaintance. My duty gives me no alternative.”

“Your duty, or I mistake much, can have no concern with me, sir,” cried Tone, in a more excited voice.

“I ask for nothing better than to be sure of this, Mr. Tone,” said Sir George, moving slowly towards the door.

“You would treat me like an emigré rentré,” cried Tone, passionately, “but I am a French subject and a French officer.”

“I shall be well satisfied if others take the same view of your case, I assure you,” said Hill, as he gained the door.

“You’ll not find me unprepared for either event, sir,” rejoined Tone, following him out of the room, and banging the door angrily behind him.

For a moment or two the noise of voices was heard from without, and several of the guests, English and French, rose from the table, eagerly inquiring what had occurred, and asking for an explanation of the scene, when suddenly the door was flung wide open, and Tone appeared between two policemen, his coat off, and his wrists enclosed in handcuffs.

“Look here, comrades,” he cried in French; “this is another specimen of English politeness and hospitality. After all,” added he, with a bitter laugh, “they have no designation in all their heraldry as honourable as these fetters, when worn for the cause of freedom! Good bye, comrades; we may never meet again, but don’t forget how we parted!”

These were the last words he uttered, when the door was closed, and he was led forward under charge of a strong force of police and military. A post-chaise was soon seen to pass the windows at speed, escorted by dragoons, and we saw no more of our comrade.

The incident passed even more rapidly than I write it. The few words spoken, the hurried gestures, the passionate exclamations, are yet all deeply graven on my memory; and I can recall every little incident of the scene, and every feature of the locality wherein it occurred. With true French levity many re-seated themselves at the breakfast-table; whilst others, with perhaps as little feeling, but more of curiosity, discussed the event, and sought for an explanation of its meaning.

“Then what’s to become of Tierney,” cried one, “if it be so hard to throw off this ‘coil of Englishman?’ His position may be just as precarious.”

“That is exactly what has occurred,” said Lord Cavan; “a warrant for his apprehension has just been put into my hands, and I deeply regret that the duty should violate that of hospitality, and make my guest my prisoner.”

“May I see this warrant, my lord?” asked I.

"Certainly, sir. Here it is; and here is the information on oath through which it was issued, sworn to before three justices of the peace by a certain Joseph Dowall, late an officer in the rebel forces, but now a pardoned approver of the Crown; do you remember such a man, sir?"

I bowed, and he went on.

"He would seem a precious rascal; but such characters become indispensable in times like these. After all, M. Tiernay, my orders are only to transmit you to Dublin under safe escort, and

there is nothing either in *my* duty or in *your* position to occasion any feeling of unpleasantness between us. Let us have a glass of wine together."

I responded to this civil proposition with politeness, and after a slight interchange of leave-takings with some of my newly-found comrades, I set out for Derry on a jaunting-car, accompanied by an officer and two policemen, affecting to think very little of a circumstance which, in reality, the more I reflected over the more serious I deemed it.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SCENE IN THE ROYAL BARRACKS.

It would afford me little pleasure to write, and doubtless my readers less to read my lucubrations, as I journeyed along towards Dublin. My thoughts seldom turned from myself and my own fortunes, nor were they cheered by the scene through which I travelled. The season was a backward and wet one, and the fields, partly from this cause, and partly from the people being engaged in the late struggle, lay untilled and neglected. Groups of idle, lounging, peasants stood in the villages, or loitered on the high roads as we passed, sad, ragged-looking, and wretched. They seemed as if they had no heart to resume their wonted life of labour, but were waiting for some calamity to close their miserable existence. Strongly in contrast with this were the air and bearing of the yeomanry and militia detachments with whom we occasionally came up. Quite forgetting how little creditable to some of them, at least, were the events of the late campaign, they gave themselves the most intolerable airs of heroism, and in their drunken jollity, and reckless abandonment, threatened, I know not what—utter ruin to France and all Frenchmen. Bonaparte was the great mark of all their sarcasms, and, from some cause or other, seemed to enjoy a most disproportioned share of their dislike and derision.

At first it required some effort of constraint on my part to listen to this ribaldry in silence; but prudence, and a little sense, taught me the safer lesson of "never minding," and so I affected to understand nothing that was said in a spirit of insult or offence.

On the night of the 7th of November we drew nigh to Dublin; but instead of entering the capital, we halted at a small village outside of it, called Chapelizod. Here a house had been fitted up for the reception of French prisoners, and I found myself, if not in company, at least under the same roof with my countrymen.

Nearer intercourse than this, however, I was not destined to enjoy, for early on the following morning I was ordered to set out for the Royal Barracks, to be tried before a court-martial. It was on a cold, raw morning, with a thin, drizzly rain falling, that we drove into the barrack yard, and drew up at the mess-room, then used for the purposes of a court. As yet none of the members had assembled, and two or three mess-waiters were engaged in removing the signs of last night's debauch, and restoring a semblance of decorum to a very rack-etty-looking apartment. The walls were scrawled over with absurd caricatures, in charcoal or ink, of notorious characters of the capital, and a very striking "battle-piece" commemorated the "Races of Castlebar," as that memorable action was called, in a spirit, I am bound to say, of little flattery to the British arms. There were to be sure little compensatory illustrations here and there of French cavalry in Egypt, mounted on donkeys, or revolutionary troops on parade, ragged as scarecrows, and ill-looking as highwaymen; but a most liberal justice characterized all these frescoes, and they treated both Trojan and Tyrian alike.

I had abundant time given me to admire them, for although summoned for seven o'clock, it was nine before the first officer of the court-martial made his appearance, and he having popped in his head, and perceiving the room empty, sauntered out again, and disappeared. At last a very noisy jaunting-car rattled into the square, and a short, red-faced man was assisted down from it, and entered the mess room. This was Mr. Peters, the Deputy Judge Advocate, whose presence was the immediate signal for the others, who now came dropping in from every side, the President, a Colonel Daly, arriving the last.

A few tradespeople, loungers, it seemed to me, of the barrack, and some half-dozen non-commissioned officers off duty, made up the public; and I could not but feel a sense of my insignificance in the utter absence of interest my fate excited. The listless indolence and informality, too, offended and insulted me; and when the President politely told me to be seated, for they were obliged to wait for some books or papers left behind at his quarters, I actually was indignant at his coolness.

As we thus waited, the officers gathered around the fire-place, chatting and laughing pleasantly together, discussing the social events of the capital, and the gossip of the day; everything, in fact, but the case of the individual on whose future fate they were about to decide.

At length the long-expected books made their appearance, and a few well-thumbed volumes were spread over the table, behind which the Court took their places, Colonel Daly in the centre, with the judge upon his left.

The members being sworn, the Judge Advocate arose, and in a hurried, humdrum kind of voice, read out what purported to be the commission under which I was to be tried; the charge being, whether I had or had not acted treacherously and hostilely to his Majesty, whose natural born subject I was, being born in that kingdom, and, consequently, owing to him all allegiance and fidelity. "Guilty or not guilty, sir?"

"The charge is a falsehood; I am a Frenchman," was my answer.

"Have respect for the Court, sir," said Peters; "you mean that you are a French officer, but by birth an Irishman."

"I mean no such thing;—that I am French by birth, as I am in feeling—that I never saw Ireland till within a few months back, and heartily wish I had never seen it."

"So would General Humbert, too, perhaps," said Daly, laughing; and the Court seemed to relish the jest.

"Where were you born, then, Tiernay?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"And your mother's name, what was it?"

"I never knew; I was left an orphan when a mere infant, and can tell little of my family."

"Your father was Irish, then?"

"Only by descent. I have heard that we came from a family who bore the title of 'Timmahoo'—Lord Tiernay of Timmahoo."

"There was such a title," interposed Peters; "it was one of King James's last creations after his flight from the Boyne. Some, indeed, assert that it was conferred before the battle. What a strange coincidence, to find the descendant, if he be such, labouring in something like the same cause as his ancestor."

"What's your rank, sir?" asked a sharp, severe-looking man, called Major Flood.

"First Lieutenant of Hussars."

"And is it usual for a boy of your years to hold that rank; or was there anything peculiar in your case that obtained the promotion?"

"I served in two campaigns, and gained my grade regularly."

"Your Irish blood, then, had no share in your advancement?" asked he again.

"I am a Frenchman, as I said before," was my answer.

"A Frenchman, who lays claim to an Irish estate and an Irish title," replied Flood. "Let us hear Dowall's statement."

And now, to my utter confusion, a man made his way to the table, and, taking the book from the Judge Advocate, kissed it in token of an oath.

"Inform the Court of anything you know in connexion with the prisoner," said the Judge.

And the fellow, not daring even to look towards me, began a long, rambling, unconnected narrative of his first meeting with me at Killala, affecting that a close intimacy had subsisted between us, and that in the faith of a

confidence, I had told him how, being an Irishman by birth, I had joined the expedition in the hope that with the expulsion of the English I should be able to re-establish my claim to my family rank and fortune. There was little coherence in his story, and more than one discrepant statement occurred in it; but the fellow's natural stupidity imparted a wonderful air of truth to the narrative, and I was surprised how naturally it sounded even to my own ears, little circumstances of truth being interspersed through the recital, as though to season the falsehood into a semblance of fact.

"What have you to reply to this, Tiernay?" asked the Colonel.

"Simply, sir, that such a witness, were his assertions even more consistent and probable, is utterly unworthy of credit. This fellow was one of the greatest marauders of the rebel army: and the last exercise of authority I ever witnessed by General Humbert was an order to drive him out of the town of Castlebar."

"Is this the notorious Town Major Dowall?" asked an officer of Artillery.

"The same, sir."

"I can answer, then, for his being one of the greatest rascals unhanged," rejoined he.

"This is all very irregular, gentlemen," interposed the Judge Advocate; "the character of a witness cannot be impugned by what is mere desultory conversation. Let Dowall withdraw."

The man retired, and now a whispered conversation was kept up at the table for about a quarter of an hour, in which I could distinctly separate those who befriended from those who opposed me, the Major being the chief of the latter party. One speech of his which I overheard made a slight impression on me, and for the first time suggested uneasiness regarding the event.

"Whatever you do with this lad must have an immense influence on Tone's trial. Don't forget that if you acquit him you'll be sorely puzzled to convict the other."

The Colonel promptly overruled this unjust suggestion, and maintained that in my accent, manner, and appearance, there was every evidence of my French origin.

"Let Wolfe Tone stand upon his own merits," said he, "but let us not mix this case with his."

"I'd have treated every man who landed to a rope," exclaimed the Major, "Humbert himself among the rest. It was pure 'brigandage,' and nothing less."

"I hope if I escape, sir, that it will never be my fortune to see you a prisoner of France," said I, forgetting all in my indignation.

"If my voice have any influence, young man, that opportunity is not likely to occur to you," was the reply.

This ungenerous speech found no sympathy with the rest, and I soon saw that the Major represented a small minority in the Court.

The want of my commission, or of any document suitable to my rank or position in the service, was a great drawback; for I had given all my papers to Humbert, and had nothing to substantiate my account of myself. I saw how unfavourably this acknowledgement was taken by the Court; and when I was ordered to withdraw that they might deliberate, I own that I felt great misgivings as to the result.

The deliberation was a long, and as I could overhear, a strongly disputed one. Dowall was twice called in for examination, and when he retired on the last occasion, the discussion grew almost stormy.

As I stood thus awaiting my fate, the public, now removed from the Court, pressed eagerly to look at me; and while some thronged the doorway, and even pressed against the sentry, others crowded at the window to peep in. Among these faces, over which my eye ranged in half vacancy, one face struck me, for the expression of sincere sympathy and interest it bore. It was that of a middle-aged man of an humble walk in life, whose dress bespoke him from the country. There was nothing in his appearance to have called for attention or notice, and at any other time I should have passed him over without remark, but now, as his features betokened a feeling almost verging on anxiety, I could not regard him without interest.

Whichever way my eyes turned, however my thoughts might take me off, whenever I looked towards him, I was sure to find his gaze steadily bent upon me, and with an expression quite distinct from mere curiosity. At last came the summons for me to reappear before the Court, and the crowd opened to let me pass in.

The noise, the anxiety of the moment, and the movement of the people confused me at first, and when I recovered self-possession, I found that the Judge Advocate was reciting the charge under which I was tried. There were three distinct counts, on each of which the Court pronounced me "Not Guilty," but at the same time qualifying the finding by the additional words—"by a majority of two;" thus showing me that my escape had been a narrow one.

"As a prisoner of war," said the President, "you will now receive the same treatment as your comrades of the same rank. Some have been already exchanged, and some have given bail for their appearance to answer any future charges against them."

"I am quite ready, sir, to accept my freedom on parole," said I; "of course, in a country where I am an utter stranger, bail is out of the question."

"I'm willing to bail him, your worship; I'll take it on me to be surety for him," cried a coarse, husky voice from the body of the court; and at the same time a man dressed in a great coat of dark frieze pressed through the crowd and approached the table.

"And who are you, my good fellow, so ready to impose yourself on the Court?" asked Peters.

"I'm a farmer of eighty acres of land, from the Black Pits, near Baldoyle, and the Adjutant there, Mr. Moore, knows me well."

"Yes," said the Adjutant, "I have known you some years, as supplying forage to the cavalry, and always heard you spoken of as honest and trustworthy."

"Thank you, Mr. Moore; that's as much as I want."

"Yes; but it's not as much as we want, my worthy man," said Peters; we require to know that you are a solvent and respectable person."

"Come out and see my place then; ride over the land and look at my stock; ask my neighbours my character; find out if there's anything against me."

"We prefer to leave all that trouble on your shoulders," said Peters; "show us that we may accept your surety and we'll entertain the question at once."

"How much is it?" asked he, eagerly.

"We demanded five hundred pounds for a Major on the staff; suppose we say two, Colonel, is that sufficient?" asked Peters of the President.

"I should say quite enough," was the reply.

"There's eighty of it any way," said the farmer, producing a dirty roll of bank notes, and throwing them on the table; "I got them from Mr. Murphy in Smithfield this morning, and I'll get twice as much more from him for asking; so if your honors will wait 'till I come back, I'll not be twenty minutes away."

"But we can't take your money, my man; we have no right to touch it."

"Then what are ye talking about two hundred pounds for?" asked he, sternly.

"We want your promise to pay in the event of this bail being broken."

"Oh I see, its all the same thing in the end; I'll do it either way."

"We'll accept Mr. Murphy's guarantee for your solvency," said Peters; "obtain that and you can sign the bond at once."

"Faith I'll get it sure enough, and be here before you've the writing drawn out;" said he, buttoning up his coat.

"What name are we to insert in the bond?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"That's the prisoner's name, but we want your's."

"Mine's Tiernay too, sir, Pat Tiernay of the Black Pits."

Before I could recover from my surprise at this announcement he had left the Court, which, in a few minutes afterwards, broke up, a clerk alone remaining to fill up the necessary documents and complete the bail-bond.

The Colonel, as well as two others of his officers, pressed me to join them at breakfast, but I declined, resolving to wait for my namesake's return, and partake of no other hospitality than his.

It was near one o'clock when he returned, almost worn out with fatigue, since he had been in pursuit of Mr. Murphy for several hours, and only came upon him by chance at last. His business, however, he had fully accomplished; the bail-bond was duly drawn out and signed, and I left the barrack in a state of happiness very different from the feeling with which I had entered it that day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BRIEF CHANGE OF LIFE AND COUNTRY.

My new acquaintance never ceased to congratulate himself on what he called the lucky accident that had led him to the barracks that morning, and thus brought about our meeting. "Little as you think of me, my dear," said he, "I'm one of the Tiernays of Timmahoo myself; faix, until I saw you, I thought I was the last of them! There are eight generations of us in the church-yard at Kells, and I was looking to the time when they'd lay my bones there, as the last of the race, but I see there's better fortune before us."

"But you have a family I hope?"

"Sorrow one belonging to me. I might have married when I was young, but there was a pride in me to look for something higher than I had any right, except from blood I mean; for a better stock than our own isn't to be found; and that's the way years went over and I lost the opportunity, and here I am now an old bachelor, without one to stand to me, barrin' it be yourself."

The last words were uttered with a tremulous emotion, and on turning towards him I saw his eyes swimming with tears, and perceived that some strong feeling was working within him.

"You can't suppose I can ever forget what I owe you, Mr. Tiernay."

"Call me Pat, Pat Tiernay," interrupted he, roughly.

"I'll call you what you please," said I, "if you let he add friend to it."

"That's enough; we understand one another now, no more need be said; you'll come home and live with me. It's not long, maybe, you'll have to do that same; but when I go you'll be heir to what I have: 'tis more, perhaps, than many supposes, looking at the coat and the gaiters I'm wearin'. Mind, Maurice, I don't want you, nor I don't expect you to turn farmer like myself. You need never turn a hand to anything. You'll have your horse to ride—two if you like it. Your time will be all your own, so that you spend a little of it, now and then, with me, and as much diversion as ever you care for."

I have condensed into a few words the substance of a conversation which

lasted till we reached Baldoyle; and passing through that not over-imposing village, gained the neighbourhood of the sea shore, along which stretched the farm of the "Black Pits," a name derived, I was told, from certain black holes that were dug in the sands by fishermen in former times, when the salt tide washed over the pleasant fields where corn was now growing. A long, low, thatched cabin, with far more indications of room and comfort than pretension to the picturesque, stood facing the sea. There were neither trees nor shrubs around it, and the aspect of the spot was bleak and cheerless enough, a colouring a dark November day did nothing to dispel.

It possessed one charm, however, and had it been a hundred times inferior to what it was, that one would have compensated for all else,—a hearty welcome met me at the door, and the words, "This is your home, Maurice," filled my heart with happiness.

Were I to suffer myself to dwell even in thought on this period of my life, I feel how insensibly I should be led away into an inexcusable prolixity. The little meaningless incidents of my daily life, all so engraven on my memory still, occupied me pleasantly from day till night. Not only the master of my self and my own time, I was master of everything around me. Uncle Pat, as he loved to call himself, treated me with a degree of respect that was almost painful to me, and only when we were alone together, did he relapse into the intimacy of equality. Two first-rate hunters stood in my stable; a stout-built half-deck boat lay at my command beside the quay; I had my gun and my greyhounds; books, journals; everything, in short, that a liberal purse and a kind spirit could confer,—all but acquaintance. Of these I possessed absolutely none. Too proud to descend to intimacy with the farmers and small shopkeepers of the neighbourhood, my position excluded me from acquaintance with the gentry; and thus I stood between both, unknown to either.

For a while my new career was too absorbing to suffer me to dwell on this

circumstance. The excitement of field sports sufficed me when abroad, and I came home usually so tired at night that I could barely keep awake to amuse Uncle Pat with those narratives of war and campaigning he was so fond of hearing. To the hunting-field succeeded the Bay of Dublin, and I passed days, even weeks, exploring every creek and inlet of the coast; now cruising under the dark cliffs of the Welsh shore, or, while my boat lay at anchor, wandering among the solitary valleys of Lambay; my life, like a dream full of its own imaginings, and unbroken by the thoughts or feelings of others! I will not go the length of saying that I was self-free from all reproach on the inglorious indolence in which my days were passed, or that my thoughts never strayed away to that land where my first dreams of ambition were felt. But a strange fatuous kind of languor had grown upon me, and the more I retired within myself, the less did I wish for a return to that struggle with the world which every active life engenders. Perhaps—I cannot now say if it were so—perhaps I resented the disdainful distance with which the gentry treated me, as we met in the hunting-field or the coursing-ground. Some of the isolation I preferred may have had this origin, but choice had the greater share in it, until at last my greatest pleasure was to absent myself for weeks on a cruise, fancying that I was exploring tracts never visited by man, and landing on spots where no human foot had ever been known to tread.

If Uncle Pat would occasionally remonstrate on the score of these long absences, he never ceased to supply means for them, and my sea store and a well-filled purse were never wanting, when the blue Peter floated from “*La Hoche*,” as in my ardour I had named my cutter. Perhaps at heart he was not sorry to see me avoid the capital and its society. The bitterness which had succeeded the struggle for independence was now at its highest point, and there was what, to my thinking at least, appeared something like the cruelty of revenge in the sentences which followed the state trials. I will not suffer myself to stray into the debatable ground of politics, nor dare I give an opinion on matters, where, with all the experience of fifty years superadded, the wisest heads are puzzled how to decide; but my im-

pression at the time was that lenity would have been a safer and a better policy than severity, and that in the momentary prostration of the country lay the precise conjuncture for those measures of grace and favour, which were afterwards rather wrung from than conceded by the English Government. Be this as it may, Dublin offered a strange spectacle at that period. The triumphant joy of one party—the discomfiture and depression of the other. All the exuberant delight of success here; all the bitterness of failure there. On one side festivities, rejoicings, and public demonstrations; on the other, confinement, banishment, or the scaffold.

The excitement was almost madness. The passion for pleasure, restrained by the terrible contingencies of the time, now broke forth with redoubled force, and the capital was thronged with all its rank, riches, and fashion, when its jails were crowded, and the heaviest sentences of the law were in daily execution. The state trials were crowded by all the fashion of the metropolis; and the heart-moving eloquence of Curran was succeeded by the strains of a merry concert. It was just then, too, that the great lyric poet of Ireland began to appear in society, and those songs which were to be known afterwards as “*The Melodies*,” par excellence, were first heard in all the witching enchantment which his own taste and voice could lend them. To such as were indifferent to or could forget the past, it was a brilliant period. It was the last flickering blaze of Irish nationality, before the lamp was extinguished for ever.

Of this society I myself saw nothing. But even in the retirement of my humble life the sounds of its mirth and pleasure penetrated, and I often wished to witness the scenes which even in vague description were fascinating. It was then in a kind of discontent at my exclusion, that I grew from day to day more disposed to solitude, and fonder of those excursions which led me out of all reach of companionship or acquaintance. In this spirit I planned a long cruise down channel, resolving to visit the Island of Valentia, or, if the wind and weather favoured, to creep around the south-west coast as far as Bantry or Kenmare. A man and his son, a boy of about sixteen, formed all my crew, and were quite

sufficient for the light tackle and easy rig of my craft. Uncle Pat was already mounted on his pony, and ready to set out for market, as we prepared to start. It was a bright spring morning—such a one as now and then the changeful climate of Ireland brings forth, in a brilliancy of colour and softness of atmosphere that are rare in even more favoured lands.

"You have a fine day of it, Maurice, and just enough wind," said he, looking at the point from whence it came. "I almost wish I was going with you."

"And why not come, then?" asked I. "You never will give yourself a holiday. Do so for once, now."

"Not to-day, anyhow," said he, half sighing at his self-denial. "I have a great deal of business on my hands to-day; but the next time—the very next you're up to a long cruise, I'll go with you."

"That's a bargain, then?"

"A bargain. Here's my hand on it."

We shook hands cordially on the compact. Little knew I it was to be for the last time, and that we were never to meet again.

I was soon a-board, and with a free mainsail skimming rapidly over the bright waters of the bay. The wind freshened as the day wore on, and we quickly passed the Kish light-ship, and held our course boldly down channel. The height of my enjoyment in these excursions consisted in the unbroken quietude of mind I felt, when removed from all chance interruption, and left free to follow out my own fancies and indulge my dreamy conceptions to my heart's content. It was then I used to revel in imaginings which sometimes soared into the boldest realms of ambition, and at others strayed contemplatively in the humblest walks of obscure fortune. My crew never broke in upon these musings; indeed old Tom Finerty's low croning song rather aided than interrupted them. He was not much given to talking, and a chance allusion to some vessel afar off, or some headland we were passing, were about the extent of his communicativeness, and even these often fell on my ear unnoticed.

It was thus, at night, we made the Hook Tower; and on the next day passed, in a spanking breeze, under the

bold cliffs of Tramore, just catching, as the sun was sinking, the sight of Youghal Bay and the tall headlands beyond it.

"The wind is drawing more to the nor'ard," said old Tom, as night closed in, "and the clouds look dirty."

"Bear her up a point or two," said I, "and let us stand in for Cork harbour, if it comes on to blow."

He muttered something in reply, but I did not catch the words, nor, indeed, cared I to hear them, for I had just wrapped myself in my boat-cloak, and, stretched at full length on the shingle ballast of the yawl, was gazing in rapture at the brilliancy of the starry sky above me. Light skiffs of feathery cloud would now and then flit past, and a peculiar hissing sound of the sea told, at the same time, that the breeze was freshening. But old Tom had done his duty in mentioning this once; and thus having disburthened his conscience, he closehailed his mainsail, shifted the ballast a little to midships, and, putting up the collar of his pilot-coat, screwed himself tighter into the corner beside the tiller, and chewed his quid in quietness. The boy slept soundly in the bow, and I, lulled by the motion and the plashing waves, fell into a dreamy stupor, like a pleasant sleep. The pitching of the boat continued to increase, and twice or thrice, struck by a heavy sea, she lay over, till the white waves came tumbling in over her gunwale. I heard Tom call to his boy, something about the head-sail, but for the life of me I could not or would not arouse myself from a train of thought that I was following.

"She's a stout boat to stand this," said Tom, as he rounded her off, at a coming wave, which, even thus escaped, splashed over us like a cata-ract. "I know many a bigger craft wouldn't hold up her canvas under such a gale."

"Here it comes, father. Here's a squall," cried the boy; and with a crash like thunder, the wind struck the sail, and laid the boy half-under.

"She'd float if she was full of water," said the old man, as the craft "righted."

"But maybe the spars wouldn't stand," said the boy, anxiously.

"'Tis what I'm thinking," rejoined the father. "There's a shake in the mast, below the caps."

"Tell him it's better to bear up, and

go before it," whispered the lad, with a gesture towards where I was lying.

"Troth it's little he'd care," said the other; "besides, he's never plazed to be woke up."

"Here it comes again," cried the boy. But this time the squall swept past a-head of us, and the craft only reeled to the swollen waves, as they tore by.

"We'd better go about, sir," said Tom to me; "there's a heavy sea outside, and it's blowing hard now."

"And there's a split in the mast as long as my arm," cried the boy.

"I thought she'd live through any sea, Tom!" said I, laughing; for it was his constant boast that no weather could harm her.

"There goes the spar," shouted he, while with a loud snap the mast gave way, and fell with a crash over the side. The boat immediately came head to wind, and sea after sea broke upon her bow, and fell in great floods over us.

"Cut away the stays—clear the wreck," cried Tom, "before the squall catches her."

And although we now laboured like men whose lives depended on the exertion, the trailing sail and heavy rigging, shifting the ballast as they fell, laid her completely over; and when the first sea struck her, over she went. The violence of the gale sent me a considerable distance out, and for several seconds I felt as though I should never reach the surface again. Wave after wave rolled over me, and seemed bearing me downwards with their weight. At last I grasped something; it was a rope—a broken halyard—but by its means I gained the mast, which floated alongside of the yawl as she now lay keel uppermost. With what energy did I struggle to reach her. The space was scarcely a dozen feet, and yet it cost me what seemed an age to traverse. Through all the roaring of the breakers, and the crashing sounds of storm, I thought I could hear my comrades' voices shouting and screaming, but this was in all likelihood a mere deception, for I never saw them more.

Grasping with a death-grip the slippery keel, I hung on the boat through all the night. The gale continued to increase, and by day-break it blew a perfect hurricane. With an aching anxiety I watched for light to see if I were near the land, or if any ship were

in sight, but when the sun rose nothing met my eyes but a vast expanse of waves tumbling and tossing in mad confusion, while overhead some streaked and mottled clouds were hurried along with the wind. Happily for me, I have no correct memory of that long day of suffering. The continual noise, but more still, the incessant motion of sea and sky around brought on a vertigo, that seemed like madness; and although the instinct of self preservation remained, the wildest and most incoherent fancies filled my brain. Some of these were powerful enough to impress themselves upon my memory for years after, and one I have never yet been able to dispel. It clings to me in every season of unusual depression or dejection; it recurs in the half night-mare sleep of over fatigue, and even invades me when, restless and feverish, I lie for hours incapable of repose. This is the notion that my state was one of after-life punishment; that I had died, and was now expiating a sinful life by the everlasting misery of a castaway. The fever brought on by thirst and exhaustion and the burning sun which beamed down upon my uncovered head, soon completed the measure of this infatuation, and all sense and guidance left me.

By what instinctive impulse I still held on my grasp I cannot explain, but there I clung during the whole of that long dreadful day, and the still more dreadful night, when the piercing cold cramped my limbs, and seemed as if freezing the very blood within me. It was no wish for life;—it was no anxiety to save myself that now filled me. It seemed like a vague impulse of necessity that compelled me to hang on. It was, as it were, part of that terrible sentence which made this my doom for ever!

An utter unconsciousness must have followed this state, and a dreary blank, with flitting shapes of suffering, is all that remains to my recollection.

Probably within the whole range of human sensations, there is not one so perfect in its calm and soothing influence as the first burst of gratitude we feel when recovering from a long and severe illness! There is not an object, however humble and insignificant, that is not for the time invested with a new interest. The air is balmy, flowers are sweeter, the voices of friends, the

smiles and kind looks, are dearer and fonder than we have ever known them. The whole world has put on a new aspect for us, and we have not a thought that is not teeming with forgiveness and affection. Such, in all their completeness, were my feelings as I lay on the poop-deck of a large three-masted ship, which, with studding and top-gallant sails all set, proudly held her course up the Gulf of St. Laurence.

She was a Dantzig barque, the "Hoffnung," bound for Quebec, her only passengers being a Moravian minister and his wife, on their way to join a small German colony established near Lake Champlain. To Gottfried Kröllér and his dear little wife I owe not life alone, but nearly all that has made it valuable. With means barely removed from absolute poverty, I found that they had spared nothing to assist in my recovery; for, when discovered, emaciation and wasting had so far reduced me that nothing but the most unremitting care and kindness could have succeeded in restoring me. To this end they bestowed not only their whole time and attention, but every little delicacy of their humble sea-store. All the little cordials and restoratives meant for a season of sickness or debility were lavished unsparingly on me, and every instinct of national thrift and carefulness gave way before the more powerful influence of Christian benevolence.

I can think of nothing but that bright morning, as I lay on a mattress on the deck, with the "Pfarrer" on one side of me, and his good little wife, Lyschen, on the other; he, with his volume of "Wieland," and she working away with her long knitting-needles, and never raising her head save to bestow a glance at the poor sick boy, whose bloodless lips were trying to mutter her name in thankfulness. It is like the most delicious dream as I think over those hours, when, rocked by the surging motion of the large ship, hearing in half distinctness the words of the "Pfarrer's" reading, I followed out little fancies—now self-originating, now rising from the theme of the poet's musings.

How softly the cloud shadows moved over the white sails and swept along the bright deck! How pleasantly the water rippled against the vessel's side! With what a glad sound the great ensign flapped and fluttered in the

breeze! There was light, and life, and motion on every side, and I felt all the intoxication of enjoyment.

And like a dream was the portion of my life which followed. I accompanied the Pfarrer to a small settlement near "Crownpoint," where he was to take up his residence as minister. Here we lived amid a population of about four or five hundred Germans, principally from Pomerania, on the shores of the Baltic, a peaceful, thrifty, quiet set of beings, who, content with the little interests revolving around themselves, never troubled their heads about the great events of war or politics; and here in all likelihood should I have been content to pass my days, when an accidental journey I made to Albany, to receive some letters for the Pfarrer, once more turned the fortune of my life.

It was a great incident in the quiet monotony of my life, when I set out one morning, arrayed in a full suit of coarse glossy black, with buttons like small saucers, and a hat whose brim almost protected my shoulders. I was, indeed, an object of very considerable envy to some, and I hope, also, not denied the admiring approval of some others. Had the respectable city I was about to visit been the chief metropolis of a certain destination which I must not name, the warnings I received about its dangers, dissipation, and seductions, could scarcely have been more earnest or impressive. I was neither to speak with, nor even to look at, those I met in the streets. I was carefully to avoid taking my meals at any of the public eating-houses, rigidly guarding myself from the contamination of even a chance acquaintance. It was deemed as needless to caution me against theatres or places of amusement, as to hint to me that I should not commit a highway robbery or a murder, and so, in sooth, I should myself have felt it. The patriarchal simplicity in which I had lived for above a year had not been without its effect in subduing exaggerated feeling, or controlling that passion for excitement so common to youth. I felt a kind of drowsy, dreamy languor over me, which I sincerely believed represented a pious and well-regulated temperament. Perhaps in time it might have become such. Perhaps with others, more happily constituted, the impression would have

been confirmed and fixed; but in my case it was a mere lacquer, that the first rubbing in the world was sure to brush off.

I arrived safely at Albany, and having presented myself at the bank of Gabriel Shultze, was desired to call the following morning, when all the letters and papers of Gottfried Kröller should be delivered to me. A very cold invitation to supper was the only hospitality extended to me. This I declined on pretext of weariness, and set out to explore the town, to which my long residence in rural life imparted a high degree of interest.

I don't know what it may now be: doubtless a great capital, like one of the European cities; but at the time I speak of, Albany was a strange, incongruous assemblage of stores and wooden houses, great buildings like granaries, with whole streets of low sheds around them, where open to the passer-by, men worked at various trades, and people followed out the various duties of domestic life in sight of the public; daughters knitted and sewed; mothers cooked and nursed their children; men eat, and worked, and smoked, and sang, as if in all the privacy of closed dwellings, while a thick current of population poured by, apparently too much immersed in their own cares, or too much accustomed to the scene, to give it more than passing notice.

It was curious how one bred and born in the great city of Paris, with all its sights and sounds, and scenes of excitement and display, could have been so rusticated by time, as to feel a lively interest in surveying the motley aspect of this quaint town. There were, it is true, features in the picture very unlike the figures in "Old World" landscape. A group of red men, seated around a fire in the open street, or a squaw carrying on her back a baby, firmly tied to a piece of curved bark; a southern stater, with a spanking waggon-team, and two grinning negroes behind, were new and strange elements in the life of a city. Still, the mere movement, the actual busy stir and occupation of the inhabitants, attracted me as much as anything else; and the shops and stalls where trades were carried on were a seduction I could not resist.

The strict puritanism in which I had lately lived taught me to regard all these things with a certain degree of

distrust. They were the impulses of that gold-seeking passion of which Gottfried had spoken so frequently; they were the great vice of that civilisation, whose luxurious tendency he often deplored; and here, now, more than one-half around me were arts that only ministered to voluptuous tastes. Brilliant articles of jewellery; gay cloaks, worked with wampam, in Indian taste; ornamental turning, and costly weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, succeeded each other, street after street; and the very sight of them, however pleasurable to the eye, set me a moralising, in a strain that would have done credit to a son of Geneva. It might have been, that in my enthusiasm I uttered half aloud what I intended for soliloquy; or perhaps some gesture, or peculiarity of manner, had the effect; but so it was: I found myself an object of notice; and my queer-cut coat and wide hat, contrasting so strangely with my youthful appearance and slender make, drew many a criticism on me.

"He ain't a Quaker, that's a fact," cried one, "for they don't wear black."

"He's a down-Easter—a horse-jockey chap, I'll be bound," cried another. "They put on all manner of disguises and 'masqueroonnings.' I know 'em!"

"He's a calf preacher—a young bottle-nosed Gospeller," broke in a thick, short fellow, like the skipper of a merchant ship. "Let's have him out for a preachment."

"Ay, you're right," chimed in another. "I'll get you a sugar hogshead in no time;" and away he ran on the mission.

Between twenty and thirty persons had now collected; and I saw myself, to my unspeakable shame and mortification, the centre of all their looks and speculations. A little more *aplomb* or knowledge of life would have taught me coolness enough in a few words to undeceive them; but such a task was far above me now; and I saw nothing for it but flight. Could I only have known which way to take, I need not have feared any pursuer, for I was a capital runner, and in high condition; but of the locality I was utterly ignorant, and should only surrender myself to mere chance. With a bold rush, then, I dashed right through the crowd, and set off down the street, the whole crew after me. The dusk of the closing

evening was in my favour; and although volunteers were enlisted in the chase at every corner and turning, I distanced them, and held on my way in advance. My great object being not to turn on my course, lest I should come back to my starting point, I directed my steps nearly straight onward, clearing apple-stalls and fruit tables at a bound; and more than once taking a flying leap over an Indian's fire, when the mad shout of the red man would swell the chorus that followed me. At last I reached a network of narrow lanes and alleys, by turning and wending through which, I speedily found myself in a quiet secluded spot, with here and there a flickering candle-light from the windows, but no other sign of habitation. I looked anxiously about for an open door; but they were all safe barred and fastened; and it was only on turning a corner I spied what seemed to me a little shop, with a solitary lamp over the entrance. A narrow canal, crossed by a rickety old bridge, led to this; and the moment I had crossed over, I seized the single plank which formed the footway, and shoved it into the stream. My retreat being thus secured, I opened the door, and entered. It was a barber's shop; at least, so a great chair before a cracked old looking-glass, with some well-worn combs and brushes, bespoke it; but the place seemed untenanted, and although I called aloud several times, none came or responded to my summons.

I now took a survey of the spot, which seemed of the poorest imaginable. A few empty pomatum pots, a case of razors that might have defied the most determined suicide, and a half-finished wig, on a block painted like a red man, were the entire stock in trade. On the walls, however, were some coloured prints of the battles of the French army in Germany and Italy. Execrably done things they were, but full of meaning and interest to my eyes in spite of that. With all the faults of drawing and all the travesties of costume, I could recognise different corps of the service, and my heart bounded as I gazed on the tall shakos swarming to a breach, or the loose jacket as it floated from the hussar in a charge. All the wild pleasures of soldiering rose once more to my mind, and I thought over old comrades who doubtless were now earning the high rewards of their

bravery in the great career of glory. And as I did so, my own image confronted me in the glass, as with long, lank hair, and a great bolster of a white cravat, I stood before it. What a contrast!—how unlike the smart hussar, with curling locks and fierce moustache! Was I as much changed in heart as in looks. Had my spirit died out within me. Would the proud notes of the bugle or the trumpet fall meaningless on my ears, or the hoarse cry of "Charge!" send no bursting fullness to my temples? Ay, even these coarse representations stirred the blood in my veins, and my step grew firmer as I walked the room.

In a passionate burst of enthusiasm I tore off my slouched hat and hurled it from me. It felt like the badge of some ignoble slavery, and I determined to endure it no longer. The noise of the act called up a voice from the inner room, and a man, to all appearance suddenly roused from sleep, stood at the door. He was evidently young, but poverty, dissipation, and raggedness made the question of his age a difficult one to solve. A light-coloured moustache and beard covered all the lower part of his face, and his long blonde hair fell heavily over his shoulders.

"Well," cried he, half angrily, "what's the matter; are you so impatient that you must smash the furniture?"

Although the words were spoken as correctly as I have written them, they were uttered with a foreign accent; and, hazarding the stroke, I answered him in French by apologizing for the noise.

"What! a Frenchman," exclaimed he, and in that dress; what can that mean?"

"If you'll shut your door, and cut off pursuit of me, I'll tell you everything," said I, "for I hear the voices of people coming down that street in front."

"I'll do better," said he, quickly, "I'll upset the bridge, and they cannot come over."

"That's done already," replied I; "I shoved it into the stream as I passed."

He looked at me steadily for a moment without speaking, and then approaching close to me, said, "Parbleu! the act was very unlike your costume!" At the same time he shut the door, and

drew a strong bar across it. This done, he turned to me once more,—“Now for it: “who are you, and what has happened to you?”

“As to what I am,” replied I, imitating his own abruptness, “my dress will almost save the trouble of explaining; these Albany folk, however, would make a field-preacher of me, and to escape them I took to flight.”

“Well, if a fellow will wear his hair that fashion, he must take the consequence,” said he, drawing out my long lank locks as they hung over my shoulders. “And so you wouldn’t hold forth for them; not even give them a stave of a conventicle chant.” He kept his eyes riveted on me as he spoke, and then seizing two pieces of stick for the firewood, he beat on the table the rantan-plan of the French drum. That’s the music you know best, lad, eh?—that’s the air, which, if it has not led heavenward, has conducted many a brave fellow out of this world at least: do you forget it?”

“Forget it! no,” cried I; “but who are you; and how comes it that—that”—I stopped in confusion at the rudeness of the question I had begun.

“That I stand here, half-fed, and all but naked; a barber in a land where men don’t shave once a month. *Parbleu!* they’d come even seldomer to my shop if they knew how tempted I feel to draw the razor sharp and quick across the gullet of a fellow with a well-stocked pouch.”

As he continued to speak, his voice assumed a tone and cadence that sounded familiarly to my ears as I stared at him in amazement.

“Not know me yet,” exclaimed he, laughing; “and yet all this poverty and squalor isn’t as great a disguise as your own, *Tiernay*. Come, lad, rub your eyes a bit, and try if you can’t recognise an old comrade.”

“I know you, yet cannot remember how or where we met,” said I, in bewilderment.

“I’ll refresh your memory,” said he, crossing his arms, and drawing himself proudly up. “If you can trace back in your mind to a certain hot and dusty day, on the Metz road, when you, a private in the seventh *Hussars*, were eating an onion and a slice of black bread for your dinner, a young officer, well looking and well mounted, cantered up, and threw you his brandy flask. Your acknowledgment of the

civility showed you to be a gentleman; and the acquaintance thus opened soon ripened into intimacy.”

“But he was the young Marquis de Saint Trone,” said I, perfectly remembering the incident.

“Or Eugene Santron, of the republic army, or the barber at Albany, without any name at all,” said he, laughing. “What, Maurice, don’t you know me yet?”

“What, the lieutenant of my regiment! The dashing officer of *Hussars!*”

“Just so, and as ready to resume the old skin as ever,” cried he, “and brandish a weapon somewhat longer, and perhaps somewhat sharper, too, than a razor.”

We shook hands with all the cordiality of old comrades, meeting far away from home, and in a land of strangers; and although each was full of curiosity to learn the other’s history, a kind of reserve held back the inquiry, till Santron said, “My confession is soon made, Maurice; I left the service in the Meuse, to escape being shot. One day, on returning from a field manoeuvre, I discovered that my portmanteau had been opened, and a number of letters and papers taken out. They were part of a correspondence I held with old General Lamarre, about the restoration of the Bourbons, a subject, I’m certain, that half the officers in the army were interested in, and, even to Bonaparte himself, deeply implicated in, too. No matter, *my* treason, as they called it, was too flagrant, and I had just twenty minutes’ start of the order which was issued for my arrest, to make my escape into Holland. There I managed to pass several months in various disguises, part of the time being employed as a Dutch spy, and actually charged with an order to discover tidings of myself, until I finally got away in an Antwerp schooner, to New York. From that time my life has been nothing but a struggle, a hard one, too, with actual want, for in this land of enterprise and activity, mere intelligence, without some craft or calling, will do nothing.

“I tried fifty things—to teach riding, and when I mounted into the saddle, I forgot everything but my own enjoyment, and caracolled, and plunged, and passaged, till the poor beast hadn’t a leg to stand on; fencing, and I got into a duel with a rival teacher, and ran him through the neck, and was

obliged to fly from Halifax; French, I made love to my pupil, a pretty looking Dutch braulieu, whose father didn't smile on our affection; and so on, I descended from a dancing-master to a waiter, a *lacques de place*, and at last settled down as a barber, which brilliant speculation I had just determined to abandon this very night, for to-morrow morning, Maurice, I start for New York and France again; ay, boy, and you'll go with me. This is no land for either of us."

"But I have found happiness, at least contentment, here," said I, gravely.

"What! play the hypocrite with an old comrade! shame on you, Maurice," cried he. "It is these confounded locks have perverted the boy," added he, jumping up; and before I knew what he was about, he had shorn my hair, in two quick cuts of the scissors, close to the head. "There," said he, throwing the cut off hair towards me, "there lies all your saintship; depend upon it, boy, they'd hunt you out of the settlement if you came back to them cropped in this fashion."

"But you return to certain death, Santron," said I; "your crime is too recent to be forgiven or forgotten."

"Not a bit of it; Fouché, Cassaubon, and a dozen others, now in office, were deeper than I was. There's not a public man in France could stand an exposure, or hazard recrimination. It's a thieves' amnesty at this moment, and I must not lose the opportunity. I'll show you letters that will prove it, Maurice; for, poor and ill-fed as I am, I like life just as well as ever I did. I mean to be a general of division one of these days, and so will you too, lad, if there's any spirit left in you."

Thus did Santron rattle on, sometimes of himself and his own future; sometimes discussing mine; for while talking, he had contrived to learn all the chief particulars of my history, from the time of my sailing from La Rochelle for Ireland.

The unlucky expedition afforded him great amusement, and he was never weary of laughing at all our adventures and mischances in Ireland. Of Humbert, he spoke as a fourth or fifth-rate man, and actually shocked me by all the heresies he uttered against our generals, and the plan of campaign; but, perhaps, I could have borne even these better than the sarcasms and sneers at the little life of "the settle-

ment." He treated all my efforts at defence as mere hypocrisy, and affected to regard me as a mere knave, that had traded on the confiding kindness of these simple villagers. I could not undeceive him on this head; nor what was more, could I satisfy my own conscience that he was altogether in the wrong; for, with a diabolical ingenuity, he had contrived to hit on some of the most vexatious doubts which disturbed my mind, and instinctively to detect the secret cares and difficulties that beset me. The lesson should never be lost on us, that the devil was depicted as a sneerer! I verily believe the powers of temptation have no such advocacy as sarcasm. Many can resist the softest seductions of vice; many are proof against all the blandishments of mere enjoyment, come in what shape it will; but how few can stand firm against the assaults of clever irony, or hold fast to their convictions when assailed by the sharp shafts of witty depreciation.

I'm ashamed to own how little I could oppose to all his impertinences about our village, and its habits; or how impossible I found it not to laugh at his absurd descriptions of a life which, without having ever witnessed, he depicted with a rare accuracy. He was shrewd enough not to push this ridicule offensively, and long before I knew it I found myself regarding, with his eyes, a picture in which, but a few months back, I stood as a fore-ground figure. I ought to confess, that no artificial aid was derived from either good cheer, or the graces of hospitality; we sat by a miserable lamp, in a wretchedly cold chamber, our sole solace some bad cigars, and a can of flat stale cider.

"I have not a morsel to offer you to eat, Maurice, but to-morrow we'll breakfast on my razors, dine on that old looking-glass, and sup on two hard brushes and the wig!"

Such were the brilliant pledges, and we closed a talk which the flickering lamp at last put an end to.

A broken, unconnected conversation followed for a little time, but at length, worn out and wearied, each dropped off to sleep—Eugene on the straw settle, and I in the old chair—never to awake till the bright sun was streaming in between the shutters, and dancing merrily on the tiled floor.

An hour before I awoke he had com-

pleted the sale of all his little stock in trade, and, with a last look round the spot where he had passed some months of struggling poverty, out we sallied into the town.

"We'll breakfast at Jonathan Hone's," said Santron. "It's the first place here. I'll treat you to rump steaks, pumpkin pie, and a gin twister that will astonish you. Then, while I'm arranging for our passage down the Hudson, you'll see the hospitable banker, and tell him how to forward all his papers, and so forth, to the settlement, with your respectful compliments and regrets, and the rest of it."

"But am I to take leave of them in this fashion?" asked I.

"Without you want *me* to accompany you there, I think it's by far the best way," said he, laughingly. "If, however, you think that my presence and companionship will add any lustre to your position, say the word and I'm

ready. I know enough of the barber's craft now to make up a head 'en Puritan,' and, if you wish, I'll pledge myself to impose upon the whole colony."

Here was a threat there was no mistaking; and any imputation of ingratitude on my part were far preferable to the thought of such an indignity. He saw his advantage at once, and boldly declared that nothing should separate us.

"The greatest favour, my dear Maurice, you can ever expect at my hands is, never to speak of this freak of yours; or, if I do, to say that you performed the part to perfection."

My mind was in one of those moods of change when the slightest impulse is enough to sway it, and more from this cause than all his persuasion, I yielded; and the same evening saw me gliding down the Hudson, and admiring the bold Kaatskills, on our way to New York.

A YARN ABOUT OUR FOREFATHERS.

CHAPTER I.

SOME seventy or eighty years ago, there resided in the barony of Carbery, a squire of the name of O'Sherkin.

The barony of Carbery! quoth some one—and where on earth is Carbery?

Mercy on us! exclaims that worthy soul, Miss Peggy Bustlebody, who for five-and-thirty consecutive years, has occupied a *logemen* in the principal street of Clonakilty;—said logemen having a bow window commanding a prospect in one direction as far as the post office, and on the other side bounded by the turn in the street just at the grocer's, and including the coach and jingle office, and the turn to the market-place—no bad gazabo for one who likes to see the world, and what's passing in it. Mercy on us!!!!!!—(observe we put six notes of admiration to it)—Don't know where Carbery is! Why the very crows that build in the woods at Myross know Carbery! Only think of any human craythur not knowing where Carbery is!!!!

Leaving excellent Miss Bustlebody to her notes of admiration—the barony of Carbery, as the whole universe knows, except the above ignorant individual, for whose sole enlightenment

we condescend to answer the question—is an extensive district in the western part of the county of Cork; and boasts as its metropolis or centre of commerce and fashion, the delightful city of Skibbereen—*la Superba*—as the Italians say of Genoa. The barony is for the most part hilly, rocky, and mountainous; abounding in turf bogs; and with sundry picturesque bays opening from, and headlands extending into the Atlantic ocean; the "*Carberia Rupes*" of Dean Swift, who has made mention of them in some flat, prosaic, schoolboy-like verses, which, however, are treasured and celebrated as a relic of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift was no poet.

In this famous barony, Barnaby O'Sherkin, Esquire, had his residence. It was the remains of an old mansion, which preserved, even in decay, an appearance of respectability. A few ancestral trees were grouped about the house; giving to the place, as contrasted with the dreary poverty of the surrounding scenery, the appearance of an oasis in the desert. It was situated a few miles from the distinguished city above-mentioned, on a farm of a few

hundred acres, the remnant of a vast extent of rock and bog, over which the ancestors of Mr. O'Sherkin had, some centuries before, presided in the capacity of princes, kings, or the Lord knows what; and which had, excepting the remnant aforesaid, long since passed into other ownership. The dilapidated house, half of a ruined stable, a kitchen garden, a huge turf-stack, a colossal dunghill, and two tall piers flanking a gateway—the interval occupied by a heap of stones instead of a gate—were the principal objects that struck the eye of a visitor to Castle Sherkin, as this ancient seat of that illustrious race was named. The landscape around was not without features of remarkable beauty. The distant ocean, islands rising like mountains from the water, a picturesquely-indented coast, and the heights of Crookhaven and Mount Gabriel, presented to the eye objects more pleasing than the wretched farms and mud cabins of the foreground.

Amid all this apparent misery, however, the squire passed his time, from one end of the year to the other, in great jollity—fox-hunting on a small scale, gossip on the roads, and lounging in the street of Skibbereen, where for hours together, with any chance acquaintance, or with farmers and non-descript idlers, his hands in his breeches pockets, and his back to a door-post, he would stand joking, and prating, and looking wise about nothing. These occupations whiled away the days of Mr. Barney O'Sherkin, as they had those of his ancestors, time out of mind.

They slept, these ancestors of his, in a neighbouring churchyard. "Poor fellows," as Mr. O'Sherkin would say of them, "they were fine chaps in their time. Arrah, but if the family had its rights, they'd be all of 'em lords and princes now, instead of myself livin' on this few poor ould acres here. But I think nothin' goes right in Ireland."

By what process of political logic Mr. O'Sherkin made out satisfactorily to his reason, that if his family had its rights its defunct generations would start to life with coronets on their heads, we are unable to say; but it was a matter of Irish politics; and the world are aware of the fact that Irish politics are different from all other politics. As little are we able to affirm by what ingenious process he arrived at the conclusion that a tract of rock

and bog, which in past ages had belonged to a certain clan or set of persons of the name of O'Sherkin ought, amid the fluctuations of an unsettled state of society, to have descended without interruption to their lineal progeny; while in all other countries lands have changed proprietors over and over again. But, as we have already said, Irish politics are—Irish politics.

Like the rest of mankind, the squire had his little rubs, quarrels, and mis-haps. Not that they were little to him; on the contrary, each of them, severally, for the time being, occupied the entire of his heart, soul, and mind. Still he was, on the whole, too good-humoured to retain anger long, however he might roar and bellow, under the immediate pressure of some *contretemps* or other, on which occasions he would roar with a vengeance. Dennis M'Cash, his caretaker and sense-carrier, was wont to say of him:—"Och! then, 'tis the masthur has the fine voice entirely! Wisha, but as you stand in the fair field at Skibbereen, you may hear him scouldin' the people up at Castle Sherkin, when they do be *crassin'* his honour."

He had not fought many duels; had horsewhipped not very many of the peasantry; had seldom a sixpence of his own; and was considered to be as good-natured, honest, kind-hearted, excellent, worthy a fellow as ever lived.

Nothing could be merrier than the spectacle presented in his little parlour on a winter's evening, when, after a day spent in riding and hallooing over bog and ditch after a small pack of harriers, kept by a club of which he was president, he would assemble a knot of congenial spirits at his hospitable board. The cloth removed; his wife and daughters retired; a blazing fire; claret, whiskey, lemons, sugar; an enormous kettle of hot water; a regular set to—fun, stories, joking, and roars of laughter—wasn't it a scene on which Bacchus might have looked with envy! Then came singing all sorts of songs, and talking all together, and sentimentalising, and getting glorious: a paradise—at least a Scandinavian paradise—of which they retained no distinct recollection the next morning, when—how did they get there?—they found themselves not in paradise, but—three in a bed, and with splitting headaches.

CHAPTER II.

It was a fine afternoon in the month of April, and Mr. O'Sherkin was slowly riding homewards, after a day's lounge in Skibbereen. He had experienced in the course of the day sundry adventures, whereof the memories were gamboling in his noddle; each crotchet, as it entered his cranium, assuming the port of a giant—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—till the said giant was shoved out by the next comer, a giant likewise, and to be similarly disposed of in its turn. For Mr. O'Sherkin, like sundry his fellow-creatures, was capable of entertaining but one idea at a time; and decidedly, by the laws of perspective, moral, physical, or intellectual, that object which fills the eye, and there is eye physical, eye moral, and eye intellectual, that object is, *pro tempore*, a giant. A sixpenny bit covering the eye seems bigger than the distant Chimborazo, or than the firmament of heaven.

The road along which Mr. O'Sherkin wended his way was an up-and-down, primitive sort of affair, which would make a disciple of Telford or Macadam stare in speechless astonishment, at least if he heard it called a *road*. It looked as if the reasoning and designing faculties of man had had no part in its construction. In one place, the line was carried straight up the steep side of a great hill, to a prodigious height, and straight down again at the other; though at the base of the hill there was ground level, or nearly so, on which, with a little design and contrivance, a very excellent road might have been laid out. One while, it mounted an almost perpendicular precipice; here, it was intersected, and partly washed away by mountain torrents; and anon it traversed a fearfully-narrow and broken architectural fragment, 'celept a bridge, which, for the last twenty years, was always about to be mended; and from which the least slip would send the traveller, bag and baggage, either into a huge bog-hole on one side, or among a chaos of stones, water, mud, and titanic fragments of rock on the other; a *locale* very interesting, no doubt, to a geologist, with hammer in hand, and broad daylight around him; but not particularly pleasant to the luckless wight who, on a dark winter's night, amid a tremendous tempest of

wind and sleet, should find himself and his vehicle suddenly capsized therein: and instead of the merry fireside which he had left, or comfortable home to which he was hastening, should anticipate passing a night like that so poetically described by Ossian,—“Alone, forlorn on the hill of storms!”—but with the unpoetical episodes of a broken leg, a contused skull, a shattered buggy, and a disabled horse. The surface of the road was as rough and broken as the undefended influences of nature for years,—the seasons, wind and rain, frost, snow, and thaw, and the wintry swelling of mountain streams, could make it. The meditations of our squire as he bumped along its stones and declivities, might be expressed in words as follows:—

“Wisha, then, but bad luck to the sowl of Ned Bawn, to go offer me such a price for that pig. As illigant a pig as you'd see from this to Clanakilty; and worth a pound note if its worth a thraunee: and he to offer me only sixteen tinpinny bits for her; the big blackguard! And I in want of cash, too. And I'll be bound he knew that same, the schaymer. Be the holy post, but I've a mind to ride back, and give the scoundhrel—but no matter;—wasn't I up to him at the fair of Ballydehab! Didn't I chate him as clever as a Jew, in that bargain about the two pigs then. Be Japers, but I got 'em tin shillings chaper than the worth of 'em, and so himself says now. The blackguard robber that he is, to get that illigant pig from me so chape, and I in want of cash! And there was Dick Mullet, of Skimpeen, standin' by, and winkin' to Ned Bawn, only to have a laugh at me after. Begor, there aint a bigger blackguard than Dick Mullet in the county Cork. I know some doings of his, some of his thricks, the schamin' chaytin' liar that he is. As impudent, good-for-nothing a scoundhrel as ever went unchanged. Not but what he is a good fellow too; an honest, friendly, good fellow: and 'tis a div'lish nate mare he rides, and I know he wants to sell her. Thogh lo mon diaoul! can't you go asy, you bloody baste!” (His nag had stumbled in descending a precipice which formed part of the road.) “D—n the grand jury, and Lord Blarney, too, the scoun-

dhrel! that they won't repair the road. And its me harse is to be lamed, and myself to be kilt, maybe, wid their schaymin' and looking after their own intherests. That new road that Lord Blarney has had made across the bog of Carrickasmudher, is as big a job as ever was seen, just a purpose to go by his own gate, and divil a hayporth of good to a sowl in the counthry besides. And he's got a presintment for a bridge to be built where there's no water to run undher it. An' 'tis myself that's payin' for their schames; and I can't get the road I want made from Raharoo to Clonforky." (This proposed road, by the bye, was a mere selfish scheme of poor Barney's, which, if carried into effect, would have enabled him to draw turf from a neighbouring bog, but—the divil a haporth of good to a sowl in the counthry besides!)

"Begor, its a set of schayming blackguards the grand jury are!—that's what they are entirely; and no gentlemen, nor honest men that cares for the public good. Wisha, but it would be a good thing for the counthry if we had such roads as Brook Aylmer talks about. But he's a fool, that fellow; he's no common sinse; a quare craythur. An honest, good young chap he is, too, and divilish clever; has a nice property of his own, and has a dale of larnin; and my girls are very fond of him. I hope I hav'nt lost his letther I got to-day."

The squire here let the reins fall on the neck of his steed, and having tugged forth a letter from the pocket of his hunting frock, and surmounted his jolly red nose with a pair of antique spectacles, commenced the perusal for the tenth time since morning.

Barnaby O'Sherkin, Esquire, J. P., in common with many of his contemporaries had, throughout life, cultivated the mysteries of cock-shooting and fox-hunting more deeply than the sciences of reading and writing. In early boyhood his father, an old drunkard, half farmer, half sportsman, had, in order to rid the house of a noisy, mischievous monkey, sent him to school at Ross, where he spent a twelvemonth, of which he retained rather disagreeable recollections. He had a confused reminiscence of sundry hard, queer words, such as *syntax*; *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*; *conjugation*, and the like; and a very distinct remembrance of being birched, on an average, twice a day. His scholastic

course had, however, at least been productive of this good, that, following up the A, B, C tuition of his mother, it had moderately qualified him to read. To write a letter was a task altogether beyond him. At the end of the year his father took him home, partly from a temporary inability to pay the schoolmaster's bill, and partly *he did not know why*. Since that epoch of his existence Barney had vegetated under the roof, and amid the rocks and hills of his forefathers, and had grown from youth to manhood in barbarism, ignorance, and idleness. Since his father's death, which occurred just before he came of age, he had lived, with few exceptions, entirely at Castle Sherkin; had drank, and hunted, and shot, and quarrelled, and joked, and planted potatoes, and talked of rebuilding the stable, and putting a new gate to the avenue, and mending the wall of the kitchen-garden, and of redeeming ancient incumbrances, and of doing sundry other mighty deeds, which he was always going to do, but which he never did, nor ever set about doing. Still the ideas of these things floating in his head gave him something to talk about; and his office of justice of the peace, by furnishing perpetual occasions of noisy palaver with the peasantry, gave him at least ostensible employment.

The only exceptions to this stagnant puddle of existence were his attendance twice in the year at the Cork assizes; on which occasions he sported a clean shirt, a whole coat, and a new neckcloth; and usually returned filled with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness against the grand jury for preferring the doing of their own selfish jobs to the doing of his. He had also, shortly after coming of age, accompanied a few wild young squires in a sort of rollicking trip to London, where they stayed for a few weeks, in the enjoyment, as they said, of "the divil's own fun;" and from which excursion he brought a wife—a little cockney—who had fallen in love with his Milesian proportions and huge whiskers; and also was smitten with the notion of being mistress of Castle Sherkin, which he assured her was "an illigant place entirely." Among the traditions of the country were sundry amusing stories of the horror and amazement of the little Englishwoman, on her first introduction to this castle of the descendants of kings; of her astonishment at the sight of Mr.

O'Sherkin's *establishment*; and of her cockney-like ignorance of country matters, such as that ducks could fly, or that potatoes grew in the ground. In due process of time a family of stout sons and daughters grew about them; and under the influence of the English (albeit cockney) notions of their mother, were better educated than any generation of the O'Sherkins had been since the days of Ollam Fodla and the Hall of Tara. To the ways and deficiencies of her lord, Mrs. O'Sherkin had, with one exception, long since

reconciled herself, as being matters utterly irremediable. The one fault excepted was, in truth, a thumper. It was of a nature too atrocious for her to extend charity or mercy to it; it was—his *brogue*! or, as she elegantly termed it, “that hodious and ‘orrid H Irish hacc-cent.”

“Arrah Dinnis,” he would say, “give us the praties!”

“Lord! Mr. O'Sherkin,” his wife would respond, “Ow can you speak with such a consumed brogue? Can't you say ‘aties,”

CHAPTER III.

BROOK ALYMER's letter was dated a month previous to Mr. O'Sherkin's reception of it a Skibbereen. In those blessed days of our ancestors, there were no mail coaches in Ireland, and the mails were carried, at least in such favoured districts as had the convenience of a post at all—by carriers, mostly on horseback, who performed their long weary pilgrimages with the mail-bag strapped behind them, along roads often of an exceedingly primitive description, in all weathers, sunshine, snow, and driving tempest. In many districts people resided twenty, thirty, or forty long miles from any post-town, and perhaps sent a messenger once a month, or at such time as they expected or wished to send a letter; and the messenger who went this long journey returned, it may be the second or third day, bringing back any letter or letters he may have found at the post-office, and whatever other things he may have been charged to procure.

In the primitive age of which I speak, Skibbereen had not attained to the dignity of a post-town. It was first endowed with such privilege in the year 1787, previously to which step in the march of intellect Bandon was the post-town for the more westerly district of the county of Cork, with post from Dublin twice in the week; and residents at Clonakilty, or Skibbereen, or Crookhaven, or anywhere in that immense tract of country, were obliged to send, as described above, by private messengers to Bandon, for any tidings of the external world.

This state of seclusion and want of regular and speedy communication

with remote parts of Ireland, was partly remedied, on extraordinary occasions, by expresses, travelling at the rate of four or five miles an hour, concerning which we find it advertised in Watson's “Gentleman's and Citizen's Almanack” of that time, that “*Any person in Dublin may have a private Express, forwarded from the General Post-Office, Dublin, to any part of Ireland, on paying 3d. each English mile, and 6d. the horn of each stage, with the usual fees.*”

Imagine, gentle reader, as thou meditat'st an epistle for Cork, to be despatched by the evening train—imagine, we say, as thou sittest in the coffee-room at Morrison's, sipping thy tippie, after seven hours' luxurious repose in a first-class carriage, wafted from Cork as upon the enchanted tapestry in the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments,” without fatigue or inconvenience;—imagine, as thou indolently demand'st of the waiter what time the post starts, being informed by that functionary, that “If you please, sir—if you wish—you can have an express, sir—who will carry your letter, sir—at the rate of four miles an hour, sir—only threepence a mile, sir—sixpence for the horn each stage, sir—and the usual fees, sir.”

Imagine, benignant reader, the waiter at Morrison's giving you such an answer in the middle of the nineteenth century; and imagine, further, the benignant response you would greet him with. And yet such an answer from the waiter would have been a very sensible, proper, intelligent, pertinent, and waiter-like answer, if uttered some eighty years ago.

Well, reverse the tablet. Imagine

yourself living in the last century, and arriving with a knot of friends, late in the day, at a sort of queer, nondescript hotel or inn, it may be the Ram, in Aungier-street, or some such place. Suppose yourself and your companions alighting from the heavy job-coach, for the hire of which you had clubbed together to bring you from Cork to Dublin. Imagine yourself and fellows wearied and way-worn after your long journey of five days, groaning and stretching yourselves, and yawning enough to break your jaws, and demanding supper, and desiring that your beds may be got ready, for that you are "confoundedly tired, by Jove!!!" Imagine the landlord telling you that he has sent for the cook and the waiter, who don't live in the hotel, but only come when there are guests to be attended. Imagine yourself and comrades putting off your cocked hats and great coats, (do you know what a great coat is, reader?), and laying your swords, and loaded pistols, and blunderbusses on the table, and flinging yourselves down on chairs and an old square sofa. Imagine, then, yourself or one of the company after supper asking the waiter in how short a time a letter might be reasonably expected to reach Cork; and fancy the waiter saying, "Why, plaze yer honour, sir, in about six or seven hours, sir, if it beplazin to your honor."

Imagine the astonishment of our ancestors, and further, imagine the state of amazement, and mystification, and wonderment, &c., &c., &c., into which they would be plunged over head and ears, as it were, by hearing the said waiter coolly delivering himself as follows:—

"'Tis the railway, your honour—a mighty nate invintion entirely. The carriages ain't dhrawn by harses at all, at all; but harses is put into the carriages along wid leththurs, and parcels, and gentlemint and ladies, and the lower ordhers of Christins, and pigs, and cows, and sheep, and hampers of fish, and what not; and the coaches is hooked an to one another in a long sstring, one afther the other, like a file of geese on a common wid the gandher at the head of em, and the whole consarn is set bowlin by raysin of stame and a kettle of hot wather; and they gets from Dublin to Cork quite asy in six or seven hours!!!"

Imagine the various effects which

would be produced by this piece of news on the different idiosyncrasies of the supposed party of our great-grand-fathers in the last century. Imagine the oaths that would be uttered by them (our ancestors swore like anything), and fancy also the rich brogue wherewith the said oaths would be intonated. Well, then, gentle reader, cease from acting thy great-grand-father, and resume thy proper self. Dismiss thy cocked hat and powdered wig, and buckles, and knee-breeches, and resume thy modern costume of paletot and trowsers, and Wellingtons, and listen to my yarn, which, like the harp of Ossian, "kindles the past, and rears the forms of old on their own dark brown years."

I find it recorded in the legends of the O'Sherkin family (five volumes quarto MS.), that at this period, one Cornelius Gollahoo, a groom, labourer, hanger-on, &c., at Castle Sherkin, was wont to be sent, chiefly at the instance of Mrs. O'Sherkin, to Bandon, once a month, or once a fortnight, as it happened, for letters, or for anything else that might be required.

Whether it was this Cornelius who had brought Mr. Aylmer's letter on this day, is a matter rather vaguely and uncertainly set forth in the interesting and instructive legends above mentioned. All I can say is, that after long and laborious study of them, I presume it to have been so, and am the more inclined to adopt this view, that besides its tallying with the established order of things, I find on collating several passages in the "O'Sherkin Legends" with a manuscript in the British Museum, some remarkable coincidences, darkly, it is true, and only by implication, intimating the important fact, but still I think with sufficient certainty to warrant me in abiding by such conclusion. It cost me many a long month of research, and the expenditure of much money, before I could satisfy myself; and I have satisfied others too, except a set of fellows who, whenever I begin on the subject, only laugh. But I tell them laughter is no argument. Let them fairly state their objections, and I'll meet them. But ridicule is no test of truth. A plaguy, gibing, grinning, unmannerly set of jackanapes! Laughing is no argument—I say it again. Let them disprove *that* if they can.

There is, indeed, a party (a contemptible faction) who would fain hazard the assertion that it was one Tim Bawn who brought the letter. But no matter. I know the ground I stand on. Let them bring their proofs. That's all I'll say at present.

I take it, therefore, as an established and well ascertained fact, that it was by the agency of Con Gollahoo that Mr. O'Sherkin received the letter; and I shall take it to be so until the fact is disproved by documentary or the clearest traditional evidence. Mere assertion won't do with me, much less laughing or sneering, for "who," as Paley says, "can refute a sneer?"

The fellows only betray their own ignorance and incapacity. Tim Bawn, indeed!!! I declare most solemnly, that I have asked them fifty times, at least, for any proof, or even a shadow of a proof, that it was Tim Bawn, and the only answer was a laugh!

And to think of all the time and money I have spent in investigating the point!

There is a work shortly to be printed, but at present in manuscript, in twenty folio volumes—"Memoirs of the O'Sherkin family, by Marmaduke Fitzplantagenet O'Sherkin, Esq."—a sop in the pan, as it were, to allay the intensity of public curiosity, till a more extended work on the subject shall be published. It will be found replete with materials for in-

struction, delight, and intellectual improvement.

Let any reader who feels sceptical about the point above alluded to, only wait till he has read and thoroughly digested this important work. And if he is not then convinced, why, all I can say is, that he is a man who must be left to his prejudices.

Mr. Aylmer's letter contained sundry scraps of information about agricultural matters, which he deemed might be interesting to Mr. O'Sherkin; there was a good deal, also, about a proposed new line of road from Macroom to Killarney; and Aylmer reminded the squire of an intention he had formerly expressed, of accompanying his son, Mr. Cornelius O'Sherkin, to London, on the occasion of his going to keep his first term at the Temple; intimating that as some business would take himself thither about the same time, he would hope to be their companion in travel, and desiring to be informed of the time of their departure, that he might meet them in Cork.

Con Gollahoo (I say, again, it was he), on his return from Bandon, found his master lounging in Skibbereen, and gave him his letter, and then went on to Castle Sherkin, bearing, along with certain small articles of merchandise which he had been commissioned to procure, another letter from Mr. Aylmer to Mr. Corney O'Sherkin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE uninitiated reader who hears of students of law keeping their terms may very naturally presume that part, at least, of the process of keeping those terms, consists in learning somewhat of law. When he hears of students resorting to the metropolis from remote parts of the empire, and assembling in academic garb in the halls of a university of law, he is apt to conjure up a pleasing vision of young men studying the laws of the realm; acquiring some knowledge, however rudimental, of that profound science, the doing of justice between man and man, of which they seek to be ministers. He will fancy them under the guidance of competent professors, who will direct their studies and tell them what law is; who will clear up technical and historical difficulties, and disclose to them

the various branches of jurisprudence, and trace their fundamental principles to a few self-evident maxims of morality. He will fancy the students taking notes of lectures and conning them in private, and turning over the pages of Coke on Littleton, Bacon's Digest, or Fearn's on Remainders; and then, again and again, repairing to the lecture-room to gather fresh treasures of legal science: seeing that (as my Lord Coke excellently remarks) "there is no jewel in the world comparable to learning: no learning so excellent for prince and subject as knowledge of laws."

Ah! uninitiated reader!!! are such thy notions of the way terms are kept in our colleges of law? Professors, indeed! Studying the law, forsooth! Profound science, quotha!

The only preparation for being called to the bar, required of students, is, that they shall eat a certain number of dinners! The professor whose works are, by collegiate authority, chiefly recommended to their attention, is the professor of cookery. It is the cook's editions of roast and boiled—not Coke's Commentaries on Littleton's Institutes—that form the subject matter of their studies in the ancient and stately halls of the Inns of Court. They make a digest of bacon along with the wing of a boiled fowl. They study the laws of the composition of a salad. And as to vested and contingent remainders, the only remainder contemplated by them is the remainder of a bottle of port wine, which each member of a mess of four regards but as a contingency, till the penultimate glass being disposed of by the man next to him in the previous succession, the remainder becomes vested in himself, and he proceeds instantaneously to the actual enjoyment and possession of it, and, as it glides down his throat, feels that it is *his, to have and to hold*. And the students are left to imagine, if they please, that law is only an unconnected mass of arbitrary and hard-worded decrees and ordinances, and that the sharpest pettifogger is the greatest lawyer.

And so, uninitiated reader, convicted as thou art of entertaining ideas at variance with the current practice of our Inns of Court, we dismiss thee with the profoundest contempt for thy understanding, as one utterly *green* and unversed in the ways of the world, and who entertains Utopian ideas of perfection!

There are rumours afloat of proposed important changes in the system. An idea seems to have penetrated the craniums of benchers and judges in the middle of the nineteenth century, that some special preparation for the legal profession might be useful; that something besides dining in a hall should be required of the students. Accordingly, professorships and lecturerships are being established; and it is whispered that the law students will not find eating their dinners carry them

through their terms, as in the days of their forefathers. And, perhaps, the effigy of the mighty Verulam, which adorns the old hall of Gray's Inn, may yet look down on proceedings therein in accordance with his own expressed views.

Such, however, as we have described, was the way in which law students kept their terms in the days when Corney O'Sherkin sought for permission to perform the above-mentioned arduous exercises in the hall of the Temple, previous to his being called to the Irish bar. He was a well-thriven, handsome young giant, of some three-and-twenty; had recently taken his degree in College, and had a decided genius for boating, field sports, pic-nics, and flirtation. His flirtations were, indeed, rather numerous. He seemed to think that young ladies' hearts were merely like snipes, and partridges, and woodcocks—so much game for him to pop at; that they were, in fact, created solely for the amusement of Mr. Corney O'Sherkin. It did so happen, however, that in the course of his sportings he got caught, as it were, in a man trap—involved rather deeply in a little *égarement du cœur*.

The prudent mamma took an early opportunity, during a morning call at Castle Sherkin, of asking Mr. O'Sherkin what fortune his son had, or was likely to have.

"What fortin' has Corney, is it?" said the squire." Arrah thin, Corney has an illigant fortin of his own. Put out your tongue, Corney." The paternal command being obeyed by the dutiful son, "There, ma'am," said his father, "There's his fortin! A lawyer's tongue is his fortin!"

Whereupon the prudent mamma, an uncommonly shrewd, wise, clever, knowing, decided, business-like, bustling, scheming, managing, strong-minded, common-sense, active, energetic, up-to-trap, all-judgment, and no-nonsense, kind of person, went home, gave her daughter a merciless scolding, (which threw the poor girl into a three-days blubberation) and then sent her on a month's visit to a colony of maiden aunts, who lived near Dunmanway.

CHAPTER V.

THE squire, on returning from Skibbereen, found his wife and daughters, with Master Corney and a brace of

pointers, in the drawing-room. It was a snug little old-fashioned apartment, kept in somewhat neater order than

most of the establishment. Opposite the windows, above a square sofa, was an oval mirror in a frame which had once been gilt, from the top of which waved three peacocks' feathers. On the chimney-piece stood a shepherd and shepherdess, in painted china, and over them hung sundry little black profiles, in black frames, purporting to be likenesses of several members of the family. A sampler, framed and glazed, the work of Mr. O'Sherkin's mother, representing another shepherd and shepherdess, with sheep, a tree, two big flowers, and a cottage, along with the alphabet and Lord's prayer, was suspended on the wall opposite the chimney-piece. The fire-place, with its blue-and-white Dutch tiles and bright fire-irons, and screen of clipped and coloured paper, looked gay, settled for its summer holiday. On one side of it stood Mr. O'Sherkin's arm-chair, and on the other a rather antique harpsichord, with a music-book open on the desk, containing the compositions of Corelli, Scarlatti, and other fashionable composers. On a little table in a corner was deposited the family library, consisting (besides a large Bible and prayer-book) of the whole *Whole Duty of Man*, *Peregrine Pickle*, an odd volume of Swift's *Letters*, *Tom Jones*, and a book of *Cookery*. From the windows you looked through a pretty vista of jessamine and woodbine into a little flower-garden, in an angle of which stood a gazabo built by Mr. O'Sherkin's grandfather, for the purpose, as he said, of "a little tay-house to drink punch in," but which the good taste of the ladies had rescued from such uses, and applied to objects more congenial to their own ideas. They would sit there in summer time at their work, or perhaps one of them would read aloud from one of a few volumes which had been lent to them by their friend, Brooke Aylmer (of whom more anon), and which formed no part of the family library aforesaid, but were treasured by the sisters in a sacred repository of their own up-stairs. They kept the key of it; 'twas generally in the work-bag of one or the other.

As Mr. O'Sherkin opened the door of the drawing-room, Corney was saying, "With all my heart; here comes my father, ask him."

"Oh, sir," cried Bessy, the younger of the two sisters, who held a letter open in her hand, "we are to have a

what's the name of it, and Brooke Aylmer is to bring it, and you and Corney——"

"What is it?" asked the squire.

"It's a musical instrument, sir," said Fanny.

"I have had a letter, sir, from Brooke Aylmer," said Corney, "and he wonders he has not heard from you; and he's going to come with us to London; and we are to bring Fanny a—— what's the name of it?——Bessy, will you read it?"

The following paragraph from Brooke Aylmer's letter to Master Corney was accordingly read by Bessy:—

"By-the-bye, would you tell Fanny that when I was lately at Mr. Muggins's place, Kilcona, to which he has given the name of Newtown-Mount-Muggins, I heard one of those newly-invented instruments, the piano-forte. Its effect is far superior to that of either the spinet or the harpsichord. I have no doubt that in process of time it will supersede them. I heard, also, some lovely music by one Haydn, a new composer. The style is rather wild and extravagant, but full of fire and genius. I have been thinking that, on our return from London, you could bring Fanny a piano-forte."

"Oh, indeed, we must have one," said Mrs. O'Sherkin, "and Mr. Aylmer will bring it here himself."

"And what the devil will be the good of it?" said Mr. O'Sherkin.

"Ah, sir, won't you let me have a piano-forte?" said Fanny.

"And what do you want of any of them new inventions?" roared the squire. "Can't ye be content wid yer grandmother's ould harpsichord? What was good enough for her is good enough for you, you consated young pinkeen!"

"Don't you remember, sir," said Corney, winking at his sisters, "what Brooke was telling us of the march of intellect?"

"March of your granny!" said the squire. "It shan't march into my house, at any rate!"

"I am so tired of that old harpsichord," said Fanny, pouting her sweet lips.

"Oh it's horrid," said Bessy.

It is odd none of them thought so the day before.

"Now Mr. O'Sherkin," said the mamma, "listen to reason. It must be, and there's an end of it. We must

have one of those new instruments ; I forget its name."

"A piano-forte," said Bessy, consulting the letter.

"Ay ; a panofity ; we must have a panofity."

"Piano-forte, ma'am," said Fanny.

"Just what I say, my love ; a panofity. As for the old harpsichord I shall certainly have it thrown into Roaring Water bay, nasty old thing that it is."

The said harpsichord was, in truth, a most deplorable old rattle-trap ; but it was associated in the memory of Mr. O'Sherkin, with reminiscences of his childhood, when his mother would amuse him by playing jigs or country dances on its keys ; and even now, in later life, its creaking tones would often recall the by-gone times, and speak to his best affections.

"For the same sound was in his ears,
As in those days he heard."

And he regarded all modern improvements in the mechanism of spinets and harpsichords, with as much contempt and aversion as a loyal British subject of the present day would regard the movements of chartists, and radicals, and repealers ; or the importation of the last (the very last) constitution from Paris.

Not such, however, were the sentiments of Mrs. O'Sherkin and her daughters, concerning the march of musical science. Poor Mr. O'Sherkin found himself in a minority of *one*, in voting on the question of piano-fortes : and amid a whirlwind of opposition, so loud and long as to set the pointers barking, was obliged to give in, and consent to bring a piano-forte to Castle Sherkin ; stipulating, nevertheless, that the ancient harpsichord should continue to occupy its wonted place : to which stipulation the ladies consented, as they would to thousands of stipulations, provided they carried their point.

Now why all this ado, this excitement, this whirlwind, this intense earnestness about a piano ? Were the ladies fanatics in music ?

Solve the question as you please, reader. It sometimes happens that in a scene of bustle, and sound, and fury, the spectator discerns not the real motive.

There is a story extant of two Frenchmen, ignorant of English, who went to Covent-garden to witness the performance of the tragedy of Othello. They tried to comprehend the story, but in vain. Scene after scene passed before them of tremendous rage, resentment, and intense excitement, but they were unable to trace these appearances to their real causes. At last, during one of Othello's most appalling outbursts of passion, one of the Frenchmen, in a sly tone of satisfaction at having, as he conjectured, unfathomed the mystery, exclaimed—"Ah ! mais je comprend ! Monsieur a perdu son mouchoir de poche !"

Perhaps Miss Fanny—*avait perdu son mouchoir de poche* !

Finally it was agreed that Mr. Aylmer should bring the newly invented musical instrument, in his personal custody, to Castle Sherkin, and that he should stop a while at that ancient place. "For it would be a charity," as Mrs. O'Sherkin compassionately remarked, "to that poor young man, to bring him out of his solitude and give him a little society." Which compassionate remark of the worthy lady may, perhaps, furnish a clue to her earnest exertions in this affair.

Bless the women ! 'Tis they are the clever creatures, when letter-writing, or match-making are in the wind. That very hour did Mrs. O'Sherkin sit down and write to Mr. Aylmer. And she had a horse saddled the next day, before dawn, and Con Gollahoo sent off with the letter to Bandon.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO IV.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

AN eminent name has lately been struck from off the roll of living authors. Within the last few weeks, the papers record the death of this distinguished dramatist, and most amiable lady, at the unusually protracted period of eighty-nine. The literary world of the present day, and the public in general, had so completely lost sight of her for many years, from the total retirement in which her long and tranquil old age exhausted itself, that we thought, in common with many, she had disappeared from her terrestrial pilgrimage long since. We numbered her with remembrances of the past, and considered her as much the property of history as sundry obsolete members of the House of Commons, whose mortal substance, much attenuated, we are assured still flickers uneasily round their accustomed benches, opposing everything and everybody. The announcement of her very recent demise was, at first, a little startling; it seemed as if a departed spirit had obtained leave to return, after a temporary sojourn in Elysium, to declare its own final translation. We are reminded of Lord Chesterfield's saying of himself and Lord Tyrawley, when both were very old and infirm, and looked as if they had been exhumed—"Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known."

I saw Joanna Baillie, for the first time, in Edinburgh, in 1820. I had long admired the writer, and looked on the woman with mingled interest and curiosity. She was then verging on fifty-eight, with an appearance of health, which, though in a slight frame, indicated longevity. I saw a small, prim, and Quaker-like looking person, in plain attire, with gentle, unobtrusive manners, and devoid of affectation; rather silent, and more inclined to listen than to talk. There was no tinge of the blue-stocking in her style of conversation, no assumption of conscious importance in her demeanour, and less of literary display than in any author or authoress I had ever been

in company with. It was difficult to persuade yourself that the little, insignificant, and rather commonplace-looking individual before you, could have conceived and embodied with such potent energy, the deadly hatred of De Montfort, or the fiery love of Basil. Living in the seclusion of a quiet, narrow, domestic circle, without practical experience of the world's doings, "she kept the noiseless tenor of her way," unchequered by stirring incidents to disturb or excite a tranquil, uniform course of life. With no knowledge but what was supplied by reading and reflection, her high imaginative genius enabled her to grapple in description with the absorbing passions which give their colour to the more active scenes of existence, and to depict them with as much truth and identity, as if she had felt and participated in all that she delineates.

An anecdote related to me at the time, by a party present, illustrates pleasingly the natural simplicity of her character. Being on a visit with Sir Walter Scott, she was taken to see the ruins of Melrose Abbey, we conclude, as a matter of course, "by the pale moonlight," as the poet recommends. The wonders of the eastern window were especially pointed out to her, with the complicated and delicate tracery of the arches, in some portions as clearly defined as when they first received outline and form from the chisel of the cutter. All stood silently round, and turned towards the great poetic lioness, expecting some burst of high-flown admiration, or fervid eulogium. Note-books were beginning to peep out, ears were erect, and expectation on the tip-toe. After gazing intently for some moments, she said quietly, and almost to herself, "It is really very fine—what a beautiful pattern it would make!" The loftiest genius dwells not always on Olympus, but sometimes treads on level ground, and descends to the thoughts and feelings of every-day humanity.

Very few of Miss Baillie's plays have been acted, and none with permanent

and so. Her first series of the "Plays on the Passions," was an experiment in a new work, not intended for the stage, and in truth, not more adapted to the study. These plays deal too exclusively in the evolution of one particular thought, the consequences of one particular agency. They are metaphysical ideas rather than practical events, and require to be paused on and reflected over, before you can thoroughly comprehend and enter into the object of the writer. They are distinctly dramatic poems, rather than acting dramas.

The public, when "De Montfort" was announced for representation at Drury-lane, in 1800, roused up from the periodical apathy which ever and anon comes over them; the critics announced the approach of a new era in dramatic literature, and the talents of the great actors, then in their zenith, left no doubt that the conceptions of the author would be fully realized. The excitement was great, and the disappointment commensurate. The audience yawned in spite of themselves, in spite of the exquisite poetry, the vigorous passion, and the transcendent acting of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. There was a total absence of subplot, or skillfully interwoven subordinate characters—no variety, no relief; it was all De Montfort, with his deadly hatred, his unsatisfactory reasons for it, his gloomy meditations, and their inevitable catastrophe; there was a heavy, unrelieved monotony, which wrapped all round like a sepulchral shroud, and reduced to suffering what should have been enjoyment. It was a positive reprove when the curtain dropped; and though all felt convinced they had been dealing with a very superior production, many doubted if they understood it; few shed tears (the most genuine test of tragedy), and still fewer cared to undergo the operation a second time. The play was put on the shelf after a short run of eleven nights.

More than twenty years after, "De Montfort" was revived at Drury-lane, for Edmund Kean, in 1821, with various alterations, and a last act entirely re-written by the authoress. Much expectation was again raised; Kean himself expected to do wonders with the part, and we have heard from some who saw it, that the performance was one of his greatest efforts; he acted

with all his tremendous energy, and at that time his powers were undiminished. But the same result ensued, from the original cause; the play was still found to be a ponderous monodrama, and its resurrection was even more transient than its first existence. All this is very discouraging, and rather extraordinary, where there is such undoubted excellence in the author, and that excellence has been so ably illustrated by the best performers of modern times. Look at "the Stranger," which keeps the stage, and never fails to please the audience, although modern critics have of late entered into a crusade against this and other dramas of the same class. Why it scarcely possesses a tithe of the merit or pretensions of "De Montfort," yet is it a far more effective play, and the same great actors, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, immortalized this German impropriety, while they failed in giving permanent life to the purer and more legitimate English tragedy. It must be (as we think), that the one, with all its faults and inferiority, is more natural than the other—more intelligible to the mass of the spectators, and more likely to happen to-day or to-morrow. The one is simple, the other strained. It is the rule opposed to the exception: we sympathize more readily with what is likely, than what is barely possible. Many are inclined to think the author's of "De Montfort" had gone beyond nature, in colouring hatred so strongly, when arising from an insignificant cause, and cherished pertinaciously after so long an interval. For one case of romantic or high-wrought incident, whether of crime or virtue, and which only happens to peculiar natures, under peculiar circumstances, there occur twenty common ones in the ordinary occurrences of every-day life, which, as everybody can understand, they take a greater interest in. If this reasoning is correct, it applies as a general rule, although introduced to bear on a particular instance, and proves that a mere skilful playwright may carry away the public voice, which is sometimes refused to higher genius and far more profound conceptions.

Miss Baillie having written her double series of "Plays on the Passions," which were generally pronounced more adapted to the closet than the stage, published in 1804 an additional volume of three "Miscel-

laneous Plays," intended more expressly for representation, and all of which, at different times, had been offered to and rejected by the London managers. She was evidently anxious that her dramas should be acted, and says in her preface:—

"It has been, and still is, my strongest desire to add a few pieces to the stock of what may be called our national or permanently acting plays, how unequal soever my abilities may be to the object of my ambition."

And again—

"I have wished to leave behind me in the world a few plays, some of which might have a chance of continuing to be acted even in our canvas theatres and barns, and of preserving to my name some remembrance of that species of amusement which I have, above every other, enjoyed."

She says, very justly too, that the failure of her attempts to add to the acted drama is the more to be regretted, as having no opportunity of seeing any of her productions on the stage, many faults, respecting effect, arising from want of practical experience, would remain undiscovered, and thus render improvement in her subsequent productions almost impossible. This preface was published after the first production of *De Montfort*, although written probably at an antecedent date. That she had, even without experience, some idea of what are called stage effects, or *coups de theatre*, may be evidenced by several instances from her dramas. The arrangements for the execution of Ethwald;* the sawing asunder of the planks supporting the scaffold, by Ohio the negro, in *Rayner*; and the contrivance of Othoric to escape death with torture in *Constantine Paleologus*.

In 1810 the *Family Legend* was produced in the Edinburgh Theatre, through the interference and active exertions of Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, who took great interest in its success, and assembled a host of the literati of the modern Athens to witness the first representation. He supplied the pro-

logue, and the epilogue was contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*. The authoress says she obtained the story in 1805 from the Hon. Mrs. Damer, who gave it to her as a legend long preserved in the family of her maternal ancestors. It had been previously brought on the stage by Holcroft, as a melodrama, under the title of the *Lady of the Rock*, and acted at Drury-lane in 1805.† But of this fact Miss Baillie appears to have been entirely ignorant. Great pains were taken with the production of her play. The Edinburgh public were pleased and flattered by a national story, given to them by a country-woman; it was received with warm applause for fourteen consecutive nights, frequently repeated afterwards, and remained long on the stock list of the theatre. The heroine, Helen of Argyll, was represented by Mrs. Henry Siddons, one of the most accomplished actresses of her day, and who ranks in the very foremost list of those whose private virtues have enhanced the lustre of their professional excellence. I have, on several occasions, performed in this play with her the character of the brother, John of Lorne, during the seasons comprised between 1822 and 1824; but of the original actors, not more than one is now alive.

Mr. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, mentions that, in 1815, the *Family Legend* was performed in one of the London theatres, on which occasion the authoress (with Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott), was present at the representation. We have no record accessible by which to ascertain at what theatre the representation took place, or the degree of success it was attended with. More than once I have thought of producing the *Family Legend* on the Dublin boards, and we have had several eminent actresses who could have rendered full justice to the leading female character, in which the interest principally centres. Either Mrs. Kean or Miss Helen Faucit could have embodied it beautifully. There is in this play action, vigour, and poetical dialogue; interest in the story, and ample field

* A very similar effect was long afterwards introduced in a play at Drury-lane, called the *Red Mask*, adapted from Cooper's novel of the "Bravo," where the execution of Jacopo is arranged much after this fashion.

† The plot and story of Holcroft's drama are taken from Mrs. Murray's "Companion to the Highlands."

for scenic effects. A very striking and original incident occurs where the lady is left to perish on a lone rock in the ocean, which, at high tide, is entirely submerged, and from which she is rescued in the last extremity. This, in our large theatre, would afford a glorious opportunity for one of those triumphs of mechanism, with which modern audiences are taken by storm, and wherein the genius of the master-carpenter and the scene painter throws into the shade the ablest efforts of the most accomplished actor. These resources are scarcely legitimate, but we live under the "lower empire" of dramatic taste. In obedience to its laws, and not to be behind the times, the managers of the great London theatres have been coerced into costly expedients, and have transformed some of the noblest tragedies of Shakspeare into monstrous five-act melodramas; reducing them to a peg on which to hang endless processions, emblazoned surcoats, banners illustrative of all the different stages in heraldic science, with costumes from undoubted authority, and whole armies of supernumeraries clad in real panoply; to the vast delight of the learned antiquarian, but to the utter mystification of the bewildered public. The interest and passion of the scene were lost in the show, and Coriolanus or Henry V. could hardly be distinguished from the glittering pageantry that enveloped them. This is not meant in any disparagement to the acknowledged talents possessed by the leading actors of the day. There are among them men worthy "to stand by Cæsar and give directions," but even Garrick or John Kemble would have been smothered up by a similar process. Our remarks are intended, in all humility, merely as a comment on what we conceive to be the mistake of a system, ruinous in expense and unsound in application. There is a medium in all things, and in this the whole matter appears to have been overdone. The upholsterer and the property man stepped into the foremost places instead of filling up the back ground; thus rendering principal what should be accessory, and confounding

just proportion, as, in architecture, the overloaded ornaments of the florid Gothic obscure the nobler and more solid features of the early Norman original.

The tragedy of Constantine Paleogus is unquestionably more dramatic, and better suited for representation, than any other of Miss Baillie's plays. Her plots are usually of her own invention, and in this instance alone she has drawn from the pages of history. The subject is full of interest, and several imaginary characters are introduced, which relieve without interfering with the main story. It was written expressly for Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and glorious representatives they would have been of the two leading personages, the last Cæsar and his devoted partner.* The reason why they rejected this fine tragedy has never been explained; perhaps the cold reception of *De Montfort* had chilled them; but at that epoch they frequently wasted both time and talent on many worthless dramas, long since buried and forgotten, and from which neither fame nor profit could reasonably be expected. On reading *Constantine* I was much struck with its beauties and capability for producing stage effect. In 1820, being then merely a leading performer in the Edinburgh Theatre, and with no forebodings of ever becoming a manager, I selected it for my benefit night, and bestowed much time and consideration in arranging it for the purpose. It had been already acted in Liverpool, I think, under the supervision of Mr. Terry, and at the Surrey Theatre, in London, by Huntly and Miss Taylor, during the management of Dibdin; at the latter place as a melodramatic spectacle, under the title of *Constantine and Valeria*. I had never seen either of these versions, consequently, for the merits or defects of what I was going to produce I was solely responsible, and much curtailment and many alterations were necessary. Miss Baillie happened to arrive in Edinburgh, on a visit to some friends, at this precise juncture, and while the rehearsals were going on.† I had not the slightest

* The character of the Empress Valeria is fictitious; Constantine Paleogus was unmarried.

† The performers were so much annoyed with the constant rehearsals of this play, and the trouble it occasioned them, that they christened it, as a green-room joke, "Constantine Plaguin'-all-of-us."

idea of such a coincidence when I selected the play, but immediately addressed a letter to her on the subject, which, with her reply, may be interesting to our readers. I was then a tyro on the stage, it was my first attempt at dramatic arrangement, and I little foresaw the future years of long and laborious experience in similar matters which were in store for me :—

“ Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, May 24th, 1820.

“MADAM,—Intruding myself as a stranger on your attention, I trust the nature of my subject will plead my excuse; and I must further apologise for having delayed preferring the request contained in this letter, by stating that I was ignorant until late last night of your arrival in Edinburgh. Among the many works of genius with which you have enriched the literature of our country, I have long considered the tragedy of *Constantine Paleologus* as particularly adapted to produce strong effect in representation. With this feeling I have, with the full concurrence of Mrs. H. Siddons,* selected it for that purpose on Monday evening next, and now venture to solicit your sanction and approbation, which, I trust, will not be withheld. In arranging the play for the stage, it has been necessary to deviate, in some instances, from its original form, and to omit, occasionally, passages which, though beautiful in themselves, are not essential to the development of the plot, and sometimes impede the progress of the incidents. I trust I am not presumptuous in recalling to your mind that the play, in its original state, greatly exceeds the usual length of acting tragedies; that the reader in the closet can dwell, *ad libitum*, on poetical beauties, whereas the spectator in the theatre must be roused at once by striking effects, and his attention kept alive by rapidity of action; that the taste of the present day inclines, perhaps too strongly, to the delineation of vehement passion, almost to the exclusion of declamatory and didactic composition;† and, lastly, that the means afforded by a comparatively small theatri-

cal company, render it indispensable to condense the principal characters, so as to place the weight of the representation in a few hands. On this plan, and with these objects in view, the tragedy has been arranged for the stage, but not the slightest liberty has been taken with the original text. Ignorant at the time that you were to visit Edinburgh I was unable to avail myself of your very superior knowledge and experience, which I should most anxiously have solicited. I trust, however, you will approve of what has been done on the principles I have stated, and should you feel disposed to honour the theatre with your presence on Monday evening, every effort will be made to render the performance such as you can witness with satisfaction.

“I have the honour to subscribe myself, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,
“”

Miss Baillie's answer to the above letter was as follows :—

“ King-street, Wednesday morning.

“SIR,—Nothing can be more gratifying to me than your having thought the play of *Constantine* worthy of being performed in the Edinburgh Theatre, and I beg that Mrs. H. Siddons and yourself will accept my best thanks for the honour you do me. I am well assured that the alterations you have made will give it a much better chance of succeeding; and, indeed, I never supposed that it was entirely adapted to any theatre. I hope to have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. H. Siddons very soon, and have this morning sent a parcel to her house which I received from Mrs. Siddons a few days before I left London.

“I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,
“ J. BAILLIE.”

When we consider that this play, of all the productions of the authoress, was that which she had most carefully composed for representation, and which she had fondly hoped would grace the boards of Drury-lane Theatre, and be acted by the matchless artists she had

* Mrs. H. Siddons was the proprietress of the theatre, and an intimate personal friend of Miss Baillie.

† A little before the time when this letter was written it was not unusual at Drury-lane, for ladies in the dress boxes, and actresses on the stage, to be taken out in fits, while Kean was acting the last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach*; while at Covent-garden, Miss O'Neill, Young, Macready, and C. Kemble, acted up the tragedies of Shiel with such unsparing energy, that, from the first act to the last, a foreigner, ignorant of the language, would have supposed they were in convulsions. They were all, as John Kemble said of Kean in particular, “terribly in earnest.” I wish our modern actors would rouse the public with a little of this *vis physica* in the right places.

written for, it must have been some disappointment, even to her tranquil spirit, to find that it was in Edinburgh she was to witness its first representation; for though we considered ourselves many degrees beyond "trifles of the minnows," the London public and their critics were not disposed to subscribe to all our pretensions. The event was satisfactory to all concerned. The house was crowded, the audience liberal of applause, and the authoress delighted. When I was introduced to her in her private box, after the curtain fell, she said "she had never passed a happier evening in her life."

In 1825, *Constantine Paleologus* was produced in Dublin. We had here more extensive means than in Edinburgh. New scenery was painted, and much pageantry introduced. A splendid banquet in the imperial palace, in the first act; a singularly well organised mob, in the second; a grand military procession, in the third; the Bosphorus, with the imperial fleet and galley, in the fourth; and, in the fifth, the storming of the city, and bearing off the body of the slain Emperor by his devoted band of brothers. We subjoin a bill of the first night as an authentic document:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

This present Evening, Thursday, June 30, 1825, will be performed (first time here),
a New Historical Drama, in Five Acts,

CALLED

CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS,

THE LAST OF THE CESARS.

Written by the celebrated JOANNA BAILLIE, authoress of *De Montfort*, *Plays of the Passions*, &c. Altered and adapted for representation in this Theatre, with new and appropriate Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations. The Greek and Turkish Marches composed by Mr. A. LEE.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|
| CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS, the last Emperor of Constantinople | | | | | | ... Mr. Abbott. |
| Petronius | } | Senators of Constantinople | | | | ... Mr. Hamerton. |
| Marthon | | | | | | ... Mr. Barry. |
| Othus | | | | | | ... Mr. Digges. |
| Justiniani | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Cunningham. |
| Hugo | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. O'Rourke. |
| Othorle (a Hungarian Savage) | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Brough. |
| Rodrigo, a Genoese Naval Commander, Chief of the Band of Friends | | | | | | Mr. Calcraft. |
| Greek Noblemen, Knights, Senators, Officers, Soldiers. | | | | | | |
| Mahomet the Second, Emperor of the Turks | | | | | | ... Mr. Southwell. |
| Osmir, his Vizier | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. James. |
| Caled | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Swan. |
| Turkish Officers, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c., &c., &c. | | | | | | |
| Valeria, Empress of Constantinople | | | | | | ... Miss Jarman. |
| Ella, Daughter of Petronius | | | | | | ... Miss Harvey. |
| Lucia | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Miss Stanfield. |
| Servia | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Johnson. |
| Pulcheria | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Norman. |
| Sempronia | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Miss Mahon. |
| Flavia | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Smollett. |

In the course of the Play the following Scenery will be introduced:—

Suburbs of Constantinople and Distant View of the Turkish Encampment.

Grand Banquet in the Imperial Palace.

Exterior of the Palace of Constantine.

Grand Chamber in the Palace, commanding a view of the Bosphorus.

The Imperial Galley and Fleet—Burning Ruins of Constantinople.

To conclude with the Melodrama of the

FATHER and SON;

OR, THE RUINS OF THE CONVENT."

It will be interesting to speculate for a moment on the list of names we have before us in this bill, while we inquire where are the individuals now? The sombre Young asks, "Where is the world in which a man was born?"

The caustic Byron says, "Where is the world of eight years past?" We inquire, where is this theatrical cohort of twenty-five years since? Eight have passed "to that bourn from whence no traveller returns;" seven

have retired married, or incapable of service; and but two are still borne on the books of the old crazy vessel. The commander, and one of his faithful subordinates, Richard Barry. The latter, with the worthy treasurer, will for many ages represent the skeleton of a once numerous phalanx. They will be dug alive out of the fossilized ruins of the theatre, when the next geological cataclysm entirely changes the present external aspect of our planet. Both are unquestionably immortal, and will survive "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds"—that one is, "The Wandering Jew," and the other, "St. Leon," is "a great fact," clearly demonstrated, but to which the separate identity actually belongs is still an open question. Widdicombe, we have been told, was inclined to dispute both points, but he took the opinion of counsel, which, although encouraged by a liberal fee, was unfavourable, and he retired from the contest.

"*Revenons a nos moutons*," as somebody says in French, and everybody quotes when they want an apt sentence. *Constantine Paleologus* was very successful in Dublin, and repeated several times to applauding audiences, while the press unanimously spoke in liberal praise of author, adapter, actors, and the general arrangements. I would revive it, but revivals are unlucky, while the *prestige* in favour of new names and against old ones is too strong to be resisted. In the pride of my heart I sent copies of my adaptation to the two leading London theatres, thinking, with the host of talent they then commanded, one or the other might deem it worthy their attention, but I never could get an answer, although I asked more than once, and almost "with whispering humbleness" (as Shylock says), for that inexpensive and easy courtesy. In those days I had no interest with the heads of departments, not having yet become the alembic through which large sums were afterward distilled into recipient pockets. Several times I thought of calling to request restitution of that and one or two other manuscripts, "of no use but to the owner;" but I was afraid of being told to take my choice from some mouldering pyramid of the unacted drama piled up in a neglected lumber-room; and I abandoned the property through dread of the affront. By the way, I have a good many un-

claimed manuscripts in my own possession, which having passed the statute of limitations, have become lawful forfeitures, and I shall be happy to dispose of them on very reasonable terms to any gentleman who may be desirous of proving the incompetence of managers by publishing another series of "Rejected Plays." In these hard times a man must turn an honest penny in any way that reconciles itself to his conscience, and as Ephraim Smooth observes, "there is no harm in a guinea."

The life of Joanna Baillie belongs to posterity, and doubtless it will be contributed by some "eminent hand," well qualified for the task; in the meantime the two or three desultory reminiscences we have here recorded apply to matters not generally known, but which, in a rambling series of papers like the present, may be considered not wholly uninteresting.

The writings of this lady are not so familiar to the present generation as they ought to be; an extract or two from the volume of "Miscellaneous Plays" intended for the stage will show both the variety and power of her style, and have not, we believe, been pointed out before. Here is one from *Rayner*, which in quaintness and humour reminds us of the elder dramatists. Rayner is in prison, condemned to die for a murder of which he is innocent, and attended by a friendly monk, who has come to prepare him for his fate. The turnkey enters.

RAYNER.

"It is the turnkey; a poor man, who tho' His state in life favours not the kind growth Of soft affections, has shown kindness to me. He wears upon his face the awkwardness And hesitating look of one who comes To ask some favour; send him not away. [To Turnkey.] What dost thou want good friend? Out with it, man! We are not very stern.

TURNKEY.

Please you, it has to me long been a privilege To show the curious peasantry and boors, Who, from the country flock o' holy days, Thro' his strait prison bars, the famous robber, That overhead is cell'd; and now a company Waits here without to see him, but he's sullen And will not show himself. If it might please you But for a moment opposite your grate To stand, without great wrong to any one, You might pass for him, and do me great kindness.

Or the good Father there if he be willing
To doff his hood and turn him to the light,
He hath a good thick beard and a stern eye,
That would be better still."

Rayner laughs violently, the monk expels the turnkey in a passion, and proceeds to remonstrate with the prisoner on his ill-placed levity.

From *Constantine* we select the following passages, in an opposite strain.

Mahomet is visiting his outposts on the night previous to the final attack of Constantinople. The distant murmurs proceeding from the devoted city are heard.

MAHOMET.

[To his Vizier] What sounds are these?

OSMIR.

Hast thou forgot we are so near the city?
It is the murmuring night-sound of her streets.

MAHOMET.

And let me listen too,—I love the sound!
Like the last whispers of a dying enemy
It comes to my pleas'd ear.
Spent art thou, proud imperial queen of nations,
And thy last accents are upon the wind.
Thou hast but one more voice to utter: one
Loud, frantic, terrible, and then art thou
Amongst the nations heard no more."

In the fourth act Constantine having determined to die in the breach, has a parting interview with his wife, in which he darkly intimates his dread that after his death she will fall into the power of the conqueror, and be compelled to espouse him. She does not at first comprehend his meaning, but when it bursts upon her, a dialogue of mingled agony and pathos winds up thus:—

"CONSTANTINE.

"Think how a doting husband is distracted,
Who knows too well a lawless victor's power.

VALERIA.

What is his power? It naught regardeth me.

CONSTANTINE.

Alas! the frowns of a detesting bride
Deter him not.

VALERIA.

BUT WILL HE WED THE DEAD?"

Here is a volume of powerful meaning, in six short monosyllables. We can see Mrs. Siddons before us, and fancy the manner and effect with which she would have delivered this climax.

In the last scene, *Constantine* has fallen on his post like a gallant and devoted soldier. The city is taken; all are at the mercy of the conqueror. Valeria, who has just received the news of the Emperor's death, has cast herself on the ground in a frenzy of despair, and lies motionless surrounded by her attendant ladies. The victorious sultan enters with his train.

MAHOMET.

"She stirs not, *Osmir*, even at my approach. She sits upon the ground, unmoved and still. Thou sorrow-clouded beauty, not less lovely In this thy mournful state! She heeds me not.

Empress and sov'reign Dame. Still she regards me not. [After a pause.]
Widow of *Constantine*!

VALERIA—[Starting up.]

Ay, now thou callest on me by a name
Which I do hear—

What would'st thou say to her who proudly
wears

That honour'd title?"

This play is seldom read, and in all probability will never be acted again; but if these and many similar passages, which we might readily multiply, did space permit, do not combine poetic beauty with dramatic vigour—an opinion in such cases, derived from experience, is a very fallacious guide, and a mere reed unsafe to lean on.*

There is a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Hemans (in Lockhart's Life), on the production of her tragedy called the "Vespers of Palermo," in Edinburgh, which corroborates so strongly the argument that action supersedes language, with modern audiences, that we cannot abstain from inserting it. He says, "they care little (that is, audiences) about poetry on the stage—it is situation, passion, and rapidity of action which seem to be the principal requisites for ensuring the success of a modern drama; but I trust by dint of a special jury, the piece may have a decent success—certainly I should not hope for much more." This play did succeed in Edinburgh, although it failed in London, but it never became popular or attractive, and most probably from a deficiency of the qualities so strongly pointed out in Sir Walter's letter.

* A very handsome edition of Miss Baillie's collected works in one volume, has lately been published by Messrs. Longman. We strongly recommend all who are lovers of our national dramatic literature to place this volume on their shelves.

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

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VOL. XXXVII.

A MAY-DAY FEAST.

"Esta Maya lleva la flor
Que las otras no."

LOPE DE VEGA.

WELL may the multitudinous Londoners who wend their triumphant way, this bright May-morning, to Hyde-park, adopt the words of our motto, and exclaim:—

"Esta Maya lleva la flor
Que las otras no."

Yes, indeed, *this* May produces a flower for them which no other May ever produced before. The fullest development of mechanical skill; the completest consummation of industrial progress; a "peace congress," rich in results and unincumbered by barren or impossible theories; an Aladdin's palace, called into quick and miraculous existence by means of the wonderful lamp of science, more potent than that of romance; all lie before them in that stupendous crystal casket which art has created for their instruction and delight. It is not for *them* to sigh over the vanished glories of May-day, the time-honoured sports, the simple carnivals of many a village-green. They have themselves instituted a new festival, which is likely to take the place of those that have disappeared, when, instead of the Morrice dance of our ancestors, led along by the sylvan pipe or pastoral reed, shall be heard and seen that overwhelming "March of Nations" for which Mons. Jullien has most opportunely and considerably composed the music, and where, instead of Maid

Marian, her most gracious Majesty herself (addressing the Duchess of Kent, we presume, on this morning) will exclaim, in the words of her own Laureate:—

"I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May!"

On this day, dear reader, when all the old haunts of summer revelry are deserted; when for the first time since St. Walpurgis converted their Saxon ancestors to Christianity, the dream-haunted Burschen of the father-land will turn their curious and mystery-seeking steps from the wild summits of the Brocken, and exchange the witches of the Harz for those "witches" of the heart which Lancashire will doubtless contribute to the world's monster meeting, and when, instead of *one* "*jung frau*," our German wanderer will have the pleasure of seeing many. On this day, we repeat, when the house-spirit of Andalusia, the tricky *Duende* of Spanish song, like more earthly enchanters in those degenerate times, will have to play to empty houses in the fair cities of Seville or Granada, the noble Hidalgos, their proprietors, being at the time expiating in the purgatory of some London "*Casa de posada*," the original sin of eating the fruit of industrial knowledge on the banks of the Thames. On this day when (to be lyrical)—

The Persian cries, 'perish the *Peri*,'
As he sippeth sherbét *a la VERT*.
And our tea-drinking cousin, John Chinaman,
Having turned out so spruce and so fine a man,
(Just as if with JAMES PLUSII he had *swopp'd* sticks)
Orders 'chops' not, of course, without *chop* sticks,
Or says—'Waiter'—and winks with his *weeny* eye,
'Gin and water, and—Fum take the *Genii*!'

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And Paddy, to show his vagaries,
 Snaps his fingers, and laughs at the *Fairies*.
 Or over his dhudeen, or hookah,
 Puffs away, and pooh, poohs at the *Pooka*.
 And the Scotchman, in dear London towney, 's
 Done brown, while he sneers at the *Brownies*,
 Or while sipping strong waters at Whelpy's,
 Grows a sceptic, and doubts of the *Kelpies*.
 When the Manxman (but this is still odder) he
 Presumes to make fun of *Phynnodderree* ;^{*}
 And the Finn, followed close by his lackey,
 In contempt, shows his teeth like a *Nakhi* ;[†]
 When no Shetlander e'er will be guilty
 To acknowledge belief in *Shoopiltie* ;[‡]
 And each stout Neapolitan fellow
 (Who gets passports) will cut *Monaciello*,
 When in Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, and German,
 All will chatter 'gainst mermaid and merman.

When, in fine (to return to plain prose), all the supernatural beings that have presided over the inauguration of the summer are abandoned by their several worshippers, and the world's fairies are exchanged for the "world's fair," what, we mean to ask our readers, are we to do? We all cannot go to London; the glory of Ichabod and Finglass hath departed, for, alas! the May-pole has become as extinct as the megatherium. One resource remains: to provide a banquet for ourselves; to furnish forth an exhibition on our own account; to transport ourselves on the wings of fancy and by the enchantments of art to some delicious scenes, where, doubtless, the May Queen once enjoyed her brief but happy reign, and swayed with floral sceptre over her innocent realm. To the green lanes of England, then, let us betake us; to that land which, however inferior to our own in the variety of its landscapes, and in the sublimer attributes of "the mountain and the flood," stands preeminent for the pastoral beauty of its prospects; its shady lanes, bordered with flower-inwoven hedges of the most delicate green, and o'erhung with the transparent leaves of the linden, or the pendulous circular fans of the sycamore. Let us away to those fields, which the author of *Thalaba* has so exquisitely described:—

— "The beautiful fields
 Of England, where, amid the growing grass,
 The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
 And the sweet cowslip scents the genial air,
 In the merry month of May!"

Fortunately, the first book§ to which we shall call the attention of the reader is one that in many places realises this description of the poet. Its artistic attractions are, if possible, increased, as they are certainly rendered more apparent, by the brief but pregnant criticism which Mr. Thackeray appends to each of the pictures in the collection. His momentary return to his first love, that of art, seems to have made him forget the contemptuous sarcasm and cynical bitterness of his usual style. Writing on that subject, he seems to have traced his words in colours blended with the oil of roses, and with a pencil of silk, instead of that small sharp instrument of steel which elsewhere he wields with such formidable power. It is Titmarsh, and not Thackeray, that we have here; and we confess we have never seen the second Michael Angelo look to better advantage than when acting as showman to his friend's exhibition. Will our readers believe it? the author of "Vanity Fair" becomes enthusiastic! talks of nature with the idyllic graces of Gesner, and absolutely "babbles of green fields!" We are glad of it. We do not object to see Homer take an occasional nap in the midst of all his sublimities; and why should we deny to the satirist the pleasure of now and then refreshing his heart with the unvitiated atmosphere of Nature, and rolling himself on the sunny grass, like "us children" (as Goethe says in his autobiography), when he thinks no one is looking at him.

* The Hair-Spirit of the Isle of Man.

† "Ha! that's a *Nakhi*. See his *fish's teeth*!"

‡ The water-spirit of Shetland. Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 489.

§ *Sketches after English Landscape Painters*. By L. Marvy, with short Notices by W. M. Thackeray. London: David Bogue.

We are delighted that we have stolen on him in his moments of dalliance, and caught the terror of snobs and the Gulliver of Lilliputian vulgarities upon his back. We shall not say,

"Ah Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit!"

but only wish the "fine frenzy" of poetical and artistic enthusiasm would visit him more frequently.

"The revolutionary storm (writes Mr. Thackeray in his preface) which raged in France in 1848 drove many peaceful artists, as well as kings, ministers, tribes, and socialists of state, for refuge to our country; and amongst the former was Mons. Louis Marvy, a friend of the present writer, who has passed many happy hours in the French artist's atelier, which, with his friends and his family, and its constant cheerfulness and sunshine, the Parisian was obliged to exchange for a dingy parlour and the fog and solitude of London. A fine and skilful landscape-painter himself, Mons. Marvy, during his residence here, made the following series of engravings, after the works of our English landscape-painters; and, amongst other persons, especially and thankfully owes an obligation to my kind friend, Mr. Thomas Baring, for permission to make several sketches after pictures in his rich collection.

"The task of describer or narrator," continues Mr. Thackeray, "devolved upon myself, without whose introduction the publishers would not hear of M. Marvy's appearance before the English public, and who must bespeak its indulgence for the discharge of a task which was one of no small difficulty. There are no incidents in our show upon which the showman can dilate: in most cases he has to introduce his audience to the sight of a simple and quiet landscape, over which ideal pleasure is ever the best commentary, and concerning which it is as hard to explain one's own emotions as to cause another to share in them; but the promise being made, the pictures engraved, and the publisher peremptory, there is nothing for it but to step forward, make a bow to the audience, and begin the lecture."

If the editor felt this difficulty of treating the subject, with all the advantages which he possessed in being able to elucidate his meaning by a direct reference to the very scene that he is describing, or the peculiarities of the artist's manner of whom he treats, what must be our difficulty, whose duty it is to convey in

words alone the impressions which have been formed on our minds not only by the fancy and imitative power of the artist, but by the very colouring and shading of the pictures themselves, as reproduced in their copies? As, however, our publisher, like Mr. Thackeray's, is "peremptory," we have only to implore a greater amount of that indulgence which he asked for, and which he did not so much require. To atone for the deficiencies of our own remarks, we shall presently allow Mr. Thackeray himself to speak, as the most likely inducement to tempt our readers into the purchase of the volume itself.

Passing over the first name, that of Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, whose pencil, dipped in the azure hues that gleam in the Venetian skies and lagunes of Canaletti, can turn the muddy waters of the Thames into the sparkling mirrors that reflect the Rialto,—let us come to that gorgeous colourist, Turner, whose every landscape might be called without much violence what Cervantes styles *Lope de Vega*, a "*monstruo de naturaleza*." The particular production of his pencil, under notice, possesses less of the exaggerated mannerism of the artist than usual. It is a calm and beautiful scene—an ancient castle—its lower battlements half hid in surrounding foliage, the dark green colour of which is reflected in the waters of a still lake, and the scene bounded by the graceful outline of hills, which remind us of our own gentle and undulating Dublin mountains. Mr. Thackeray, alluding to what is usually a very severe ordeal for a painting to go through, namely, its reproduction in an engraving, acutely remarks with respect to Turner:—

"As one cannot look at the sun but through a blackened glass, it has seemed to us that the most dazzling of Turner's fancies have often been improved by the sobering influence of the graver; and in nothing has his style proved more triumphant than in withstanding this test. There are no clap-trap light or shadows to serve the purpose of effect."

This is perfectly true, and admirably expressed.

For ourselves, when looking at some of Turner's pictures, dazzling us with supernatural splendour, and terrifying us with preternatural glooms, realizing

that magnificent image of Shelley (if they did not originate it)—

"Like as, when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse"—

we have often wondered why he did not combine his innumerable "gamboge suns," blinding sunsets, and scorching noons into one vast blazing realisation of the final destruction of the world by fire. Perhaps he has done so, but we have not seen it, nor would we wish to see it, except after a two years' cruise in search of Sir John Franklin. As it is pleasantly related of Fuseli that he never could look at one of John Constable's landscapes without calling for his great coat and umbrella, one feels tempted to cry out for the fire-engines at seeing some of Turner's. In fact the same mistake which Southey describes the Devil to have made in seeing General Gascoigne's nose might readily have been fallen into by that not easily startled individual, if in his "walks" he should ever have turned into the Royal Academy—

"For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came on the general's burning face,
And it struck him with such consternation,
That home in a hurry his way did he take,
Because he thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration."

Mr. Thackeray's estimate of Turner's genius is written in a genial spirit and with a delicate humour that does not tempt him into injustice. He says:—

"Some people cannot understand that prodigious poem, 'The Fallacies of Hope,' with Delphic sentences, from which the notices of Mr. Turner's pictures are often accompanied in the Academy catalogues. Many cannot comprehend the late pictures themselves, but stand bewildered before those blazing wonders, those blood-red shadows, those whirling gamboge suns—awful hieroglyphics, which even the Oxford Graduate, Turner's most faithful priest and worshipper, cannot altogether make clear. Nay, who knows whether the prophet himself has any distinct idea of the words which break out from him as he sits whirling on the tripod; or of what spirits will come up as he waves his wand and delivers his astounding incantation? In Mr. Irving's latter days it was the gift of some to utter, of others to interpret the utterances, and possibly the prophet was as much surprised and edified as anybody else in the congrega-

tion when the interpreter rose and translated his mystic cries. It is not given to all to understand, but at times we have glimpses of comprehension; and in looking at such pictures as the 'Fighting Temeraire,' for instance, or the 'Star Ship,' we admire (and can scarce find words adequate to express our wonder) the stupendous skill and genius of this astonishing master. If those works which we think we understand are sublime, what are those others which are unintelligible? Are they sublime too, or have they reached that higher step which by some is denominated ridiculous? Perhaps we have not arrived at the right period for judging; and time, which is proverbial for settling squabbles, is also required for sobering pictures."

Towards the end of the volume there is a delicious scene by John Constable above-mentioned, who "was intended by nature for a landscape-painter, but by his parents for the honourable craft of miller." Although this picture, like most others from the same artist's pencil, are pre-eminent for his delineations of what Coleridge called "cloud-land—gorgeous land,"—his varied treatment realising Shelley's exquisite description of the Protean changes of

"The daughter of earth and water,
And the nursing of the sky,"

it possesses landscape beauties of the highest order, from the thick, leafy trees beside the transparent milldam or stream, from which the outstretched peasant, face downwards, is drinking the refreshing lymph, to the distant perspective of corn-fields and meadows. Keats would have fancied it a place where his own nightingale would be likely

"To sing of summer in full-throated ease."

The volume contains specimens of twenty artists, all known to fame, and as yet we have but alluded to three. We regret that we cannot go on for ever, thus sitting from landscape to landscape, from tree to tree, "like the bird in the story." Time and space preclude our doing more than referring to two others, the first of whom bears the illustrious name of our countryman, DANBY. Mr. Thackeray surpasses himself in describing the peculiar character of this great master's style. He says:—

"The French artist has given a very successful imitation of the beautiful and

poetical sepiá drawing of Mr. Danby. We have scarcely ever seen a work by that great painter in which a similar poetical beauty was not conveyed, and in regarding which the spectator does not feel impressed by something of that solemn contemplation and reverent worship of nature which seems to pervade the artist's mind and pencil. His pictures are always still. You stand before them alone, and with a hushed admiration, as before a great landscape when it breaks on your view. He describes a scene of natural grandeur and beauty, of darkling forests tinged with the brightening dawn of woods, and calm waters gilded with sunset or fading into twilight, and as in reading Wordsworth or the Georgics, the mind submits itself, awe-stricken and delighted, to the majestic repose and splendour of the poet's art, one may say of Mr. Danby that he paints morning and evening odes. His works are vast, polished, elaborate; with other painters, differently constituted, it is as if they trilled a ballad or sang a sea-song.

"As the blind man who said that he supposed the colour of scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet, I suppose most persons called upon to give an account of their sensations with regard to art, must be driven to compare pictures to poems, and poems to pictures; one always feels as if they were the same."

Moore, in one of his later melodies, asks—

"What life like that of the bird can be—
The wandering bird that roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings."

This seems a nice sort of life enough; but like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, Mr. Thackeray "knows a nicer." Speaking of ROBERTS, who has been everywhere, seen everything, looked into the crater of Vesuvius and found *something* in it, notwithstanding Monsieur Blasé's assertion to the contrary—who travelled for years in Spain, lived like a Bedouin in the desert, sketched the spires of Antwerp, the peaks of Lebanon, the castles of the Rhine, the minarets of Cairo, the pyramids of Egypt, and "the huts under the date-trees along the banks of the Nile:"—

"Can any calling (says Mr. Thackeray) be more pleasant than that of such an artist? The life is at once thoughtful and adventurous, gives infinite variety and excitement, and constant opportunity for reflection. As one looks at the multifarious works of this brave

and hardy painter, whose hand is the perfect and accomplished slave of his intellect, and ready, like a genius in an eastern tale, to execute the most wonderful feats and beautiful works with the most extraordinary rapidity. . . . Oh! happy painter—*tibi ridet equora ponti*. From the deck of your boat you sketch the sea and the shore; you moor under the city walls, and mosque, and dome, Gothic cathedral, tower and ancient fortress, rise up with their long perspectives, and varied outlines and hues, and solemn shadows, fantastic and beautiful, built in an hour or two under the magical strokes of your delightful, obedient little genius, the pencil! The ferry-boat puts off from the stairs and makes its way across the river to the grey old town on the bank yonder. Where the windows in the quaint-gabled houses and the vanes on the towers are still flaring in the sunset, and reflected in the river beneath—tower and town, river and distant hill, boat and ferry, and the steersman with his paddle, and the peasants with the grape-baskets swinging in the boat, are all sketched down on the painter's drawing-board before the sun has sunk, and before he returns to his snug supper at the inn, when the landlord's pretty daughter comes and peers over the magician's portfolio. Or the cangia moors by the bank side; the Arab crew are cooking their meal, and chanting their chant; the camels come down to the water and receive their loads of cotton, and disappear with their shouting drivers under the date trees, to the village with the crumbled wall and minaret;—when the grave elders are seated smoking under the gate, and the women pass to and fro, straight and stately, robed in flowing robes, bearing pitchers on their graceful heads. The painter sees and notes them all down while the light lasts him, and before he smokes his own pipe under the stars on the deck, after a long day of pleasant labour, and before he closes his eyes, which have been so busy and so pleased all day. Or he is up before dawn upon his mule to see the sun rise over the heights of the Sierra. Or he is seated at morning, the Skeikh with his long gun over his shoulder, watching, and the Arabs lying round the tent, 'silent upon a peak in Lebanon.'

With this graphic pen and ink sketch, which shows that Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh did not wander from "Cornhill to Cairo" for nothing, we take our last leave of this charming volume.

Having thus taken our first May-day ramble through "the beautiful fields

of England," some of our readers, perhaps, may desiderate a more extensive journey, which, in those days of electric miracles, it were hard to deny them. "In forty minutes" we can make the circle of the globe, attended by the same "dainty Ariels" that have brought so many of the charming domestic scenes that we have been just contemplating before our eyes.

Most of our readers are aware that in the year 1847, Mr. Vernon, an English gentleman of wealth, intelligence, and great love and appreciation of art, made a free gift to his country of his gallery of modern paintings, to the collection of which he had devoted large sums of money, and which was the delightful and most useful occupation of the greater portion of his life.

If our readers think for a moment of the amount of private happiness, the enlightened and liberal patronage this one man must have shed around the hearth of many a struggling, proud-souled, poet-hearted artist, how the unconscious fretfulness, the inward irritability of many a true genius was appeased by fair appreciation and timely encouragement, and his divinely illuminated fancy and heavenly moulded fingers rescued from the ill-requited drudgery of "transmitting some foolish face" on much-abused canvases, when they had the capacity of creating angelic forms of ideal loveliness, or reproducing the consummate beauties of nature in her most enchanting moods. If to this be added the intellectual pleasure and purer morals that every elegant taste more or less promotes, and which by his munificent present he has given to his countrymen as "a possession for all time" (for such a painting has become, not only through the agency of the engraver, but by means of the new discovery of which we have recently read a description in the newspapers, which enables the very shading and colouring of the original to be reproduced in the copy), if we recollect all this, we must acknowledge Mr. Vernon to have been a public benefactor of no common order, and in his princely encouragement of art fit to rank with its magnificent patrons, the Lorenzos and the Leos of an earlier time. Is it not saddening that in our

own country, and in our own time, we can point to no such instance of living or posthumous munificence, and that the bare walls of our own academy are growing more and more desolate year after year? It would be out of place here to allude to times when without an academy native talent was not without a Mæcenas; but as these were the days

"When our old hats were new,"

it may be improper to allude to them farther. It cannot, however, be considered as trenching on the free, but uninviting common of the politician, to deplore the gradual discrowning of our country in the moral destruction of its metropolis; and that if a Maclise (for instance) passes from obscure and unworthy employment in his native town, to one of the highest thrones and brightest diadems in the temple of artistic fame, he is not led up the golden steps in the capital of his own country, and it is not from the hands of his own countrymen he receives his crown.

The book under notice* contains engravings of forty of the paintings presented by Mr. Vernon to the public, in the manner above-mentioned. To the thousands, throughout the three kingdoms, who, with a strong and growing taste for art, may never have an opportunity of inspecting the originals in the National Gallery at Charing Cross, one of those innumerable institutions, those absorbing hearts of centralization, which draw to them ever-running streams of nutriment, from the very extremities of the empire, but give none in return, except to the favoured locality in which they are situated—to those outside the charmed centre of London, this book will be most acceptable, and will take its place beside those elder volumes which reproduce for the million the more ancient treasures which hang upon the same walls.

To the artists, of whose various styles the first book we have noticed contained specimens, others of equal rank are added in the present. And of the former, we, perhaps, have a better opportunity of coming to a correct opinion as to their peculiar characteristics, from the wider range of their pencil, and the more extended field

* "The Vernon Gallery of British Art." Edited by C. Hall, Esq., F.C.A. Published for the Proprietors by G. Virtue, Ivy-lane, London.

that is given to them in this. Turner, for instance, in painting an English landscape, would not have the temerity (if such a word could ever be applicable to so bold a genius) to permit the same rays of blinding glory to be darted from the sun, as it smiles behind the gentle slope of Primrose Hill (although we have seen him from that very spot descend right royally to his repose), as when turning the towering campanile of St. Mark, into a gigantic gnomon, whose immeasurable shadow tells the vesper hour to Venice, as it falls

"On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire;
Pointing, with inconstant motion,
From the altar of dark ocean,
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flower of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold,
When Apollo spoke of old"—

to borrow Shelley's gorgeous description of the very scene, and at the corresponding hour of sunrise.

Of Venice, there are three views in this collection; two of them by Turner, and one by Stanfield. The last of these, perhaps from the novelty of the aspect which it represents, and, perhaps, from the still greater novelty of getting a glimpse of hills and trees from out the marble wilderness of its canals, is our favourite. Both of Turner's views are dazzling and magnificent combinations, too dazzling, indeed, even for Venice, if we are to judge of the transparent clearness of its atmosphere, even when brightest, by such specimens of Canaletti and his imitators, as we have seen in this country and in England. Who, that has ever seen those calm, quiet, breathless fac-similes of Venetian scenery, could ever forget them? With their skies, so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue, as to bring out, into distinct relief, even the half-effaced tracery and carvings on the ancient palace of the Doge, but without that indistinct glare, which the profuse and indiscriminate introduction of sun-rays, instead of clear light, so often produces. Canaletti was a Venetian, and should have known his own climate, and its atmospheric effects, better than any foreigner; and when Turner intro-

duced him into the foreground of his gorgeous picture of THE GRAND CANAL, he should have recollected the sober, but not less poetical truth of that great master's colouring, and have attempted to imitate and not excel it. We by no means wish to insinuate that this picture has not given us great and exquisite pleasure; but, then, it is rather as a beautiful exaggeration, or creation of the artist's fancy, not as the representation of an actual scene. It is too brilliant; and happy is the painter or the poet with whom no greater fault could be found than this. The Edinburgh Reviewer could discern no great general defect in Lallah Rookh, but what arose from the excessive brilliancy and perfection of each particular part. In his critical capacity he was "dark with excess of light," and so it is with any one who attempts to find excuses for not giving unreserved praise to the master-pieces of Turner. Those views of Venice have recalled to our minds, and poured over our hearts, all that we have ever read of that "city of the soul." The tragedy of Desdemona and the Moor; the revenge of Shylock; the love of Jessica; the mystery of the Armenian; the conversation of Julian and Maddalo, as they rode along

"The bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice"—

and, though last not least, those charming descriptions of the child Consuelo, and the fisherboy Anzoletto, with the blue waves of the Adriatic ever and anon rising to their naked feet, as they hung indolently over it from the side of some crazy fishing boat—descriptions which, in their purity, rich colouring, and truth to nature, atone for much that the celebrated authoress has otherwise written. Looking at these pictures, and recalling those memories, how often have we felt inclined to adopt the choice of Julian:

"If I had been an unconnected man,
I, from the moment, should have formed
some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice, for, to me,
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then the town is silent: one may write
Or read in gondolas, by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp a-light,
Unseen, uninterrupted. Books are there,
Pictures and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry! and all
We seek in towns; with little to recall
Regrets for the green country."

The view of Venice, by Stanfield, which we have mentioned above, has the honour of giving birth to some genial lines by Leigh Hunt, the truest and earliest literary friend of Shelley, who, in the verses we have just quoted, expresses his own feelings and ideas with respect to Venice, through the lips of Julian. The lines by Leigh Hunt, alluding not only to the past glories of Venice, but to those great scientific and mechanical discoveries that have burst upon the world even in the short time that has elapsed since his friend's death, and which have reached even to this phantom city, will serve as a fit companion picture to the other:—

VENICE, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Leigh Hunt.

"I looked upon the shows of time, and saw
A wondrous city, out in the blue sea:
Gay was her life, the fruit of gravest law;
The flower of painting's very self was she:
And down her dancing waves went industry

All day, and love and a soft lute at night.
From out this city, coming royally
Under a courtly burthen of delight,
A stately bark I saw, all golden bright,
Whereon, amidst innumerable more,
And the loud leaping of the cannon's might,
Which goeth in its pomp earth's gods
before,
Stood one, that cast into the sea a ring,
In sign of spousal right and endless triumphing.

"I looked again, long after, and methought
I heard a voice upon the waters, calling,
Not, as before, with life, love, glory fraught,
But of some spirit, mourning the long
thralling

Of the dead city, and its change appalling;
For, in its circuit not a face was seen
Of human thing, nor was there sound befalling,

Save of lone channel, or the wind between,
Or house, that fell amongst the ruins green.
The hollow-window'd streets were half
undone;

"Twixt dry and moist was a dull strife unclean,

Fuming and blistering in the burning sun;
And from the mist, the last disgrace of death,
A dreadful odour smote the halting seaman's breath.

"O, gentle city, haply 'twas the dream
Of fear and sorrow, witnessing thy pains:
New arts may save thee from the dire extreme,
And bring the rivers to refresh thy veins,

As even now with strange new iron lanes
They link thee to the land in journey dry;
But should great Nature to her own best
gains,

Blitheness and love like thine, more days deny,
At least, sweet Venice, thou canst never die
In words and art, earth's only deathless
things.

Lo! Stanfield bears thee in his radiant eye;
The Swede of warbling heart thy love-note
sings;

And though the hues of Titian's self must
fade,
Art shall reflect him still in lustrous thoughts
arrayed."

We pass over two or three very pleasing pictures, which we cannot stop to notice, and reach what appears to us to be one of the most pleasing productions of the pencil of GAINSBOROUGH, the great "Father of the English Landscape School." In this picture, "The Brook by the Way," he turns to good account his early experiences of "the rich woods and picturesque lanes of Suffolk," among which he was born. Poussin or Claude Lorraine never conceived or executed a more exquisite work than this.

A very beautiful marine piece next challenges our attention; it is by Stanfield, who in this particular branch of art is, among living artists, the acknowledged master. It is astonishing what an animated and interesting picture he makes out of what would appear to be the most unpromising materials. On the general subject of marine painting, as well as on this specimen in particular, Mr. Hall makes some pertinent remarks, which we extract:—

"Marine painting, to be really excellent, requires more skill and deeper study than the uninitiated are apt to imagine. Unlike landscape scenery, the objects presented to the eye of the painter are generally ever shifting and changing, and the colours reflected upon a broad expanse of waters are constantly assuming different hues and tones: it demands, therefore, a quick observant eye, and a rapid hand, to catch form and tint in their evanescent progress; while in sketching from nature on the ocean, the action of the waves, if the artist happen to be in a small vessel, renders his operation still more difficult. Yet an enthusiastic lover of his art is not deterred by these, or still greater obstacles, from pursuing it vigorously and courageously. Backhyssen was accustomed to the greatest 'dangers of

flood,' by hiring fishermen to carry him out in the most tempestuous weather, to observe the forms and character of the troubled waters; and the elder Vanderfelde ran the hazard of a cannon ball, that he might witness the battle, in 1663, between the English fleet, under the Duke of York, and the Dutch admiral Opdam. He was also present in the memorable action fought in the following year, by Albemarle's fleet and the Dutch, under De Ruyter.

"The subject of Mr. Stanfield's picture is the old or Oude Scheldt, Texel Island, on the northern extremity of Holland. The view looks towards Nieuwe Diep and the Zuyder Zee. The treatment of the scene expresses squally weather; and its effect is not better seen in the swelling sails of the craft than in the white-crested wave. Every thing is wet, cold, and windy, in spite of the sun: disagreeables of frequent occurrence on the muddy shores of the Texel. The ruined picturesque mill, on the right, speaks of many such storms in the port; while, on the other hand, the vessels riding in the offing proclaim the safe road of Texel harbour, the refuge of many a shattered ship, after the rival contests of the fleets we have referred to. The picture is altogether full of incident; and the peculiarities of the bleak northern sea, when so faithfully represented as we find them here, become in a corresponding degree as pictorially attractive as they are unpleasant in reality. Such is the charm of true Art!—the murky clouds and the muddy waves of the Zuyder Zee rival in interest the sunny skies and blue waters of the Adriatic. Indeed, we are not sure that, under the influence of Mr. Stanfield's pencil, our feelings are not in favour of the former. Certainly his Dutch subjects are among the best of his works; for there is a charm in his manner of painting such scenes, which makes its way to the hearts of all who are familiar with the North Sea."

"The Fall of Clarendon," an elaborate historical picture, by Ward, is deserving of the closest study, from the grave, yet subdued dignity with which the fallen statesman descends the staircase of the palace at Whitehall, and the look of triumphant curiosity with which the fair and frail Castlemaine looks at him from her "bird-cage," to the make-believe air of indifference with which the merry monarch disappears, between a double file of bowing courtiers, followed by those little dogs, "whose introduction into England," says Mrs. Hall, "is

almost the only pleasant memory connected with his reign." In the notice of this picture, written by Mrs. Hall, there is an interesting account of CLARENDON HOUSE, the magnificent palace erected by the Chancellor, of which two stunted Corinthian pillars, leading to a livery stable in Piccadilly, are now the only remains. "Few of the thousands that pass it by daily, pause to bestow a thought upon the poor remnants which yet indicate the site; or revert to the olden time, when the now crowded locality was the immediate vicinage of the court, a suburb of gigantic London."

There is not a more interesting picture in the entire collection than the "Woodland Gate," by COLLINS. No happier group was ever seen in the real world around us, nor in that happier region of art in which they exist, where no sorrow can ever reach them, nor grief chase the eternal gladness from their countenances, youth from their hearts, nor bounding elasticity from their limbs. The works of the artist are alone unchangeable; with all things else there is mutability:—

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies.
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies,"

Not so with the creations of art. The fatally beautiful face of Helen, that, as Marlow finely expresses it—

———"Launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium."

would, perhaps, a few years later, have failed to keep alive the expiring flame of her Trojan lover's affection, but which, if endowed with the marble immortality of the sculptor, or the undying outlines of the painter, would make every successive generation bow in loving worship before her, and exclaim, in the words of Faustus:—

"O, she is lovelier than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!"

Religions, mythologies, superstitions, gods and heroes, youth and beauty, and, as in the instance before us, the happy *insouciance* of childhood, are alone perpetuated, and made eternal through the agency of the artist.

The anecdote which appears to have suggested the idea to Collins is as follows: George III., in one of his favourite rambles in the Great Park, at Windsor, came alone upon a group of children, one of whom had mounted to the upper rail of a gate, and, riding there, was swung to and fro by his companions. Mr. Hall must tell the rest:—

"The monarch's natural kindness and simplicity of heart led him into conversation with them, and elicited the remark from one of the group, to whom he was, of course, unknown, 'that he wished he was King Georgy, that lived at the big castle!'

"'And what would you do?' asked the King.

"'Why, I would swing on this gate and eat fat bacon all day, and then I would be as happy as Georgy!'

"The little fellow's idea of supreme felicity was not extravagant, as regarded his own wants; nor had he the least conception that even monarchs have something else to do than to eat, drink, and be merry, the live long day."

This predilection for "fat bacon," we are afraid, will destroy the whole romance of our little hero's existence; but it is not the less natural on that account. Mr. Hall, in describing the "woodland" scene, in which the incident of the picture is supposed to occur, changes the venue to one of the more southern counties, and gives, himself, the following word-picture, which we rejoice to be able to transfer to our pages:—

"The scene wherein this juvenile comic sketch is placed is a beautiful bit of pastoral; apparently the outskirts of a thick wood, through which runs one of those green turf drives, not unfrequently found in the southern and eastern parts of England. Kent, Suffolk, and Hampshire abound with them; and pleasant is it, in the cool of a summer's evening, to ride softly and lazily over the thick moss that hides every particle of earth, so that you might fancy your horse's hoofs were treading upon a carpet of the richest velvet pile. There is no dust, no clatter of human voices, no rush of other horsemen, or of swiftly-driven vehicles, that make up the grand *ensemble* of a fashionable ride in 'the park,' during 'the season,' when one imbibes but a very small quantity of the fresh air that is sought after, unless it has chanced to be purified by a passing shower or two. But in these 'wood-

land' drives we hear the whistle of the blackbird and the trilling of the thrush, and the plaintive coo of the wild pigeon, and, perhaps, the chatter of the jay, a bird far more rare, we think, than it used to be when, as a boy, we made acquaintance with almost every feathered tribe of the woods: it is many years since a jay has flown past us, with its red-brown breast and its beautiful light blue wings, one of the prettiest of our forest birds. And the sun, as it goes down, throws its long lines of beauty across the pathway, colouring it at intervals with the brightest yellow, and penetrating, with golden rays, the thick screen-work of leaves that overhang the road, along which we now and then catch sight of a hare running at an easy pace, as in perfect assurance there is no necessity for increasing his speed on account of danger apprehended. Such scenes as these are of Nature's own creation, and worthy of the painter's genius: they whose destiny is to live remote from them, to know them only among the remembrances of things gone from his world of actual existence, to see types and shadows of the beautiful instead of the realities, are greatly indebted to those who invite to a banquet at which the mind may feast, and proffer to the imagination flowers which the feet cannot press."

But we must tear ourselves from these perpetually fascinating landscapes: we must reverse the rather free-thinking licence of Southey (when a Pantisocrat)—

"Hie thee to the House of Prayer—
I to the woodlands will repair."

We shall leave the "woodlands" to Mr. Hall, and by the wave of Robert's magic pencil, find ourselves in the House of Prayer—"The Interior of the Cathedral of Burgos," in Old Castile. God made the country and man made the town, says Cowper, and, perhaps, two more perfect specimens of the Creator and his creature art never came so closely together for direct comparison than the scene we have been lately surveying, and the unrivalled gorgeousness of the building which is now before us. If Spain were not a country, 'in its sun, in its soil, in its station, thrice blest,' and attractive, by its scenery, its language, and its romance, this building alone would be worthy of a journey to that famed and picturesque land. It is we believe the most beautiful and most elabo-

ately ornamented specimen of Gothic architecture in existence, to which no description could do justice, and which must be seen, either in reality or in the wonderfully-effective representation of Roberts, to be even conceived.

We are positively bewildered what next to bring under the notice of our readers, such mines of beauty still lie unexplored around us. We feel like a fastidious digger in the golden valley of the Sacramento, who throws aside, almost as if in contempt, heaps of treasure which at any other time he would have clutched with a miser's grasp. Thus, the exquisitely beautiful mythological fancies of Etty, the graceful and truthful combinations of cattle and mountain scenery of Cooper, where Cuyt and Salvator seem to blend; the dogs of Landseer—those wonderful *animal parlanti*, whose intelligent expression is a language in itself; the fresh landscapes of Constable, from which Bannister, the comedian, said "he felt the wind blowing in his face;" the rich, suggestive allegories of everyday life, which make Mulready not only a great painter but a great teacher; the religious dignity of Herbert; the intellectual beauty and innocence of Sir Joshua's "children;" all must be passed over to enable us to place before our readers the following brief description of our illustrious countryman, Maclise's, picture of "Malvolio," which forms one of the most precious gems of the volume, and bears out the assertion of the editor, that "Mr. Maclise is one of the very few artists, past or present, whose pencil has realised the conceptions of the great dramatist." He is represented in that never-to-be-forgotten scene in "Twelfth Night," where he smiles so fantastically on his mistress; and we hardly know which to admire most—the ridiculous grimaces of the poor steward, the archness of Maria's face behind her mistress's chair, the amused wonder of Olivia's countenance, or the inexplicable astonishment depicted in the little pug face of the dog that is seated beside her; these, with the peacock, who trails his magnificent train over a stone balustrade hard by, and who seems the only indifferent specta-

tor of the scene; and the fountain seen through the high green arch, cut in the lofty, close-clipped labyrinth of trees, according to the old fashion of gardening, ere Kent rescued them from the remorseless shears—all these form a picture delightful to contemplate, and worthy of the high reputation of the artist.

We now take our leave of 'The Vernon Gallery,' which pleasantly and at no great expense enables our stay-at-home readers to share a little in the rich legacy of the founder, and will keep the beautiful originals permanently before the eyes of those who have had the good fortune of seeing them.

But perhaps we have not kept strict faith with our readers, who, from our promise of conducting them to "fresh fields and pastures new," might have expected something more striking than to hear of the sweet utterances and deep intonations of Italian and Spanish art being "done into English" by our own countrymen. Well, we are happy to have it still in our power to meet their wishes. "The Spanish Annual" or (Biennial as it might be called from its having reached a second edition) enables us to study "Spanish without a master," so far as art is concerned, where we shall neither have the exaggeration of inexperience nor the tameness of imitation. Mr. Wells gives a beautiful idea of a public walk near Toledo—an alley of roses—through whose commingling sweets we beg leave to conduct the reader into the enchanted land of the *mantilla* and Murillo.

"This road is a favourite promenade with the inhabitants, and deservedly so. On each side, for the distance of a mile, it is bordered by hedges of magnificent rose-trees. These hedges are double on both sides, enclosing walks for the promenaders on foot. Behind those on the outside the colours are varied by the pale green of the olive-tree; and over them occasional clusters of lime trees, mingled with the acacia and the laburnum, furnish shade in case of excess of sunshine. This promenade is flanked on one side by the hills, and on the other by the highly-cultivated plain, in parts of which the Tagus is seen occasionally to peep in the rose season. I should especially

* "The Spanish Annual, or Picturesque Antiquities of Spain," &c. &c. By Nathaniel Armstrong Wells. Second Edition. London: Richard Bentley.

recommend the visitor of Toledo to repair to it during the first hour after sunrise, when, thronged with birds, which are here almost tame, and fill the air with their music; and also in the evening, when frequented by the mantilla-hooded fair of the city."—p. 108.

Mr. Wells entered Spain from Bayonne, and had thus an opportunity of enjoying the romantic scenery of the Pyrenees, and becoming acquainted with the picturesque population of the Basque provinces. On reaching Burgos, the ancient capital of Old Castile, he devoted himself with the greatest assiduity and enthusiasm to the examination and illustration of the magnificent cathedral, a gorgeous glimpse of which we have above alluded to as given by Roberts in the Vernon Gallery. He devotes almost twenty pages of his book, an engraving, and several spirited woodcuts to the subject, and leaves us more and more impressed with the exquisite beauty and elaborate decoration in sculpture and otherwise of this almost matchless building.

In the citadel Mr. Wells saw the tomb of the Cid, whither his remains have been recently brought from the monastery of San Pedro de Cardenas, about four miles distant. A brief legend connected with this church and the Cid was told him by his cicerone, and is very characteristic of the hero's *undying* hatred of his old enemies.

"Some 20,000 individuals, including the monks of all the neighbouring monasteries, were assembled in the Church of San Pedro, and were listening to a sermon on the occasion of the annual festival in honour of the patron saint. Guided by curiosity a Moor entered the church and mingled with the crowd. After remaining during a short time motionless, he approached a pillar, against which was suspended a portrait of the Cid, for the purpose of examining the picture. Suddenly the figure was seen by all present, whose testimony subsequently established the fact, to grasp with the right hand the hilt of its sword, and to uncover a few inches of the naked blade. The Moor instantly fell flat on the pavement, and was found to be lifeless."

It was not through affection, we may be certain, that this Moorish connoisseur—this "curious impertinent"—

paid the forfeit of thus daring to turn his infidel eyes on the effigy of the great *Campeador*; for however intense his hatred—a passion that, like the love of Calderon's hero, can survive life—"después de la muerte," it was reciprocated in full by the Moors. Mr. Ticknor, in his recent most valuable work on "Spanish Literature," gives several amusing instances of the manner in which the Moorish chroniclers invariably allude to the Christian hero, never giving him the honourable title of Cid (*Seid*, lord or conqueror), and always accompanying their forced allusions to him with the pious and charitable wish, "*May he be cursed by Allah!*"

Mr. Wells did not leave Burgos without visiting the Chartreuse of Miraflores, not far from the city, principally on account of the star-shaped tomb of alabaster, containing the ashes of Juan the Second and his queen, Isabel, which stands before the high altar. He gives a tolerably satisfactory sketch of this admirable work of art, rendered, however, more satisfactory by his description:—

"It is impossible to conceive a work more elaborate than the details of the costumes of the King and Queen. The imitation of lace and embroidery, the exquisite delicacy of the hands and features, the infinitely minute carving of the pillows, the architectural railing by which the two statues are separated, the groups of sporting lions and dogs placed against the foot-boards, and the statues of the four Evangelists seated at the four points of the star which face the cardinal points of the compass; all these attract first the attention as they occupy the surface; but they are nothing to the profusion of ornament lavished on the sides. The chisel of the artist has followed each retreating and advancing angle of the star, filling the innermost recesses with life and movement. It would be endless to enter into a detailed enumeration of all this. It is composed of lions and lionesses, panthers, dogs, crouching, lying, sitting, rampant, and standing; of saints, male and female; and personifications of the cardinal virtues. These figures are represented in every variety of posture—some standing on pedestals, and others seated on beautifully wrought arm chairs, but all coloured respectively in the richest Gothic tracery, and under cover of their respective niches. Were there no other

* Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. i. p. 13, n. 7.

object of interest at Burgos, this tomb would well repay the traveller for a halt of a few days, and a country walk."——
p. 73.

We pass over some pages of political speculation without, we confess, having read them, and gladly join our traveller again at the *museo* in Madrid, which contains the finest picture gallery in the world. Rich to overflowing not only with the treasures of the Spanish school itself, as might be expected, but with priceless gems from the various schools of Italian art, and especially the Venetian, as well as from the Flemish and the Dutch. Only think, dear reader, of the varied splendours and enchantments that must dazzle the eye of the spectator when forty Titians gleam down upon him from the same walls, in whose deep green sun-lit waters those beautifully fantastic palaces, with their many-coloured marbles and porphyry steps, and alabaster columns that Titian so delighted to construct, are reflected. Think of ten creations of the divine pencil of Raffaele, and one of them (the Spasimo) considered by many to be his greatest work. Think of *two hundred* glimpses into Dutch homesteads, and village ale-houses, and quaint old dusky apartments, from the hand of Teniers alone, not to speak of sixty Velasques, and about the same number of Murillos (about whom we shall have more to say when we get to Seville), and join with us and with Mr. Wells in saying that "were the journey ten times longer and more difficult, the view of the Madrid Museo would not be too dearly purchased."

At Toledo, the situation of which pleased our traveller, and of which he gives us a good idea, he of course visited the cathedral, by some considered to be the finest in Spain. This opinion he combats very vigorously, and, it seems to us, successfully. No columns, however noble from their loftiness (and those in the cathedral of Toledo are sixty feet high) could afford the degradation to which those have been submitted — namely, of being whitewashed. We have seen some venerable buildings nearer home undergoing that humiliating process, and have groaned in the bitterness of our heart. Dignitaries and deans and chapters, and other ecclesiastical potentates, seem to have effected great

things when they have turned themselves into a sanatory committee, and by the cheap aid of slacked lime imagine they have preserved the health of some decaying edifice.

The journey to Seville is almost necessarily the most interesting portion of Mr. Wells's book. Returning from Toledo by Madrid and Saragossa, he re-entered France, and proceeding to Lyons, "sailed down the Rhone" to Avignon, "gliding between vine-clad mountains, not bleak and rugged like those of the Rhine, but soft and rosy, and lighted by a sky which begins here to assume a southern brilliancy. The influence of the lighter atmosphere first begins to be felt, expanding the organs, and filling the frame with a sensation unknown to more northern climes, of pleasure derived from mere existence." Crossing by the land route to Marseilles, he found that the steam-packet which leaves for the south of Spain every tenth day had just sailed, and being unwilling to remain for more than a week before the sailing of the next packet, he determined to trust himself to the tender mercies of the captain of a trading vessel about to take its departure for Gibraltar, being assured by the captain that the voyage would occupy only five days. Unhappy choice! after experiencing all the horrors of bad weather, and the still greater horror of discovering the total incapacity of the captain, "who, in addition to various other bad qualities, turned out to be the most inept blockhead to whom ever were entrusted lives and cargoes," the twenty-fourth day at length saw them entering the bay of Gibraltar. Making but a short stay at that memorable promontory, he took the steamer for Cadiz, and at length arrived in that beautiful bay, whose blue waters, dotted round with snow-white villages, he compares to a gigantic turquoise set in a circlet of pearls. The description of Cadiz is written in his usual lively style, and is a most tempting picture:

"Cadiz is the last town in Europe (says Mr. Wells) I should select for a residence, had I the misfortune to become blind. One ought to be all eyes. It is the prettiest of towns. After this there is no more to be said, with regard, at least, to its external peculiarities. It possesses no prominent objects of curiosity. There is, it is true, a tradition, stating it to have possessed a temple

dedicated to Hercules, but this has been washed away by the waves of the ocean, as its rites have been by the influx of succeeding populations. Nothing can be more remote from the idea of the visitor to Cadiz, than the existence of anything antique, unless it be the inclination to prosecute such researches; the whole place is so bright and modern looking, and pretty in a manner peculiar to itself, and unlike every other town, since, like everything else in Spain, beauty also has its originality. Nothing can be gayer than the perspective of one of the straight narrow streets. On either side of the blue ribbon of sky which separates the summits of its lofty houses, is seen a confusion of balconies and projecting box-windows, all placed irregularly, each house possessing only one or two, so as not to interfere with each other's view, and some placed on a lower story, others on a higher, their yellow or green lines relieving the glittering white of the façades. Nor could anything improve the elegant effect of the architectural ornaments, consisting of pilasters, vases, and sculpture beneath the balconies, still less the animated faces—the prettiest of all Spain after those of Malaga—whose owners show a preference to the projecting windows, wherever a drawing-room or boudoir possesses one.

"The pavement of these elegant little streets is not out of keeping with the rest. It would be a sacrilege to introduce a cart or carriage into them. A lady may, and often does, traverse the whole town on foot, on her way to a ball. It is a town built as if for the celebration of a continual carnival. Nor does the charge brought against the Gaditanas, of devotion to pleasure, cause any surprise; were they not, they would be misplaced in Cadiz. Hither should the victim of spleen and melancholy direct his steps; let him choose the season of the carnival. There is reason to suspect that the advertiser in the *Herald* had this remedy in view, when he promised a certain cure to 'clergymen and noblemen, who suffer from blushing and despondency, delusion, thoughts of self-injury, and groundless fear,' these symptoms being indications of an attack of that northern epidemic, which takes its name from a class of fallen angels of a particular hue."—p.308.

An easy day's journey by steam brings him by the rather flat and monotonous Guadalquivir to Seville, where for a short time he felt that disappointment which most persons experience at the external appearance of that city, until "some open door or

iron grille, placed on a line with an inner court, will operate a sudden change in his ideas, and afford a clue to the mystery. Through this railing, generally of an elegant form, is discovered a delicious vista, in which are visible fountains, white marble colonnades, pomegranate and sweet lemon trees, sofas and chairs (if in summer), and two or three steps of a porcelain staircase."

But we must leave these little domestic *delicias*, with their fountains, and cool canvassawnings overhead, and their eighty thousand white marble pillars, and the magic halls and roofs of the Alcazar, which seem built and decorated by the figures of Genii; and the unrivalled magnificence of the cathedral itself, to make room for our author's estimate of the Spanish painters, a subject more in keeping with the nature of this article. With this extract we take our leave of "The Spanish Annual," which has recalled much pleasant reading on the same delightful theme, to our minds; and much still pleasanter dreaming and castle-building, which we have, from time to time indulged in, concerning that literal region of "*Chateaux en Espagne*:"—

"By the greater portion of spectators, the Spanish artists, of what may be called the golden age of painting, will always be preferred to the Italian, because their manner of treating their subject appeals rather to the passions than to the understanding. It is the same quality which renders the Venetian school more popular than the other schools of Italy; and the Italian music more attractive than the German—Rossini than Spohr or Beethoven. I do not mean that the preference will be the result of choice, in an individual who appreciates the two styles perfectly; but that the difference I allude to renders the works of the greatest masters of Italy less easily understood.

"With all the intelligence and taste necessary for the appreciation of a picture of Raffaele, many will have had a hundred opportunities of studying such a picture, and will, nevertheless, have passed it by scarcely noticed, merely because, on the first occasion of seeing it, they have not, undoubtedly, caught the idea of the artist, nor entered sufficiently into his feelings, to trace the sparks of his inspirations scattered over the canvass. How many are there too careless to return to the charge, and thus to acquire the cultivation necessary to enable them to judge of such works, who,

the moment a Murillo or a Zurbaran meets their view, will gaze on it with delight, for the simple reason, that it is calculated to strike the intelligence of the least cultivated.

"The Spanish artists usually endeavoured to produce an exact imitation of material nature; while the Italian arrived at, and attained higher results. The object of the Spaniards being less difficult of attainment, the perfection with which they imitated nature passes conception. To that they devoted all the energies of their genius; while you may search in vain in the best productions of Italy, not excepting the school of Venice, the one that most resembles the Spanish, for anything approaching their success in this respect. By way of an example, in the 'Spasimo' of Raffaello, we trace the operations of the mind, as they pierce through every feature of every countenance, and the attitude of every limb throughout the grouping of that great master-piece of expression; from the brutal impatience of the one, and the involuntary compassion of the other executioner, up to the intensity of maternal suffering in the Virgin, and the indescribable combination of heaven and earth which beams through the unequalled head of the Christ; but there is no deception to the eye. No one would mistake any of the figures for reality, nor exclaim, that it steps from the canvas, nor does any one wish for such an effect, or perceive any such deficiency.

"What, on the contrary, was the exclamation of Murillo before Campana's 'Descent from the Cross?' This master-piece of Pedro de Campana is seen at the head of the sacristy of the cathedral. It was so favourite a picture with Murillo, that he used to pass much of his time every day seated before it. On one occasion, his presence being required on an affair of importance which he had forgotten, his friends found him at his usual post before the 'Descent': when, pointing to the figure of the Christ, he replied to their remonstrances, 'I am only waiting until they have taken him down.'

"Although Murillo admired this perfect representation of material nature, his own works are exceptions, in fact, almost the only exceptions, to this peculiarity of the Spanish masters. He partakes, indeed, of the qualities of both schools in an eminent degree. In intellectual expression and delineation of the operations of the mind, he is superior to all his countrymen, but inferior to the first Italian painters. In the material imitation of nature, he is superior to the greater number of the Italians, but inferior to the other principal Spanish artists. There is at Madrid, a 'Christ on

the Cross' of his, in which he has attempted this effect, an effort he ought rather to have despised. The picture contains no other object than the figure, and the cross of admirably-imitated wood, on a simple black, or rather dark brown background, representing complete darkness. After sitting a short time before it, you certainly feel a sort of uncomfortable sensation, caused by the growing reality of the pale and tormented carcase; but it is not to be compared to the 'Descent' of Campana. There the whole group is to the life, and no darkness called in to aid the effect. The drooping body is exposed to a powerful light, and hangs its leaden weight on the arms of those who support it with a reality perfectly startling.

"This picture is placed in the centre of the upper end of the sacristy, as being considered the best of those therein contained, but it is not without rivals. The few paintings placed here are first-rate, particularly the portraits of the two Archbishops of Seville, San Leander and San Isidoro, two of Murillo's most exquisite productions. Some of the greatest compositions of this painter are contained in the chapels we have passed in review, where they serve for altar-pieces, each filling an entire side of a chapel. Of these large pictures I think the best, on the side we are visiting, is the 'Saint Francis.' The saint is represented kneeling to a vision of the Virgin. It may certainly be ranked among Murillo's best efforts in the style he employed when treating these celestial subjects, and which has been called his vaporous manner. To speak correctly, two of his three manners are employed in this picture, since the saint is an instance of that called his warm manner.

"On the opposite, or north side of the cathedral, in the first chapel after passing the door of the Sagrario, is the 'San Antonio.' This is probably the greatest work of Murillo in the two styles just mentioned, and certainly the most magnificent picture contained in the cathedral. On the lower foreground is the saint in adoration before the Christ, who appears in the centre, surrounded by the heavenly host.

"No one but Murillo could ever have thus embodied his conception of a supernatural vision. On sitting down before this canvass, from which, as it extends across the whole chapel, no other object can draw off the attention, you speedily yield to the irresistible power of abstraction, and are lost in an ecstasy, nearly resembling that which the artist has sought to represent in the countenance and attitude of his saint. The eye wanders, in a sort of trance,

through the glorious assemblage of heaven. The whole scene looks real; but it is only on taking time to study the details, that you discern the prodigies of talent displayed in the drawing and finishing of this picture. An angel, suspended in front of the lower portion of the group, more especially attracts the attention. One leg is extended towards the spectator, the foreshortening of which is a marvel of execution."

It is not easy to descend from even the ideal contemplation of such a picture as this; and, from the vision of the ineffable glories of heaven, which the almost religiously-inspired pencil of the artist has revealed to us, to return to the things of this world. We can only make the transition less sudden, by endeavouring to bring before our eyes the forms of some of those holy and blessed beings, not as the wrapt eye of the prince of Spanish painters beheld them, in their glorified and happy state, dwelling with Christ, in the everlasting mansions of the Father, but as they may be supposed to have lived, moved, and had their beings here on earth.

This we are enabled to do by means of the elegant volume before us.*

If, as has been stated some pages back, few artists have been found capable of realising to the eye the mere human creations of Shakspeare, perfect no doubt as most of them are as incarnations of humour, insanity or revenge, what genius is so gifted, what pencil so touched with the hues of inspiration, as to be able to satisfy the devout and reverential eyes of a Christian, that they regard no unlikely representation of the Divine Founder of his religion? That face of dignity, of meekness, and of suffering—that frame so attenuated and yet so enduring—that countenance so humble and so commanding! Who could paint the decision of Peter, the humility of Matthew, the energy of Paul, or the angelic sweetness of "the disciple whom Jesus loved?" (This last, by the way, is the most pleasing in the book.) Who could satisfy us that we beheld the inspired face of David, when he bade all created things "praise the Lord;" the "mountains

and all hills;" the "fruitful trees and all cedars;" or the hallowed lips of Isaiah, when the live coal of inspiration and prophecy was laid upon his mouth? To say that no representation of these divine and holy personages will thoroughly satisfy our expectation, will not prevent our deriving instruction, as well as artistic pleasure, from the literary and pictorial contributions to this book.

As the reverential feet of a Humboldt descend slowly from the ever unclouded and dazzling peaks of Chimborazo, through the waving forests of palm, to the warmer and more beautiful region of flowers, thus, dear reader, from the height of that great argument, which Murillo essayed to sing in colours—by those palm-bearing martyrs and prophets, on whose sublime features we have just been gazing—let us approach that sheltered portion of the "delectable mountain"—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

on which blooms

"The sweetest flower—the human—
Lowliest weight on lightest foot—
Joy-abounding woman."

"The Court Album"† presents us with the means of judging of the relative beauties of fourteen specimens of the flora of St. James, not, alas, with cheeks suffused with that faint fashionable approach to the *couleur-de-rose*, which etiquette would alone permit in that select *parterre*. Not even pale

"As rose o'ershadowed lilies are,"

but (as all specimens in the hands of the naturalist must be) more or less deprived of the colour and freshness of life. In such a cluster of sweet flowers, it may be invidious to particularise any. The artist would have been but a novice in his art, had he blended any unworthy blossom with this courtly garland—

"Quien pinto un cardeno lirio
En presencia del clavel?
Un albell de la rosa?"

as Calderon very pertinently asks.

* "Our Saviour, with his Prophets and Apostles. A series of eighteen highly finished Engravings, &c., with Descriptions by several American Divines. Edited by the Rev. G. M. Wainwright, D. D." New York: 1851.

† "The Court Album. Fourteen portraits of the Female Aristocracy, from Drawings by John Hayter." London: 1851.

If, however, "Love, the little admiral," whose victories have been chronicled by Moore, would press us to a choice, we confess we would give the preference to the fair descendant of a brother admiral, the Lady Harriet Anson, whose portrait is very charming, and would be perfect of its kind, but for what we conceive to be a slight defect in the drawing of the left cheek.

"Home Pictures,"* by Hablot Knight Browne, introduces us to sixteen more specimens of the same interesting and tender plants, with certain off-shoots, equally interesting and still more tender, which have been transplanted from the nursery, to be the crowning cause and beauty of that

"Green spot that blooms in the desert of life,"

a happy home.

This book will, no doubt, be the delight of many mothers and many children; but, as we do not belong to either of those amiable classes, we must be permitted to express our dissatisfaction with many, indeed with most, of the "pictures." Without intending comicality or caricature, there is a want of ease and nature about them, that is very fatal to the serious effect intended to be produced. Every figure, from the oldest grandmamma to the youngest baby, is *theatrical*; and, however the groups might answer for a series of *tableaux vivants* at the back scene of a London minor theatre, notwithstanding the material comforts of which he is so lavish, and the superabundance of his toys, they do not realise to our minds the idea of "home, sweet home."

"Gold, a Legendary Rhyme,"† illustrated by Alfred Crowquill in a series of outlines, is the next work that claims our attention. The architectural and decorative portions of those sketches are spirited and graceful. We are not so well pleased with the figures or the expression of the faces; but the subject of the entire series is sufficiently attractive to send some of our readers to explore this new vein of the precious metal. We trust Alfred is not himself the author of the "Legendary Rhyme" which he illustrates, as whoever the writer is he does not appear to us to be particu-

larly "great" in that department. The following lines on the same subject, which have never yet seen the light, we beg to present to the artist when he next feels disposed to illustrate the "*auri sacra fames*:"—

GOLD.

I.

Spite of all the empty vaunting
Of the self-sufficient seer;
Spite of all the idle taunting
Of the scoffer's sneer;
Spite of all their vain parading,
Ah! the world is retrograding;
Unilluminated, unenlightened,
By the hopes that round it brightened
Many a happy year:
Gone, the spirit-quickenning leaven,
Faith, and love, and hope in heaven—
All that warmed the earth of old.
Dead and cold,
Its pulses flutter;
Weak and old,
Its parched lips mutter
Nothing nobler—nothing higher,
Than the unappeased desire;
The quenchless thirst for Gold!

II.

Once we dreamed of revelations
From the spirit-world on high;
Watched the myriad constellations
Rolling through the sky,
Had strong hearts for truth and duty,
Eyes for Nature's wondrous beauty;
Watched the spring-tide as she lingers
O'er the hawthorn's outstretched fingers—
Every joint with emeralds studding
In the beauteous time of budding;
Or, between the emeralds shining
Fragrant snow-white pearls entwining,
Or, upon the lilac, glowing
Heavenly-scented rubies throwing;
Or when she, with topaz dresses
The laburnum's golden tresses.
Vainly now doth Heaven unfold
Wood and wold,
With the unpolluted treasures
Prized of old;
Even the sterner arms of pleasures
Are resigned,
And men find,
Without warning or memento,
'Neath the fatal Sacramento,
Graves—and gold!

To the beautiful American publication we have already noticed, may be

* "Home Pictures. Sixteen Domestic Scenes of Childhood, Drawn and Etched by Hablot Knight Browne." London: 1851.

† "Gold; a Legendary Rhyme. Illustrated with twelve outlines. By Alfred Crowquill." London.

added the elegant edition of Washington Irving's charming tale of "Rip Van Winkle," which, though published in London, derives its artistic as well as its literary excellence from the New World. Should the happy, careless hero of the story, that undoubted progenitor of the "Go-easy" family, wherever they may be located, ever take the trouble of looking down from one of those Elysian hunting grounds over the Catskill mountains, where his spirit congenially dwells, upon the world he must have long since abandoned, he will scarcely recognise his own identity in the spotless exterior, and amid the internal elegance which surround his remains in this well-merited structure to his memory.

We have left ourselves but little space to "do justice" to the few remaining volumes of "dainty device" which lie before us as yet untasted; not, indeed, that we have used our critical knife and fork so energetically as to become surfeited by the good things provided for our entertainment, and, consequently, indifferent to the remaining delicacies, be they ever so attractive. Not so, with us

"Increase of appetite has grown by what it fed on,"

and as far as that is concerned, we are just as ready to pay our respects to what is now before us, as we were at the beginning of the banquet. But, alas! as a quart bottle will only hold a quart (or would have done so if Sir Boyle's motion had been carried) a magazine article will only hold its fill. Our readers who are not under the same duress, and in whose ears the call of the printer's devil is not ringing, like the disturbing horn of the guard in the good old days of coach travelling, just as you were beginning to enjoy "mine host's" fare; our readers, we say, will do themselves great injustice if they do not make a closer acquaintance with these still untasted sweets, which fortunately do not require any pressing recommendation from us. Mrs. Hall's book, "Pilgrimages to English Shrines,"† is one of those graceful contributions to contemporary literature which are as pleasingly written as they are elegantly

printed, and charmingly illustrated. With no pleasanter guide-book, and with no companion more alive to all that is beautiful in external nature, in architecture, or in the manifestations of the human heart or intellect, can any one of our readers "book themselves" for a railway excursion, which is the modern English of assuming the staff and sandal shoon of the pilgrim. With this volume they may wander along the banks of the "lazy Ouse," to the birth-place of that "pilgrim of eternity," John Bunyan—to the burial-place of Hampden, the tomb of Grey, the birth-place of Chatterton, that "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," and to many other places rendered interesting or famous from their connexion with

—————"Hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom."

There are two "pilgrimages" that have attracted us particularly, and moved us not a little, but each in a very different way. One has been cheering—full of brightness and of hope; the other saddening, full of melancholy, but not without instruction. The first, a glimpse into the "studio of Gainsborough;" the other, a visit to the "dwelling of James Barry." This is not the place, at the end of an article, to do more than allude to this great but unfortunate genius, the friend of Burke, the townsman, the predecessor, and the rival of Macclise. We turn from this depressing picture, which, though lit by those flashes that ever emanate from true genius, and warmed by many a manifestation of generosity, self-denial, and enthusiastic devotion to his art, is of too sombre a cast for a "May-day feast," and gladly join our fair conductress in the happier studio of Gainsborough, or rather in that happiest of happy studios, even that of NATURE, in which the great master of English landscape-painting learned to win at once fame, independence, and a wife!

This charming passage in his life we must extract for its intrinsic value as well as for the manner in which it is narrated:—

* "Rip Van Winkle." By Washington Irving. Illustrated with six etchings on steel by Charles Simins, from Drawings by Felix Darley (New York): London, 1850.

† *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*. By Mrs. S. C. Hall; with Notes and Illustrations by W. F. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1850.

"The first sight of his bride is described as a meeting belonging rather to Arcadia than to England; it was rich and purely poetical. In one of the young artist's pictorial wanderings amid the woods of Suffolk, he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, growing just where they ought, with all their accessories; a clear rivulet cooling the meadows, sheep dotting the scene; there was the bleat of lamb and coo of dove; and suddenly a nymph, the kind and gentle Margaret Burr, who had just numbered sixteen summers: she came like a sunbeam to his heart, and secured a lover who soon became a husband. Prudence sanctioned affection, and the course of true love, for once, ran smooth; for Margaret added to the charms of good sense and good looks a clear annuity of two hundred pounds a year. The ease which a certainty, however small, gives at once to its possessor, is an astonishing sustainer; and though a young couple would find it very difficult to live, as it is called, even at Ipswich, which is rather a cheap town, on two hundred pounds per annum, yet, it was an independence; and the aspiring artist felt he must work to gain the comforts and luxuries which his refined taste prompted him to desire. His wife seems to have been one of those loving and loveable beings who bring far more happiness to the domestic hearth than women endowed only with high-sounding beauty and talent. She had also implicit faith in her husband's love and her husband's genius, and an abundance of prudence. Before his marriage he had journeyed from Sudbury, his native place, to London, where he studied for four years, and then returned, just eighteen, to be the beloved of his home, the idol of society.

"Thus he was circumstanced when the fair Margaret won his heart, and he her hand. Nineteen and seventeen—mere boy and girl—living and loving each the other until, in the sixty-first year of his age, he passed to 'fairer fields' than he had ever painted. Happy, happy days they must have passed together. He so enamoured of her and his art; she, loving whatsoever he loved, for his dear sake—watching the progress of his pencil, and feeling that his name would carry her's down the stream of time."—pp. 257, 258.

We believe it is now full time to admit the children to a share of our

banquet: here they come, the darlings! clamorous and climbing, and throwing their clear, bright eyes along the table in search of the usual sweet and simple delicacies that fall to their share. What is this we have got for them? What! "Jack and the Giants, illustrated by Richard Doyle!"* By Hercules! that ancient destroyer of giants! there is no achievement of the famous Jack, recorded in this book, equal to the triumph of its illustration. What are such brute victories over Cormoran, or the giant Blunderbore, or the Magician, to the intellectual triumph of chaining the young but giant master of illustrative and satiric art to his chariot wheels, as he advances in glory to the palace of Prince Arthur, and making the most magic pencil of the age be his chronicler and slave? There is this difference, however, that while, hitherto, Jack has killed the giants, in this case, the giant will make Jack live—live not only in the fond memories of those dear little people who would relish their favourite hero's adventures, no matter how rude the form in which they were described, but also in the minds of those "children of a larger growth"—those "men-children" (as Tennyson rather disparagingly called them, in his recent sonnet to Macready) with whom the fairy lore of art replaces the fairy lore of fiction.

We shall not be tempted to particularise any of the illustrations, lest beginning with one, we would end by describing all. It may be enough to say that, from the exquisite group on the title-page, where the children, in a sort of sweet horror and terrible delight, listen to the old crone as she tells them "stories of giants and fairies," to the air of cannibal politeness with which "the double-headed Welshman" (two single Brobdingnag Chesters rolled into one) receives Jack at the gate of his castle, every illustration, even to the initial letters, is stamped with the freedom, grace, and strength that characterise the creations of Mr. Doyle's pencil.

"The Babes in the Wood"† is another delicious treat for our young friends. It is illustrated by the Mar-

* "The Story of Jack and the Giants. Illustrated by Thirty-five Drawings by Richard Doyle." London: Cundall and Addey. 1851.

† "The Babes in the Wood." Same publishers.

chioness of Waterford, and is published by the same publishers as the preceding, and presents that simple and tender old ballad in a very rich and attractive style.

Our readers may be certain that we have kept a *bonne bouche* for the last. Now that we are about breaking up our pleasant May-day party, it may not be out of place to look forward to that still greater festival, when, amid the darkness and gloom of winter, for one day, at least, the brightness and gladness of summer seem to return, and though no buttercups or primroses strew our doorways, the fire-lit walls are decorated with the glistening green of the ivy, or the bright red berries of the holly-tree. Here is a book* that worthily chronicles the (alas, fading) glories of that sacred and joyous festival.

Welcome, thrice welcome is it to the little cabinet that contains our choicest book treasures—

"Welcome, my lord Sir Christmas,
Welcome to all, both more and less!"

We do not believe a handsomer volume than this ever issued from the press. Internally and externally it is not only worthy of holding a high, perhaps the highest, place in its own department of that great Exhibition to which we referred in the beginning of this article, but of gaining a longer and enduring asylum in the sanctuaries of happy and cultivated homes, and of realising some such pictures as we have endeavoured to paint in the following lines, written for inscription in this exquisite volume:—

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF "CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS."

Happy 'twill be upon some future day—
Some welcome Winter day of frost and snow,
When, with the cold, the sun's round face shall glow,
Cheerful and ruddy as a boy's at play—
If in some window-seat, that o'er the bay
Peeps calmly out, and o'er the rocks below—
Some modest oriel, round whose casements grow
The pyrocanthus' crimson berries gay—
If we behold our children's eyes display
Delighted wonder; and their glad looks show
How they would love with rapid feet to go
O'er each white field and pictured snow-filled way,
That in this book make Winter smile like May,
And Christmas gleam like Christmas long ago!

* "Christmas with the Poets." A collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman Period to the present Time. Embellished with fifty tinted Illustrations by Birket Foster. London: David Bogue. 1851.

CHRISTIANITY IN CEYLON.*

We wish we could accept it as a sign of true progress, that one who has just retired from a high official appointment in an important colony directs the attention of the public to the state and prospects of Christianity in that country. We believe that the people of these kingdoms, and of many of the nations long miscalled Christendom, are now beginning to perceive that the only assurance for peace, industry, and order, and for that social prosperity which is their unfailing consequence, is to be found in the felt expansion of real religion. The statesmen of Europe, relying on ephemeral expedients, have been heedless of this, but the hour is coming, and, perhaps, now is, when they will be compelled to observe it. These reflections, suggested by the occasion and the time, cannot, we hope, be regarded as out of season, or out of place.

The first observation which we have to make upon the book before us is, that the title promises too little. The name "Christianity in Ceylon" may bespeak its leading interest, but affords no sufficient indication of the extent and variety of its contents. It is not only an account of Christianity in Ceylon, of its early settlement and recent progress, but it is also a history of the idolatries of that country; and when we consider that the Buddhist and Brahmanical superstitions rule the souls of the millions of India, Ceylon, Siam, China, and other nations of the East, we may appreciate an examination of the sources of their influence, with a popular account of their tenets, and an authentic statement of their position, in one wide region, at the present day. This work, then, is the history of superstition as well as of religion in Ceylon, and thus easily takes its three divisions,—Christianity, the Brahmanical, and Buddhist systems.

In order to render our observations intelligible we must premise that Ceylon, which is, in size, about one-sixth

less than Ireland, is inhabited by three different races—the Tamils, who dwell in the northern peninsula of Jaffna, the Kandians, who live in the mountainous interior, and the Singhalese, who people the lowlands, which gird the island in a maritime belt of about eight miles deep. The Tamils are Hindoos, the others Buddhists.

Sir Emerson Tennent says that the earliest notice of the existence of Christianity in India, is a tract printed in the collection of Montfaucon, and republished by Thevenot, with a French translation, in his "*Relations des Divers Voyages Curieuses*." It is the work of an Egyptian merchant, named Cosmos Indopleustes, who published it in the reign of Justinian, with the pious purpose of vindicating the cosmogony of the Old Testament from what he regarded as the heresies of the Ptolemaic system. Cosmos was a Nestorian, and became a monk. The church which he found in Ceylon was, as he tells us, formed of the Persian residents there; and Mr. Hough, in his history of Christianity in India, conceives that it survived until the arrival of the Portuguese. Sir Emerson Tennent maintains, we rather think hastily, that the original passage in Cosmos disposes of such a conjecture, because "it expressly declares that the members of the church in Ceylon were Persians and merely sojourners;" but that "the natives and chiefs were of a different religion." Now the original, as cited by Sir Emerson, has no equivalent for the word "merely," and is thus not so decidedly against Mr. Hough's view as he puts it. It does not say that the Persians were "merely sojourners," staying there, as might be supposed, but for a short time, but that there was a church of Persian residents, *ἐκκλησία τῶν ἐπιδημιούντων Περσῶν Χριστιανῶν* that is, not a congregation of comers and goers, but a church consisting of the Persian families who were fixed and living there.

* "Christianity in Ceylon." By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.B., LL.D., &c. London: Murray. 1850.

Cosmos adds, what seems to support the fixity of the congregations, that this Persian church was formally established, with a bishop, and a regular liturgy. Mr. Hough infers, and we think not unreasonably, that these Persian Christians were not unmindful of their duty of making known the Gospel to the heathen around them, and that the fruit of their labours, in all probability, remained until the arrival of the Portuguese in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The interval is certainly a long one; but the impression is further countenanced by the fact, that there are in the recesses of Ceylon, remnants of Christian congregations who are unaffected by Romish usages, and who can give no account of their conversion, either from history or tradition. The general observation of the Egyptian merchant, that the natives and their chiefs were heathens, may not be at all at variance with the fact, that the Persian Christians had made converts, or were, at the period of his visit, engaged in missionary efforts.

Sir Emerson refers to legends of still earlier efforts made to Christianize Ceylon, to the statement repeated by Jerome and Eusebius, that St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew had, in their route to India, preached the Gospel there; and to the less known tradition, that the Christian faith was introduced there by the treasurer of Queen Candace, whose conversion by Philip is recorded in the Acts. Our Church historians, however, do not favour the supposition that India was ever visited by an apostle; and the best opinion seems to be, that Christianity was first made known in India and Ceylon by members of the Alexandrian Congregation of St. Mark, whose avocations made them acquainted with these countries.*

Our author conceives that the Per-

sian congregation in Ceylon had never made any impression on the natives, and that with the decline of eastern commerce, Christianity gradually disappeared.

"The Two Mahomedans,"† Ibn Vahab and Abou Zeyd, who visited this great island in the ninth century, say nothing as to the existence of any form of our faith. Marco Polo, who describes it at the close of the thirteenth century, simply states that the inhabitants were idolaters; and Ibn Batuta, the Moor, who was in Ceylon in the early part of the fourteenth century, is silent upon the subject of Christianity, although he describes the Brahmins and Buddhists, speaks of the Jews, and refers to the pilgrimage to Adam's Peak.

The rising influence of Mahomedanism in India, no doubt, contributed to the discouragement of Christianity in Ceylon; and when the Portuguese arrived there, about A. D. 1505, they found that the doctrines of Brahma and Buddha were the religions of the two great sections of the people, the Tamils and the Singhalese.

"Information," says our author, "is scanty as to the nature of the means adopted by the Portuguese for the introduction and establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in Ceylon. There is no proof that compulsion was resorted to by them for the extinction of the national superstitions; and the probability is, that the priests and missionaries of the Portuguese were contented to pursue in Ceylon the same line of policy, and to adopt the same expedients for conversion, which had already been found successful by their fellow-labourers on the opposite continent of India."

We could hardly expect to find proofs of acts of compulsion resorted to by the Portuguese for the promotion

* We think it right to refer to a series of papers which appeared in this magazine, entitled "Ceylon and the Singalese," and which many of our readers may well remember. In these, in addition to almost every other topic connected with the island, a good deal is said upon the subject of Christianity, and its present condition there.

† "The MS. in the Bibliotheque Royale of Paris, which contains the Arabic text of this remarkable book, belonged," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "to the library of the illustrious Colbert, whence it passed into the Royal Collection. It is unique, no second copy being known; and the Abbé Renaudot, who published its contents in A. D. 1718, was long suspected to have been the inventor of what he affected to translate." The tract notices the vices of the Singhalese, and especially their love of gambling, in terms which, we are told, are as applicable to-day as they were ten centuries ago. The passion for gambling is so excessive in Ceylon, that in 1840 it was found necessary to restrain it by a special law.

of their religion, when we are, at the same time, told that the records of their government have entirely disappeared. They were taken to Goa on the conquest of the island by the Dutch, whence they were removed to Lisbon, and afterwards transferred to Brazil. The little evidence of their system of proselytism that now remains, is to be collected from Dutch historians, from the traditions of the Cingalese, or from the statements of Roman Catholic writers. It is, indeed, highly probable that the Portuguese pursued in Ceylon the same methods for the establishment of their Church, which they had adopted on the Continent of India; and the memories of the Inquisition at Goa may suggest that violence and terror were not, at that period of history, very anxiously excluded from the armoury of their weapons.

Sir Emerson conceives that in the case of the indolent and obsequious Singalese, "the personal influence of the Captain-General at Columbo, and the favours and partiality exhibited by successive governors to all who were willing to conform to their religion," sufficiently account for the great numbers who rapidly came over to the Romanist communion; and he cites the saying of the Portuguese king, that "as an incentive to the conversion of Pagans, the prospect of gain was more likely to prove effectual than the hope of salvation." But the Tamils of the northern provinces are a more independent race; and, besides, their Brahmanical tenets presented greater difficulties than the Buddhism of the Singalese. The Portuguese got possession of Columbo in 1505; they immediately erected the adjoining country into a bishopric, and proclaimed Christianity throughout the Singalese districts; but they did not attempt to make any missionary effort in the northern province until 1544. The first who ventured there was the celebrated St. Francis Xavier. He was invited by the pearl fishers of Manaar, to whom he became known through the *Paranas*, or fisher caste of Cape Comorin, his earliest proselytes in India; and on his first coming amongst them, he was so successful, that he baptized from six to seven hundred. These converts had soon to stand the test of martyrdom, for they were cut to pieces, as apostates, by the Rajah of Jaffna. It is, however, remarkable, that notwith-

standing the persecution to which they were thus exposed, and the subsequent discouragement of the Dutch, their district continues to be, to the present day, one of the strongholds of the Roman Catholics in Ceylon. The fisher caste of the Singalese seem to share their feelings, and are, like them, determined adherents of the Church of Rome.

"When the British government in 1840," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "abandoned the tax upon fish, by which the fishermen contributed annually about £6,000 to the revenue, so strong was the influence of the Roman Catholic priests, that the apparently onerous impost was at once transferred by the fishers to the Roman Catholic Church, by whom it has ever since been collected, or farmed for collection, in the same manner as when it was paid to the government."

The efforts of the Rajah of Jaffna to extirpate Christianity from his territory were, as we learn, vain. The influence of the Portuguese and of their priests progressed, and his own sons becoming converts fled their country, and placed themselves under the protection of the Viceroy of Goa. On hearing of the conversion of the rajah's heir, King John III. of Portugal evinced a deep anxiety to extend at once his empire and his Church. "Be careful of his person," said he in a letter to the viceroy; "provide for his education, but, above all, take a slow but sure revenge on the tyrant of Ceylon." The power of the Portuguese was accordingly advanced in the direction of Jaffna, and soon the rajah, alarmed for his throne, avowed his readiness to embrace Christianity, was, through the intervention of Xavier, admitted to alliance with Portugal, and received the suspicious subsidy of one hundred soldiers to garrison his capital.

"The first employment of this friendly force was the erection of a fortress at Jaffnapatam, and eventually his dangerous allies relieved the rajah altogether of the cares of royalty, expelled him from the island, and incorporated his kingdom with the dominion of Portugal."

The influence of their Church now extended almost as rapidly as their civil rule:—

"Thus masters of the whole sea coast of Ceylon, the Portuguese felt more at liberty to pursue their schemes of ecclesiastical supremacy; but still a striking difference was observable in the nature of the several localities, and, consequently, in the character of their operations in the south, as compared with those in the northern provinces of the island. In the former, amongst the Singhalese and Buddhists, they were compelled to proceed with a becoming degree of cautious circumspection, from their vicinity to the native princes of Cotta, whose dominions extended from Chilaw to Colombo; and still more, from apprehension of their most hostile neighbour, the King of Kandy, whose frontier was less than forty miles from their outposts. In Jaffna, on the contrary, remote from any Hindoo potentate, and separated from the Singhalese by vast forests, and inhospitable deserts of land, the physical and almost insular position of their new conquest gave it the compactness and security of a fortified district, within which, with the complete command of the sea, they were effectually protected from intrusion or controul. The whole extent of the peninsula was thus brought by them under the authority of the Church; it was divided into parishes, each of which are provided with a chapel and schoolhouse, and, when required, a glebe for the residence of the Franciscan priest who was to officiate; and the ruins of these ecclesiastical edifices, even at the present day, attest the care and expenditure which must have been applied to their construction. In Jaffna itself they had a Church, and a College of Jesuits at the west end of the town, a church and convent of St. Dominic on the east, besides a convent of St. Francis; and when the Dutch made themselves masters of the fortress in 1658, they marched out, according to Baldæus, from forty to fifty ecclesiastics, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans. In short, there is sufficient evidence extant, connected with the province of Ceylon, to justify the assertion that, within a very few years from its occupation by the Portuguese, almost the entire population of the Jaffna peninsula, including even the Brahmans themselves, had abjured their idolatry, and submitted to the ceremony of baptism."—pp. 12-14.

It is most interesting to investigate the means by which these remarkable results were produced, and the more so, as our author assures us, that the success of the Roman Catholic clergy, at that period, was more extended and complete amongst the apparently im-

practicable Hindoos of the North, than with the pliant Buddhists of the Southern provinces. The influence of those in power, and the hope of sharing in the gains of patronage, are supposed to have, in the first instance, effected the nominal conversion of the easy and indifferent Singhalese, and that small difficulty once surmounted, our author holds, that their imaginations became excited, and their tastes permanently captivated by the same striking ceremonial and pompous pageantry, by which the Roman Catholic religion recommended itself at a later period to the Tamils and Hindoos. In regard to the many obstacles which the faith and habits of the Hindoos presented to the Church of Rome, and its surprising successes, notwithstanding all, our author takes what appears to us to be the best method of acquiring some satisfactory information upon the subject; he examines into the proceedings which were at that time in progress on the neighbouring continent of India, through the efforts of identically the same priesthood, that is, through the agency of the clergy of the Church of Rome, trained for this eastern ministry in the same seminaries, and acting under the orders of the same spiritual superiors. The inference at which he thus arrives is moreover confirmed by the statement of a Dutch authority, who describes what he saw himself.

The great success of Xavier, in his first attempts to promulgate Christianity in India, is ascribed to the fact, that he preached it in its simplicity and truth. Notwithstanding, however, the apparent extent of this success, his letters to Loyola record his honest disappointment at the actual unsoundness of all he had accomplished. The subsequent apostacy of large numbers of his converts proved the justness of his fears, and at the same time suggested to those who followed him in his labours, the expediency of adopting what they regarded as more effectual means. His Jesuits succeeded him, and they held that it was hopeless to attempt to gain the confidence of the natives without an external conformity to their customs and habits, and an avoidance of anything that could shock their prejudices. They conceived that they might thus undermine superstition, before it was known that they intended to assail it. In

pursuance of this plan, Christianity, in their hands, "assumed," says our author, "an aspect so extraordinary, that the details would exceed belief, were they not attested by the evidence of those actually engaged in the execution of the scheme." In the representations made upon the subject at Rome, it was stated "to be doubtful whether the Jesuits, by affecting idolatry and tolerating it amongst their proselytes, had not themselves become converts to Hindooism, rather than made the Hindoos converts to Christianity."

"They assumed the character of Brahmins of a superior caste, from the Western world; they took the Hindoo names, and conformed to the heathen customs of this haughty and exclusive race, producing, in support of their pretensions, a deed, forged in ancient characters, to show that the Brahmins of Rome, were of much older date than the Brahmins of India, and descended in an equally direct line from Brahma himself.

"They composed a pretended Veda, in which they sought to insinuate the doctrines of Christianity, in the language and phraseology of the sacred books of the Hindoos. They wore the cavy, or orange robe, peculiar to the Saniappees, the fourth, and one of the most venerated sections of the Brahmanical caste. They hung a tiger's skin from their shoulders, in imitation of Shiva; they abstained from animal food, from wine, and from certain prohibited vegetables; they performed the ablutions required by the Shastees; they carried on their foreheads the sacred spot of sandal-wood powder, which is the distinctive emblem of the Hindoos; and, in order to sustain their assumed character to the utmost, they affected

to spurn the Pariahs and lower castes, who lay no claim to the same divine origin with the Brahmins."

Thus was the system of expediency fairly carried out to its full results, and one might suppose that the mere absurdities to which it led would have for ever exhibited the insufficiency of such a method in matters connected with religion. It has, however, found more of favour in the world since, than good men might have wished.

The well-known aphorism of the Jesuits was, and is, that the end justifies the means. Fortified by this nefarious principle, the early missionaries of that order in Ceylon further encouraged themselves by the many points of resemblance which they found, and which members of their Church of our time say they find, between the practices of their religion and those of the superstition which they desired to assail.

"If," says the Abbé Dubois, himself a Roman Catholic Missionary in India, "any one of the several modes of Christian worship be calculated more than another to make an impression, and gain ground in India, it is, no doubt, the Catholic form, which Protestants consider idolatry. Its external pomp and show are well suited to the genius and disposition of the natives. It has a *poija*, a sacrifice, processions, images, and statues; *tirtan*, or holy water; feasts, fasts, and prayers for the dead; invocation of saints, and other practices, which bear more or less resemblance to that of the Hindoos. Of these facilities and coincidences, the Jesuits availed themselves to the utmost; they conducted the images of the Virgin and the Saviour, on triumphal cars, imitated from the orgies of Jaggernath;* they introduced the dances of

* The following note, taken from the work before us, page 19, and cited from the *Calcutta Review*, vol. ii., page 96, shows how minutely the heathen practices were adopted. The statement in the *Review* is given on the authority of the *Memoires Historiques présentés, en 1744, au Souverain Pontif Benoit XIV., par Le R. P. Nobert*. "A car approaches, covered with awnings of silk, and decked with garlands of flowers. It is surmounted by a female statue, and dragged slowly by a tumultuous crowd. She bears the *timbashi* on her head, a ring through her nose, and the sacred nuptial collar round her neck. On each side are parasol bearers; one who waves a napkin to brush away the mosquitoes. The car is preceded by dancers, half-naked, and streaked with sandal-wood powder and vermillion. Wild shouts ring through the air, and the ear is stunned by the din of trumpets, drums, and barbaric music. It is night; but amidst a general illumination and the blazing of torches, innumerable rockets and fireworks ascend in every direction. The crowd is all Hindoo, and all bear on their foreheads the accustomed mark of idolaters. The car is the gift of a heathen prince, the dancers and music are borrowed from the nearest pagoda; the spectators are heathens; BUT the woman represents the Virgin Mary, and the actors in this scandalous scene are the Christians of Madura."

the Brahmanical rites into the ceremonial of the Church; and, in fine, by a system of mingled deception and conformity, and a life of indescribable privation, they succeeded in superseding the authority and the influence of the Franciscans throughout Southern India, and enlisting multitudes of nominal converts to the Church. At length, scandalised by their proceedings, the attention of the See of Rome was directed to the conduct of the Jesuit fathers, who did not conceal, in their defence, that, 'from motives of prudence, and not to risk the revolt of their converts, they had been under the unpleasant necessity of overlooking many reprehensible practices, waiting for fitting opportunities for their gradual suppression. At the same time, they exposed the danger which they apprehended if the feelings of the Hindoos were hurt, and if the practices so justly complained of were openly reprobated and opposed, before the Christian religion should have gained a more solid footing in the country.' These arguments were, however, held to be insufficient; the idolatrous practices of the Jesuits were denounced, but without effect, by Pope Gregory XV., and his successors, till on the strong representations of the Cardinal de Tournon, the apostolic legate at Pondicherry, in 1704, Pope Benedict XIV. issued a rigorous bull, by which he prohibited utterly the superstitious customs (of which a test was enumerated in the decree), which had, therefore, been practised by the Jesuits and their missionaries. The Abbé Dubois declares that the result which had been predicted was realized on the promulgation of the edict. The Jesuits complied, but with reluctance, and after reiterated remonstrances and delays; but the number of converts declined, multitudes of proselytes relapsed into idolatry, and nothing but a partial return to the interdicted expedients for conversion has since prevented the extinction of the Roman Catholic form of Christianity in Hindostan.*—(pp. 18, 19, 20.)

These Jesuit doings, it may be said, took place at a period of the world which is long gone by. This is true, but it will be remembered that they are all, as we have just seen, defended, recommended, and readopted, by the Abbé Dubois, a priest of the same Church, in our enlightened age, who is always referred to as an authority, and who was for some time a Roman Catholic missionary at Mysore.*

There can be no doubt that the practices of the Jesuits in India were at the same time adopted by their order in Ceylon. The Romanist missionaries in both countries, at that time, were, as we have seen, of the same order, educated for both missions in the same seminary, and acting under the one superior. We may add that Baldaus, a Dutch writer, who was in Ceylon on the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the general retirement of the Roman Catholic priests, describes their churches as fitted up with theatres and stages, for the exhibition of theatrical exhibitions, and Sir Emerson Tennent states (page 23), that—

"To the present day, the Roman Catholics in the north of the island, continue to celebrate their worship with fireworks and drums, and encompass their chapels with processions, conducting decorated cars bearing idols and garlands, which differ only in name from similar observances and processions of the Hindoos."

The Portuguese writers refer with pride to the successive conversions of the King of Kandy, and of the Emperor of Cotta. But, as we collect from the book before us, the former did not avow himself a convert, until he had been driven from his dominions by an usurper, and the latter sought from the Portuguese, at the same moment, baptism, and bayonets,—the rites of the Church, and assistance against domestic conspiracies. The Emperor of Cotta, by a somewhat suspicious will, bequeathed his kingdom to Don Henry, King of Portugal; and the Singhalese chiefs, before taking the oath of allegiance to this new sovereign, entered into a treaty, which exhibits a desire to adhere to their own religion. From the terms of this document it appears, that, as might have been anticipated, a branch of the Inquisition had been established in Ceylon.

The Portuguese did not attempt to extend their forms of belief into the interior of Ceylon, until towards the decline of their power. In 1614, they sent an embassy to the King of Kandy, to ask that monarch to permit the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in his dominions, and to allow the building of a church and a convent, with accommodation for 200 or

* "Letters on the State of Christianity in India." By the Abbé Dubois.

300 ecclesiastics and laymen. The Dutch, however, were at this period establishing their influence in the Kandyan court; and through their counsels these applications were at once rejected:—

“The Dutch,” says Sir Emerson Tennent, “had still strong in their remembrance their own struggles for the freedom of the Low Countries, from the abhorred dominion of the Roman Catholic government of Spain; they had already discovered, in their settlements in the East, that there was no political security for them, where the Roman Catholic clergy were admitted to any influence; and at a later period, on political, not less than on religious considerations, they insisted on the retirement of all European ecclesiastics of the Romish Church, from the places which they conquered in India, on the ground, that the interests of Holland had everywhere suffered injury from their intrigues. In consistency with the same policy, they prevailed on the Kandian King, Rajah Singha, in the treaty which he concluded with the Dutch, in 1638, to insert a clause, by which he bound himself ‘to suffer no priest, friar, or Roman Catholic clergy to dwell in his dominions, but to oblige them to depart as the authors of all rebellions, and the ruin of all governments.’—p. 28.

Within the limits of their own territory, the Portuguese were active, and apparently successful. But the conformity of their converts partook more of a political than a religious character, and, as our author adds, “there is no reason to doubt, that along with the profession of the new faith, the majority of them, like the Singhalese of the present time, cherished with still closer attachment the superstitions of Buddhism.” Their profession of Christianity was made without conviction, or enlightenment:—

“It was, in fact, an adoption, without a surrender of opinion; and if any scruples were seriously felt respecting the change, they must have been speedily overcome by the prospect of personal advancement, and by the attractions of a religion which, in point of pomp and magnificence, surpassed, without materially differing from, the pageantry and the processions with which they were accustomed to celebrate the festivals of their own national faith.”—p. 29.

The period of the Portuguese rule at which we have just glanced, is the

first subdivision of the history of Christianity in Ceylon; the next comprises the century and a-half during which the Dutch were established there; and the third brings down the narrative, from the first foundation of the British government in that island, to the present time.

The Dutch, like the Portuguese, commenced their career in Ceylon with all the influence of military renown; but in addition to this, the vigour of their commercial policy, and their prosperous management in Java, Formosa, Amboyna, Sumatra, and the Moluccas, had greatly extended their reputation both in India and Ceylon. They possessed besides, as compared with their predecessors, some of the advantages of contrast. The character of the Portuguese, as well as their power, was waning in the east. As rulers, they had been, as our author tells us, characterized by perfidy and encroachment; as merchants, by rapacity and deceit; and their demeanour towards the natives was at all times marked by an insolent assumption. Sharing, then, the feelings which these circumstances very naturally produced, the King of Kandy, in 1640, addressed a letter to a Dutch Governor on the Coromandel Coast, inviting the Dutch to join him, for the purpose of expelling the Portuguese from Ceylon. By the terms of the treaty between the King of Kandy and the Dutch, the former was to bear all the expenses of the war; and the latter were to hand over to him the territory and the fortresses, which they might wrest from their common enemy. The Dutch gained by conquest all the possessions of the Portuguese; but, regardless of their plighted faith, refused to transfer them to the King of Kandy, and were, in consequence, soon engaged with him in war. This was an unpromising commencement for their religious usefulness; but in this survey we need not dwell upon that prolific topic, the crimes of government or the errors of statesmen; but must rather look to the efforts of that section of the people of Holland who were desirous of the advancement of Gospel truth, and endeavour to see in what manner these were developed, by the proceedings of their government in Ceylon. Notwithstanding the many imperfections which we shall have occasion to refer to, the views and actions

of the Dutch, in regard to the heathen in Ceylon, will, when compared with those of their predecessors, be found to do them credit. These nations were, yet not alike, intolerant; but there was this manifest distinction between their several systems, that of the former was based on artifice, while the method of the Hollanders was founded on the Bible, and on Scriptural instruction. They made considerable progress in the establishment of parish schools, and had the Scriptures of the New Testament, and a great part of the Old, translated into the Tamil, which are, at this hour, largely circulated and read, by the Singhaliese as well as by the Tamils, and several editions of which have been printed, both in Ceylon and in Madras. We dwell upon this phase of the comparison, because it is not referred to by Sir Emerson Tennent, who, moreover, does not appear to us to do entire justice to the Dutch.* To the Portuguese, on the other hand, he extends some indulgence; is to their faults "a little blind;" would lead us to suppose that there was no such thing as compulsion in matters of religion ever employed by them in Ceylon; although it seems that the Inquisition was established there, and although it is certain that their ecclesiastical polity was under the ominous rule of the Superior at Goa. He also accords to Xavier the title of "The Apostle of India." Far be it from us to withhold from that devoted man the admiration which he deserves. We believe with Cumming,† "that many a tansured head now rests in Abraham's bosom;" yet a Protestant might be expected to reserve that hallowed name for one who was as devoted as Xavier, and the herald of a purer faith, for one to whom the pious in our Church have long awarded it, and whose early labours connected him with Ceylon—that is, the exemplary Schwartz.‡ We do not arraign our author of intentional partiality; but we cannot acquit him as pure from involuntary bias, the mildest form of prejudice in-

cident to his position as Colonial Secretary of Ceylon under an ultra-liberal regime.

Sir Emerson Tennent recounts various instances of the hostile spirit of the Dutch towards the Church of Rome. We cannot doubt it. Toleration was not the type of that age. But we are bound to give them credit for higher motives than political jealousy, or party feeling in religion. They seem to have been as earnest against the native idolatries as against what they held to be Romish superstition. They prohibited the intermarriages of those who professed Christianity with unconverted natives. They imposed penalties on devil-dances, and other idolatrous ceremonies. They refused permission to the King of Kandy, to erect a Buddhist temple within the Dutch territory. The Protestant clergy even applied to the Government, to prohibit the Buddhist worship in the great temple of Kalany, and for permission to build a school-room, on the ruins of a preaching-house which was near it. The local authorities were unwilling to take the decided step of forbidding worship in one of the most ancient Buddhist temples in Ceylon; but they imposed a penalty on any nominal Christian who was convicted of idolatrous practices; and directed the establishment of the school. Not satisfied with this award, the Dutch forwarded their applications to Europe; and the East India Company, yielding to their wishes, returned an explicit order that the Buddhist ceremonies in the temple of Kalany should be prohibited, and the priests commanded to withdraw. The members of the Church of Holland continued to pursue their own system of conversion, and with most extensive and rapid results, especially when we know, that, as with us at home, and in our missionary efforts abroad, the labourers were few in comparison to the work:—

"A seminary was opened at Jaffna, for the instruction of teachers and catechists; and he§ records that in 1663,

* Cordiner, the first English chaplain in Ceylon, says, that the Portuguese compelled the natives to adopt the Roman Catholic religion, and that the Dutch never employed force; and Mr. Hough, in his History of Christianity in India, expresses the same opinion. Sir E. Tennent maintains that, on both points, the evidence is against their representations.—*Vide* "Christianity in Ceylon," p. 66.

† *Vide* "Apocalyptic Sketches." By the Rev. John Cumming.—p. 212.

‡ Schwartz made a missionary tour in Ceylon while it was yet in possession of the Dutch—that is, in 1760.

§ That is, Baldeus, one of the earliest of the Dutch missionaries in Ceylon.

within five years from the arrival of the Dutch, 12,387 children had been baptised; 18,000 pupils were under instruction in the schools; and 65,000 converts had become Christian men and women, in the kingdom of Jaffnapatam. Besides these, in 1655, there were upwards of 8,000 converts in Manaar and the Wanniy; and in 1688, the number of Christians throughout the province of Jaffna was represented as exceeding 180,000; how imperfectly even the smallest of these numbers must have been looked after, both in regard to elementary teaching and spiritual instruction, may be inferred from the circumstance deplored by Baldeus, that for the care of all his churches and schools, he had, in 1663, but two or three clergymen of the reformed religion, where the Portuguese had formerly employed upwards of forty Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. And, as if in anticipation of a doubt as to the sincerity of the outward profession made by his converts, he candidly states that 'though Christian in name, and qualified to discourse rationally of the ten commandments, and other doctrinal points, they still retained many of the superstitions of paganism.'—p. 41.

It is remarkable that while the Dutch ministers were thus successful amongst the Hindoos of Jaffna, the timid Singhalese of the Buddhist districts exhibited a more steady, although a passive, resistance to the efforts made to lead them from Romanism to the Church of Holland. The Dutch, in these circumstances, resorted to a measure which answered all their expectations. They made the profession of their faith a qualification for office, and issued a proclamation, "that no native could aspire to the rank of modliar, or be even permitted to farm land, or to hold office under the government, who had not first undergone the ceremony of baptism, become a member of the Protestant Church, and subscribed to the doctrines in the Helvetic confession of faith." The effect of this proceeding was electrical. The lowland chiefs, who had even assumed Portuguese names, came forward to abjure the errors of the Roman Catholic communion. Landowners, candidate policemen, and those who were desirous of being village headmen, and even Brahmans, unable to resist the attractions of advancement, made at once the requisite profession. These methods are no longer professed by the popular governments of modern days, but they are not altogether for-

gotten. The Dutch, in applying them, acted in unison with the policy of their age, but they combined with them others, which were far in advance of it. They were the first to press forward a regulated system of education in conjunction with religious teaching; and a striking feature of their plan was, that, as in the Prussian system, the attendance of pupils was *compulsory*, and enforced by fines on the parents. This was the occasion of much opposition and of some difficulties, but experience, we are told, proved that it was the only effective expedient for securing the attendance of scholars. The natives evinced an early disposition to educate their boys, but they also showed a very remarkable and long-enduring repugnance to having their daughters at all instructed, and more especially that they should be taught to write.

"Education, in the proceedings of the Dutch clergy, was, in almost every instance, made available for pioneering the way for the preaching of Christianity. The school-house in each village became the nucleus of a future congregation; and here, whilst the children received elementary instruction, they and the adults were initiated in the first principles of Christianity. Baptism was administered, and marriages solemnised, in the village school-houses; and, in order to confer every possible importance on these rural institutions, the schoolmasters appointed by the scholarchal commission, had charge of the thombos or registries of the district, in which these events were recorded, and thus became the depositories of the evidence on which the rights and succession to property were mainly dependant."—p. 46.

Education went on, to all appearances, successfully for about a period of thirty years, that is until the year 1670, when the hostile interference of the Roman Catholic priests and the opposition of some Buddhist leaders began to impede its progress. Still the success of the system was, on the whole, unquestionable and striking.

"The gross number of pupils in the Singhalese districts varied from 30,000 to 40,000; and at the close of the Dutch government in Ceylon, the number of children under instruction in all parts of the island was little short of 85,000."

For ecclesiastical as well as for edu-

cational purposes, Ceylon was divided by the Dutch into three provinces, those of Colombo, of Jaffna, and of Galle. The European congregations met in the forts, and there were upwards of an hundred native churches along the coast and throughout the interior. Notwithstanding, however, the efforts and encouragement of the government, the advancement of Christianity was attended with many obstacles. Amongst these, were the influence of idolatry with the Singhalese, and the difficulties arising from the peculiarities of caste among the Hindoo Tamils. Native chiefs, for instance, who had taken the designation of Christians, asked, in their pride of caste, for separate churches for themselves, to which, we are told, "even their wives were inadmissible." The Dutch, however, regarded the obstacles created by the interference of the Roman Catholic priests as of far greater moment, and against them was directed much of the artillery of their legislation.

"The Dutch clergy and their consistories appear at all times to have inclined to religious coercion; but it was only when alarmed by the increasing pressure of the Roman Catholics, that the government yielded to their solicitations, and ventured to enforce the series of measures which have already been enumerated, and which were designed not merely for the restraint of the priests, but the actual extinction of the Roman Catholic religion in Ceylon. The priests thus proscribed were, however, far from being silenced; they abandoned their open residence in the territories of the Dutch, and retired to villages and towns on the Kandyan frontier, whence they returned in various disguises to visit their congregations throughout the maritime districts. The proclamations of the government were either too late to be effectual, or too tyrannical to be carried into force; and in 1717, only two years after their renewed promulgation, the Roman Catholics were in possession of upwards of 400 churches in all parts of Ceylon, whilst the Dutch Presbyterians had barely one-fourth the number, either of congregations or converts. Other measures equally unwise and abortive followed those of 1715. Roman Catholic marriages were at first heavily taxed, then ordered to be so-

lemnised only by ministers of the Reformed Church or by the officers of the Court of Justice; and all this proving ineffectual, their celebration by a Roman Catholic priest was at last absolutely prohibited, and their registration declared void. Their burials were forbidden in cemeteries of their own, and extravagant fees were exacted on their interment in those attached to the Protestant churches. Roman Catholics were declared equally with heathens to be ineligible to office; and freedom was conferred upon the children of all slaves born of Protestant parents, while those of Roman Catholics were condemned to perpetual servitude—a device so short-sighted as to counteract the intentions of its framers by giving every slaveholder an interest in preventing the extension of Protestantism."—pp. 52, 53, 54.

This policy was, as our author states, ineffectual, and a reaction followed in favour of toleration, under the three latest Dutch governors, Falk, Van de Graaf, and Engelbeck, when the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, though not repealed, ceased to be enforced, and their priests were allowed to reside in the Dutch territory, "but they were not permitted to wear their sacerdotal vestments or exercise their functions within a certain distance of fortified towns."

This conflict between Romanism and Protestantism on foreign ground, may have its interest for our readers at the present time. We must add that Sir Emerson Tennent, in describing it, relies a good deal upon Roman Catholic authorities, and amongst them on one which will not carry all the weight which he might have anticipated when he sent his work to press, that is, Cardinal Wiseman. He cites his "Lectures" several times.

Sir Emerson Tennent states, that the numbers of the Roman Catholics had actually multiplied under persecution. This may be; but it is quite certain that, towards the close of the Dutch period in Ceylon, the number of professing Christians in communion with the Reformed Church was very strikingly great. Valentyn, a Dutch clergyman, estimated the whole number of native Christians in 1772 as 424,392. These were mostly nominal Protest-

* "Lectures on the Roman Catholic Church." By N. Wiseman, D.D., Bishop of Melipotanus.

ants. Towards the close of the eighteenth century this number, we are told was reduced to 300,000, of which, no doubt, the preponderating mass was Protestant. Had they been all enlightened believers, such remarkable success would have well warranted the remark of Mr. Hough, as cited in the work before us, in reference to the efforts of the Dutch, that "the progress of conversion in Ceylon under their administration would have been unparalleled in the history of the Church since the days of the Apostles." The records of the Dutch Consistory, express an apprehension that too many of the native converts were "*sine Christo Christiani*." This, however, we may be, and are, assured was not the case with all.

"Still," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "there is abundant evidence to show that all were not sound professors. Baldaeus and Valentyn have borne their testimony to this fact with impressive moderation; and the latter declares that amongst the native Christians of Jaffna there were many whose conduct and life might put Europeans to the blush. Cordince, who wrote his account of Ceylon, from 1799 to 1804, and, as the first colonial chaplain under the English government, must have been aware of the state of religion at the time of the British occupation, and personally acquainted with many of the Dutch converts, has stated, that although religious knowledge was not perfectly conveyed to the lower orders of the natives, many of the higher ranks became as true believers in its doctrines, and as conscientious performers of the duties of Christianity, as those who adorn the most enlightened regions."—p. 65.

It is remarkable that, amidst the large numbers of native converts, there is no instance on record of a Mussulman or a Mahomedan who was induced to embrace Christianity. The Moormen of Ceylon are a very ancient portion of the population, and from some peculiarities in their tenets, it is supposed that they are of Persian rather than of an Arab descent. They are an enterprising race, much engaged in most of the departments of native industry, but are absorbed in business, and indifferent to their own, as well as to every other religion. The facility with which the Singhalese Buddhists adopted the profession of Christianity, is to some extent accounted for by an

examination of their doctrines. They easily reconciled themselves to profess at once Christianity and Buddhism, because they regarded them as identical. The doctrines of the pre-existence of our Lord, and of the atonement by the shedding of his blood, are not opposed to their habits of thought: at least, as they conceive, not so opposed as to render a formal profession of Christianity hypocritical. This, of course, could only be maintained by such as have in fact no knowledge of Christianity; but it is the defence of the Buddhists themselves, and is plausible enough to deceive them. "They are taught," says the Rev. Mr. Gogerly, "in a manuscript note cited in the work before us, 'and by their own books, that if all the blood lost by Buddha himself, in his different transmigrations, for the benefit of sentient beings, were collected, it would be more than the waters of the ocean. Until Christianity assumed a decidedly opposing position, even the priests looked upon that religion with respect, and upon its founder with reverence. I have seen it stated in a controversial tract, written by a Buddhist priest of Matura, not fifteen years since, that probably Christ, in a former state of existence, was a god residing in one of the six heavens (a position which they represented Gotama as having occupied immediately previous to his birth as Buddha); that, animated by benevolence, he desired and obtained a birth as man, and taught truth, so far as he was acquainted with it. That his benevolence, his general virtue, and the purity of his doctrines, rendered him worthy of reverence and honour. If, therefore, the supremacy of Buddha, and the absolute perfection of his system were conceded, they saw nothing inconsistent in respecting both systems—Buddhism as the perfection of wisdom and virtue; Christianity as an approximation to it, though mingled with many errors." This determination to reconcile the two religions, continues to be, as our author shows, of ordinary occurrence:—

"A curious illustration of the prevalence of this disposition to conform to two religions was related to me recently. A Singhalese chief came, a short time since, to the principal of a government seminary at Colombo, desirous of placing his son as a pupil of the institution, and

agreed, without an instant's hesitation, that the boy should conform to the discipline of the school, which requires the reading of the Scriptures, and attendance on the hours of worship and prayer: accounting for his ready acquiescence by an assurance that he entertained an equal respect for the doctrines of Buddhism and Christianity. 'But how can you,' said the principal, 'with your superior education and intelligence, reconcile yourself thus to halt between two opinions, and submit to the inconsistency of professing an equal belief in two conflicting religions?' 'Do you see,' replied the subtle chief, laying his hand on the arm of the other, and directing his attention to a canoe, with a large spar as an outrigger, lashed alongside, in which a fisherman was just pushing off upon the lake, 'do you see the style of these boats, in which our fishermen always put to sea, and that that spar is almost equivalent to a second canoe, which keeps the first from upsetting? It is precisely so with myself: I add on your religion, to steady my own, because I consider Christianity a very safe outrigger to Buddhism.'"—p. 240, n.

These circumstances go far towards strengthening the apprehension, that the profession of many who swelled the numbers of nominal Christians in Ceylon, was ignorantly made, and unsound. There are facts, which show that this must have been the case, without imputing to the Dutch ministers either erroneous principles or unfaithfulness in their calling. They did not, like the Roman Catholic priests in South America, baptise whole multitudes at a time, sprinkling them with mops and brooms, and persuade themselves they did well, because, although these converts were necessarily ignorant of any principle of true religion, their children would be accessible to instruction. The Dutch missionaries were aware of the necessity of instruction and preparation, before baptism. They were, however, too readily satisfied with the easy assent and apparent sincerity of the natives; and this was owing to the two following causes—first, their number was too small for their multitudinous flocks. "In 1722," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "when the returns showed nearly half a million of nominal Christians, there were but fourteen clergymen in all Ceylon." The second cause was one of which their own consistories complained, that is, that they

failed to qualify themselves for their task, by acquiring, in the first instance, the languages of the country, and addressed themselves to the people through the medium of interpreters. "Out of a list of ninety-seven clergymen in Ceylon, between 1642 and 1725, as given by Valentyn, only eight were qualified to preach in the native tongues, four in Tamil, and four in Singhalese." The Portuguese, in both these particulars, acted with better wisdom. They had numerous bands of missionaries, who spoke the Singhalese or the Tamil, and owing to this, and perhaps to the histrionic attribute of Romanism—the principle of display—their religion and their language have been adhered to with greater tenacity. The Dutch language is, at this day, almost forgotten, and even their descendants have adopted, some the English, some the Portuguese. At a later period than the last referred to, the Dutch, indeed, established a college for the instruction of native preachers, and towards the close of their career they became aware of many of the deficiencies in their system; but, instead of endeavouring to remedy them, they only contracted the sphere of their operations. It is not, therefore, much to be wondered at, that "although they left behind them a superstructure of Christianity prodigious in its outward dimensions," it was at the same time "so internally unsound as to be distrusted even by those who had been instrumental in its erection, and so unsubstantial, that it has long since disappeared almost from the memory of the natives of Ceylon." The colossal edifice was, indeed, unsound: but it would be wrong to suppose that it was altogether unsubstantial, and that it left no trace behind. The labours of the pious Hollanders—few but faithful—were not so wholly lost. The testimony of Cordiner, the first English colonial chaplain, shows, as we have already seen, that many of the higher orders of the Dutch converts were true believers. It must, too, be borne in mind, that numbers of the native Christians, without foregoing any principle of religion, left the Church of Holland and joined the English congregations; and let it not be forgotten, that the translations of the Scriptures made by the Dutch into the Tamil, are still circulating amongst the natives, and that they are read, as we

have already stated, both by Tamils and Singhalese. It may be interesting to add, that it was to the anxiety excited in Europe by the labours of the Dutch missionaries in Ceylon, that the world was indebted for a work whose usefulness was long of the widest range, that is, to the treatise of "*Grotius De Veritate Religionis Christianæ*." It was suggested by the clergy of the Church of Holland, and was, at first, intended as a handbook for heathen missions, and for the use of seamen engaged in the India trade.*

The following extracts may enable us to bring down the history of the Dutch Church in Ceylon to the present day, and they at the same time show, that, on the advent of the English, the sphere of action of the Dutch ministers was altered, but that the fruit of their labours never perished :

"On the retirement of the Dutch authorities to Java, after the capitulation of Colombo, many of the clergy, and all those of the opulent classes who were in a condition to emigrate, followed the fortunes of the Government, and along with them took their departure to Batavia. Those who remained, assembled, as usual, in the fine old churches, the possession of which had been secured to them by treaty; and the Government, for a time, took on itself the charge of defraying the salaries and other expenses of the ministry. The subsequent fortunes of the Dutch Church, however, and the adverse influence by which it was surrounded, were unfavourable to the continuance of even its diminished prosperity. It was no longer the exclusive religion of the State; the most influential and wealthy of its community had departed; and in comparative poverty and neglect, it had to maintain an equal struggle with the rising pretensions of the Church of England, whose clergy had been appointed as chaplains to the British authorities, and the military; and a still more disastrous contest with the Church of Rome, by whose priesthood the Dutch converts were drawn off in prodigious numbers.

"After the landing of the English, the officiation of the Dutch clergymen had been altogether withdrawn from the out stations and the natives, and confined almost exclusively to the several congregations within the forts of Colombo, Matura, and Galle. But in a very short period, their ministra-

tions were still further contracted even here; Galle and Matura ceased to be provided with resident clergy of their own persuasion; the use of the Dutch churches was liberally granted, by the consistories, to the chaplains of the Church of England; and only once or twice in each year, the Dutch clergy of Colombo made periodical visitations for the administration of the sacrament. This decline was, however, in no degree to be attributed either to any hostile influence of the Government, or any failure in the performance of its engagements to the Dutch; and the *Classis* of Colombo, in its assembly, in 1805, at the very time when serious apprehensions were expressed that the Dutch communion would be speedily extinct in Ceylon, recorded in the archives of Wolfendahl, that 'everything connected with their religion had, by the favour and protection of the British, stood and continued in the same order as under the Netherlands Government.' Their own clergy were, however, old and infirm; and no probability was apparent of procuring others from Holland."—pp. 100-1.

There are, at present, no more than two clergymen of the Church of Holland in Ceylon. Their congregations are the direct descendants of the old Dutch settlers, of whom, however, not more than fifty now understand the language of their fathers. Of Singhalese and Tamils, who once worshipped together with the Dutch, there are now but few. Large numbers of both attend the services of the Church of England; but being unable to comprehend the difference between these two Protestant denominations, they still conceive that they are members of the "*Hollandish Church*."

We now come to the last subdivision of the history of Christianity in Ceylon—that is, the British period, which is introduced by the following just remarks:—

"There is something of universal interest in the period of this inquiry at which we are now arrived. Two eras have been reviewed in this brief sketch of the history of Christianity in Ceylon—that of artifice and corrupt inducement, practised by the early priesthood of Portugal; and that of alternate bribery and persecution, by the clergy of the Church of Holland. We now come to scrutinise the progress made during the

* See "*Christianity in Ceylon*."—p. 99.

third epoch, since the British occupation of the island, when, for the first time, a legitimate field was offered for the unadorned influence of the Gospel, and a fair and unbiassed trial has been given to the efficacy of truth and simplicity for its inculcation, unaided by the favour and uninfluenced by the frowns of authority."—p. 77.

How far the laudation contained in this eloquent proœmium is deserved, our readers may judge.

The Dutch provinces of Ceylon were taken by the English during the Revolutionary war, and in the year 1796; but our occupation was regarded as little more than provisional, until the treaty of Amiens, by which it was settled that the island should be attached to the dominions of Great Britain. The first English Governor was the member of a family long known by its public services and distinguished talents, the Hon. Mr. North, afterwards Earl of Guilford; "who," as our author justly says, "with administrative talents of the highest order, combined an enthusiasm in the cause of education by which, at a later period of his life, he imperishably associated his name with the regeneration of Greece, as the founder and first Chancellor of the Ionian University." His first endeavour was to restore and extend the educational system of the Dutch. He revived the Colombo Academy, a collegiate institution, founded by the Dutch for the training of native students for the ministry, and where their most effective missionaries were prepared. He also re-established the public charities of the Dutch, and aided the exertions of their ministers, by the appointment of catechists. His efforts in the cause of native education were so far successful, that in the year 1801 there were throughout the colony, which then consisted of only the maritime provinces, 170 schools. It is right to observe that his resources were very limited; and in the time of his successor, Sir Thomas Maitland, who, we are told, was equally anxious to do good, the sum appropriated to the object of native education in Ceylon was restricted to the miserable pittance of £1,500 a-year. The result of this retrenchment was, that not only

education could not be extended, but that great numbers of Mr. North's schools were closed. A MS. autobiography of Christian David, the first ordained Tamil minister in Ceylon, cited by our author, and which is deposited in the diocesan library in Colombo, states that he was appointed by Mr. North, in 1800, to the superintendence of forty-seven schools, in the peninsula of Jaffna, which were every one suddenly closed by Sir Thomas Maitland in 1805, in consequence, as is supposed, of this want of funds. The Government of that day, like some of its successors, though prodigal of the public money when it was little called for, was penurious just where it ought not. Other circumstances combined to diminish the numbers of professing Christians, especially of those of the Protestant denominations, as rapidly as they at first increased. The Singhalese, under the Portuguese and the Dutch, had long been used to regard the profession of the State religion as a qualification for office, and the insertion of their names in the *thombo*, or baptismal registry, as the security for civil privileges. They appear to have had, in general, little other conception of the ceremony, than that it conferred some civil distinction; and accordingly the Singhalese term for the rite, when literally rendered, means "*admission to rank*." If Buddhists quarrel, "*unbaptized wretch*" is an ordinary epithet; and when a father scolds his child, he often adds, with threatening voice, that he will "blot out his baptism from the *thombo*." The measures taken by Mr. North and by Sir Thomas Maitland, however well-meant, did not much enlighten the Singhalese. The proponents* appointed by them appeared to have regarded the administration of baptism as their main duty, and to have applied themselves to discharge it in a very practical manner, and much in the fashion of the early Roman Catholic priests in South America, of whom we have spoken above. On their periodical visits to their respective districts, the children were brought to them in crowds, and being arranged in rows, were sprinkled as the proponent passed along. This ceremony the Singhalese

* The office of proponent in the Dutch Church is intermediate between that of catechist and deacon in our own.

called "*Christian-making*, and they regarded it less as a religious than a civil proceeding. Numbers of the converts thus easily made called themselves "*Government Christians*;" others, openly combining two professions, took the ambiguous designation of "*Christian Buddhists*;" and the natives very commonly evinced their own estimation of Christianity, by naming it "*the religion of the East India Company*." These are not recollections of which we have much reason to be proud; and it is no wonder that Buchanan, when he visited Ceylon, in 1806, described the Protestant religion as extinct. It was, probably, owing to the public feeling excited by his remarks, that the minister of the day was led to direct his attention to the subject. Lord Castlereagh, in a despatch to Sir Thomas Maitland, dated 1808, observes that the measures of the Government had been freely censured for their tendency to discourage Christianity. In 1810, Lord Liverpool, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, proposed to assist the Dutch clergy, by ministers ordained by the Church of Scotland, and to receive youths from Ceylon, to be educated for the ministry in Edinburgh. In 1816, the congregations of the Church of England were placed under the superintendence of the see of Calcutta; and in 1845, Ceylon was erected into a separate bishopric. There are now twelve colonial chaplains, besides those of the Churches of Holland and of Scotland, who are alike borne on the establishment of the colony. Their duties, however, are almost exclusively among the Europeans, in the towns and forts; whilst in our narrative of the revival, advancement, and present condition of Christianity amongst the natives of Ceylon, we have to refer to what gives its highest interest to this volume, the labours of the various missionary bodies in that island since the year 1804. The first missionaries who reached Ceylon after its occupation by the English were three Germans, sent out by the London Missionary Society, in the year just named. These were followed by some Baptists, from Serampore, in 1812. The Wesleyan contingent arrived in 1814. Two years later the Americans founded their mission; and in the year 1818 the Church Missionary Society of England sent out four ordained

clergymen. The methods adopted by these several societies are nearly alike, and as we are unable to enter into the details of all, we shall select one, exhibit its operations, and show, at the same time, the difficulties which it has had to overcome, the measure of its success, and the nature of its future prospects. We take, then, the American Mission, which acts under the direction of one of the oldest and most remarkable of the existing associations for the dissemination of Christianity, "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," whose head-quarters are at Boston, in Massachusetts. The first settlers in Massachusetts, like those of New England, were missionary colonists. Their charter, given by Charles I., states that one of the objects of the king and of the planters was the conversion of the natives to the true faith; and the seal of the company thus incorporated bore the device of a North American Indian, with the motto "*Come over and help us*." It may be interesting to add, that the "pilgrim fathers" of the New England States were, indirectly, the cause of the Protestant missions of the Dutch. They were, as our author states, "the first pioneers of the Protestant world, and the first heralds of the Reformed religion to the heathen of foreign lands. Their mission is more ancient than the Propaganda of Rome, and it preceded by nearly a century any other missionary association in Europe. It was encouraged by Cromwell, and incorporated by Charles II.; and Cotton Mather records that it was the example of the New England fathers, and their success amongst the Indians, that first aroused the energy of the Dutch for the conversion of the natives of Ceylon."

We cannot doubt that amongst the main causes of the prosperity of North America are, the permanence of religious feeling, and the blessing attendant on the fact, that the missionary spirit has never perished. The labours of this great people on their own vast continent have been conducted with the greatest judgment, and marked by a success which encouraged their extension in other lands. In the year 1812, they turned their attention to the East, and, under an act of incorporation from the state of Massachusetts, commenced their missionary

efforts in the Old World. Their first missionaries to India appeared there in 1812, but were ordered by the Governor-General to leave Calcutta by the same vessel in which they had arrived. One of them landing in Ceylon, on his voyage home, was so struck with the openings which it presented for missionary enterprise, and so much encouraged by the Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, to engage in it, that, on his representations, the American Board, in 1816, sent out three clergymen and their wives, who fixed their residence at Jaffna, which has been ever since the scene of their remarkable labours. These were reinforced in 1819, and for many years their establishment has consisted of from seven to eleven ordained ministers, with a physician, conductors of the press, and other lay assistants; these are selected from Congregationalists and Presbyterians. It is gratifying to be enabled to add, that the most cordial good-will and desire to co-operate has from the beginning prevailed between them and the other Protestant missionaries in their neighbourhood. For thirty years they have assembled periodically in a "missionary union," to decide on measures and compare results. "With all of them education is," as our author says, "a diurnal occupation; whilst in their purely clerical capacity they have felt the necessity of proceeding with more cautious circumspection, improving rather than creating opportunities, relying less upon formal preaching than on familiar discourses, and trusting more to the intimate exhortation of a few than to the effect of popular addresses to indiscriminate assemblies."

"The first embryo instruction is communicated by them in free village schools, scattered everywhere throughout the district, in which the children of the Tamils are taught in their own tongue the simplest elements of knowledge, and the earliest processes of education—to read from translations of the Christian Scriptures, and to write their own language, first by tracing the letters on the sand, and eventually by inscribing them with an iron style upon the prepared leaves of the *Palmyra palm*. It will afford an idea of the extent and perseverance with which education has been these primitive institutions, free schools of the Americans pupils, of whom one-fourth are daily receiving instruction upwards of 90,000 children

have been taught in them since their commencement, a proportion equal to one-half the present population of the peninsula."

It was soon seen that, in addition to these primary schools, the establishment of boarding-schools was extremely desirable, for the purpose of separating the pupils from the influence of idolatry. The attempt was made, but proved to be attended with difficulties which would have appeared to many insurmountable. In the first place, the natives were suspicious, not conceiving that strangers could undertake such toil, trouble, and expense, without an interested object. The more positive difficulty was connected with caste, with the reluctance of parents to permit their children to associate with those of a lower rank.

"This the missionaries overcame, not so much by inveighing against the absurdity of such distinctions as by practically ignoring them, except wherever expediency or necessity required their recognition. In all other cases where the customs and prejudices of the Tamils were harmless in themselves, or productive of no inconvenience to others, they were in no way contravened or prohibited; but as intelligence increased, and the minds of the pupils became expanded, the most distinctive and objectionable of them were voluntarily and almost imperceptibly abandoned.

"When the boarders were first admitted to one of the American schools at Batticotta, a cook-house was obliged to be erected for them on the adjoining premises of a heathen, as they would not eat under the roof of a Christian; but after a twelvemonth's perseverance, the inconvenience overcame the objection, and they removed to the refectory of the institution. But here a fresh difficulty was to be encountered; some of the high caste youths made an objection to use the same wells which had been common to the whole establishment; and it was agreed to meet their wishes by permitting them to clear out one in particular, to be reserved exclusively for themselves. They worked incessantly for a day, but finding it hopeless to draw it perfectly dry, they resolved to accommodate the difficulty, on the principle, that having drawn off as much water as the well contained when they began, the remainder must be sufficiently pure for all ordinary uses."—pp. 146, 147.

In addition to these primary and

boarding-schools, the American Mission, in 1830, established schools for teaching English, and for elementary instruction of a more advanced description. These were all under a discipline avowedly Christian, yet the missionaries found that they were able not only to enforce the fee demanded, but to maintain their regulations without loss of numbers.

"And it is a fact," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "suggestive of curious speculation as to the genius and character of this anomalous people, that in a heathen school recently established by Brahmans in the vicinity of Jaffna, the Hindoo community actually compelled those who conducted it to introduce the reading of the Bible as an indispensable portion of the ordinary course of instruction."—p. 148.

This does not seem so strange to us. The shrewd Tamils, as we collect from other observations in the work before us, perceived how the Bible-reading children had improved in demeanour, conduct, and success in life. For these same reasons, and possibly in some cases from a deeper feeling never yet avowed, the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland, before the introduction of the National System of Education, and previously to, and, in many cases, long after, the expressed hostility of their priesthood, anxiously sent their children to the schools of the Kildare-place and the Hibernian Bible Societies.

The other missionaries, we need hardly say, were as active as the Americans. After some years of further experience, they all felt the necessity of founding educational institutions of a still more advanced description for the instruction of the natives in their own language. It became plain to them that, from physical as well as moral causes, the conversion of the natives could be only hoped for through the medium of their well-taught and well-trained countrymen. The niceties of the language and their modes of thought presented difficulties of a most serious character to others; the very terms of the ordinary address of a missionary suggested ideas altogether different from what he intended. Thus, when *God* is spoken of, they probably understand one of their own deities who yields to every vile indulgence; by *sin*, they mean ceremonial defilement,

or evil committed in a former birth, for which they are not accountable; *hell* with them is only a place of temporary punishment; and *heaven* nothing more than absorption, or the loss of individuality. Under these impressions each of the missionary bodies at Jaffna formed for themselves a collegiate institution, in which the best scholars from their other schools were admitted to a still more advanced course, and taught the sciences of Europe. That of the Church Missionary Society of England was established at Nellore, but subsequently removed to Chundicully; the Wesleyans commenced theirs in the great square of Jaffna; and that of the Americans was founded at Batticotta, "in the midst of a cultivated country, within sight of the sea, and at a very few miles distant from the fort."

"It was opened in 1823, with about fifty students chosen from the most successful pupils of all the schools in the province; and the course of education is so comprehensive as to extend over a period of eight years of study. With a special regard to the future usefulness of its alumni in the conflict with the errors of the Brahmanical system, the curriculum embraces all the ordinary branches of historical and classical learning, and all the higher departments of mathematical and physical science, combined with the most intricate familiarisation with the great principles and evidences of the Christian religion.

"The number which the building can accommodate is limited, for the present, to one hundred, who reside within its walls, and take their food in one common hall, sitting to eat after the custom of the natives. For some years the students were boarded and clothed at the expense of the mission; but such is now the eagerness for instruction that there are a multitude of competitors for every casual vacancy; and the cost of their maintenance during the whole period of pupillage is willingly paid in advance, in order to secure the privilege of admission.

"Nearly six hundred students have been under instruction from time to time since the commencement of the American Seminary at Batticotta, and of these upwards of four hundred have completed the established course of education. More than one half have made an open profession of Christianity, and all have been familiarised with its doctrines, and more or less imbued with its spirit. The majority are now filling situations of credit and responsibility

throughout the various districts of Ceylon; numbers are employed under the missionaries themselves, as teachers and catechists, and as preachers and superintendents of schools; many have migrated, in similar capacities, to be attached to Christian missions on the continent of India; others have lent their assistance to the missions of the Wesleyans and the Church of England in Ceylon; and amongst those who have attached themselves to secular occupations, I can bear testimony to the abilities, the qualifications, and integrity of the many students of Jaffna, who have accepted employment in various offices under the Government of the colony."—pp. 152-4.

Another of the instruments of conversion adopted by these indefatigable men is *the press*. They were long obliged to have their tracts written out on *olaks*, or strips of the Palmyra leaf, which, when the missionary took for distribution, were strung round the neck of his horse. The printing establishment of the American Mission has for many years given constant employment to upwards of eighty Tamil workmen. Their publications are either religious or educational; and one of their ulterior objects is to supersede the degraded legends still in circulation. The natives of Ceylon, like most other Asiatics, have a strong repugnance to reading. This, however, has been to some extent already overcome, both on the continent of India and in Ceylon, as is evident from the facts of the establishment of native presses in Hindostan, and of the success of a missionary newspaper in Ceylon for the last seven years, which has now more than seven hundred subscribers, of whom five-sixths are Tamils. The Church Missionary Society have also a press amongst the Tamils; the Wesleyans established theirs in the Singhalese districts, and the Baptists have one at work in Kandy. One of the greatest, among the many triumphs of the missionaries in Ceylon, has been in the education of girls. The position of woman in that island, as in most parts of the East, was one of inferiority and toil. She was not permitted to sit at table with the males, or even to eat in the presence of her husband. Her education was so wholly neglected that, amongst the Tamils, no woman knew her alphabet, except such as rather gave the accomplishment a bad name—the dancing girls and the prostitutes

attached to the temples, who learned to read and write that they might copy songs and the legends of their gods. It was, however, plain that no extensive good would be effected without the education of women. The male converts could not get suitable wives, and the children would be in the hands of idolaters. In addition to their natural influence in a family, the women of the Tamils, where this new attempt in education was first made, had rights of property, which, notwithstanding the inferiority of their social position, gave them peculiar influence.

"It is, we are told, a paramount object of ambition with Tamil parents to secure an eligible alliance for their daughters by the assignment of extravagant marriage portions. These consist either of land, or of money secured upon land; and as the law of Ceylon recognises the absolute control of the lady over the property thus conveyed to her sole and separate use, the prevalence of the practice has, by degrees, thrown an extraordinary extent of the landed property of the country into the hands of the females, and invested them with a corresponding proportion of authority in its management."—p. 157.

Impressed with the urgency of the object, the missionaries attempted the establishment of female schools, and especially of boarding schools, where Hindoo girls might be trained, and separated from evil influences until they could be settled with the approbation of the guardians. They had at first great difficulty in getting pupils, and only enticed them by presents of dress, or some such cogent bribe, or by engagements to give fortunes of five or six pounds to all who remained in their institutions until suitably married. Even with these allurements their early efforts promised no success. Parents were inveighed against for allowing their daughters to be instructed, and so strong was native prejudice that the children, when learning to read, blushed with shame. These and other obstacles have been surmounted, and, as the following extract shows, the missionaries have no longer to allure, but must select their scholars. The Americans made the first experiment at Oodooville, a few miles distant from the fort of Jaffna:—

"The hamlet of Oodooville is in the centre of a tract of very rich land, and

the buildings occupied by the Americans were originally erected by the Portuguese for a Roman Catholic church, and the residence of a friar of the order of St. Francis. It is a beautiful spot, embowered in trees, and all its grounds and gardens are kept in becoming order, with the nicest care and attention.

"The institution opened in 1824, with about thirty pupils, between the ages of five and eleven; and this, after eight years of previous exertion and entreaty, was the utmost number of female scholars who could be prevailed on to attend from the whole extent of the province. This difficulty has been long since overcome. Instead of solicitations and promises, to allure scholars, the missionaries have long since been obliged to limit their admissions to one hundred, the utmost that their buildings can accommodate; and now, so eager are the natives to secure education for their daughters, that a short time before my visit, on the occasion of filling up some vacancies, upwards of sixty candidates were in anxious attendance, of whom only seventeen could be selected, there being room for no more. The earliest inmates of the institution were of low castes and poor; whereas the pupils and candidates now are, many of them, of most respectable families, and the daughters of persons of property and influence in the district.

"The course of instruction is in all particulars adapted to suit the social circumstances of the community; along with a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and the principles of the Christian religion, it embraces all the ordinary branches of female education, which are communicated both in Tamil and in English; and combined with this intellectual culture, the girls are carefully trained, conformably to the usages of their country, in all the discipline and acquirements essential to economy and domestic enjoyments at home. Of two hundred and fifty females who have been thus brought up at Oodooville, more than half have been since married to Christians, and are now communicating to their children the same training and advantages of which they have so strongly felt the benefit themselves."—pp. 159–161.

The consequence of these proceedings is, that the number of households is fast increasing, where the mother, trained in the habits of civilized life, and instructed in the principles of Christianity, is anxious to give to her children the like advantages.

We have but glanced at the three methods employed by the missionaries

for the promulgation of religion—teaching, preaching, and the press—and must now refer to their results. These are modestly stated by themselves as having a relation rather to the future than the present, but our slender statement shows that they have done great things, and that whatever they have effected has been well done. Much more will this be the impression of all who with impartial feeling read our author's clear narrative and full details. The number of their converts is not at all so large as that of the Government Christians of the Portuguese, the East India Company Christians of the Dutch, or even of the nominal Roman Catholics of the present time; but the changes which they have wrought are enduring, and the seed which they are sowing will bring forth its harvest. For the rich rewards of that harvest we may look with expectation to the efforts of the native candidates for the ministry, who are now in training in the missionary institutions. It is from amongst them that some Kandyan Luther is to be hoped for, or some eastern Gavazzi, destined to give to tottering superstition its final blow. In the mean time, enough has been achieved to show that the Asiatic idolatries are not impregnable, and that when the Abbé Dubois stated "that the religion of the Hindoos was immutable, or that the time of their conversion had passed away," he thought little on the faith that removes mountains. In conclusion, instead of giving realised effects in mere numbers, we think it better to refer to more undeniable results. The confidence of the people in their own superstitions has been shaken; they see the aspect of society around them changing beneath the influence of a better system. Falsehood, and degenerate habits, which were no where more prevalent, have received a very decided check. Marriage, which as one connected with the colony said, was made by a "*come hither*," and dissolved by "*a kick*," is becoming a fixed union. Polyandry, long universal in the maritime provinces, is now only known in the remote districts. The sincerity of the converts is attested by the facts, that few relapse into idolatry, and that numbers contribute largely to the restoration of churches, and to other pious objects. Christianity, too, shines not alone in the prosperous regions of

the land, but reaches every sequestered glade, and sheds its healing beams on the most abject and abhorred.

"It has," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "penetrated the awful retreats into which lepers have retired to conceal their mutilations from the shuddering glance of mankind; and it has found an audience and an echo in the repulsive community of the Gahalyas, the hereditary executioners under the Kandyan kings; a whole village of whom have from time immemorial been established on the farther bank of the Mahavillaganga, a few miles distant from Kandy,

their presence being too polluted to be permitted within the gravets of the capital."

We have in conclusion to express our regret at being quite unable to notice the chapters on the Brahmanical and Buddhist systems, which many may think the most original, if not the most interesting, portions of the work; and all who remember the writer's House of Commons reputation will bear, without surprise, that they exhibit a brilliancy and power of style which would do no discredit to the meridian fame of a Macaulay.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE ATHOL TENDER."

As I cast my eyes over these pages, and see how small a portion of my life they embrace, I feel like one who having a long journey before him, perceives that some more speedy means of travel must be adopted, if he ever hope to reach his destination. With the instinctive prosiness of age I have lingered over the scenes of boyhood, a period which, strange to say, is fresher in my memory than many of the events of few years back, and were I to continue my narrative as I have begun it, it would take more time on my part, and more patience on that of my readers, than are likely to be conceded to either of us. Were I to apologise to my readers for any abruptness in my transitions, or any want of continuity in my story, I should perhaps inadvertently seem to imply a degree of interest in my fate which they have never felt; and, on the other hand, I would not for a moment be thought to treat slightly the very smallest degree of favour they may feel disposed to show me. With these difficulties on either hand, I see nothing for it but to limit myself for the future to such incidents and passages of my career as most impressed themselves on myself, and to confine my record to the events in which I personally took a share.

Santron and I sailed from New York on the 9th of February, and arrived

in Liverpool on the 14th of March. We landed in as humble a guise as need be. One small box contained all our effects, and a little leathern purse, with something less than three dollars, all our available wealth. The immense movement and stir of the busy town, the crash and bustle of trade, the roll of wagons, the cranking clatter of cranes and windlasses, the incessant flux and reflux of population, all eager and intent on business, were strange spectacles to our eyes as we loitered, houseless and friendless, through the streets, staring in wonderment at the wealth and prosperity of that land we were taught to believe was tottering to bankruptcy.

Santron affected to be pleased with all, talked of the "beau pillage" it would afford one day or other; but in reality this appearance of riches and prosperity seemed to depress and discourage him. Both French and American writers had agreed in depicting the pauperism and discontent of England, and yet where were the signs of it? Not a house was untenanted, every street was thronged, every market filled; the equipages of the wealthy vied with the loaded wagons in number; and if there were not the external evidences of happiness and enjoyment the gayer population of other countries display, there was an air of well-being

and comfort such as no other land could exhibit.

Another very singular trait made a deep impression on us. Here were these islanders with a narrow strait only separating them from a land bristling with bayonets. The very roar of the artillery at exercise might be almost heard across the gulf, and yet not a soldier was to be seen about! There were neither forts nor bastions. The harbour, so replete with wealth, lay open and unprotected, not even a gun-boat or a guard-ship to defend it! There was an insolence in this security that Santron could not get over, and he muttered a prayer that the day might not be distant that should make them repent it.

He was piqued with everything. While on board ship we had agreed together to pass ourselves for Canadians, to avoid all inquiries of the authorities! Heaven help us! The authorities never thought of us. We were free to go or stay as we pleased. Neither police nor passport officers questioned us. We might have been Hoche and Massena for aught they either knew or cared. Not a “Mouchard” tracked us; none even looked after us as we went. To me this was all very agreeable and reassuring; to my companion it was contumely and insult. All the ingenious fiction he had devised of our birth, parentage, and pursuits, was a fine romance indited, and he was left to sneer at the self-sufficiency that would not take alarm at the advent of two ragged youths on the quay of Liverpool.

“If they but knew who we were, Maurice,” he kept continually muttering as we went along. “If these fellows only knew whom they had in their town, what a rumpus it would create! How the shops would close! What barricading of doors and windows we should see! What bursts of terror and patriotism! Par St. Denis, I have a mind to throw up my cap in the air and cry ‘Vive la Republique,’ just to witness the scene that would follow.”

With all these boastings, it was not very difficult to restrain my friend’s ardour, and to induce him to defer his invasion of England to a more fitting occasion, so that at last he was fain to content himself with a sneering commentary on all around him; and in this amiable spirit we descended into a

very dirty cellar to eat our first dinner on shore.

The place was filled with sailors, who, far from indulging in the well-known careless gaiety of their class, seemed morose and sulky, talking together in low murmurs, and showing unmistakeably signs of discontent and dissatisfaction. The reason was soon apparent; the press-gangs were out to take men off to reinforce the blockading force before Genoa, a service of all others the most distasteful to a seaman. If Santron at first was ready to flatter himself into the notion that very little persuasion would make these fellows take part against England, as he listened longer he saw the grievous error of the opinion, no epithet of insult or contempt being spared by them when talking of France and Frenchmen. Whatever national animosity prevailed at that period, sailors enjoyed a high pre-eminence in feeling. I have heard that the spirit was encouraged by those in command, and that narratives of French perfidy, treachery, and even cowardice, were the popular traditions of the sea service. We certainly could not controvert the old adage as to “listeners,” for every observation and every anecdote conveyed a sneer or an insult on our country. There could be no reproach in listening to these unresented, but Santron assumed a most indignant air, and more than once affected to be overcome by a spirit of recrimination. What turn his actions might have taken in this wise I cannot even guess, for suddenly a rush of fellows took place up the ladder, and in less than a minute the whole cellar was cleared, leaving none but the hostess and an old lame waiter along with ourselves in the place.

“You’ve got a protection, I suppose, sirs,” said the woman, approaching us; “but still I’ll advise you not to trust to it over-much; they’re in great want of men just now; and they care little for law or justice once they have them on the high seas.”

“We have no protection,” said I; “we are strangers here, and know no one.”

“There they come, sir; that’s the tramp,” cried the woman; “there’s nothing for it now but to stay quiet and hope you’ll not be noticed. Take those knives up, will ye,” said she, flinging a napkin towards me, and speaking in an altered voice, for already two figures

were darkening the entrance, and peering down into the depth below, while turning to Santron she motioned him to remove the dishes from the table—a service in which, to do him justice, he exhibited a zeal more flattering to his tact than his spirit of resistance.

"Tripped their anchors already, Mother Martin?" said a large-whiskered man, with a black belt round his waist; while, passing round the tables, he crammed into his mouth several fragments of the late feast.

"You wouldn't have 'em wait for you, Captain John," said she, laughing.

"It's just what I would, then," replied he. "The Admiralty has put thirty shillings more on the bounty, and where will these fellows get the like of that? It isn't a West India service neither, nor a coastin' cruise off Newfoundland, but all as one as a pleasure-trip up the Mediterranean, and nothing to fight but Frenchmen. Eh, younker, that tickles *your* fancy," cried he to Santron, who, in spite of himself, made some gesture of impatience. "Handy chaps, those, Mother Martin, where did you chance on 'em?"

"They're sons of a Canada skipper in the river yonder," said she, calmly.

"They arn't over like to be brothers," said he, with the grin of one too well accustomed to knavery to trust anything opposed to his own observation. "I suppose them's things happens in Canada as elsewhere," said he, laughing, and hoping the jest might turn her flank. Meanwhile the press-leader never took his eyes off me, as I arranged plates and folded napkins with all the skill which my early education in Boivin's restaurant had taught me.

"He is a smart one," said he, half-musingly. "I say, boy, would you like to go as cook's aid on board a king's ship? I know of one as would just suit you."

"I'd rather not, sir; I'd not like to leave my father," said I, backing up Mrs. Martin's narrative.

"Nor that brother, there; wouldn't he like it?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Suppose I have a talk with the skipper about it," said he, looking at me steadily for some seconds. "Suppose I was to tell him what a good berth you'd have, eh?"

"Oh, if he wished it, I'd make no objection," said I, assuming all the calmness I could.

"That chap aint *your* brother—and he's no sailor neither. Show me your hands, youngster," cried he to Santron, who at once complied with the order, and the Press Captain bent over and scanned them narrowly. As he thus stood with his back to me, the woman shook her head significantly, and pointed to the ladder. If ever a glance conveyed a whole story of terror her's did. I looked at my companion as though to say, "Can I desert him?" and the expression of her features seemed to imply utter despair. This pantomime did not occupy half a minute. And now, with noiseless step, I gained the ladder, and crept cautiously up it. My fears were how to escape those who waited outside; but as I ascended I could see that they were loitering about in groups, inattentive to all that was going on below. The shame at deserting my comrade so nearly overcame me, that, when almost at the top, I was about to turn back again. I even looked round to see him, but, as I did so, I saw the press leader draw a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and throw them on the table. The instincts of safety were too strong, and with a spring I gained the street, and, slipping noiselessly along the wall, escaped the "look out." Without a thought of where I was going to, or what to do, I ran at the very top of my speed directly onwards, my only impulse being to get away from the spot. Could I reach the open country I thought it would be my best chance. As I fled, however, no signs of a suburb appeared; the streets, on the contrary, grew narrower and more intricate; huge warehouses, seven or eight stories high, loomed at either side of me; and at last, on turning an angle, a fresh sea breeze met me, and showed that I was near the harbour. I avow that the sight of shipping, the tall and taper spars that streaked the sky of night, the clank of chain cables, and the heavy surging sound of the looming hulls, were any thing but encouraging, longing as I did for the rustling leaves of some green lane: but still all was quiet and tranquil; a few flickering lights twinkled here and there from a cabin window, but everything seemed sunk in repose.

The quay was thickly studded with hogsheads and bales of merchandise, so that I could easily have found a safe resting-place for the night, but a sense

of danger banished all wish for sleep, and I wandered out, restless and uncertain, framing a hundred plans, and abandoning them when formed.

So long as I kept company with Santron, I never thought of returning to “Uncle Pat;” my reckless spend-thrift companion had too often avowed the pleasure he would feel in quartering himself on my kind friend, dissipating his hard earned gains, and squandering the fruits of all his toil. Deterred by such a prospect, I resolved rather never to revisit him, than in such company. Now, however, I was again alone, and all my hopes and wishes turned towards him. A few hours’ sail might again bring me beneath his roof, and once more should I find myself at home. The thought was calming to all my excitement; I forgot every danger I had passed through; I lost all memory of every vicissitude I had escaped, and had only the little low parlour in the “Black Pits” before my mind’s eye; the wild, unweeded garden, and the sandy, sunny beach before the door. It was as though all that nigh a year had compassed had never occurred, and that my life at Crown Point and my return to England were only a dream. Sleep overcame me as I thus lay pondering, and when I awoke the sun was glittering in the bright waves of the Mersey, a fresh breeze was flaunting and fluttering the half loosened sails, and the joyous sounds of seamen’s voices were mingling with the clank of capstans, and the measured stroke of oars.

It was full ten minutes after I awoke before I could remember how I came there, and what had befallen me. Poor Santron, where is he now? was my first thought, and it came with all the bitterness of self-reproach.

Could I have parted company with him under other circumstances it would not have grieved me deeply. His mocking, sarcastic spirit, the tone of depreciation which he used towards everything and every body, had gone far to sour me with the world, and day by day I felt within me the evil influences of his teachings. How different were they from poor Gottfried’s lessons, and the humble habits of those who lived beneath them! Yet I was sorry, deeply sorry, that our separation should have been thus, and almost wished I had stayed to share his fate, whatever it might be.

While thus swayed by different impulses, now thinking of my old home at Crown Point, now of “Uncle Pat’s” thatched cabin, and again of Santron, I strolled down to the wharf, and found myself in a considerable crowd of people, who were all eagerly pressing forward to witness the embarkation of several boats-full of pressed seamen, who, strongly guarded and ironed, were being conveyed to the Athol tender, a large three-master, about a mile off, down the river. To judge from the cut faces and bandaged heads and arms, the capture had not been effected without resistance. Many of the poor fellows appeared rather suited to an hospital than the duties of active service; and several lay with bloodless faces and white lips, the handcuffed wrists seeming a very mockery of a condition so destitute of all chance of resistance.

The sympathies of the bystanders were very varied regarding them. Some were full of tender pity and compassion; some denounced the system as a cruel and oppressive tyranny; others deplored it as an unhappy necessity; and a few well-to-do-looking old citizens, in drab shorts and wide-brimmed hats, grew marvellously indignant at the recreant poltroonery of “the scoundrels who were not proud to fight their country’s battles.”

As I was wondering within myself how it happened that men thus coerced could ever be depended on in moments of peril and difficulty, and by what magic the mere exercise of discipline was able to merge the feelings of the man in the sailor, the crowd was rudely driven back by policemen, and a cry of “make way,” “full back there,” given. In the sudden retiring of the mass, I found myself standing on the very edge of the line along which a new body of impressed men were about to pass. Guarded front, flank, and rear, by a strong party of marines, the poor fellows came along slowly enough. Many were badly wounded, and walked lamely; some were bleeding profusely from cuts on the face and temples, and one, at the very tail of the procession, was actually carried in a blanket by four sailors. A low murmur ran through the crowd at the spectacle, which gradually swelled louder and fuller, till it burst forth into a deep groan of indignation, and a cry of shame! shame! Too much used to such

ebullitions of public feeling, or too proud to care for them, the officer in command of the party never seemed to hear the angry cries and shouts around him; and I was even more struck by his cool self-possession than by their enthusiasm. For a moment or two I was convinced that a rescue would be attempted. I had no conception that so much excitement could evaporate innocuously, and was preparing myself to take part in the struggle, when the line halted as the leading files gained the stairs, and, to my wonderment, the crowd became hushed and still. Then one burst of excited pity over, not a thought occurred to any to offer resistance to the law, or dare to oppose the constituted authorities. How unlike Frenchmen I thought I; nor am I certain whether I deemed the disparity to their credit!

"Give him a glass of water!" I heard the officer say, as he leaned over the litter, and the crowd at once opened to permit some one to fetch it. Before I believed it were possible to have procured it, a tumbler of water was passed from hand to hand till it reached mine, and, stepping forwards, I bent down to give it to the sick man. The end of a coarse sheet was thrown over his face, and as it was removed, I almost fell over him, for it was Santron. His face was covered with a cold sweat, which lay in great drops all over it, and his lips were slightly frothed. As he looked up I could see that he was just rallying from a fainting fit, and could mark in the change that came over his glassy eye that he had recognised me. He made a faint effort at a smile, and, in a voice barely a whisper, said, "I knew thou'd not leave me, Maurice."

"You are his countryman?" said the officer, addressing me in French.

"Yes, sir," was my reply.

"You are both Canadians, then?"

"Frenchmen, sir, and officers in the service. We only landed from an American ship yesterday, and were trying to make our way to France."

"I'm sorry for you," said he, compassionately; "nor do I know how to help you. Come on board the tender, however, and we'll see if they'll not give you a passage with your friend to the Nore. I'll speak to my commanding officer for you."

This scene all passed in a very few minutes, and before I well knew how

or why, I found myself on board of a ship's long-boat, sweeping along over the Mersey, with Santron's head in my lap, and his cold, clammy fingers grasped in mine. He was either unaware of my presence or too weak to recognise me, for he gave no sign of knowing me; and during our brief passage down the river, and when lifted up the ship's side, seemed totally insensible to everything.

The scene of uproar, noise, and confusion on board the Athol is far above my ability to convey. A shipwreck, a fire, and mutiny, all combined, could scarcely have collected greater elements of discord. Two large detachments of marines, many of whom, fresh from furlough, were too drunk for duty, and either lying asleep along the deck, or riotously interfering with everybody; a company of Sappers *en route* to Woolwich, who would obey none but their own officer, and he was still ashore; detachments of able-bodied seamen from the Jupiter, full of grog and prize-money; four hundred and seventy impressed men, cursing, blaspheming, and imprecating every species of calamity on their captors; added to which, a crowd of Jews, bum-boat women, and slop-sellers of all kinds, with the crews of two ballast-lighters, fighting for additional pay, being the chief actors in a scene whose discord I never saw equalled. Drunkenness, suffering, hopeless misery, and even insubordination, all lent their voices to a tumult, amid which the words of command seemed lost, and all effort at discipline vain.

How we were ever to go to sea in this state I could not even imagine; the ship's crew seemed inextricably mingled with the rioters, many of whom were just sufficiently sober to be eternally meddling with the ship's tackle; belaying what ought to be "free," and loosening what should have been "fast;" getting their fingers jammed in blocks, and their limbs crushed by spars, till the cries of agony rose high above every other confusion. Turning with disgust from a spectacle so discordant and disgraceful, I descended the ladders, which led, by many a successive flight, into the dark, low-ceilinged chamber called the "sick bay," and where poor Santron was lying in, what I almost envied, insensibility to the scene around him. A severe blow from the hilt of a cutlass had given him a concussion of the brain, and, save in the momentary

excitement which a sudden question might cause, left him totally unconscious. His head had been already shaved before I descended, and I found the assistant-surgeon, an Irishman, Mr. Peter Colhayne, experimenting a new mode of cupping as I entered. By some mischance of the machinery, the lancets of the cupping instrument had remained permanently fixed, refusing to obey the spring, and standing all straight outside the surface. In this dilemma, Peter's ingenuity saw nothing for it but to press them down vigorously into the scalp, and then saw them backwards the whole length of the head, a performance the originality of which, in all probability, was derived from the operation of a harrow in agriculture. He had just completed a third track when I came in, and by great remonstrance and no small flattery induced him to desist. “We have glasses,” said he, “but they were all broke in the cock-pit; but a tin porringer is just as good.” And so saying, he lighted a little pledget of tow, previously steeped in turpentine, and, popping it into the tin vessel, clapped it on the head. This was meant to exhaust the air within, and thus draw the blood to the surface, a scientific process he was good enough to explain most minutely for my benefit, and the good results of which he most confidently vouched for.

“They've a hundred new conthri-vances,” said Mr. Colhayne, “for doing that simple thing ye see there. They've pumps, and screws, and hydraulic devilments, as much complicated as a watch that's always getting out of order and going wrong; but with that ye'll see what good 'twill do him; he'll be as lively as a lark in ten minutes.”

The prophecy was destined to a perfect fulfilment, for poor Santron, who lay motionless and unconscious up to that moment, suddenly gave signs of life by moving his features, and jerking his limbs to this side and that. The doctor's self-satisfaction took the very proudest form. He expatiated on the grandeur of medical science, the wonderful advancement it was making, and the astonishing progress the curative art had made, even within his own time. I must own that I should have lent a more implicit credence to this man if I had not waited for the removal of the cupping vessel, which, instead of blood, contained

merely the charred ashes of the burnt tow, while the scalp beneath it presented a blackened, seared aspect, like burned leather. Such was literally the effect of the operation, but as from that period the patient began steadily to improve, I must leave to more scientific inquirers the task of explaining through what agency, and on what principles.

Santron's condition, although no longer dangerous, presented little hope of speedy recovery. His faculties were clouded and obscured, and the mere effort at recognition seemed to occasion him great subsequent disturbance. Colhayne, who, whatever may have been his scientific deficiencies, was good-nature and kindness itself, saw nothing for him but removal to Haslar, and we now only waited for the ship's arrival at the Nore to obtain the order for his transmission.

If the Athol was a scene of the wildest confusion and uproar when we tripped our anchor, we had not been six hours at sea when all was a picture of order and propriety. The decks were cleared of every one not actually engaged in the ship's working, or specially permitted to remain; ropes were coiled; boats hauled up; sails trimmed; hatches down; sentinels paced the deck in appointed places, and all was discipline and regularity. From the decorous silence that prevailed, none could have supposed so many hundred living beings were aboard, still less, that they were the same disorderly mob who sailed from the Mersey a few short hours before. From the surprise which all this caused me, I was speedily aroused by an order more immediately interesting, being summoned on the poop-deck to attend the general muster. Up they came from holes and hatchways, a vast host, no longer brawling and insubordinate, but quiet, submissive, and civil. Such as were wounded had been placed under the doctor's care, and all those now present were orderly and service-like. With a very few exceptions, they were all sailors, a few having already served in a king's ship. The first lieutenant, who inspected us, was a grim, grey-headed man past the prime of life, with features hardened by disappointment and long service, but who still retained an expression of kindness and good nature. His duty he despatched with all the speed of long habit; read the

name; looked at the bearer of it; asked a few routine questions; and then cried "stand by," even ere the answers were finished. When he came to me he said—

"Abraham Hackett. Is that your name, lad?"

"No, sir. I'm called Maurice Tiernay."

"Tiernay, Tiernay," said he a couple of times over. "No such name here."

"Where's Tiernay's name, Cottle?" asked he of a subordinate behind him.

The fellow looked down the list—then at me—then at the list again—and then back to me, puzzled excessively by the difficulty, but not seeing how to explain it.

"Perhaps I can set the matter right, sir," said I. "I came aboard along with a wounded countryman of mine—the young Frenchman who is now in the sick bay."

"Ay, to be sure; I remember all about it now," said the lieutenant. "You call yourselves French officers?"

"And such are we, sir."

"Then how the devil came ye here? Mother Martin's cellar is, to say the least of it, an unlikely spot to select as a restaurant."

"The story is a somewhat long one, sir."

"Then I haven't time for it, lad," he broke in. "We've rather too much on hands just now for that. If you've got your papers, or anything to prove what you assert, I'll land you when I come into the Downs, and you'll, of

course, be treated as your rank in the service requires. If you have not, I must only take the responsibility on myself to regard you as an impressed man. Very hard, I know, but can't help it. Stand by."

These few words were uttered with a most impetuous speed; and as all reply to them was impossible, I saw my case decided and my fate decreed, even before I knew they were under litigation.

As we were marched forwards to go below, I overheard an officer say to another:—

"Hay will get into a scrape about those French fellows; they may turn out to be officers, after all."

"What matter?" cried the other. One is dying; and the other Hay means to draft on board the '*Téméraire*.' Depend upon it, we'll never hear more of either of them."

This was far from pleasant tidings; and yet I knew not any remedy for the mishap. I had never seen the officer who spoke to me ashore, since we came on board. I knew of none to intercede for me; and as I sat down on the bench beside poor Santron's cot, I felt my heart lower than it had ever been before. I was never enamoured of the sea service; and certainly the way to overcome my dislike was not by engaging against my own country; and yet this, in all likelihood, was now to be my fate. These were my last waking thoughts the first night I passed on board the Athol.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A BOLD STROKE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

To be awakened suddenly from a sound sleep; hurried, half-dressed, up a gangway; and, ere your faculties have acquired free play, be passed over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night, into a boat wildly tossed here and there, with spray showering over you, and a chorus of loud voices about you! is an event not easily forgotten. Such a scene still dwells in my memory, every incident of it as clear and distinct as though it had occurred only yesterday. In this way was I "passed," with twelve others, on board his Majesty's frigate, *Téméraire*, a vessel which, the sea service, represented what a known regiment did on shore, and

bore the reputation of being a "condemned ship;" this depreciating epithet having no relation to the qualities of the vessel herself, which was a singularly beautiful French model, but only to that of the crew and officers; it being the policy of the day to isolate the blackguards of both services, confining them to particular crafts and corps, making, as it were, a kind of *index expurgatorius*, where all the rascality was available at a moment's notice.

It would be neither agreeable to my reader nor myself, if I should dwell on this theme, nor linger on a description where cruelty, crime, heartless

tyranny, and reckless insubordination made up all the elements. A vessel that floated the seas only as a vast penitentiary—the “cats,” the “yard-arm,” and the “gangway,” comprising its scheme of discipline—would scarcely be an agreeable subject; and, in reality, my memory retains of the life aboard little else than scenes of suffering and sorrow. Captain Gesbrook had the name of being able to reduce any, the most insubordinate, to discipline. The veriest rascals of the fleet, the consummate scoundrels, one of whom was deemed pollution to an ordinary crew, were said to come from his hands models of seamanship and good conduct; and it must be owned, that if the character was deserved, it was not obtained without some sacrifice. Many died under punishment; many carried away with them diseases under which they lingered on to death; and not a few preferred suicide to the terrible existence on board. And although a *Téméraire*—as a man who had served in her was always afterwards called—was now and then shown as an example of sailor-like smartness and activity, very few knew how dearly that one success had been purchased, nor by what terrible examples of agony and woe that solitary conversion was obtained.

To me the short time I spent on board of her is a dreadful dream. We were bound for the Mediterranean, to touch at Malta and Gibraltar, and then join the blockading squadron before Genoa. What might have been my fate, to what excess passionate indignation might have carried me, revolted as I was by tyranny and injustice, I know not, when an accident, happily for me, rescued me from all temptation. We lost our mizen-mast, in a storm, in the Bay of Biscay, and a dreadful blow on the head, from the spanker-boom, felled me to the deck, with a fracture of the skull.

From that moment I know of nothing till the time when I lay in my cot, beside a port-hole of the main deck, gazing at the bright blue waters that flashed and rippled beside me, or straining my strength to rest on my elbow, when I caught sight of the glorious city of Genoa, with its grand mountain background, about three miles from where I lay. Whether from a due deference to the imposing strength of the vast fortress, or that the line

of duty prescribed our action, I cannot say, but the British squadron almost exclusively confined its operations to the act of blockade. Extending far across the bay, the English ensign was seen floating from many a taper mast, while boats, of every shape and size, plied incessantly from ship to ship, their course marked out at night by the meteorlike light that glittered in them; not, indeed, that the eye often turned in that direction, all the absorbing interest of the scene lying inshore. Genoa was, at that time, surrounded by an immense Austrian force, under the command of General Melas, who, occupying all the valleys and deep passes of the Apennines, were imperceptible during the day; but no sooner had night closed in, than a tremendous cannonade began, the balls describing great semicircles in the air, ere they fell, to scatter death and ruin on the devoted city. The spectacle was grand beyond description, for while the distance at which we lay dulled and subdued the sound of the artillery to a hollow booming, like far off thunder, the whole sky was streaked by the course of the shot, and, at intervals, lighted up by the splendour of a great fire, as the red shot fell into and ignited some large building or other.

As, night after night, the cannonade increased in power and intensity, and the terrible effects showed themselves in the flames which burst out from different quarters of the city, I used to long for morning, to see if the tricolour still floated on the walls, and when my eye caught the well known ensign, I could have wept with joy as I beheld it.

High up too on the cliffs of the rugged Apennines, from many a craggy eminence, where perhaps a solitary gun was stationed, I could see the glorious flag of France, the emblem of liberty and glory too!

In the day the scene was one of calm and tranquil beauty. It would have seemed impossible to connect it with war and battle. The glorious city, rising in terraces of palaces, lay reflected in the mirror-like waters of the bay, blue as the deep sky above them. The orange trees, loaded with golden fruit, shed their perfume over marble fountains, amid gardens of every varied hue; bands of military music were heard from the public promenades; all the signs of joy and festivity which be-

token a happy and pleasure-seeking population. But at night the "red artillery" again flashed forth, and the wild cries of strife and battle rose through the beleaguered city. The English spies reported that a famine and a dreadful fever were raging within the walls, and that all Massena's efforts were needed to repress an open mutiny of the garrison; but the mere aspect of the "proud city" seemed to refute the assertion. The gay carolling of church bells vied with the lively strains of martial music, and the imposing pomp of military array, which could be seen from the walls, bespoke a joyous confidence, the very reverse of this depression.

From the "tops," and high up in the rigging, the movements in-shore could be descried; and frequently, when an officer came down to visit a comrade, I could hear of the progress of the siege, and learn, I need not say with what delight, that the Austrians had made little or no way in the reduction of the place, and that every stronghold and bastion was still held by Frenchmen.

At first, as I listened, the names of new places and new Generals confused me; but by daily familiarity with the topic, I began to perceive that the Austrians had interposed a portion of their force between Massena's division and that of Suchet, cutting off the latter from Genoa, and compelling him to fall back towards Chivari and Borghetto, along the coast of the Gulf. This was the first success of any importance obtained; and it was soon followed by others of equal significance, Soult being driven from ridge to ridge of the Apennines, till he was forced back within the second line of defences.

The English officers were loud in condemning Austrian slowness; the inaptitude they exhibited to profit by a success, and the over-caution which made them, even in victory, so careful of their own safety. From what I overheard, it seemed plain that Genoa was untenable by any troops but French, or opposed to any other adversaries than their present ones.

The bad tidings—such I deemed them—came quicker and heavier. Now, Soult was driven from Monte Notte. Now, the great advance post of Monte Faccio was stormed and carried. Now, the double eagle was float-

ing from San Tecla, a fort within cannon shot of Genoa. A vast semicircle of bivouac fires stretched from the Apennines to the sea, and their reflected glare from the sky lit up the battlements and ramparts of the city.

"Even yet, if Massena would make a dash at them," said a young English lieutenant, "the white-coats would fall back."

"My life on't he'd cut his way through, if he knew they were only two to one!"

And this sentiment met no dissent. All agreed that French heroism was still equal to the overthrow of a force double its own.

It was evident that all hope of reinforcement from France was vain. Before they could have begun their march southward, the question must be decided one way or other.

"There's little doing to-night," said an officer, as he descended the ladder to the sick bay. "Melas is waiting for some heavy mortars that are coming up; and then there will be a long code of instructions from the Aulic Council, and a whole treatise on gunnery to be read, before he can use them. Trust me, if Massena knew his man, he'd be up and at him!"

Much discussion followed this speech, but all more or less agreed in its sentiment. Weak as were the French, lowered by fever and by famine, they were still an over-match for their adversaries. What a glorious avowal from the lips of an enemy was this! The words did more for my recovery than all the cares and skill of physic. Oh, if my countrymen but knew! if Massena could but hear it! was my next thought; and I turned my eyes to the ramparts, whose line was marked out by the bivouac fires, through the darkness. How short the distance seemed! and yet it was a whole world of separation. Had it been a great plain in a mountain tract, the attempt might almost have appeared practicable; at least, I had often seen fellows who would have tried it. Such were the ready roads, the royal paths to promotion; and he who trod them saved miles of weary journey. I fell asleep, still thinking on these things; but they haunted my dreams. A voice seemed ever to whisper in my ear—"If Massena but knew, he would attack them! One bold dash, and the Austrians would fall back." At one in-

stant, I thought myself brought before a court-martial of English officers, for attempting to carry these tidings, and proudly avowing the endeavour, I fancied I was braving the accusation. At another, I was wandering through the streets of Genoa, gazing on the terrible scenes of famine I had heard of. And lastly, I was marching with a night party to attack the enemy. The stealthy footfall of the column appeared suddenly to cease; we were discovered; the Austrian cavalry were upon us! I started and awoke, and found myself in the dim, half-lighted chamber, with pain and suffering around me, and where, even in this midnight hour, the restless tortures of disease were yet wakeful.

"The silence is more oppressive to me than the roll of artillery," said one, a sick midshipman, to his comrade. "I grew accustomed to the clatter of the guns, and slept all the better for it."

"You'll scarcely hear much more of that music," replied his friend. "The French must capitulate to-morrow or next day."

"Not if Massena would make a dash at them," thought I; and with difficulty could I refrain from uttering the words aloud.

They continued to talk to each other in low whispers, and lulled by the drowsy tones I fell asleep once more, again to dream of my comrades and their fortunes. A heavy bang like a cannon shot awoke me; but whether this were real or not I never knew; most probably, however, it was the mere creation of my brain, for all were now in deep slumber around me, and even the marine on duty had seated himself on the ladder, and with his musket between his legs, seemed dozing away peacefully. I looked out through the little window beside my berth. A light breeze was faintly rippling the dark water beneath me. It was the beginning of a "*Levanter*," and scarcely ruffled the surface as it swept along.

"Oh, if it would but bear the tidings I am full of!" thought I. But why not dare the attempt myself? While in America I had learned to become a good swimmer. Under Indian teaching, I had often passed hours in the water; and though now debilitated by long sickness, I felt that the cause would supply me with the strength I needed. From the instant that I conceived the thought, till I found myself

descending the ship's side, was scarcely a minute. Stripping off my woollen shirt, and with nothing but my loose trowsers, I crept through the little window, and lowering myself gently by the rattlin of my hammock, descended slowly and noiselessly into the sea. I hung on thus for a couple of seconds, half fearing the attempt, and irresolute of purpose. Should strength fail, or even a cramp seize me, I must be lost, and none would ever know in what an enterprise I had perished. It would be set down as a mere attempt at escape. This notion almost staggered my resolution, but only for a second or so; and with a short prayer, I slowly let slip the rope, and struck out to swim.

The immense efforts required to get clear of the ship's side discouraged me dreadfully, nor probably without the aid of the "*Levanter*" should I have succeeded in doing so, the suction of the water along the sides was so powerful. At last, however, I gained the open space, and found myself stretching away towards shore rapidly. The night was so dark that I had nothing to guide me save the lights on the ramparts; but in this lay my safety. Swimming is, after all, but a slow means of progression. After what I judged to be an hour in the water, as I turned my head to look back, I almost fancied that the great bowsprit of the *Téméraire* was over me, and that the figure who leaned over the taffrail was steadily gazing on me. How little way had I made, and what a vast reach of water lay between me and the shore! I tried to animate my courage by thinking of the cause, how my comrades would greet me, the honour in which they would hold me for the exploit, and such like; but the terror of failure damped this ardour, and hope sank every moment lower and lower.

For some time I resolved within myself not to look back; the discouragement was too great; but the impulse to do so became all the greater, and the only means of resisting was by counting the strokes, and determining not to turn my head before I had made a thousand. The monotony of this last, and the ceaseless effort to advance, threw me into a kind of dreamy state, wherein mere mechanical effort remained. A few vague impressions are all that remain to me of what followed.

I remember the sound of the morning guns from the fleet; I remember, too, the hoisting of the French standard at daybreak on the fort of the Mole; I have some recollection of a bastion crowded with people, and hearing shouts and cheers like voices of welcome and encouragement; and then a

whole fleet of small boats issuing from the harbour, as if by one impulse; and then there comes a bright blaze of light over one incident, for I saw myself, dripping and almost dead, lifted on the shoulders of strong men, and carried along a wide street filled with people. I was in Genoa!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"GENOA IN THE SIEGE."

UP a straight street, so steep and so narrow that it seemed a stair, with hundreds of men crowding around me, I was borne along. Now, they were sailors who carried me; now, white-bearded grenadiers, with their bronzed, bold faces; now, they were the wild-looking Faquini of the Mole, with long-tasselled red caps, and gaudy sashes around their waists. Windows were opened on either side as we went, and eager faces protruded to stare at me; and then there were shouts and cries of triumphant joy bursting forth at every moment, amidst which I could hear the ever-recurring words—"Escaped from the English fleet."

By what means, or when, I had exchanged my dripping trowers of coarse sailcloth for the striped gear of our republican mode—how one had given me his jacket, another a cap, and a third a shirt—I knew not; but there I was, carried along in triumph, half fainting from exhaustion, and almost maddened by excitement. That I must have told something of my history—heaven knows how incoherently and unconnectedly—is plain enough, for I could hear them repeating one to the other—"Had served with Moreau's corps in the Black Forest;" "A hussar of the Ninth;" "One of Humbert's fellows;" and so on.

As we turned into a species of "Place," a discussion arose as to whither they should convey me. Some were for the "Cavalry Barracks," that I might be once more with those who resembled my old comrades. Others, more considerate, were for the hospital; but a staff officer decided the question by stating that the General was at that very moment receiving the report in the Church of the Anunziata, and that he ought to see me at once.

"Let the poor fellow have some refreshment," cried one—"Here, take this, it's coffee." "No, no, the 'petit

goutte' 's better—try that flask." "He shall have my chocolate," said an old major, from the door of a café; and thus they pressed and solicited me with a generosity that I had yet to learn how dear it cost.

"He ought to be dressed;" "He should be in uniform;" "Is better as he is;" "The General will not speak to him thus;" "He will;" "He must."

Such, and such like, kept buzzing around me, as with reeling brain and confused vision they bore me up the great steps, and carried me into a gorgeous church, the most splendidly ornamented building I had ever beheld. Except, however, in the decorations of the ceiling, and the images of saints which figured in niches high up, every trace of a religious edifice had disappeared. The pulpit had gone—the chairs and seats for the choir, the confessionals, the shrines, altars—all had been uprooted, and a large table, at which some twenty officers were seated writing, now occupied the elevated platform of the high altar, while here and there stood groups of officers, with their reports from their various corps or parties in out-stations. Many of these drew near to me as I entered, and now the buzz of voices in question and rejoinder swelled into a loud noise, and while some were recounting my feat with all the seeming accuracy of eye-witnesses, others were as resolutely protesting it all to be impossible. Suddenly the tumult was hushed, the crowd fell back, and as the clanking muskets proclaimed a "salute," a whispered murmur announced the "General."

I could just see the waving plumes of his staff, as they passed up, and then, as they were disappearing in the distance, they stopped, and one hastily returned to the entrance of the church.

"Where is this fellow; let me see him," cried he, hurriedly, brushing his

way through the crowd. “Let him stand down; set him on his legs.”

“He is too weak, Capitaine,” said a soldier.

“Place him in a chair, then,” said the aid-de-camp, for such he was. “You have made your escape from the English fleet, my man,” continued he, addressing me.

“I am an officer, and your comrade,” replied I, proudly; for with all my debility, the tone of his address stung me to the quick.

“In what service, pray?” asked he, with a sneering look at my motley costume.

“Your General shall hear where I have served, and how, whenever he is pleased to ask me,” was my answer.

“Ay, parbleu,” cried three or four sous-officers in a breath, “the General shall see him himself.”

And with a jerk they hoisted me once more on their shoulders, and with a run—the regular storming tramp of the line—they advanced up the aisle of the church, and never halted till within a few feet of where the staff were gathered around the General. A few words—they sounded like a reprimand—followed; a severe voice bade the soldiers “fall back,” and I found myself standing alone before a tall and very strongly built man, with a large, red-brown beard; he wore a grey upper coat over his uniform, and carried a riding whip in his hand.

“Get him a seat. Let him have a glass of wine,” cried he quickly, as he saw the tottering efforts I was making to keep my legs. “Are you better now?” asked he, in a voice which, rough as it was, sounded kindly.

“Seeing me so far restored he desired me to recount my late adventure: which I did in the fewest words, and the most concise fashion I could. Although never interrupting, I could mark that particular portions of my narrative made much impression on him, and he could not repress a gesture of impatience when I told him that I was impressed as a seaman to fight against the flag of my own country.”

“Of course, then,” cried he, “you were driven to the alternative of this attempt.”

“Not so, General,” said I, interrupting; “I had grown to be very indifferent about my own fortunes. I had become half fatalist as to myself. It was on very different grounds, in-

deed, that I dared this danger. It was to tell you, for, if I mistake not, I am addressing General Massena, tidings of deep importance.”

I said these words slowly and deliberately, and giving them all the impressiveness I was able.

“Come this way, friend,” said he, and, assisting me to arise, he led me a short distance off, and desired me to sit down on the steps in front of the altar railing. “Now, you may speak freely. I am the General Massena, and I have only to say, that if you really have intelligence of any value for me, you shall be liberally rewarded; but if you have not, and if the pretence be merely an effort to impose on one whose cares and anxieties are already hard to bear, it would be better that you had perished on sea than tried to attempt it.”

There was a stern severity in the way he said this, which for a moment or two actually overpowered me. It was quite clear that he looked for some positive fact, some direct piece of information on which he might implicitly rely; and here was I now with nothing save the gossip of some English lieutenants, the idle talk of inexperienced young officers. I was silent. From the bottom of my heart I wished that I had never reached the shore, to stand in a position of such humiliation as this.

“So, then, my caution was not unneeded,” said the General, as he bent his heavy brows upon me. “Now, sir, there is but one *amende* you can make for this; tell me frankly, have others sent you on this errand, or is the scheme entirely of your own devising? Is this an English plot, or is there a Bourbon element in it?”

“Neither one nor the other,” said I boldly, for indignation at last gave me courage. “I hazarded my life to tell you what I overheard among the officers of the fleet yonder; you may hold their judgment cheap; you may not think their counsels worth the pains of listening to; but I could form no opinion of this, and only thought, if these tidings could reach him he might profit by them.”

“And what are they?” asked he, bluntly.

“They said that your force was wasting away by famine and disease; that your supplies could not hold out above a fortnight; that your granaries were empty, and your hospitals filled.”

"They scarcely wanted the gift of second sight to see this," said he bitterly. "A garrison in close siege for four months may be suspected of as much."

"Yes; but they said that as Soult's force fell back upon the city, your position would be rendered worse."

"Fell back from where?" asked he, with a searching look at me.

"As I understood, from the Apennines," replied I, growing more confident as I saw that he became more attentive. "If I understood them aright, Soult held a position called the 'Monte Faccio.' Is there such a name?"

"Go on," said he, with a nod of assent.

"That this could not long be tenable without gaining the highest fortified point of the mountain. The 'Monte Creto' they named it."

"The attempt on which has failed!" said Massena, as if carried away by the subject; "and Soult himself is a prisoner! Go on."

"They added, that now but one hope remained for this army."

"And what was that, sir," said he fiercely. "What suggestion of cunning strategy did these sea wolves intimate?"

"To cut your way through the blockade, and join Suchet's corps, attacking the Austrians at the Monte Ratte, and by the sea road gaining the heights of Bochetta."

"Do these heroic spirits know the strength of that same Austrian corps? did they tell you, that it numbered fifty-four thousand bayonets?"

"They called them below forty thousand; and that now that Buonaparte was on his way through the Alps, perhaps by this, over the Mount Cenis—"

"What! did they say this? Is Buonaparte so near us?" cried he, placing a hand on either shoulder, as he stared me in the face.

"Yes; there is no doubt of that. The despatch to Lord Keith brought the news a week ago, and there is no secret made about it in the fleet."

"Over Mount Cenis!" repeated he to himself. "Already in Italy!"

"Holding straight for Milan, Lord Keith thinks," added I.

"No, sir, straight for the Tuilleries," cried Massena sternly; and then correcting himself suddenly, he burst into a forced laugh. I must confess that the speech puzzled me sorely at

the time, but I lived to learn its meaning, and many a time have I wondered at the shrewd foresight which even then read the ambitious character of the future Emperor.

"Of this fact, then, you are quite certain. Buonaparte is on his march hither?"

"I have heard it spoken of every day for the last week," replied I; "and it was in consequence of this that the English officers used to remark, if Massena but knew it he'd make a dash at them, and clear his way through at once."

"They said this, did they?" said he, in a low voice, and as if pondering over it.

"Yes; one and all agreed in thinking there could not be a doubt of the result."

"Where have you served, sir," asked he, suddenly turning on me, and with a look that showed he was resolved to test the character of the witness.

"With Moreau, sir, on the Rhine and the Schwartz Wald; in Ireland with Humbert."

"Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"The 'Tapageurs,'" said he, laughing. "I know them, and glad I am not to have their company here at this moment; you were a lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, supposing that, on the faith of what you have told me, I was to follow the wise counsel of these gentlemen, would you like the alternative of gaining your promotion in the event of success, or being shot by a peloton if we fail."

"They seem sharp terms, sir," said I, smiling, "when it is remembered, that no individual efforts of mine can either promote one result or the other."

"Ay, but they can, sir," cried he quickly. "If you should turn out to be an Austro-English spy; if these tidings be a character to lead my troops into danger; if, in reliance on you, I should be led to compromise the honour and safety of a French army; your life, were it worth ten thousand times over your own value of it, would be a sorry recompense. Is this intelligible?"

"Far more intelligible, than flattering," said I, laughing; for I saw that the best mode to treat him was by an imitation of his own frank and careless humour. "I have already

risked that life you hold so cheaply, to convey this information, but I am still ready to accept the conditions you offer me, if, in the event of success, my name appear in the despatch.”

He again stared at me with his dark and piercing eyes; but I stood the glance with a calm conscience, and he seemed so to read it, for he said—

“Be it so. I will, meanwhile, test your prudence. Let nothing of this interview transpire; not a word of it among the officers and comrades you shall make acquaintance with. You shall serve on my own staff; go now, and recruit your strength for a couple of days, and then report yourself at head quarters when ready for duty. Latrobe, look to the Lieutenant Tiernay; see that he wants for nothing, and let him have a horse and a uniform as soon as may be.”

Captain Latrobe, the future General of Division, was then a young gay officer of about five-and-twenty, very good looking, and full of life and spirits, a buoyancy which the terrible uncertainties of the siege could not repress.

“Our General talks nobly,” Tiernay, said he, as he gave me his arm to assist me; “but you’ll stare when I tell you that ‘wanting for nothing’ means, having four ounces of black bread, and ditto of blue cheese per diem; and as to a horse, if I possessed such an animal, I’d have given a dinner party yesterday and eaten him. You look surprised, but when you see a little more of us here, you’ll begin to think that prison rations in the fleet yonder were luxuries compared to what we have. No matter: you shall take share of my superabundance, and if I have little else to offer, I’ll show you a view from my window, finer than anything you ever looked on in your life, and with a sea breeze that would be glorious if it didn’t make one hungry.”

While he thus rattled on, we reached the street, and there calling a couple of soldiers forward, he directed them to carry me along to his quarters, which lay in the upper town, on an elevated plateau that overlooked the city and the bay together.

From the narrow lanes, flanked with tall, gloomy houses, and steep, ill-paved streets, exhibiting poverty and privation of every kind, we suddenly emerged into an open space of grass, at

one side of which a handsome iron railing stood, with a richly ornamented gate, gorgeously gilded. Within this was a garden and a fish pond, surrounded with statues, and further on, a long, low villa, whose windows reached to the ground, and were shaded by a deep awning of striped blue and white canvass. Camelias, orange trees, cactuses, and magnolias, abounded everywhere; tulips and hyacinths seemed to grow wild; and there was in the half-neglected look of the spot something of savage luxuriance that heightened the effect immensely.

“This is my Paradise, Tiernay, only wanting an Eve to be perfect,” said Latrobe, as he set me down beneath a spreading lime tree. “Yonder are your English friends; there they stretch away for miles beyond that point. That’s the Monte Creto, you may have heard of; and there’s the Bochetta. In that valley, to the left, the Austrian outposts are stationed; and from those two heights closer to the shore, they are gracious enough to salute us every evening after sunset, and even prolong the attention sometimes the whole night through. Turn your eyes in this direction, and you’ll see the ‘cornice’ road, that leads to La belle France, but of which we see as much from this spot as we are ever like to do. So much for the geography of our position, and now to look after your breakfast. You have, of course, heard that we do not revel in superfluities. Never was the boasted excellence of our national cookery more severely tested, for we have successively descended from cows and sheep to goats, horses, donkeys, dogs, occasionally experimenting on hides and shoe leather, till we ended by regarding a rat as a rarity, and deeming a mouse a delicacy of the season. As for vegetables, there would not have been a flowering plant in all Genoa, if tulip and ranunculus roots had not been bitter as aloes. These seem very inhospitable confessions, but I make them the more freely since I am about to treat you ‘en Gourmet.’ Come in now, and acknowledge that juniper bark isn’t bad coffee, and that commissary bread is not to be thought of ‘lightly.’”

In this fashion did my comrade invite me to a meal, which, even with this preface, was far more miserable and scanty than I looked for.

MEMOIRS OF A LITERARY VETERAN.*

THE title of this book may be taken as an earnest of several pleasant hours, which we can safely promise to those who commence its perusal. Here and there a chapter may be skimmed over, which smacks a little of the Archbishop of Toledo's pleonasms. The gossiping vein prevails throughout with some exuberance; the information is occasionally inaccurate or trifling, and the writer talks too liberally of himself. These blemishes can scarcely be avoided where so many topics are introduced, and so long a space of time glanced over; and for these he shows cause in the following plea of defence:—

"Autobiographers must be egotists. This, indeed, is a self-evident proposition; moreover, no autobiography, as such, can be complete without a share of personal talk, trifles, and 'twaddle.' A house cannot be built exclusively of marble and *or molu*; it requires no less the help of straw, mud, and mortar, though the spectator reckons not of them; and a character is not cemented without important influences from trifling causes."

Let this reasoning be taken at its full value. It savours certainly of hypercriticism to expect the minuteness of historical research, or the severity of ethic truth, in a composition avowedly of slighter pretence, and which exhibits outlines and sketches rather than elaborate portraits. The writer of these volumes has been long before the public. He was connected with the literary circles of Edinburgh, when Edinburgh was at its zenith, and among other works of fair repute, is the author of "*Horse Germanicæ*," a series of articles in "*Blackwood*," which obtained much popularity in the early days of that renowned periodical.

He is now a "veteran," in years as well as letters. "Age, with stealing step, hath clawed him in his clutch," and accompanied, as we are sorry to learn, from his own pages, by worldly

pressure, an unhappy and ill-assorted union, too frequently the inheritance of literary labour. We think the adverse state of his affairs is insisted on and repeated something too often—we mean for his advantage as an author. The world shrinks from the cry of poverty nearly as much as from the alarm of a mad dog. It is almost better to pawn your last shirt, and pay the fees of court, than to sue *in forma pauperis*. People will not value a book one jot the more because the writer may be in want of a dinner. Many have as much horror of being dunned into reading, as of paying a tradesman's bill. The man who writes in "learned ease," in affluent idleness, or to beguile the tedium of his *horæ subsecivæ*, will be more attractive, and more thought of, than he who spins his brains to support his family, or keep the wolf from the door. It is bad enough to be poor, but it is even worse to be thought so, and worst of all to be the herald of your own poverty. Dr. Johnson says: "Depend upon it, that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him." It may be so, as regards himself, but the subject will surely be unpalatable to his friends, and the public in general; and to interest them it is better to assume prosperity than to be perpetually harping on wretchedness. "Apply to every passion but pity for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion." So said Goldsmith, who spoke from sad experience.

Mr. Gillies, soon after he came of age, was induced to forget the warning of the wise king, who says, He that becomes surety for another shall smart for it! In evil hour, and in early life, he pledged himself as security to raise a sum of money for a relative; this led to the loss of his patrimonial acres, and laid the foundation of the embarrassments with which he appears

* "*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*; including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished literary Characters, from 1794 to 1849." By R. P. Gillies. In three vols. cr. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1851.

to have struggled long and hopelessly.* Want of capital held him down, and marred several of his fairest plans. The point inculcated is true and deeply instructive. Capital, in all speculations, whether literary, commercial, agricultural, mineral, or even theatrical, is the one indispensable ingredient. This subject is treated with masterly acuteness by Sir Walter Scott, in his letter to Terry, on his taking the Adelphi Theatre. The great magician counselled his friend with profound wisdom, but soon after helped to ruin himself by departing from his own rules.

Works like the present belong to a very favourite class, and obtain many readers. They form one of the numerous family of "anecdote," which, with its endless collaterals, is always well received in society, and embraces a large circle of acquaintance. Desultory, excursive, and varied, they treat of many things, and carry us to many places. *Modo me Thebis, modo me ponti Athenis*: and all without that rigid observance of the unities which the tragic or epic writer is so imperatively required to abide by. Books of this character may be taken up for half an hour, glanced over, and laid down again, when you are disposed to indulge in a nap, or required to write a letter. They come under the head of what Dr. Johnson designated "good fire-side companions." You can carry a volume about with you, and slip it into your coat pocket, a receptacle somewhat less capacious in modern times than the side appendages of Boswell, into which goodly quartos, and even folios, sometimes disappeared. The capabilities of old-fashioned pockets, male and female, for carrying everything, were like those of London cabs for conveying luggage—immeasurable. They must have had the faculty of expanding when necessary, the same sort of plastic power which bad geologists, in the infancy of that noble science, used erroneously to ascribe to nature.

These reminiscences go back to 1794—a remote period for a living man to claim acquaintance with—the modes and manners of which are as much forgotten in 1851 as the Greek and Algebra flogged into us at school, and which nine out of ten (unless en-

gaged in science) have long since exchanged for what is called knowledge of the world as it goes, and practical experience of things as they are.

The world of 1794 was so totally distinct from that of the present day, that an individual who has lived in both can scarcely recognise his own identity, or keep in due harmony of proportion his component elements. Everything about him, externally and internally; the habits of his associates, as well as his own; his thoughts, feelings, and opinions, are as different from what they were when he arrived at the usually-denominated years of discretion, as the cut of his clothes or the fashion of his beaver. He has become a connecting link between opposite extremes, an isthmus in the geography of time, joining unknown continents; a sort of living, intellectual Colossus of Rhodes, bestriding two pedestals, inscribed Ignorance and Improvement,—with a huge chasm between them.

Those were the days of heavy drinking, heavy purses, and little speed of locomotion. Railroads, radicals, and reform-bills, were as yet but visions of dim futurity. Lectures on Chartism, Liberalism, or Mormonism, would have been as intelligible as Chinese. Trowsers and a round hat, at a ball or evening party, would have gone nigh to upset a government, or excite a revolution. Good, old orthodox sermons, warranted not to last above twenty minutes, were preached by gentleman-like divines, who walked about in full pontificalibus between morning and evening service; were very pious and very indulgent; sometimes taking a hand at a rubber of whist, and even permitting their congregations to go now and again to a play, a concert, or a ball, without consigning them thereupon to the realms of Tophet.

Then, also, streets were utterly obscure, or illuminated by dingy oil, instead of very bright and very stinking gas. We walked in a sort of "darkness visible," but seldom inhaled poison, and were never blown up. The solemn, silent, and somewhat expensive luxury of the blue police was not even concocting in the brains of legislators, but the ancient Dogberries reigned in

* Bills, we believe, are sometimes *lifted*, as they say in Scotland; but we never heard an authentic case of a security that sooner or later was not called on to pay.

all their harmless imbecility; proclaiming in nasal cadence the progress of the night, and comforting the sleepy neighbourhood with the assurance that the world was well looked after during their absence. Little children in the fields, with ruddy complexions, instead of sallow and greenish ones, curtsied as they passed you, and peasants took off their hats to gentlemen, while gentlemen dropped theirs to the ground if accosted by a lady. Labouring men and errand boys didn't read the papers, because they couldn't. The "operatives," as they have recently been baptised, worked cheerfully all the week, bringing cash to their wives on Saturday, which enabled them to enjoy good beef and pudding on Sunday. That generation neither wasted their time nor lost their wages by attending factious clubs and monster meetings, where clever, cunning demagogues, with flimsy sophistry, mislead the intellects of the thinking, erudite million, teach them that idleness is the road to riches, drive them into poverty, and then call on them to "resist such foul oppression;" leaving them invariably to pay the penalty when the bubble bursts.

Then there were no trains, like comets with "fiery tresses," hissing and foaming through the frightened fields at the rate of forty miles an hour, rendering the fee-simple of life and limb a bad ten minutes' purchase; but there were coaches, light and heavy, long and short, single and double; many of the latter carrying ten insides, and an indefinite number of outside passengers; in shape, something between a hearse and an omnibus; progressing at the rate of four miles and a half an hour, stoppages excluded, and "errors excepted." Not long before the introduction of railroads, travelling appeared to have reached the perfection of speed. The top of a swift coach, on a summer's day, was a pinnacle of enjoyment, "which took the prison'd soul and lapt it in Elysium." In the ecstatic excitement of the hour you forgot all the stern realities of business, all the plodding monotony of working life. Lord Byron says Apollo would have advised Phaeton to be satisfied with the York mail, barring the turnpikes. Dr. Johnson thought existence had few enjoyments beyond being whirled along rapidly in a post-chaise. What would he have said, had

he lived, to be propelled by an express train in eight hours from London to Holyhead? Truly, a mighty change has come over the spirit of human agencies since 1794; but whether for good or evil, for better or worse, as we say when taking our helpmates, wiser heads than ours, and deeper philosophy than we pretend to, must determine.

The first of these three volumes is principally occupied with anecdotes and reminiscences of men tolerably well known in their day, but now forgotten by a bustling, money-hunting posterity, more intent on their own projects than on the domestic peculiarities of their progenitors. There are jokes, too, and humorous tales, sufficiently original for the mass of readers, but which we unfortunately are old enough to have heard before. We cannot help thinking a good sprinkling of them are drawn from the well-stocked repertory of John Ballantyne, of facetious memory, surnamed of Sir Walter Scott, "*Rigidumfunnidos*;" the best and most inexhaustible teller of table stories of his day, and "the merriest man," sometimes *beyond* "the limits of becoming mirth," we were ever in company with.

But it must be remarked, there is a wide difference between telling a story and reading it in a book. The first has the combined charms of voice, expression, manner, and imitation; while the latter has nothing but the epigrammatic smartness of the words. This we take to be the reason why jest books and compilations of professed facetiae are usually insufferably dull and tedious, acting as narcotics, and reducing the price of opium; while the same ingredients, skilfully handled *viva voce* by an adroit fabulist, convulse the auditory with laughter, and supply the pupil of Momus with an endless succession of dinners, from January to December.

All genuine story-tellers should observe this rule, and, if possible, keep out of the hands of the publisher. From the moment when that fatal plunge is taken, their originality is questioned, their stock in trade is undervalued, and their capital in danger. A good, substantial joke, like the constituency of Old Sarum, should be confined to one representative, and perpetuated only by tradition. It should be seldom drawn upon, reserved for

great occasions, and the moment of action watched as sedulously as the crisis of a battle. Californian gold is scarcely a more unadulterated treasure, but indiscreet repetition sinks its value below zero. Let your crack witticism, your four-and-twenty-pounder joke once escape into a book, and those who laughed till then become the first to sneer. They say—"Oh! we have had that before; it is as old as the hills; it is sad stuff—a decided Joe!" While they all know in their hearts the joke is a sound legitimate joke, there is no such repository as Joe Miller in existence; and the identity of that often-quoted individual is as doubtful as that of King Arthur, the dragon of Wantley, or the dun cow of Warwick.

Who has not had his own stories told back to him without acknowledgment, by unblushing pirates; but so altered and disguised, that he scarcely recognized his own offspring? This is a case of penance; but it is even more mortifying to see them garbled in a jest-book, and cried about for a penny. Many are the "trials of temper" which await the professional joker, if he rides his hobby-horse too fast. Listen to this, ye men of fun:—husband your materials; as your stores are ample, dispense them sparingly; and, above all, abstain from rushing madly into print.

Where did Mr. Gillies pick up his information, that a first folio Shakspeare, rooted out from the lumbered book-shelves of the old Laird of Bonnymune, could have been sold for the enormous sum of £500, even "flanked," as he tell us, by the second and third editions? And what has since become of this costly purchase? What happy living collector holds it in his keeping? Surely, as Lord Ogleby says, "there have been some mistakes here." The first folio Shakspeare is a rare and much sought after volume. When a true book-hunter pounces on it, he exclaims, as did the scientific Greek of old, "Εγεννησεν!" But we question if it ever produced anything like the money named. Dr. Dibdin, in his "Library Companion," devotes a very long and entertaining note entirely to the pedigree and history of this *rara avis*. The number of the original impression is supposed to have been about 250, nearly fifty of which are traceable to the present day. Dr.

Dibdin enumerates above thirty, with the names of the possessors, and the prices paid. But he makes no allusion to this Bonnymune copy, neither does he mention Mr. James Roche, who is given as the purchaser. So minute a bibliographer could scarcely have been ignorant of such a remarkable incident. He tells us the largest sum ever given for the first edition alone, up to 1825, amounted to £121 16s.; this was paid for the copy belonging to the late Hon. Thomas Grenville, supposed to be the finest in existence, and bequeathed by him, with the rest of his magnificent library, to the British Museum. The book was found at Cork, and fell into the possession of the late Mr. G. Mullen, an eminent bookbinder in Dublin. It was sold by him to Mr. Grenville, as he himself informed the writer of this article. We think there are still scattered through Ireland, in obscure country towns, and old country houses, "at the back of God speed," as they say in the Hibernian vernacular, many curious and valuable old books, paintings, and prints, worth a pilgrimage to those who have cash and leisure; in fact, mines of unexplored wealth.

Very lately, a first folio Shakspeare belonging to the Right Hon. C. Wynne, produced, as the papers informed us, *one hundred and forty-six pounds*, which, in all probability, is the maximum price the book ever sold for: a heavy investment for a single volume, without illustrations, and of no typographical beauty. We must here record a reminiscence of bibliomaniacal ferocity, although we ought to blush for it. An old book-collector, in Dublin, who died in 1831, possessed a fine first folio Shakspeare, which he had purchased for £30, at the sale of the Hon. Denis Daly's library, in 1792, and had enjoyed nearly forty years. We had long coveted it, and knew he was old, and breaking fast. He had a habit occasionally of sitting to bask in his front parlour by the window. We used often to walk by, and peep at him. From time to time he appeared ill, and not likely to last long. Our spirits rose. "One morn," as Gray says in his Elegy, "we miss'd him at the custom'd spot." He was dead. We went home, and dreamt that night that the Shakspeare was ours. In a short time, his library was sold by auction, and the long-coveted treasure fell into our

possession for £15.* "*Tantane animis (bibliographicis) iræ!*" The madness of book-collecting exceeds even the rage of religious or political controversy. It "petrifies the feeling," as Burns says, and makes natures, otherwise amiable, sometimes forget the ties of kindred, and the sympathies of humanity.

Three of the eccentrics recalled to our attention by Mr. Gillies, with some felicitous examples of their peculiar oddities, were unquestionably monomaniacs. Horace says, "*semel insanus omnes.*" Taken in the extended sense, this would imply that all mankind are candidates for a straight waistcoat. Without going so far as this, perhaps a large section of the human family are monomaniacs. Enthusiasm on any particular subject comes very nearly to the same point.

Lord Gardenstone, Lord Monboddoo, and Lord Buchan, were three very strange individuals; the two first, lords of session, or paper lords, as they call the judges in Scotland; the last, a veritable peer. Lord Gardenstone is supposed to have ended his days by suicide, in 1794.† He built the pretty little temple over St. Bernard's Well, on the bank of the Water of Leith (which all who know Edinburgh have passed a hundred times), with an inscription, and, if we recollect rightly, a monstrous statue of Hygeia. His authorship extended beyond the "Travelling Memoranda" mentioned by Mr. Gillies, and which he denominates truly, "meretwaddle." In 1792, he published, in Edinburgh, a small volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," a worthy companion of the "Memoranda," and which includes, among other drivellings, remarks on Shakspeare's Plays. Alas! poor Shakspeare! Did ever mortal poet suffer so much at the hands of ruthless expounders? What a relief it is to stumble on an edition without notes! We then have some chance of elucidating the obscure passages. Had he thought as much of future fame as Ben Johnson did, who edited, himself, the first edition of his works, instead

of leaving them to be compiled after his death from the mutilated play-house copies, he would have added much to his own immortal fame; and the world would have been spared many hundred volumes of bewildering controversy on disputed sentences, which prove very little beyond the ingenuity of the writers. When we ponder over some of these laboured notes by such deep scholars as Warburton, Upton, Grey, Capell, Steevens, and others of similar quality, we are surprised that men should take so much trouble to be wrong. Douce says, "of all the commentators on Shakspeare, Warburton is surely the worst." We apprehend he is right. The learned bishop cared more for his own conceits than for the meaning of his author, and expected the reader to lose sight of the text, in wonder at the comment. If Shakspeare meets his annotators in the other world, he will shun most of them with gloomy discontent, as the indignant shade of Ajax avoids Ulysses, in the Odyssey.

Mr. Gillies regrets (and we join in the feeling) that he cannot give more ample reminiscences of Lord Monboddoo. We, too, think it strange "that no one among his successors has ever thought of publishing an authentic memoir of this eccentric enthusiast, with a review of his speculations." To read his works is impossible, and would be sinful waste of time if patience could achieve the miracle. He says himself (as Mr. Gillies tells us) of his principal work in three quartos, "that if he wished to offer it for sale, no publisher in Britain would give even one shilling for the copyright." Again, we wonder how a professed scholar and an able jurist should waste his time on mystical lucubrations, certain to find few readers: and again, the only solution we can find is, it must have been monomania. But we should, nevertheless, like to know more of the man, his peculiar notions, his private habits, and his domestic economy. Some interesting minutiae may be gleaned from Boswell. In the "Tour to the Hebrides," Monboddoo was visited, but the great

* Where was our old friend Conway, who suffered us to win the prize so cheaply, and, we believe, to this hour sighs in vain for such a gem in his splendid collection? This book was sold again in 1837, and brought £33. There are two in Dublin now,—a very fine perfect copy in Lord Charlemont's library; and a defective one in Trinity College.

† Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.

Leviathan, and "the philosopher who danced naked on the house-top on December mornings," never warmly cottoned to each other, although on some points there was resemblance between them, and the mischief-loving wag, Foote, called Monboddoo an Elzevir edition of Johnson.

The idea that men were formerly born with caudal appendages, supposed to have been first suggested in the startling theories of Lord Monboddoo, is neither so original nor so outrageous as people imagine. Among the enactments of the early Norman kings of Sicily is a statute which obliges parents, under a specific penalty, to pluck out the tails of their children within a certain time after their birth,—whenever the necessity exists. The qualifying clause proves that such exceptions had occurred. A copy of this law was once shown to us in an old volume by a learned Franciscan monk, curator of the library in one of the principal monasteries at Palermo, where we saw, at the same time, a goodly collection of tomes in many languages; but nearly all that were valuable or instructive, including Shakspeare, not accessible to the inmates of the establishment, being marked on the back with a large P, signifying *proibito*.

One of Lord Monboddoo's favourite notions, that the ancients were superior to the moderns, excited the bile of Dr. Johnson almost as much as the contradictory absurdity, that our original ancestors were ourang-outangs, an assertion which Mr. Gillies maintains "will not be easily discovered in any of his multifarious writings." Mrs. Candour says, in Sheridan's sparkling comedy, there never was a scandalous story without some foundation; and we opine this hypothesis has scarcely been fixed on the learned judge by the mere "ingenious interpolations of ultra-facetious critics."* Gibbon congratulates himself (in his short sketch of his own life) that he made his appearance in a late period, when everything was improved, and the human race wiser and better than they had been in earlier ages.

The deist is nearer to the truth than the metaphysician. In mere bodily strength, and in the noble exercises of eating and drinking, we are behind our progenitors; but in what else can they take rank above us? Our modern athletes cannot wield the ponderous masses of rock with which the heroes of the Iliad saluted the heads and knees of their opponents; neither can recent convivialists emulate their table feats. We have no Milo of Crotona, who can kill a four-year-old bullock with one blow of his fist, and eat the entire animal in a single day; neither have we any living potentate who, with the Roman Emperor, Maximin, can devour diurnally forty pounds of beef, and drink nineteen bottles of wine. But we can do many better things, which they never heard of. We can traverse oceans unknown to them by aid of the compass; we can bring the most distant regions into close proximity by the power of steam; and we can govern matter by mind instead of mere animal strength.

That a man may degenerate into a monkey, we sometimes meet with what very much resembles tangible evidence; but to suppose that an ourang-outang should in the advancing scale grow up into a man, is *madness prepanse*. Lamarck gravely sets forth this doctrine, going far beyond any original notion of Monboddoo, and in this he is followed by an ingenious sophist, the author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and other philosophers of the same school, who advocate what they call "progressive development." This means, according to them, that every species ascends and merges into another superior to itself; that fishes and snakes become birds and four-footed animals, and that the origin of man is still *an open question*.†

Against all this absurdity there is nothing to oppose but the simple truth of natural and revealed religion, with the entire concordance of geology, when geology is not distorted. These wild theorists break down irremediably half way on the road to a conclusion.

* Vol. I., page 129, Memoirs.

† See "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," 4th Ed. p. 305. In the reign of Louis XV., a French savant, by name Maillet, broached doctrines by many degrees more fanciful and extravagant than even these. He is quoted in a very clever volume on Geology, called "The Old Red Sandstone," by Hugh Miller, Edinburgh.

Their chain snaps asunder just where they require the strongest link.

By far the most amusing original introduced in Mr. Gillies' pages, is the late Earl of Buchan. We knew him well, and have spent hours in his company (not always by choice), listening to his whimsicalities. He was very mad indeed, but perfectly harmless; a kind of estimable, good-humoured bore, something like what Lord Byron described Monk Lewis to be; in his old age, terribly prosaic; an unflinching button-holder, and inclined to bestow "all his tediousness" on the victim he hooked, without curtailment or remorse. He was perpetually in motion, always doing nothing with restless activity, telling interminable romances which he devoutly believed, and seeming to build all his happiness on his own eccentricities. He was very healthy, and very old, with a new crotchet or vagary for every day. The following instance, recorded by Mr. Gillies, is worth the attention of our readers:—

"Another of his lordship's breakfast parties drew on him the ridicule of all the town. It was even commemorated in the 'Town Eclogue,' a clever satire by the Rev. G. H. Drummond, by publishing which the author made for himself such vindictive and inveterate enemies, that he was forced to abscond. Lord Buchan selected nine young ladies of rank, who were to personate the Nine Muses, while he himself received them as 'Glorious Apollo.' The young ladies and their illustrious host were in fancy dresses, but unluckily the classic models had in one instance been too closely observed, for when Cupid entered with the tea-kettle, he had no dress whatsoever. Hereupon, the nine young ladies were so much amazed, that they all started up, and tittering or screeching, ran out of the room. For this trifling blunder Apollo cared not a rush. It detracted not one iota from his own dignity in his own estimation. The classical scene had taken place, and therewith he was content. If the whole world chose to crack its sides with laughter at him, he could remain tranquil and unmoved."

Lord Buchan planned a grand allegorical painting from this scene; but as the artist he patronized objected to work any longer for fame only, and his lordship's favour included no disbursement of pounds, shillings, and pence, the project was abandoned.

We subjoin an original anecdote of this whimsical old peer, which may be relied on as authentic. It has never been in print before, and conveys a good idea of his mode of patronage. A young man, then nearly a stranger in Edinburgh, fighting his way up in a very precarious profession, but who, from private connexions, was in good society, had received a warm introduction to Lord Buchan, from his son, Sir David Erskine,* almost as great an oddity as his father, and who succeeded him in the possession of Dryburgh Abbey. One morning he called on his intended protégé, and seating himself with vast solemnity, said, "I am resolved to make your fortune, and I've arranged it all. Get me a card." The card was produced.—"No: that won't do; it must be three times as large." With some difficulty a piece of drawing-board was found, and cut to the size and shape required—oblong, about eight inches long, and five broad, resembling a Dublin Castle invitation. On this he wrote slowly, in large distinct characters, "The Earl of Buchan;" then placed it on the mantel-piece over the chimney, retiring backwards, and shifting from right to left, to observe how it looked. At length he was satisfied. "Now ring the bell, and call in your landlady." He was obeyed, and the ancient dame made her appearance. "Old woman," said the peer, "can you read written hand? Answer!" "Can I no? ay, and write it too. Wha but me maks out the bills on Saturday? It's no' David, I'm thinking, for he's amaisht aye fou', mair especially just afore the Sabbath." "Old woman, you are garrulous; go and read that," pointing to the card. Whereupon the Sybil read, and shouted, "Eh, Gude save us, the Yerle o' Buchan! a real lord! an' in our house! Siccan an honour!

* One of the Captains of Cadets at the Military College, and knighted by King William the Fourth. His memory is dear to all the Marlow and Sandhurst men of his day. "Mad Davy," as we impudently christened him, was as kind as he was whimsical. Many are the tricks we have assisted in playing him, and yet he distinguished us with especial favour.

Hech, sirs! Here, David, David, come awa ben and look at the Yerle o' Buchan!" He then pushed the old lady out, and continued—"Now, leave that card there for a month or two, and don't allow it on any account to be touched. Everybody that comes in will see that the Earl of Buchan has called on you, and your fortune is made." The protégé thanked the patron with becoming warmth. "Now," said he, "I shall do more still. Put on your hat, and come with me." They went out together, and arm in arm three times traversed the entire length of Princes-street, all the world nodding, smiling, and wondering, and not a few scuttling out of the way, as fast as their legs could carry them, when they saw the party approaching. This was a little unintelligible to the novice at first, but he afterwards learned to understand it. At the corner of St. Andrew's-square the Earl took his leave, and shook his companion by the hand, saying, "Good bye; you'll get on rapidly now. You have been seen walking with the Earl of Buchan, and your position in society is established. I don't think I shall stop even here." Nor did he; for the next day he called again, and presented a copy of his "Essays," with a suitable inscription. The ungrateful receiver took the gift, but never had the grace to cut the leaves open, for which, in due course, retribution fell on him. Soon after, the book was stolen from his shelf, with the only silver spoon he then had ever possessed.

We subjoin a letter preserved by Mr. Gillies, which is amusingly characteristic:—

"Edinburgh, March 28, 1814.

"MY DEAR GILLIES,—I have begun to print my anonymous and fugitive Essays, at my own press, in Merchant's-court. I begin with those of 'Anderson's Miscellany' in the years 1790-1-2-4. I shall then proceed to those inserted in 'Sibbald's Magazine,' in the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' and in still later publications; last of all, I shall give part of my *Commercium Epistolicum Literarium*. What a pleasant thing for you, and how *sanative* it would be for you to come here immediately to superintend the press! A thousand melancholy sonnets would never tend so much to preserve your memory as such a pious undertak-

ing. Come then, dear Gillies, and farewell. 'Arise, or be for ever lost.' Your assured friend,
BUCHAN."

Among the great ones of our land, patrons of the Lord Buchan school are sufficiently numerous. They bear some resemblance to the "helps," as servants call themselves in America, who leave you to do all the work of the house yourself. They make a great fuss about nothing, "keeping the word of promise to the ear," while they "break it to the hope;" and verify the definition of the gruff moralist, in his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield—"A patron is one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help." Sir Walter Scott was not one of these. His kind heart and active benevolence went to work at once, and always in the right direction, to serve and advance those commended to him, and their name was legion. Mr. Gillies speaks warmly of his indulgence to literary aspirants, no matter how humble or wayward they might be, and mentions a particular case in which his repeated efforts to encourage an incipient poet were foiled by the incurable shyness of the neophyte. The following letter has never before been published. It furnishes an interesting evidence of his readiness to bring forward merit, and is addressed to our old and valued friend, Terence Magrath. On coming to Edinburgh, he had brought an introduction to the great lion of the North. Sir Walter took a fancy to the individual man, as everybody does when they know him, and sought the readiest mode of encouraging his talent.

"DEAR MR. MAGRATH,—I have a favour to request of you, and do not trust it to the verbal entreaty of Mr. John Ballantyne, though he has promised to back me with all his eloquence. It is to solicit the pleasure of your company along with the Ballantynes, and other friends, to the Duke of Buccleugh's cattle show, on the 22nd October. I will have the pleasure of introducing you, and making your talents known to a very amiable family,* who have it in their power to be effectual patrons to merit of every description, and are particularly fond of music. I have a bed for you at Abbotsford. John Ballantyne

* The Duke of Buccleugh's.

promises to escort you safely hither, and I hope you will give me the pleasure of your company for a day or two, to look about you. Pray do not say no to this request, and believe me, dear sir, your faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Abbotsford, October 3, 1817.

"To Mr. Magrath,
86. Andrew-street, Edinburgh."

He writes as if asking a service instead of conferring one, and follows this up in a letter to the Duke, a day or two after :—

"I have an inimitable good songster in the person of Terence Magrath, who teaches my girls. He beats almost all whom I have ever heard attempt Moore's songs. I never heard a better singer in a room, and for an after-supper song, he almost equals Irish Johnstone."

In 1835, or 1836, Mr. Gillies found himself, greatly to his surprise, appointed literary executor to his noble friend, Lord Buchan, but the office proved a sinecure, as no publisher was inclined to take the risk. The world lost nothing, he saved his trouble, and some respectable bookseller escaped a heavy article. We have dwelt longer on some of the characters introduced in the early part of these memoirs, than we can on others which occupy the subsequent pages. The latter being of more general reputation, and their names familiar to everybody, illustrative annotation becomes superfluous.

By far the most interesting portion of these volumes is that which treats of the shining lights of Edinburgh, during the bright period when that northern metropolis vindicated its claim to the title of the modern Athens, and her men of ink became immortal in monthly, annual, and perpetual literature.

Old Edina was in those days a pleasant resting-place, where mind and body met with wholesome recreation. There were good dinners, where seniors talked, and juniors listened, and improved; evening parties redundant of beauty and fashion; and jovial suppers at Ambrose's for rollicking bachelors. The panic of 1825 shook the fabric of society to the centre, carried dismay

to many a cheerful hearth, broke up the credit of many flourishing houses, shivered the wand of the great magician himself, and forced him ever after to fold his wings, and toil on, until worn out by preternatural exertion. From that hour his genius was fettered, and what before had been recreation and enjoyment, changed to exhausting, endless drudgery. There was no resisting the storm, "temple and tower went down before it, as of old before the stern Emathian conqueror." Edinburgh received a shock which she has never thoroughly recovered.

There is a good deal in the second volume about Sir Brooke Boothby and Sir Egerton Brydges. But little interest is attached to either of these names. The former was never much known beyond a private circle; the latter is now nearly forgotten by all. At one time he was well recognised by bibliographical men from the activity of his private printing press at Lee Priory, which for many years was in continual exercise. His own contributions to it are very numerous, and some of his literary labours are not without merit; but they belong to the class which repose on dusty shelves, and are seldom astonished by removal. These private presses have, on the whole, done less for general literature than might have been expected. They minister to antiquarian curiosity rather than to useful knowledge. Look over the lists of what they have sent forth, and on which subject full information is to be met with in Dibdin's "Bibliomania" and "Library Companion," Martin's "List of privately printed Books," and Clarke's "Repertorium Bibliographicum." The selection appears meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme.† The far-famed Strawberry Hill catalogue, as an example, has little beyond second-rate articles, and many of these of a most trifling nature—broadsides, single sheets, and casual jeux d'esprit. The Lucan, superintended by Bentley, is the best volume Horace Walpole ever printed, but it is scarcely ever read, as being neither portable nor easy to be attained.

In vol. i. p. 39, of these Memoirs, we find mention of some long letters to Sir Brooke Boothby from Lord

* Lockhart's Life, Ed. 1842, p. 355.

† Some of those more recently established have done better things.

Nelson, "sometimes followed up by a postscript in a sad scrawling style from 'Maria.'" If by Maria is meant Lady Hamilton, as we conjecture, her name was "Emma." The mistake is not of much consequence, but still a very careless one, which a dash of the pen would have rectified.

There are many letters from Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, the late Lord Caernarvon (then Lord Portchester), Sir Egerton Brydges, and others, which now appear for the first time, and are all more or less interesting. Two in particular deserve notice, from Dr. John Gillies, author of the "History of Greece," and many other works of first-rate merit. These letters are too long for insertion, and curtailment would spoil them. They are excellent specimens of literary correspondence. No memoirs of the life and writings of Dr. Gillies have yet appeared, and if his nephew has leisure and materials, we think such a book would be a valuable acquisition.

There are also amusing particulars of Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," Maturin, the author of *Bertram*, John Clarke, afterwards Lord Eldin; John Pinkerton, an undoubted nuisance; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd—of all originals the most extraordinary; of Thomas Campbell, the Bard of Hope; of the origin of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Chaldee Manuscript*, which set all Edinburgh by the ears, and of which it is difficult to say whether it produced most fun or indignation.

Delightful are these reminiscences of "Auld Reekie," and the memorabilia of that far-famed capital. They carry us back to five happy years of that very period, when we sojourned within her walls and communed with her worthies; when the heart was light, the brow unwrinkled by either time or care, and the thick black locks had not been superseded by shreds of iron gray transforming into silvery white. We were acquainted with many of these parties commemorated by Mr. Gillies, and as we turn over his pages we think of many more we knew and mingled with, who have nearly all passed away with the others, and are thus called up again to mental vision.

There was James Ballantyne, the brother of John, of whom the wicked wits said in the *Chaldee Manuscript*, "He nibbleth the shoe-latchets of the mighty,

and darkeneth counsel by the multiplying of vain words." He had these peculiarities undoubtedly, but they were very entertaining, and he was withal a man of good pretensions in letters, and the best writer of a theatrical criticism in Scotland. There were also Liston, the great surgeon; Sir William Allan, the most unassuming man of genius that ever lived; Grecian Williams and "Big" Williams, two men of very different proportions; David Bridges, who had a soul above buttons; Miller, the politest of book-sellers; Constable, the haughtiest; Blackwood, the gravest; and Peter Hill, the merriest. There was also a strange animal of the bibliopolistic species, named Stevenson, patronised by Sir Walter Scott, who dwelt in a cellar in Princes-street, well stocked with rare and curious old volumes, of which he knew the value. There were Drs. Chalmers and Andrew Thompson, powerful in the pulpit; and sometimes there came the Rev. Edward Irving, looking like an exceedingly mad missionary, to hear whose rhapsodies people crowded round the doors long before they were opened, as in remote periods at the pit and gallery entrances of theatres, and sacrificed pounds of solid substance with innumerable skirts of coats. There were Dr. Hamilton with the cocked hat, and his still more celebrated Namesake, without one. There were Patrick Robertson, called by his familiars Peter, not yet a judge, but unrivalled at a joke, or as a president or croupier; and Donaldson, the great chess-player, who beat the London Club, and laughed the Automaton to scorn. There were Roland, the best fencer in Europe, and Francalanza, not worth a tithe of him. There were (and are still) William Murray, incomparable both as manager and actor, and Mackay, the inimitable Baillie Jarvie. There were—now that our memory is on its mettle, we verily believe we could gallop merrily on to the "crack of doom," and not exhaust the list—but we must hurry to an end. Last, though far from least, there was dear old William Kerr, for more than forty years secretary to the General Post Office, and universally beloved of men. We can see him now, shuffling along in a pair of boundless shoes, shaped like canoes from Otaheite or Owhyhee; the strings of his nether garments untied in graceful

abandonment, his frill embroidered with snuff, and his face glowing with benevolence; always in a bustle, and nearly invisible behind piles of letters. He was simple as a child himself, and had no belief in human duplicity. In that gentle nature there were no passions; the temperament was too mild to admit such turbulent inmates; but it acknowledged three ruling propensities. These were, dabbling in all the lotteries; franking everything for all his acquaintance, from half a sheet of note paper up to a house-key or a parcel of haberdashery;* and attending everybody's funeral. How he found time for the latter avocation, it was impossible to divine, but that he never neglected it is certain. If all on whom he bestowed that attention could have obtained leave for a single day to return the compliment when his own interment occurred, the procession would have been longer and more numerous than that which graced the royal progress of George IV. from Holyrood to the Castle and back again in the memorable month of August, 1822. When our kind old friend, for such we ever found him, retired on a superannuated pension, and became master of his own time, we never could make out how he employed it, yet still he appeared in the usual hurry of business, and assuredly he left ample occupation behind him for those who succeeded. The cleansing of the Augean stable was trifling recreation compared to reducing the disorder which reigned in every department of the Edinburgh post-office.

Our author informs us that about the year 1827 he passed into a *shadow*, and muses a little on what he denominates *shadowism*; by which is to be understood the state at which ancient gentlemen, whose "lands and goods are gone and spent," are usually held to have arrived, by a benevolent public; who are set down as neither useful nor ornamental, seeing they have nothing left, and are perpetually receiving notice to make vacancies, with hints that their room would be preferred to their company. It must be admitted the fast generation of the present century are strongly imbued with these charitable

feelings towards their elders. "A governor" of forty, or thereabouts, is considered a sort of Methuselah. He "has liv'd long enough," as Macbeth threnodizes, and should give place to younger and abler substitutes. Much difference of opinion exists between the conflicting parties as to when these abdications become graceful and necessary. It is unquestionably mortifying to illustrate, in your own case, the truth of the poet's line—

"Superfluous legs the veterans on the stage."

Nevertheless it behoves all responsible fathers of families, and well-preserved old ladies, of either sex, in good health and spirits, to withstand resolutely the spread of these opinions, and to insist on exercising all the rights and privileges of living utility, until they of their own free will consent to resign them. If they do not look to it in time, and fight for themselves, they will chance, ere long, to be treated much after the fashion in which heads of Hindu families are disposed of by impatient successors, when they conceive their sires to have become useless incumbrances. They are told affectionately that Brama wants them, and they must go to him; whereupon their ears and noses are plugged up, and they are thrown into the Ganges, just as the Sultan sometimes disposes of frail young ladies of his establishment in the adjacent Bosphorus. A friend of ours, now a general, but then a very young officer in India, once witnessed this operation in progress, and performed what he thought an act of humanity in rescuing the patient from his cold bath before he was drowned, and had to keep him ever after for his pains. He was by no means thankful for the interference, and rather reproached his deliverer for restoring him. He was dead in law, struck off from his *caste*, no longer acknowledged by any one, and a stray waif on creation's waste. A good lesson for philanthropists who are inclined to meddle gratuitously in other people's affairs.

The portion of this work which treats of foreign travel and continental notoriety, including Goëthe, Tieck, Müll-

* In those days public officials at the head of departments had unlimited power of franking to any weight, which privilege they abused fearfully, and their friends called on them to exercise it without remorse.

ner, Dr. Becker, and Gustavus IV. under his assumed name of Colonel Gustafson, are neither particularly amusing nor edifying, and we are not sorry when our author gets home again, although nothing bright or cheering appears to have bailed his return. Goethe, like many others, has had his day. The present reading public know nothing of the "Sorrows of Werter;" and he would be a very rash publisher who should venture its revival. It is buried in the same sepulchre with "Zimmermann on Solitude." Faust has become a little stale by the numerous translations,* and not even Scott could render "Goëtz Von Berlichingen" readable. "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," no doubt, contains an admirable analysis of Hamlet, for all who can understand and agree with it. The same may be freely admitted of Tieck's lucubrations on our great dramatist and his immediate predecessors. We have been told lately by various writers that the German critics comprehend Shakspeare better than we do, and expound his mighty genius more faithfully. That they have a more *æsthetic*† conception of his ideas, and can penetrate more thoroughly all the intricate machinery of his imagination. On these points we are either ignorant or obstinate. We don't pretend to understand clearly what *æsthetic* means; we think

the merit of Shakspeare, like that of every great original genius, was simple rather than complex. We fancy his meanings to be obvious rather than obscure or mystical, and we leave others to enter into a controversy we freely confess to be a little beyond our mark.

We here take leave of Mr. Gillies and his agreeable volumes, thanking him for the entertainment we have derived from them, and still more for the pleasant recollections they have revived. When they reach a second edition, we entreat of him to purify them from the constant repetition of the most common-place French terms which occurs incessantly, and is both affected and unnecessary. The text is disfigured, and the sense is anything but improved, by these substitutions. It is also clearly unjust to the native, vigorous Saxon, which is thus pushed from its legitimate position to make way for exotic intruders, with very inferior pretensions. The practice, we are sorry to observe, is becoming too general. If our writers continue to indulge in this, at the rate they are doing at present, we shall very soon cease to have a national tongue. English will disappear into French, and our standard authors, of fifty years' antiquity, will require the help of a dictionary, and be classed, with Greek and Latin, among the dead languages.

* Dr. Anster's is unquestionably the best, and conveys vividly the spirit of the original.

† Mr. Gillies talks of an *æsthetical tea*, which he assisted at in Dresden. We have heard of a dancing tea in London and other places at home; (*thè dansante*) and this sounds odd enough; but an *æsthetical tea* is quite appalling.

A YARN ABOUT OUR FOREFATHERS.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

GLENDRUID, the residence of Brook Aylmer, in the barony of West Muskerry, was a pretty, romantic spot: nothing wonderful or extraordinary; there are hundreds as pleasing and pretty in most mountainous districts. Still it was a very pretty spot; such as a quiet, thoughtful man might desire to possess; a little secluded nook, amid the sweet solitudes of rock, and heather, and mountain. A rugged old road, leading from Macroom to Millstreet, passed by the gate, and conducted the traveller, according to the manner of our ancestors, up and down hills, and amid stones and declivities, till he was deposited, sorely bumped, bruised, and wearied, at his journey's end. The inconveniences of travel were, however, recompensed to any one who had a soul for the picturesque, by the beauty and frequent grandeur of the scenery through which it led. To the north extended a wild, rugged tract of heath, and moor, and turf-bog, beyond which, at a distance of about four or five miles, the grand form of Musherymore uprose in solitary majesty. He who has not yet climbed that lofty mountain, and viewed the splendid panorama from its summit, has a great pleasure in store. Far and away, beneath the spectator, who gazes as from an eagle's flight, each well-known field, and road, and farm, can scarce be recognised, in their dwindled littleness. Southward and westward is one of the noblest mountain ranges in the kingdom: occupying the district of Cork and Kerry between Crookhaven and Tralee; including the mountains of Bantry, with the Priest's Leap: the beautiful and superb cliffs that environ and throw their shadows on the waters and forests of the exquisite Glengriff: the deep-hidden monastic solitudes of Gougane Barra: the fairy-land of Killarney, Glens, and Mangerton, and the sublime pinnacles of the Reeks: a glorious array—a world for the poet and the painter—a land of romantic glens, and lakes, and

waterfalls, and superb inlets of the ocean, and magnificent passes among the mountains. East and west, the ocean, at either side of Ireland, is faintly discernible. To the north, the eye overlooks the subordinate eminences of the Boggeraghs; and surveys the counties of Limerick, Clare, Waterford, and Tipperary; and pauses on the proud elevation of the Gaulties.

But this, by-the-bye. Our talk just now is about Glendruoid, and not about what may be seen from the top of a neighbouring mountain. The reader, if he is a bit of a poet, will excuse the digression; and if he isn't a poet, but, like King George II., "hates both bainting and boethry," why, he may go study Cocker; the less I (for one) have of his company the better.

The old road took its winding course through a succession of picturesque objects; rock, and cliff, and copse, and sparkling streamlets disporting in their pebbly and broken channels, and mountain farms and ruined castle. But among them all, was none more lovely than Glendruoid. As you approached it from Macroom, it opened suddenly on you, at a turn of the road. The house, an old-fashioned, comfortable mansion, with rounded gables, somewhat in the Elizabethan style, stood on a lawn of little swelling emerald hills, embowered in trees, partly the relics of an ancient forest. At the foot of these hills, gushing and foaming among the rocks, there brawled a beautiful little river ('yclept Foerish), over which the road led by a picturesque old moss-grown bridge: and beyond the house, sheltering it from the western gates, appeared a range of copse-covered cliffs and hills, with the grand mountain of Mullahaneish towering in the background.

Alas! sweet Glendruoid! thy beauty is departed. Ill-management and recklessness of moral principle have dealt with dispoiling hand upon thee. No trees are left to sigh over days that are gone; they are all levelled to their

stumps, and sold. The emerald hills still smile on the passer-by; but the old house is a ruin—a wretched, lonely object, three-fourths dismantled and gone to decay, and abandoned to owls and jackdaws. Broken and defaced, with its windows mostly built up with stones; two or three panes of glass left, and the place of others supplied by an old hat or ragged garment; the parlour, once the scene of hospitality, and mirth, and hopes, and plans, is tenanted by a poor farmer, with his wife and brood of children, not to mention poultry, and an occasional visit from the pigs.

Brook Aylmer, at the period of our narrative, was a bachelor of five-and-twenty years of age, or thereabouts. He had succeeded, on the recent death of his father, to a pretty property of some six or seven hundred per annum; and lived with a brother and an unmarried sister, at Glendruid.

It was a perpetual theme for wonderment in the country for ten miles round—that is to say, within a circle having the neighbouring town of Macroom for a centre, with a radius of ten miles, and circumference of sixty—that he was not married. Sundry rumours on the subject were afloat. Not a week elapsed, but the established gossips of the several lesser circles, within the greater circle above-mentioned, had some news to tell about his approaching nuptials. "Fact!—certain! settled!—you may depend on it, ma'am, for I had it from," &c. &c.

Poor fellow!—*felix suum si bonum norit*. He was little aware how his neighbours took care of him, and managed his affairs for him. He could not ride into Macroom, but Miss Blunderbore was sure he was going to see pretty little Miss Darkey Diddear. If he turned his bridle towards Mount-Massy, "Ah!" says Mrs. Hawkes, of Clonracket, "I understand that manoeuvre." If he passed into Mount-Hedges, "Whew!" exclaimed elderly Miss Coppinger to her friend Mrs. Crump, "Didn't I tell you a month since?" If he bowed to the Miss Churchills, "Oh, ho!" says Dick Gander, of Grassfort, winking to Tom Savage, "is that the game you are at, my cock? Maybe I ain't up to your tricks!" If he stopped to chat with Miss Judy Freke, Phil Fleming, passing by, would look sly, as if he was up to a thing or two. No taking in Phil

Besides, Phil was jealous, and had his own private views about Judy. And if he was only seen leading his horse, and walking with Miss Pleasance, of Carrigasteira, the fact was sufficient—primary evidence, and no mistake; and the only questions were, when the ceremony would take place, and what he would settle upon her, and what his sister would do—whether she would continue to reside at Glendruid, or whether —. "But no matter; no fear of Annie Aylmer; sure, isn't she engaged this year back to George Yahoo?"

"Lord, ma'am, what put that in your head? It ain't George Yahoo; it's Ben Whiting, of Carrigafooka, she's engaged to."

"Why, then, Mrs. Tivy, George Yahoo is the man, as sure as this is a good cup of tay. I know it, and I have raysin to know it."

"I don't belave it, Mrs. Tally!"

"Why, then, upon me sacred honour, Mrs. Tivy, my dear craythur, I have it from the best authority; and as we are friends, you know I would not desave you. Hark'ee—whisper, in your ear."

"Ah, you don't say so, ma'am!"

"'Tis as thrue as I'm a Christian woman."

"And you are sure them was the very words?"

"As sure as—hark'ee, again!"

"Oh, then! Oh! oh! think of that, now! Well, well!"

"You'll keep it a saycret!"

"My dear, can you doubt me? We are frinds you know. Well, but that bates all I ever hear. And don't her brother know it?"

"Not a word of it, ma'am."

"Why then, see that now! I confess I never liked Annie Aylmer. I always thought her a desateful, inthricate, schaymin' little minx: though I always kep me oppinins to myself, and never tould anybody."

"I am sure you was too good-natured, ma'am."

"We should never spake evil of our neighbours, Mrs. Tally; and that has always been a rule of mine; except it might be in a quiet way like, over a cup of tay, and between frinds. 'Tis a mighty quare world we live in!"

"Why then, that's thrue for you, Mrs. Tivy."

&c., &c., &c., &c.

It is a very general rule that gossips

and tale-bearers are ill-natured and censorious. The love of gossip proceeds from no wish for the welfare of others; no philosophic observation of human nature. It implies merely a restless itch of meddling; a want of rational occupation of the mind; a want of objects, true, just, and lovely; a taste for the mean and the little; and the vanity of seeming knowing. The information about other people's affairs, which is sought for by a genuine gossip, is not sought for with a view of doing them good. "Non est curiosus," saith a wise man, "quin idem sit malevolus."

Perhaps it was partly owing to considerations like these that Brook Aylmer was no gossip. He was well-natured, benevolent, and just-minded. He thought so little of who was going to be married, that if you told him a rumour of the kind, it was ten to one, unless the parties were particular acquaintances of his own, but he forgot it in a week; which made some of his neighbours say he was a fool.

Perhaps he lived too much in visions of the good and fair; which rendered him somewhat incomprehensible to some.

Certes, it is useful to moderate our loftier aspirations with the homely, ordinary business of life, and with a knowledge of the world, even of its baser and meaner ways. But then, again, how careful should a man be who loves the true and the beautiful, how he surrender the pure poetry of his soul to be darkened and polluted by juxtaposition with the vulgarities, and selfishnesses, and humbugs of human life. It may have been a feeling of this kind, combined with the bent of his own nature, that induced Aylmer to lead a retired life, and to shun rather than to seek the society of the neighbourhood. In a well-stored library he found abundant material for delight and improvement. He loved a lonely ramble in the fields, or among the mountains, there to pursue his favourite trains of thought, and sometimes to note them in his pocket-book. To him it was happiness, and pleasure ever new, to ascend a mountain, and on its highest point to lay himself amid the heath and wild grass, and peruse some favourite volume, or contemplate the infinite landscape extended around him, with his own little quiet home at a distance in the lowlands.

He had much of that disposition of mind which loves to look beyond the present state of things, and to dwell upon a better. It was not that sentiment of querulous, disappointed vanity which leads to quarrelling with everything that does not square with a man's fancies or conceits. It was the clear, moral, and intellectual perception of one who takes a wise view of the present state of man; who knows that there ought to be, and must be, a progress: who investigates the laws by which human nature is to be developed and improved, and looks forward with faith to the diffusion of knowledge and virtue over the whole earth. It was the sentiment of one who surveys the destinies of man, and the true ends of his being.

Among the favourite speculations of Aylmer, the possibility of improving the means of intercourse between the several sections of the human race occupied much of his attention. He calculated that if the artificial helps afforded to the natural powers of man by horses, and carts, and coaches, and ships impelled by the wind, were so advantageous to the best interests of man, those interests would be promoted in vastly higher degrees by the use of greater locomotive power, which should enable men to traverse sea and land with a speed hitherto unknown.

The minds of Watt and other scientific men were at that period turned to the improvement of the steam-engine, and the application of it to the purposes of locomotion—the towing of vessels and the urging of carriages. Railways of iron were then employed in collieries in England, and some ingenious men were speculating on the possibility of moving the coal-wagons thereon by steam power.

The world had long known that an acorn is parent of a forest: but to very few, when they saw the steam issuing from the spout of a tea-kettle, did the idea ever occur of the vast power which might be derived from a scientific use of that hot hissing vapour: and how, in the designs of Providence, it was destined to become a grand instrument for the diffusion of knowledge, and civilization, and happiness, throughout the world.

Yet, such were the thoughts of Aylmer: and he contemplated with the prescient spirit of a poet and a philan-

thropist, the time not very distant, he hoped, when carriages on a railroad, or ships on their watery way, impelled by steam, should convey travellers and merchandise with the velocity of a race-horse; and days should be changed into hours, and weeks into days. He saw lines of railway extending from Paris to Constantinople, and from Scutari to Calcutta or Pekin; or, traversing the deserts of Africa and America, and transforming the wilderness and solitary places into regions of wealth and civilisation.

In these brilliant speculations it will readily be conceived that he met little sympathy from his neighbours. Some, to whom Aylmer talked of these things, stared with wonder, others laughed, some yawned.

Now, Aylmer knew all this; and yet, the enthusiasm of his nature would perpetually lead him into forgetfulness of the natures of those whom he addressed; and he would utter his magnificent ideas to people incapable of appreciating them; and, impelled by the very strength of his feelings to seek for sympathy, he would seek for it even against hope and conviction. For it is a law of human nature that, in proportion to the intensity of our feelings will be our desire for sympathy; and, knowing this law, it is well for us to learn to regulate our feelings, and to remember that the greater their strength, the less likelihood is there of their meeting with sympathy. "In patience possess ye your souls." "Learn to live alone."

We are deceived sometimes, too,

when to our outward sense there is presented the appearance of sympathy. Hypocrisy, cunning, politesse, will assume the guise of a sympathy which is not felt. Or the endeavour to sympathise, proceeding from fondness and partiality, or from a wish to learn, will produce a manner and conduct which are often mistaken for sympathy, but are not the real thing.

The minister of religion, rapt, excited, ecstatic, pouring forth to a crowded tea-party his views, and feelings, and fancies, and meeting no contradiction but silence, or flattering attention, is apt to persuade himself that his audience sympathise with him and consent to his doctrine; while in fact many of them have no distinct notion of the subject matter of his harangue; and some don't care about it; and some prudently decline expressing their dissent for fear of incurring odium and unpopularity, and injuring their worldly interests; and some, cleverer than the rest, affect enthusiastic assent to doctrines concerning which they have neither thought nor feeling, and so get a reputation for sanctity and knowledge which they do not merit. And using this reputation as an engine, they set up for oracles, and managers, and dictators; and the unsuspecting minister whose self-love is flattered by their attentions, counts them as very excellent and superior people; and in this scene of humbug a man who humbly and honestly seeks for truth, and will not affect a sympathy which he does not feel, will be despised and insulted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE good folks resident in the neighbourhood of Macroom, who send regularly once a day to the post-office for letters or newspapers, will, perhaps, scarcely be able to realise to their imaginations a time (not very far distant from their own,) when no post-office existed in that town, and people had to send all the way to Cork either to receive a letter or to deposit one in the letter-box. Brooke Aylmer, ever since such time as he calculated that his letter was likely to arrive at Castle Sherkin, had been sending into Cork, at least twice a week, in hope of receiving an answer, and at last wrote to Corney, and was on the point of

despatching an express across the country to Skibbereen, when at last, what between Mrs. O'Sherkin's zeal and promptness in writing, and Aylmer's perseverance in sending, the answer was received at Glendruid in only a few days after the penning of it.

Late in the afternoon, the messenger who brought it returned, hot and dusty, after his run of five-and-twenty miles from Cork, and with sparkling eye, and a flush of triumph that seemed to anticipate a glass of whiskey (or maybe two) as a reward for his success, sought Mr. Aylmer, whom he found strolling with his sister and his brother Jack in the wood of Glendruid. It

was a lovely sequestered place ; a path, winding on the side of a little hill, led under old oaks, and ash, and hazel ; and the voice of the river below, dashing and wantoning among the rocks, mingled like a wild melody with the pleasant rustling of the boughs. Goggin the Fairy (for such were the name and cognomen of the messenger), a tall, bare-footed, shock-headed urchin, with the remnant of a hat on his head, and clad in half a pair of breeches, and the tattered relics of a blue jacket, having handed the letter with a radiant grin of delight to "the master," and being desired by him to go to the kitchen and get his dinner, uttered a profusion of chattering in praise of the liberality and munificence of the family, wished them all a long life, grasped the tangled forelock of his head with his right paw, pulled his head downwards by way of a bow, and scampered off on his mottled red legs.

Mrs. O'Sherkin's letter began by saying that Mr. O'S. being prevented by very particular business (!) from writing, had requested (!) her to write, and to say that it was his intention to be in Cork on a certain day next week with Corney ; that they were much pleased at the idea of having Mr. Aylmer for a travelling companion, and meant to sail by the next packet for Bristol. Corney also desired his love ; had received Mr. Aylmer's letter, and fully agreed with what he said about musical instruments. And the girls were delighted, &c., Fanny in particular ; and they were dying to have a pianoforte, and begged their friend Mr. Aylmer to get one for them, and to bring it himself to Castle Sherkin, where he must pay a long visit. And with their best love to Annie, and compliments to Mr. Jack, she (Mrs. O'B.) was,

&c. &c. &c.

The contents of this letter were singularly agreeable to Aylmer, who had for some time entertained a deep sentiment of admiration for Fanny, and hailed any glimmering of an indication that his affection might possibly be reciprocated. In fact, he had sought to travel with her father and brother, less on account of the business ('twas only to buy some scarce books) which took him to London, than to get an opportunity of insinuating the state of his affections, and proving what sort of reception they were likely to meet from

the family. Under these circumstances, the cordial invitation which he had to Castle Sherkin, and the message from the young ladies, "Fanny in particular," seemed to exalt faint hope into certainty, and to change, "as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand," his previous state of feverish despondency into a state of light and happiness.

But, why, asks some one, could not Brooke Aylmer, instead of this round-about course, go off to Castle Sherkin, where he was always welcome, and get up a flirtation with Fanny, take her on pic-nics, and go galivanting about the country with her, write her some verses, drop hints, make himself agreeable, tie his cravat with art, in short, put his best leg forward ?

Reader — unless you be one of those unsympathetic beings who have stereotyped their minds, and are unable to conceive or understand any state of thought or feeling, but just what accords with the settled formulas of their own natures—you will have observed that the sentiment of love, like all other sentiments or parts of human nature, exists differently, and manifests itself differently, in different individuals.

In some it exists merely as material for passing amusement : for the gratification of vanity or egotism. And such have as much notion of its real nature, as a dandy lieutenant of dragoons, who lounges with a party of "fine gals" into a picture gallery, has of the thoughts or works of a Michael Angelo, or a Leonardo Da Vinci.

In others it exists as a gay, animating principle : it makes them brilliant and agreeable : they sparkle and glitter like a jet-d'eau. They tell the whole world of it.

In others, it is like a deep, silent, river : and they in whom it thus exists would hide its very existence from every eye save *one* ; and even from that eye, unless they think it is reciprocated ; and they are sometimes melancholy and abstracted.

Now Brooke Aylmer was one of those "spirits shy and still," in whom, when the sentiment was awakened, it manifested itself with a singleness, and strength, and depth, and poetic purity, which made him shrink from the idea of its being an object for the rude gaze and gossip of the world. And the idea of disclosing the deep enthusiasm of his heart, only to find that it was not

reciprocated, was insupportable. And thus he had never told any one the state of his affections; and though he had been several times at Castle Sherkin, yet he never could muster courage to express them.

He had been much annoyed by a report current in the country, about a year since, that one Solomon Woodenpate, curate of a parish some miles off, had proposed for, and been accepted by, Miss O'Sherkin; and though he was disposed to give but little credit to this piece of country gossip, yet when he heard the very day of their wedding named, and how he and her mother and sister had gone to Cork, to purchase the wedding things, he could not help some agonising misgivings.

And then he heard again that the rumour had not even a shadow of truth in it, and no one could tell how it originated. And Aylmer determined he would go through with the affair, and he planned the whole scheme of proceedings. And after a week of perplexity and indecision, he mounted his horse one fine summer's morning, and journeyed valiantly towards Carbery. But, alas for the resolution of a lover! When, in the afternoon, he reached the brow of a hill overlooking Dunmanway, he bethought himself—what, if he should fail!—what, if by too forward and ill-timed a disclosure of his sentiments, he were to forfeit the chance of urging them at some future and more favourable season! And what, if the report about Woodenpate were true, after all! but no! it could not be true. The idea of being supplanted by such an idiot! And he checked his horse, and paused on the brow of the hill, and looked, “and sighed his soul toward” the distant hills, beyond which the scenes where dwelt the object he most prized on earth seemed to present themselves in vivid reality to his mental vision. And he sunk into musing; and was rapt in sweet and bitter fancies, when the sound of merry voices behind him roused him from his meditations. They proceeded from a party of equestrians who were advancing towards where Aylmer sat on his horse. He turned his head, and beheld Fanny and her sister Bessy! who were on a visit with their aunt, Mrs. Mullet, of Skimpeen; and were at that moment taking a ride with some of the youthful Mul-

lets, and with the Reverend Solomon Woodenpate!

Now then! there she was! within a few yards of Aylmer, when he fancied her miles off!—as if some blessed fairy had annihilated time and space, and brought her there on purpose. And she greeted him with such kindness, and was so surprised at seeing her “lonely poet,” as she used to call him. Oh, Brooke Aylmer! could'st thou do nothing better than start and stare, as if she was a constable come to apprehend thee for sheep-stealing?

“Oh! ah! how do you do?” said he.

“Why, very well,” said she; “and how comes it that we catch you here by yourself on the hill side?”

“A — a — a —,” said Aylmer—
“I — a — a — was — a — just — a — a — a —.”

“Romancing as usual, I suppose,” said Bessy.

And they pressed round him to shake hands with him, while he stared like an owl at them, and said, “how do you do?”—and remarked, what a fine day it was.

“Aylmer, my jewel,” cried his old school-fellow, Bob Mullet, “you seem to have forgotten me. Shake hands.”

“Oh, certainly,” said poor Aylmer, with woeful gravity; “how do you do?”

“Why, stout and hearty,” said Bob

“What beautiful weather it is,” said Aylmer, with a stare not unlike that of an idiot.

“Bedad it is so, surely,” replied Bob; “the crops are looking finely.”

“I hope,” said Bessy, “you were on your way to our place.”

Aylmer gasped for utterance.

“Come to Skimpeen, at any rate, for to-night,” said Will Mullet, “and we'll give you a bed, and a hearty welcome; and we'll have a dance in the evening. Come, like a right good fellow, as you are.”

“Thank you, thank you,” said Aylmer, “thank you, but — a — a — a —” — here his eye rolled wildly from Fanny to Solomon Woodenpate — “I must return to Glendruid this evening. I — a — a — must wish you a good afternoon. Pray offer my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. Mullet.”

And bowing, with a ghastly smile of profound melancholy, he rode away, in a state of horrible vexation and despair, and reached his home that even-

ing by moonlight, exhausted and hungry, having fasted since morning; and his horse knocked up with the journey.

The Skirmish-party cantered homewards, indulging in sundry observations on the repulsive demeanour of Brooke Aylmer. Miss O'Sherkin, who had all the morning been the guest of the group, suddenly became silent and absent, and vainly endeavoured to rid herself of Woodenpate, for whom she had an intense aversion, and who was favouring her with a lecture on church matters, and denouncing John

Wesley, in most abusive and unmeasured language, as a heretic.

Since the above episode in the life of Brooke Aylmer, affairs had assumed a new aspect, and fortune seemed to smile on him. He discovered that no jot or tittle of love had ever been lost on either side, between Woodenpate and Miss O'Sherkin, the rumour of his approaching nuptials with her being a mere piece of gossip. How it originated it were in vain to inquire. "Trifles, light as air, are to" a true gossip just what they are to "the jealous—confirmation strong."

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND how long will you be away from home, Brooke?" said Miss Aylmer, after Mrs. O'Sherkin's letter had been duly discussed.

"It must depend a good deal on wind and tide, Annie," said her brother; "our stay in London will not, I suppose, exceed a fortnight. But the getting there, and the returning thence—that's the rub. We may be kept, Lord knows how long, in Cork, waiting for a wind. And the passage to Bristol sometimes occupies a month; and the journey by coach up to London is rather tedious."

"Oh! Brooke," cried Annie, "what a journey, and what a long time for you to be absent from home!"

"Ah! if they could only employ steam!" cried Aylmer, with fervid enthusiasm.

"Ah! Brooke, dear, that's the way you always talk. You have been trying, this many a long day, to make me believe that hot water would make ships and coaches go quicker than they do at present. Now I am only a young woman, and women are not expected to be very learned, and I know you are very clever; but it seems to me that everything has its use pointed out by nature; and the use of hot water is to boil the dinner, and to make tea and punch. And, surely, it is a flying in the face of nature, as it were, to put hot water to draw a coach. Horses are the proper things to draw coaches, and not hot water. You see, Brooke, as you love reasoning, I have put the question to you on grounds of the clearest reason and common sense."

"My dear girl," said Aylmer, "you don't understand these things."

"Don't I?" said Annie, bridling; "well, if I don't, there are some that do. Ask Jack what he thinks of it."

"I'll tell you, then, what I think of the matter," exclaimed honest Jack, patting the head of his spaniel; "I think that the moment Brooke's grand scheme is adopted, of drawing coaches by kettles of hot water on wheels, will be the last of the glory of the British Empire. It would ruin our breed of horses to a certainty; and we all know that it is on our unrivalled breed of horses that the national glory depends."

"You need not laugh, Brooke," said Annie; "you know you sometimes get laughed at, with your grand schemes about steam."

"Laughed at!" said Aylmer, "yes! as they have laughed at better men—at Lord Worcester and James Watt."

"Oh! well, Brooke," said Annie, looking very sad, "but you should remember that there are some very serious objections to that exalting of the powers of man, which seems so favorite an object with you."

"Objections to the improvement of human nature!" cried Aylmer, raising his hands and eyes.

"Oh! Brooke, Brooke, I am afraid you are in want of a right spirit. Remember what that admirable man, Mr. Solomon Woodenpate, said the other day."

"What was it he said?"

"I am sorry you should have forgotten it. He said that man ought to be humble, and not set himself up against heaven, like the presumptuous builders of the tower of Babel. And he spoke of the balloon that the Frenchman, in London, went up in the other

day; and he said that this was only a device of Satan, to make man think of mounting into the air, contrary to the will of God, who never gave him wings as he has to the birds."

"O tempora! O mores!" exclaimed Aylmer.

"And he said that the persons who have occupied themselves most with attempts at navigating the air, are Popish priests, friars, monks and jesuits. That's a fact, and facts, you know, are stubborn things."

"What exquisite logic!"

"Well, you know what an excellent man he is."

"I know he is a booby!"

"Oh, Brooke, for shame! to speak of that admirable man in such a manner. It only proves the truth of what he said to you—that your besetting sin was a want of humility."

"And I laughed at him."

"It was most improper of you to do so. You know Brooke, dear, that when you think wrong, it is the duty of such an admirable man as Mr. Solomon Woodenpate to rebuke you."

"And if Solomon Woodenpate talks nonsense and impertinence, have not I a right to laugh at him?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because he is an admirable man—a none-such—a gem!"

"Oh!" cried Aylmer, clasping his hands with fervour, "oh! that I had language to express, within the limits of charity, the indignation that I feel at the manners and conduct of self-worshipping infallibles—conceited religionists—oracles—none-suches! A class of people who, whether in private or in public life, insult all who are capable of taking a larger view than themselves are capable of, and who have the honesty to express it."

"I don't know what you mean, Brooke. I never saw any such people; but I know this, that Mr. Woodenpate is always right, as a matter of course."

"Prove that, Miss Wisdom."

"I won't prove it!"

"Ah, do."

"I won't!"

"Try."

"I won't! I know I am in the right, and that's enough. Mr. Woodenpate is an admirable man, and I quite agree with what he said some time ago, that an Inquisition ought to

be established to punish all people who think wrong."

"Oh, Galileo!" cried Aylmer, "the inquisition punished thee for thinking right! and if Solomon Woodenpate had lived in those times he would have been one of thy persecutors."

"It's no use talking of Galileo, Brooke. His case is quite irrelevant to the present subject. Mr. Woodenpate never would have punished Galileo, or any one else, for thinking right; he would only punish people who think wrong."

"And so you would have me thrown into the Inquisition, Annie!" said Aylmer, laughing. "Oh, Annie, I thought you were a more good-natured girl. Oh, Annie, I am ashamed of you."

"Then cease to think wrong, and submit yourself with humility and teachableness to the opinions of Mr. Woodenpate."

"And what is your definition of thinking wrong?" asked Aylmer.

"Presuming to think otherwise than Mr. Woodenpate. *That's* thinking wrong," said Annie.

"Truly," said Aylmer, "the Solomon Woodenpates have sometimes large influence in human concerns; inasmuch as busy-bodyism, and loud assertion, and noisy zeal, make a greater show in the world than thought and reason, and the meekness of wisdom. Their real principle is—

"Qu'il n'aime pas Cotin, n'aime pas son Rol,
Et n'a pas, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni Rol, ni fol."

They prescribe humility to others, and profess it themselves; and their notion of humility is, that they shall be teachers and dictators, and that other people shall accept the privilege humbly and gratefully of sitting at their feet as disciples, nor presume to differ from them. In their vanity and conceit of perfect knowledge, 'they canton out to themselves,' as the wise Locke observes, 'a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansium they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it.' And hence their false conclusions, and the violence and fanaticism with which they maintain them; and hence their iron selfishness, their want of sympathy and charity, their egotism and Procrustean tyranny, whose real nature is hidden, it may be, from themselves, under the

guise of moral and religious principle."

"Oh, Brooke, Brooke!" said Annie, in a tone of mournful remonstrance.

"I tell you what, Annie," said Aylmer, winking to Jack, "you had better marry Solomon Woodenpate."

"Marry him!!" screamed Annie, "I would not marry such a gander as he is, not for a million of money!!!"

"A gander, Annie?" said Aylmer, laughing. "Oh, fie! You should not speak of that admirable man in such a manner."

"I never denied that he was a gander," said Annie, looking very logical and argumentative. "I only said that it is the height of presumption and impropriety in any one to have any opinion different from his."

But pretty Annie could no longer look grave and logical. She burst out laughing, and gave each of her brothers a good slap, for Jack was laughing, too, which was the unkindest cut of all, as Jack was generally her champion in questions about steam, and that kind of thing.

Jack was an honest good fellow, who cared little how the world wagged so that he had his dog and gun, his horse and fishing-rod, and a few etceteras, to amuse him from one end of the year to the other. As to theological questions, he never troubled his head about them, having a vague notion that they

were matters fit only for women, and Methodist preachers, and charity-school children. On the subject of his brother's speculations about locomotion, he had (as we have seen) formed a very decided opinion; and, in fact, prided himself on the depth and solidity of his reflections, which, he flattered himself, were the result of a plain, practical, common-sense way of thinking, as opposed to the airy flights of poets and philosophers.

Thinking reader, wonder not at the above controversy. It is only a page from the book of human life. There are fools in all generations. What saith Macaulay, speaking of the scheme for lighting London, by one Edward Hemming, in A. D. 1690, by placing a lantern "before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock?"

"The scheme," saith the historian, "was enthusiastically applauded, and furiously attacked. The cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing."

MERIVALE'S HISTORY OF THE ROMANS.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL, and yet accurate, history of the Roman Empire has been a desideratum in English history, not the less felt from the fulness with which the subject has been treated by the modern historians of other countries. We have no continuous record of the reigns of the Cæsars, from which more can be learnt than such facts as are taught to schoolboys; and we, therefore, welcome with a hearty greeting this work from the hands of a finished scholar, and a liberal thinker. Mr. Merivale seems to be peculiarly well qualified for the arduous task he has undertaken, for he is imbued with that classic spirit which nothing can impart but a lengthened sojourn among the studies of a University; and at the same time he is free from that narrowness of thought, those general prejudices of opinion, which a University life has too often been found to foster. To these advantages he adds a facile, and yet perspicuous terseness of diction as difficult of acquirement as it is invaluable; the happy effect of early habits and youthful years, spent among those to whom literary pursuits were dear.

Mr. Merivale has not attempted any peculiar brilliancy of language; indeed one great merit of his style is that it is in no way peculiar; it never forces itself on the attention of the reader. As in these days of simplicity of costume no remark offers itself to be made on the dress of a well-dressed gentleman, so no question as to style will rise in the mind of the general reader of Mr. Merivale's work: he will be carried on over an easy track, neither struck by the splendid fluency of a Macaulay, nor harassed by the involved obscurity of a Grote.

Having before us those two great modern historians; men who have already achieved in literature a name which cannot but last; men who write with a well grounded confidence for posterity as well as for the present age, we cannot but think that Mr. Merivale has adopted a happy medium.

An uncultivated, or rather an inattentive style of language, offers almost an insuperable difficulty to the general class of readers: works so written, though compiled with the most accurate erudition, and the severest judgment, are in fact unreadable: on the other hand, the elaborate brilliancy of a rhetorician distracts the attention from the matter written to the mode of writing, and ultimately fatigues the reader. Who has not felt, in reading Gibbon, the impossibility of forgetting his peculiar style, and of carrying on his narrative, without thinking of the words in which it is conveyed!

Mr. Merivale's object, as he tells us in his introductory chapter, is "to trace the expansion of the Roman nation from the last days of the republic to the era of Constantine;" or, in other words, to give the history of the Roman empire down to the time when the seat of that empire was removed from Rome. Counting from the year of the city 676, *B. C.* 78, this includes a period just exceeding 400 years, and no country, no period could afford a history more interesting. Then, and from thence were formed the people, from whom we and the other nations of Southern Europe have received our language, our manners, and our laws. To the civilisation engendered by the wealth of Rome, and distributed from the city through the provinces, we owe the commencement of the comforts we now enjoy: our own commonwealths are formed from the relics of the Roman empire, to which we must look as the common parent of modern nations.

In these four centuries the animal development of man was carried to the highest pitch: they are stained with the crimes of the worst of despots, and the vices of the richest of people: the imperial purple was worn by fifty-three aspirants, of whom above forty met with violent deaths; the horrors of Nero, Domitian, Caracalla, and Elagabalus, shock and terrify the almost incredulous reader; and yet so great

* "The History of the Romans under the Empire." By the Rev. Charles Merivale. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

was the intrinsic national strength of the empire, so firm the throne established by Julius and Augustus, so powerful the effect of its concentrated wealth, that at the close of the four centuries it will still be seen standing in its full glory; nor did the line of emperors terminate till the last of the Palæologi fell in defending his minute fraction of an empire, 1500 years after the subversion of the republic.

We wish that Mr. Merivale had given us some closer insight into the nature of the political constitution of Rome under the republic; that he had told us what proportion of the governing power the people, by means of their tribunes, had rescued from the patricians; and what proportion the oligarchy, in spite of popular struggles, had succeeded in retaining. The name of a republic to modern ears conveys a notion of overweening democratic ascendancy, to which even the titles of nobility are abhorrent; and assumes an equality of all citizens. In the republic of Rome, at its most popular period, there was no such ascendancy, no such equality; it was an oligarchy, in which the governing nobles were selected by the voices of the people, but in which the voices of the people were directly controlled by the power and wealth of the nobles. It was the contest between these parties which paved the way for Cæsar, and we regret that the present work has not more accurately detailed to us the course of events, which made possible the opposite careers of a Marius and a Sylla.

Mr. Merivale, however, refers with admiration and affection to the work of Doctor Arnold, and would have us look on his own labours as the continuation of those of that excellent scholar. A mind more qualified for great historical efforts than Dr. Arnold's has, probably, seldom been given; but other laborious vocations, and a premature death, have deprived us of such a work as he might have accomplished, and it is now Mr. Merivale's ambition to bring down a perfect history from the period at which Arnold ceased, to that at which Gibbon becomes full and satisfactory.

Among the great principles of history, which we learn from that of Rome, none appear to be clearer than the fact, that from all extensive conquests, the conquered races gain as much as the

conquerors. Roman civilisation and privileges extended themselves to Gaul and Spain, to Italy, Illyria and Macedonia, by degrees the conquered people became citizens of the empire, and assisted on equal terms with the conquerors in the conquest of the nations.

"Nevertheless," observes Mr. Merivale, "a large portion of the history of Rome is no other than a record of the desperate resistance she offered to the claims of her subjects for comprehension within the pale of her privileges. The timely amalgamation which took place so repeatedly between the conquerors and the conquered, is to be attributed to the good fortune of the Commonwealth, rather than to the wisdom and foresight of her rulers."

The good fortune of the Commonwealth we take to have been the inscrutable laws of that Providence, which seems to have guaranteed the gradual amelioration of the human race, and which used for that purpose the prowess of Rome, as it is now using the increasing empire of Great Britain in the east, and of the United States in the west. The human mind cannot conceive that the Creator would allow the career of an Alexander or a Cæsar, a Frederick or a Napoleon, if the aggrandisement of a man, or a nation, were to be the sole result of such violence and bloodshed; but when history shows us that the civilisation of nations can be traced to the ambition of individuals, she teaches us her most useful lesson, explains to us why heaven permits the horrors of war, and vindicates the ways of God to man.

It would be impossible to conceive anything lower than the political morals of Rome during the last days of the republic; the old forms of government remained, the consuls, prætors, ædiles, and quæstors were still annually elected, and the people had, nominally, their tribunes as of old; but every election was carried by money or by force. The votes of the electors were openly purchased; and, when bribery was insufficient, the rulers of the State did not hesitate to fill the city with their armed retainers, and to ensure success by civil war within the city. Such were the tactics used not only by a Catiline and a Clodius, but also by a Pompeius and a Cæsar. All laws were outraged by the magnates of the land; the high nobility revelled in

the plunder of the provinces; and, though a Cicero was found to expose, with indignant eloquence, the extortions of Verres, a Cicero was also found to defend the extortions of a Fonteius. The old contest between the people and the patricians had degenerated into a fight for life or death between two adverse factions, who had almost lost the memory of the ground on which the struggle commenced. Everything, even feelings and prejudices, were changed and confused. The rebel, Catilina, was a patrician; Cicero, the friend of the senate, was a plebeian; Cæsar, the head of the Marian faction, who had been all but proscribed by Sulla, was a patrician; Pompeius, to whom the senate at last entrusted its cause, was a plebeian. Under these circumstances, the advent of a man, who was able to extinguish the smoky embers of the republic, and found out of them an empire and a government, was indeed a blessing.

"The luxuriance of Roman oppression flourished but for a century and a half, but in that time it created, perhaps, the most extensive and searching misery which the world has ever seen. The establishment of the imperial despotism placed, in the main, an effectual controul over those petty tyrants (the Roman proconsuls and publicans), and, notwithstanding all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race."

With these views our author has commenced his task, and the justice of them it seems impossible to doubt; but we cannot but think that he has been carried by them somewhat too far in his admiration for that great man, whose life and doings form the subject of the work now under consideration. And here we will allude to what appears to us to be the gravest fault in Mr. Merivale's work: he is too prone to have a hero. Were the volumes before us a work of fiction, we should say that we had never read a novel in which the chief character was kept so systematically, so constantly in view. Cæsar is always present in Mr. Merivale's pages, and always in action. This deference, however, to the genius of a leading character, though it would make a novel, does, as we take it, mar

a history. In this particular, chiefly, should biographical and historical writers differ; the former should condense the interest round the one subject of their work; the latter should diffuse it over the welfare, or the sufferings, over the energies or the apathies of a people. The history of the Romans is a higher theme than the life of Cæsar. Gibbon has never condescended to be the biographer of a Constantine or a Julian, though he has chronicled, perhaps, every important event of their great reigns; and though we would compare neither of them with the founder of the Roman empire, neither can we compare the Romans of their periods, with those who raised Cæsar to his throne, and then dashed him down for presuming to enjoy it.

We trust that this form of narrative, this concentration of interest in a leading character, will not be carried on through the remaining volumes of a work, to which we hope to look as the standard history of the Roman empire. That Augustus should be made the hero of a period is practicable enough; but who is to follow him? Are the dark cruelties of Tiberius to be the prominent features of a volume, or the insane frolics of Nero?—and yet it is difficult to change an adopted method of narrative.

It may be said that the overpowering genius of Cæsar was so predominant in the period to which these two volumes are confined, that the memorials of his public life and the history of the Romans are necessarily identical. To some extent we must admit this plea; yet we cannot but think, that had Mr. Merivale looked on his subject from a different point of view, had he made Rome instead of Cæsar the central point of his picture, he would have been less liberal in his praises of the successful captain, and more just to the merits of his defeated rival. It has latterly been the custom with writers on Roman history to disallow the right of Pompeius to the illustrious name with which his contemporaries honoured him. That his greatness was surpassed, baffled, and confounded by the greater genius of Cæsar no one will deny; but it seems to us as impossible to deny that his moderation was sincere, his policy for a long period successful, and his knowledge of the art of war second only to that of his mighty competitor.

In the first place, we think it rash to doubt the justice of the opinion expressed by the Romans of the day as to the character of Pompeius, and maintained by them through the forty years during which he was employed in the highest offices of the state. If he was not a skilful general, why was he entrusted with so many armies? If he was not an able politician, how did he maintain his political influence so long, and under such adverse circumstances? As a youth, he overthrew the remnant of the Marian faction, first in Italy, and afterwards in Africa. Of his campaigns against Sertorius and Spartacus we will not speak, for, though he was successful in both, his success has been attributed to others. He delivered Rome from the pirates who infested the Mediterranean, and threatened, like a swarm of locusts, to consume the wealth of the republic. He then assumed the command in the East, of which Lucullus was robbed, and was, we believe, never worsted in any of his engagements in Albania, Iberia, Pontus, or Syria: though successful with his arms, he was more so by his tactics, and finally worried to death Mithridates, the hitherto unconquered enemy of his country.

Pompeius then returned to Rome, and, disbanding his army, deprived himself of any power beyond that of his natural influence in the state: this was perhaps the great act of his life. For many subsequent years his doings were those of a politician rather than a general, and are not, therefore, equally well known or understood; but it is clear that he neither lost his name nor his authority. He married Cæsar's daughter, and, joining with Cæsar and Crassus, became, as he flattered himself, the moving power of an almighty triumvirate; that his genius was overtopped by that of Cæsar we have already admitted; from the moment of their union to that of their last fatal contest, the master mind of the two stands forth manifest enough; but we cannot think it necessary to call Pompeius little, because Cæsar was great, nor can we understand how the praises of Cæsar can be heightened by sneers at his opponent.

In the hours of their distress the oligarchy of Rome still had invariable resource to Pompeius. To him was confided the care of providing the city with corn: to him did the senate look

for protection, and the middle classes for such reforms as might lessen the corruption of the age; when he fell sick all Italy grieved; when he recovered all Italy rejoiced; when he was named sole consul, Cato himself declared that he was the only man able to save his country; when Cæsar passed the Rubicon, the senate, and their party, at once submitted to his orders, trusting to him the salvation of the state.

These are the records of a mighty man, and are, we think, entitled to more veneration than Mr. Merivale is inclined to pay to them; in fact, throughout his work he speaks slightly of the great leader of the Aristocratic party, and is apparently induced to do so by an over warm admiration of his rival. This is to be regretted, for it gives rise to a fear lest enthusiasm in his subject should induce an undue bias in an historian, to whom, in other respects, implicit confidence would be due.

We will quote an instance of this partial depreciation of Pompeius, and we do so the more willingly as it touches upon a most interesting point in Roman history, and gives a fair sample of Mr. Merivale's happy style of narrative. The time alluded to was perhaps the crowning point of the glory of Pompeius; the moment at which he returned to Rome from Asia, and, disbanding his legions, relieved the city from their not unnatural fear that he would prove a second Sulla. The trial alluded to is that of Clodius, for violating the mysteries of the Bona Dea, in his intrigue with Cæsar's wife; and at the time of Pompeius's entrance into the city, strong excitement prevailed as to the manner in which the judges of Clodius should be chosen:—

"It was in January, of the year 693, that the Conqueror of the East (Pompeius) reached the shores of Italy. No sooner did he touch the land than he falsified the apprehensions of the city by disbanding his host of veterans, with the promise of ample rewards for their services, which he felt secure of obtaining from the senate and the people. Rome received the news with surprise, gratification, and, it must be added, contempt. But there was no difficulty, at least, in affecting gratitude, and the great captain was escorted into the city with the liveliest demonstrations of respect and joy. His entry into Rome was the celebration, it was said, of a triumph, not over the kings of Asia,

but over himself, the heir of Sulla, the child of the proscriptions. When the pageant was over, the pro-consul required time to cast his eyes around him, and obtain an insight into the position of affairs. Meanwhile his conduct was, in every respect, studiously moderate.

"The first harangue which the new comer made to the senate was so cautiously worded, that no indication whatever of his thoughts could be drawn from it. The coldness of his demeanour before that assembly might raise a fear that he reserved his animation for the forum, and his confidence for the popular demagogues. At the instigation of Piso, Fufius Calenus, one of the tribunes in the interest of Clodius, stepped forward and invited him to address the people in the Flaminian Circus. As soon as he appeared there, Fufius straightway demanded of him whether he approved of the rogation of the consuls, by which the judges in the forthcoming trial were to be assigned by the prætor? Pompeius parried the thrust; his answer, as Cicero triumphantly proclaimed, was that of a true aristocrat. He made a laboured speech, with many unmeaning words, in which he magnified the authority and majesty of the senate, and professed to regard it with the most devoted excess. The consul, Messala, was encouraged by this apparent overture to ask his opinion, when he next presented himself in the senate, on the affair of Clodius, and the proceedings of the government; but the crafty dissembler again shrunk within himself; his reply was courteous but indefinite, and was limited to a general approbation of the behaviour of the nobles. He then turned to Cicero, and expressed a hope that he had said enough on that point."

In this narrative we recognise the high principle, the moderation, and the policy of Pompeius. It must be remembered that the army which he disbanded was at his sole command; had he so willed it, he could have held it in terror over the city, and used it for the purpose of obtaining that sovereign power, which he is charged with coveting. When he broke it up, Rome was surprised and gratified. She had seen her armies used against herself by her own generals; she had bled profusely beneath Marius and Sulla; she had learned to fear her own commanders, as she had formerly feared those of Gaul and Carthage. But Pompeius, though we are especially told that he longed "*Syllanum lambere ferrum*,"

disappointed her fears, and laid down his army, the moment he had accomplished with it the object for which it had been granted. "Then the great captain was escorted into the city, with the liveliest demonstrations of respect and joy." "His entry into Rome was the celebration of a triumph, not over the kings of Asia, but over himself, the heir of Sulla, the child of the proscriptions!" These words of eulogy are Mr. Merivale's; but there is a venom mixed with them, which robs them of their justice. We are informed that contempt was mixed with the gratification experienced by the citizens, and that their gratitude was affected. It is not, however, usual for the public to affect gratitude to the objects of contempt; nor can we understand why Rome should have expressed herself so loudly in the honour of her disarmed captain, if the feeling were not natural and true. Immediately on his return the politicians of the day endeavoured, on each side, to sift the mind of the man to whom they all looked up. It appears that he parried their thrusts, and was unwilling to pronounce an opinion before he had had time to form it; whereupon we are told that his coldness and vanity were equally repulsive; that his words were unmeaning, and that he was a crafty dissembler! The conduct which is here disparaged is, in modern days, looked on as the result of sound political judgment, and one need not search far through Mr. Merivale's pages to find, that the reserve which was so unworthy in Pompeius, was excusable, nay wise, in Cæsar.

We must allude to one other instance of this partiality. Pompeius, during his sole consulship, introduced certain reforms into the management of the courts of law, to which Mr. Merivale points with great disparagement, in the opening of the second chapter of his second volume. He tells us that "his motives were merely personal and selfish;" that "though he removed some scandals, he made no attempt to reach the sources of evil;" that the measures which he used were "frivolous in the extreme;" and yet he does not show us on what grounds this harsh judgment is founded. It appears from his own showing, that by the selections which Pompeius made from the privileged orders from which the judges were chosen, he purified the

bench from its neediest and most profligate members; that he limited the number of advocates who might be heard; and restricted the duration of the speech of the accusers; that he forbade the artifice then common, of overawing the judges, by the uncalculated protestation of distinguished personages; and that "he not only armed himself to enforce the execution of the laws, but by a bold and salutary measure provided against their violation, by forbidding citizens to carry weapons within the walls." Mr. Merivale here blows hot and cold: he blows very cold on Pompeius, from the impulse of his feeling, and denounces his measures as frivolous; and yet is induced by his innate veracity to tell us that one of them was bold and salutary, and that another formed an important epoch in the rhetoric of the Roman Bar. We are also informed that Pompeius himself broke the laws which he himself enjoined; and an instance is adduced in which he did so. It would, however, be most unfair to judge one man of the period by any other standard than that which governed all of them; and no one is better aware of, or has more plainly demonstrated than Mr. Merivale, the utter lawlessness in which the *magnates* of Rome then lived. Did Cæsar obey any law? Did Cicero hesitate to stretch far beyond their legitimate extent those on which he insisted? Did not Cato himself cabal for the election of a consul, "and thus, by his example, set the seal to the universal acknowledgment that the law was impotent, and revolution inevitable?" How, then, can we wonder that Pompeius was not irreproachable?

In his early life Cæsar was in the power of Sulla, and afterwards of Cicero, in the affair of Catiline. We will not mention the story of his absurd conduct among the pirates, told by Plutarch, as there does not appear fair reason to credit it. His early life in Rome seems to have been divided between debauchery and political agitation; by his popularity and audacity, he pushed his way to the highest places, and with an admirable policy, maintained a behaviour sufficiently dignified to save himself from the character of a Clodius. His first foreign service was in Spain; and here his career of glory commenced. His military and political measures appear to have been equally successful; he relieved the bur-

dens of the provincials, and settled the government of the province; "at the same time," observes Mr. Merivale, "he did not neglect the main object of his visit to the country; he amassed a considerable treasure for himself, and took care to satisfy the cupidity of his soldiers in due proportion."—Vol. i. p. 177.

At the return of Cæsar to Rome, the triumvirate was formed between him, Pompeius, and Crassus; and the first deathblow was given to the Roman republic. By the influence of the triumvirate, Cæsar was elected consul A.U.C. 695, in opposition to the senate; and the violence and lawlessness of his year of office seem even to have surpassed what had hitherto been experienced in Rome; so much so that his colleague, Bibulus, the nominee of the opponent party, refused to act in conjunction with him. An effort was made to prohibit him from receiving the command of an army, as proconsul, in a province, the usual privilege of every consul, at the expiration of his year of office; but so futile was the attempt, that Cæsar obtained the command of three provinces, and had that command confirmed to him for a considerable term of years.

Mr. Merivale's history of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, though naturally, from its subject, the driest portion of the volumes, is told with infinite skill, and has been compiled with great labour. He, of course, follows Cæsar's narrative closely; but he has been at great pains to verify whatever is doubtful in the Commentaries; to correct the geographical errors; to fill up those deficiencies in the details which Cæsar's singular conciseness has left; and to make intelligible to the modern reader the positions and stratagems of the Roman Emperor. In this he has been eminently successful; and has shown that he has the rare gift of making a dry subject readable. Cæsar's commission for the government of the Gaulish provinces and Illyricum extended over ten years; or rather, before the expiration of a first term of five years had been prolonged for a second equal term. Cisalpine Gaul, we need hardly say, comprised the countries now known as Piedmont and Lombardy; and the Transalpine province was confined to the south-eastern portion of the country subsequently known as Gaul. During eight years

of his command, Cæsar was employed in subjugating the wild and warlike Celtic tribes who inhabited the vast district stretching from the Rhine to the Atlantic; and here he learned those invincible tactics, and formed those invincible legions, which subsequently rendered him so superior to the more numerous army of his brother Roman.

That he also, while in Gaul, indulged those views of Roman dominion, which he afterwards was enabled to fulfil, it is impossible to doubt. Marius and Sulla had used their Roman legions for the subjection of Rome; and though Pompeius had omitted to do so, the lesson taught by the latter was as serviceable to the ambition of Cæsar, as those of the former less scrupulous commanders. We cannot, however, give him credit for that prescience, that foreboding knowledge of his great destiny, which Mr. Merivale conceives to be his due. Speaking of him previously to his twenty-first year, he says:—

“Having thus planted himself in decided opposition to the oligarchy, he was not dazzled by the brilliancy of their position, nor deceived in his estimate of their vaunted strength and resources. He knew how rotten was the foundation on which their power really rested, which was no more than the traditional awe of the lower ranks, and the precarious influence of interests ill understood; on the other hand, he was thoroughly conversant with the growing elements of the Marian forces. He knew that their strength, great as it was ever at Rome, under the very shadow of the patrician majesty, was supported moreover by many external bulwarks, such as the ambition of the Italians, the restlessness of the veterans, and even the hatred of the provincials to the ruling class, with whose injustice and tyranny they were most familiar. He foresaw that the genuine Roman race would be overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects; but he conceived the magnificent idea, far beyond the ordinary comprehension of his time, of reducing the whole of this mighty mass, in its utmost confusion, to that obedience to the rule of a single chieftain, which it scorned to render to an exhausted nation. He felt from the first the proud conviction that his was the genius which could fuse all its elements into a new universal people; and the more he learned to appreciate his contemporaries, the more was he persuaded that none among them was similarly endowed. He aimed at destroying the moral ties, the principles or preju-

dices by which the existing system of society was still imperfectly held together. But he did so from no love of destruction or pride of power, but because he felt how obsolete and insecure they had become, and because he trusted in his own resources to create new ideas in harmony with his new institutions!”
—Vol. i. pp. 106, 107.

This youthful and more than human insight into the weakness of his country's form of government, this godlike confidence in his own power of destroying and remodelling, not merely the empire of Rome, but the feelings of Romans, this gigantic resolve to carry on a work of years, in which, according to our author's theory, every successful step must have been foreseen, is to us beyond belief, and is not borne out by history, as told by Mr. Merivale himself. That Cæsar has never been surpassed as a soldier, we are willing to admit; that he possessed greater adjuncts to his soldiery than any other soldier of whom we have authentic record, we think there can be no doubt; but that his political conduct was guided, nay, formed by events, and that on his arrival at the Rubicon, he was still in doubt whether to serve or command the state, the undoubted facts of history seem to prove.

We will not attempt to follow Mr. Merivale through the details of Cæsar's eight campaigns in Gaul, they are the records of perhaps the greatest series of military exploits ever performed by one man. During these eight years he received no defeat, though opposed to a warlike people, and constantly contending with armies infinitely exceeding his own in number. In fact, every Gaulishman was a soldier, and every soldier was in arms against him. Twice only he appears to have been in imminent danger of defeat. Firstly, in the winter of the year 700, when two of his legions were cut to pieces, and a third with difficulty rescued from utter destruction; and secondly, at the siege of Alesia, when his besieging army was itself besieged by an enormous multitude in his rear. In the former case he saved his army by his own rapidity and spirit; in the latter he obtained the crowning triumph which gave to Rome or to Cæsar the full dominion over Gaul.

We must, however, say a few words as to Cæsar's vaunted clemency, more especially as we are so pointedly told

that Pompeius, his rival, had licked the sword of Sulla, and had been guilty in his youth of Roman blood. That Cæsar was merciful, when policy required it, there are sufficient proofs in Mr. Merivale's volumes; but there appear to be as many that he could use measures of most excessive rigour when he deemed such to be expedient. In order to produce famine in Alesia, he ordered a helpless multitude of women and children, who were quitting the town, "to be driven back upon their countrymen with stones and darts, till the miserable victims perished by wounds and hunger." He did not put to death "the unfortunate rabble" of Uxellodunum, who had been guilty of the crime of endeavouring to protect their houses and their hearths from a foreign invader; but "as a more permanent memorial of their crimes, and the condign judgment by which they had been overtaken, he cut off their right hands, and threw them, thus mutilated, upon the compassion of their neighbours." Vercingetorix, his gallant enemy, the most attractive of the Gaulish chieftains, who could not but have won his esteem by his skill and valour, was kept a prisoner six years to grace his conqueror's triumph, and then—but we will tell the story in Mr. Merivale's words:—

"At the spot where the triumphal car turned to the left to commence the winding ascent of the Capitoline Hill, another path led in a contrary direction to the state prison in the rock. The noble captives who had thus far followed the wheels of the conqueror were here removed from the procession, and put to death in the fatal dungeon, at the same moment that he entered the temple of Jupiter. Such had been the custom of the republic from the time of its original barbarism; hallowed by antiquity, and, perhaps, by superstition, the progress of refinement had not availed to soften it, and thus the brave Vercingetorix ultimately suffered death after six years of confinement."

In fact clemency was not a Roman virtue. The Roman was indifferent to life as regarded himself, and as regarded others: his conduct generally to his wife, to his children, to his friends, and to his enemies, was harsh, unfeeling, and ostentatious. We cannot but feel, in reading the history of Rome, that the Roman character, fitted

as it was to arrest public applause, never seems to merit private admiration. The bloody butcheries with which their wars were terminated, disgust the reader. Look at the fate of those, whose names are most prominent in the volumes now under our consideration; Pompeius murdered by a Roman assassin on the sands of Egypt; Cæsar sacrificed by Roman daggers in the theatre built by his rival; Crassus ignominiously butchered in Parthia, but at least by the sword of a foreign enemy; Cato self-slaughtered at Utica. Scipio, Curio, the younger Pompeius, Petreius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Antonius, all of them died violently; most of them by Roman hands.

We accuse Cæsar of no pre-eminence in cruelty, even though he chopped off the unarmed hands of the rabble of Uxellodunum: we know how pitiless was the nature of a Roman's heart: but we must allow the same excuse to the blood-stained policy of his opponents. The sword of Sulla, reeking with Roman blood, was not ignominious in Rome.

We will now return to Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon: before the expiration of his proconsular authority in Gaul, he applied for permission to be a candidate for a second consulship without entering the city, the existing law regarding the consular elections requiring that the candidate should himself be present in Rome, and another law forbidding generals in command of armies to come within the walls. This permission was obtained for him, but the senatorial party, in order to strip him of the advantage which this privilege would give him, succeeded in passing an enactment intended to deprive him of the two last years of his command. This edict Cæsar refused to obey.

It is at this period that we first distinctly see Cæsar and Pompeius opposed to each other. They had been leagued together in the triumvirate, and that league had been cemented by the marriage of Pompeius with Julia, the only child of Cæsar. Pompeius appears to have been attached to his young wife with more than Roman affection; but, perhaps, fortunately for Rome, Julia died in child-bed, and the rival chiefs became, as was natural, jealous of each other's power.

When called upon to give up the command of his legions, Cæsar came to Ra-

venna, close upon the borders of the immediate territory of Rome, but still within his own province of Cisalpine Gaul, prepared to resist, but still anxious to temporise. Pompeius had acquiesced in, rather than openly promoted, the order of the senate to its great general; it cannot, however, be doubted that it was given in accordance with his wishes, and in furtherance of his own schemes. He also was in command of an army, and Cæsar, by his friends, now proposed that both of them "should simultaneously lay down their arms, and thus restore the senate to its legitimate supremacy."—Vol. ii. p. 85. This offer was not acceptable to Pompeius, nor was it made sincerely by Cæsar: neither of them were in a mood to submit again to the laws of the republic; nor was the republic in a position to preserve its own balance had they done so. Cæsar, as we have said, hurried to the borders of his province, and Pompeius undertook the guardianship of the city.

Such was the state of the rival parties when Cæsar entered the territories of Rome.

"The city of Ravenna," says Mr. Merivale, "at which Cæsar had fixed the quarters of his scanty band, though lying out of the direct line of the Æmilian way, the principal communication between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, was the chief military station of that province. It was connected with this main trunk by a secondary route, which branched off from Ariminum, and skirted the coast of the Adriatic, passing through Ravenna to Aquileia. About ten miles from Ariminum, and twice that distance from Ravenna, the frontier of Italy and Gaul was traced by the stream of the Rubicon. This little river, red with the drainage of the peat mosses from which it descends, is formed by the union of three mountain torrents, and is nearly dry in the summer, like most of the water-courses on the eastern side of the Apennines. In the month of November, the wintry flood might present a barrier more worthy of the important position which it once occupied; but the northern frontier of Italy had long been secure from invasion, and the channel was spanned by a bridge of no great dimensions. Cæsar seems to have made his last arrangements in secret, and concealed his design till the moment he had fixed for its accomplishment. On the morning of the fifteenth, he sent forward some cohorts to the river, while he remained himself at Ravenna, and showed

himself at a public spectacle throughout the day. His invited company to his table, and entertained them with his usual ease and affability. It was not till sunset that he made an excuse for a brief absence, and then mounting a car, yoked with mules, hired from a mill in the vicinity, hastened with only a few attendants to overtake his soldiers at the appointed spot. In his anxiety to avoid the risk of being encountered, and his movements divulged, he left the high road, and soon lost his way in the by-paths of the country. One after another, the torches of his party became extinguished, and he was left in total darkness. It was only by taking a peasant for a guide, and alighting from his vehicle, that he, at last, reached his destination.

"The ancients amused themselves with picturing the guilty hesitation with which the founder of a line of despots stood, as they imagined, on the brink of the fatal river, and paused for an instant before he committed the irrevocable act, pregnant with the destinies of a long futurity. Cæsar, indeed, in his *Commentaries*, makes no allusion to the passage of the Rubicon, and at the moment of stopping on the bridge his mind was probably absorbed in the arrangements he had made for the march of his legions, or for their reception by his friends in Ariminum. We may feel an interest, however, in remarking how the incident was coloured by the imagination of its first narrators; and the old tradition recorded by Suetonius is too picturesque, and too characteristic of the Italian cast of legion to be passed by without notice: 'Even now,' Cæsar had said, 'we may return; if we cross the bridge, arms must decide the contest.' At that moment of suspense, there appeared, suddenly, the figure of a youth, remarkable for comeliness and stature, playing on a flute, the pastoral emblem of peace and security. The shepherds about the spot mingled with the soldiers, and straggled towards him, captivated by his simple airs; when, with a violent movement, he snatched a trumpet from one of the military band, rushed with it to the bank of the river, and blowing a furious blast of martial music, leapt into the water, and disappeared on the opposite side. 'Let us advance,' exclaimed Cæsar, 'where the gods direct, and our enemies invite us; be the die cast.' The soldiers dashed across the bridge or the ford, and giving them not an instant for reflection, the bold invader led them straight to Ariminum, entering its undefended wall with the first break of dawn. . . . The occupation of Ariminum was an explicit declaration of war."—Vol. ii. pp. 106-8.

The conduct of Pompeius, at this period, has been severely criticised, and it is difficult to defend it. We should, however, remember that we have not sufficient historic data on which to form a certain opinion as to the motives which guided him. He withdrew from Rome, leaving it to the aggressor, and commanded the senate to follow him. He even declared, that those who remained in the city should be treated as the friends of Cæsar, and the enemies of their country. With hardly an effort to make a stand in Italy, he hurried his army to Brundisium, and from thence across the Adriatic into Epirus. That his conduct disgusted and disappointed his noble followers, the knights and senators who had thrown their cause into his hands, is certain enough. They had expected, that the name, generalship, and popularity of Pompeius would have been sufficient to overpower the bold rebel, who had dared to assault the majesty of the Roman senate; and that Cæsar would be quelled, that they might re-settle themselves in the enjoyment of provincial plunder, and civic corruption. Such were not the views of Pompeius. Mr. Merivale explains to us why he selected the eastern portion of the empire as his field of battle, and tells us, that from thence it was his intention to starve Rome into submission.

We see no reason to doubt the explanation given by Mr. Merivale of Pompeius's evacuation of Italy; in fact, his idea in leaving the Roman territory was the same as that of Cæsar in entering it. Each followed the policy which was best adapted to give himself an uncontrolled power over the empire; and we cannot blame the ambition of Pompeius, when we are so pointedly called on to admire the foresight, energy, and happy audacity of Cæsar. Cæsar, we are told, had long foreseen the necessary downfall of those ivory chains, those consular, and proconsular dignities, those effete institutions, the marrow and virtue of which were long since gone. Why should Pompeius have struggled to uphold, for a time, that sapless trunk, those rotten branches, which it was a virtue in Cæsar to have swept away?

Cæsar did not immediately follow Pompeius into Epirus: he returned to Rome; convened a senate of such of the body as had returned from follow-

ing his rival, and prepared himself for the coming contest, with such a shadow of authority as a senate so assembled could give him. He reduced the lieutenants of Pompeius in Spain, and defeated the Massilians at sea, and took Marseilles after a severe siege. He was not equally successful in Africa, where his troops were cut to pieces, and his general, and favourite, Curio, slaughtered by Juba, the King of Numidia. The stories of the iron valour of Petreius in Spain, the pertinacity of the Massilians, in the defence of their city, and the unfortunate fate of Curio in Africa, are well and graphically told.

During Cæsar's absence in Spain, he was declared Dictator. This extraordinary appointment was, according to the forms of the constitution, made by the senate, pronounced by one of the consuls, but as both senate and consuls were Cæsar's own creation, we need not scruple to attribute to the same source this new appointment. Mr. Merivale explains, and, we think, correctly, that he only assumed the name of Dictator to be enabled to have himself elected Consul, under the authority of his own dictatorship. He and another were so elected, and he then resigned the more invidious office, and repaired to Brundisium.

We must pause here in the narration of events, to extract a short tale given in Mr. Merivale's happiest style, and peculiarly characteristic of the manners of the Romans, and of the singular mind of one, not the least amongst them:—

“Our conception of the character of Cato would be incomplete if we omitted to notice a domestic incident which curiously illustrates it. Cicero had left his wife behind him at Rome, under the protection of his son-in-law, Dolabella. He had expressed, indeed, a decent sense of apprehension at what might befall her, thus separated from a husband whom the conqueror might be disposed to regard with bitter hostility; but, undecided as he was as to his own course, he thought it would conduce to his interests to show such ready confidence in Cæsar's good will. Pompeius, on the other hand, who had already transferred to his new wife, Cornelia, the tender affection he had been seen to bestow upon Julia, seemed to distrust the security of his own camp in his anxiety for her safety; and had sent her far away to the obscure retreat of Lesbos. Cato, however, on his part, as far from

the trickery of the one, as from the timidity of the other, had chosen the very crisis of his own, and the public safety, to marry, or rather to remarry the widow of Hortensius. Murcia had already been espoused to him at an earlier period; but the Roman law allowed excessive facility of divorce; and this license, which his contemporaries adopted from passion, avarice, or caprice, Cato had assumed for the sake of gratifying, not himself, but his friend. Hortensius was childless; Murcia had proved herself fruitful; and the philosopher gravely transferred the mother of his children to the household of the voluptuary. But this second union, after answering every purpose for which it was contracted, had been dissolved by death; and the matron, however faithful she had proved to her second husband, was more proud of the name of her first. She proposed that they should be reunited, and proved the genuineness of her devotion by the perils which she sought to share. The nuptials were solemn and private, as befitted the time and circumstances. Only one eye was deemed worthy of witnessing them; Brutus alone might attest the weakness or the strength of Cato."—Vol. ii. pp. 248-5.

The story we are aware is well known, but we do not think that it is anywhere so well told. Before beginning his history of the last contest between Cæsar and Pompeius, Mr. Merivale makes some remarks on the authority to which he has mainly trusted for his details—the *Commentaries* on the Civil War. He alludes to the defects in this work; the geographical inaccuracies, the confusion which occurs in the accounts of military operations, and the great want of anything like a true exposition of Cæsar's own motives and objects. "It contains," he says, "no general survey of the state of parties and affairs, so essential for understanding the political bearing even of the military transaction"—vol. ii. p. 263; and he then tells us, in a note, that he cannot doubt the authenticity of the work.

Mr. Merivale's opinion on such a subject, undoubtedly, possesses great weight, but we are still unwilling to give up a point in which there appears to us to be so much evidence opposed to Mr. Merivale's theory. There is a great similitude of style between the seven first books B. G., and the three B. C., but there is, also, so much difference as to give the idea that the latter were written by one intimately con-

versant with the manner of Cæsar, but not by Cæsar himself. The language, though, perhaps, less concise, is more confused; the phraseology is singularly identical; but that curt abruptness of diction, which is so expressive in the Gallic War, has the air of affectation in the Civil War, and is, therefore, inexpressive and offensive. Then, again, there is in these latter *Commentaries*, a self-laudation, if written by Cæsar, to which we cannot think he would have condescended, and an occasional indulgence in unnecessary episodes, unlike his habit of writing. We cannot think that Cæsar wrote the speech of Curio to his soldiers.—B. C., 11, 32. When we add to these, the acknowledged meagreness of the work, and the want of breadth and largeness of view, we must own that, as yet, we are unable to concur in Mr. Merivale's opinion.

Pompeius, when he heard that Cæsar had landed in Epirus, established himself at Dyrrhachium, and there entrenching himself behind his fortification in such a manner as to have the full command of the sea, awaited Cæsar's attack. This attack was made, for Cæsar surrounded his lines, "and thus," as Mr. Merivale says, "presented the extraordinary spectacle of a superior force, commanded by the most experienced general of the age, blockaded in the centre of the country he had himself chosen for the campaign."

Cæsar, however, was punished for his audacity, and very nearly ruined by attempting too much. While his troops were employed in completing a second line of entrenchments, which he proposed to draw from the coast inwards, to protect his main line from an attack from the sea, the attack he dreaded was made, and the Cæsarian forces were literally driven from their works.

Pompeius gained so complete a victory that Cæsar felt that it was impossible to hold his position. He consequently abandoned all his operations on the sea coast, and carrying his army with him into Thessaly, determined there to await the approach of his enemy. Up to this point he had taken the initiative in every act through the war. Pompeius had retreated before him out of Italy, and had condescended to defend himself within his fortification. Now, it was Cæsar who retreated, and Pompeius who followed him.

It appears that the latter general had no easy task. The Roman senators who thronged his camp, and fancied that their rank entitled them to question his commands, and obstruct his measures, taunted him with doubting the prowess of his army, and did their utmost to hurry him prematurely to his ruin. They thirsted for the plunder of the state, and were incapable of recognising the genius and strength of their opponent.

"Pompeius now condescended, or was compelled, to share with his father-in-law the honours of the chief command (he had joined his army to that which Scipio had commanded in Macedonia). But the responsibility still attached to him alone, and the impatient senators were convinced that he purposely protracted the war to enjoy the supremacy in the camp which must be relinquished in the city. Domitius taunted him with the name of Agamemnon, king of the kings before Troy; Favorius only exclaimed with a sigh, 'We shall not eat our figs this year either at Tusculum.' But the proud array of the combined armies inflamed more than ever the hopes of their order; their numerical superiority to Cæsar was greater now than at Petra (their fortification near Dyrachium), and the impatience to strike the blow which should free them for ever from his harassing persecution became universal and overwhelming. The chiefs contended openly among themselves for the places and dignities which should fall to their lot upon Cæsar's destruction. They already assigned the consuls for several years to come; while among the candidates for the highest offices, Domitius, Scipio, and Lentulus Spinther were most clamorous for the supreme pontificate. Fannius coveted the villa of Atticus, and Lentulus Crus laid his finger on the house of Hortensius and the gardens of Cæsar. The mutual jealousy of these competitors led to intrigues and recriminations which loosened the bonds of authority and discipline."—Vol. ii. p. 284.

It was on the 9th of August, A. V. C. 706, B. C. 48, that the battle of Pharsalia was fought. It appears that at the last Pompeius was hurried into battle against his judgment, and that he was aware that prudence required him to resist the desire for an immediate engagement expressed both by his enemy and by his own lieutenants.

"Their general had yielded with a sigh to the importunities of his follow-

ers, declaring that he could no longer command, and must submit to obey. During the interval of suspense the minds of both the great leaders had been agitated, it was said, by melancholy reflections on the impending crisis. The one was haunted even in his sleep by the delusive vision of his splendid theatre, and by the echoes of popular applause which had so often greeted him there. Even Cæsar acknowledged his dejection at the prospect of an encounter, which, he said, whatever were the event, would be the commencement of many evils. But his men were full of ardour: they had invoked upon themselves, self-accused, the terrors of military execution, to atone for their pusillanimity in the disasters before Petra; and when their leader had recently offered to wait for further reinforcements, they had impatiently demanded to be pitted against the enemy unrecruited."—Vol. ii. p. 289.

For the account of the battle itself we must refer to the work before us. To us it is not peculiarly lucid; but then it must be borne in mind that the authentic records of the battle itself are meagre; that an intelligible account of even a modern battle is the rarest, most difficult, and least useful work of an historian; and that we ourselves are conscious of such ignorance on the subject as to doubt whether any account of any battle could be lucid. The plans of Cæsar seem to have been entirely successful, and those of Pompeius to have failed utterly. But we have observed that a similar conviction has been borne in upon us after every perusal of a battle, and it has always appeared to us a matter of course that Napoleon was victorious at Marengo and Austerlitz, Nelson at Trafalgar, and Wellington at Waterloo.

Nothing could have been more complete than the victory of Pharsalia, and nothing more noble than the moderation of the conqueror. What might have been the fate of Pompeius, had he condescended to fall into the hands of his great rival, it is now impossible even to speculate. With his reflections and aspirations, any other chance was probably preferable. Cæsar's pardon would have been less endurable than the assassin's dagger. Looking back on the contest with all the light of history, light to which Mr. Merivale, as regards our country, has added much clearness, we cannot believe that had Pompeius lived, he could have brought his party to

a successful issue. Had he joined Cato in Africa, he would have had to die with Cato there, to have perished with Scipio in another fight, or have fallen with his son in a vain attempt to maintain his ground in Spain. Nevertheless, we know nothing in history more touching than the death of Pompeius. He escaped from the fatal field of Pharsalia almost alone, and, having joined his wife, Cornelia, at one of the islands of the *Ægean*, determined on taking refuge in Egypt, in which kingdom he conceived that he should find his name still invested with the authority of the Roman senate. He sent to the young king, Cleopatra's brother, requesting the rights of hospitality, and was invited to land from his ship. A small boat was sent to carry him over the shallows of the coast, into which he stepped, repeating two lines of Sophocles: "He who repairs to a tyrant becomes his slave, though he set out a freeman." In the boat were two Roman soldiers and Achilles, the minister of the Egyptian king. The party was still in sight of the ship they had left, and of Cornelia, the wife of the unfortunate general, as the boat drew near the shore:—

"But at the moment when Pompeius was taking the hand of an attendant to help him to rise, Septimius approached from behind and struck him with his sword. The victim knew his fate, and, without attempting to struggle against it, drew his toga over his face with both his hands, and so fell, mortally wounded. His head was immediately severed from his body, and carried away as a proof of the accomplishment of the bloody order."—Vol. ii. p. 309.

We refer to the work itself for Mr. Merivale's reflections on the death of Pompeius, but, as we do so, we must observe that our author maintains to the last his severe, and we think unjust, opinion as to the demerits of this illustrious man.

Cæsar had still much to do before he could hope to repose at Rome as the undoubted and permanent chief of the Roman Empire, but we cannot do more than refer to his final campaigns in Egypt, Africa, and Spain, and remember that in all of them he was successful. He literally extirpated the leaders of the senatorial party.

After the death of Pompeius Mr. Merivale's appreciation of Cæsar's cha-

acter appears to be juster and clearer than it had hitherto been; and we think the few last chapters to be the most valuable portion of his published work. We have not space to dwell on the enchantments of the "Sorceress of the Nile;" or the rapidity of that conquest which induced Cæsar to forget his wisdom, and sully his name with the foolish arrogance of "Veni, vidi, vici." We must pass on to the retribution which was at hand, and see how far the fate of the conqueror was preferable to that of the conquered.

Cæsar returned from Africa to Rome in June, 708, and he was assassinated on the Ides of March, 709; and in the interval he was forced to undertake the labour of a final campaign in Spain, in which, as he is reported to have said, he was driven for the first time to fight for his life. His enjoyment of sovereign power was, therefore, short; however, he made the most of it. He indulged in four triumphs, one immediately after the other; the first of which was graced by the death of Vercingetorix, the patriot Gaul! His figure, in ivory, was laid up among the images of the gods; he was declared in an inscription to be "Cæsar, the demigod;" and he was appointed Dictator, or sole ruler for ten years, and afterwards for life—a much shorter tenure of the office.

Mr. Merivale thinks that very little praise for pure patriotism is due to those whose names have descended to us as the patriotic assassins of Cæsar, and we agree with him in full. Cassius, the promoter of the conspiracy, had received favours, but was disappointed that those favours had not been extended. Junius Brutus, the great name which has been thought to grace the deed, Trebonius, Decimus Brutus, had all accepted office under Cæsar, and had given in their adherence to his rule. Nothing can be falser than to look on them as consistent members of the party which had been led by Pompeius, Scipio, and Cato; "liberty and the republic" was in the mouths of the conspirators, but unsatisfied ambition, jealousy, or personal revenge, seem to have been the actual motives of each. Mr. Merivale's analysis of the character of Brutus we think especially happy; it is, however, too long for us to extract. The scene of Cæsar's death is well known to all; the cha-

racters of the actors is singularly graced by the poetry of Shakspeare, but the story of the deed itself is told almost in the same words by the dramatist and the historian. "Cursed Casca, what means this?" "What, thou too, Brutus?" Such, Mr. Merivale tells us, were the last words of Cæsar, and we are not called upon, as is too usual, to dismiss from our minds the tale we have learned from our youth.

In the early part of this notice we quoted an observation of Mr. Merivale's, which we must here repeat in part. He says that "the imperial despotism deserves to be regarded in some respects as one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to the human race." Of the truth of this assertion we think there can be no reasonable doubt; it will be the fitting and accepted task of our author to prove it.

"The corruption of the Roman republic into an empire," we quote from an article in the *Times*, Jan. 31, 1851, "though a great moral ruin, was to the eye of sense a series of magnificent fêtes.

. . . A century of rejoicing obliterated the glorious recollections of old Rome."

The Romans owed more to the ambition of Cæsar and skill of Augustus than magnificent fêtes; and it must be remembered that a century of popular rejoicing will be a century of popular comfort. Under the senatorial oligarchy of Rome, the Roman people, as a body, were more oppressed, and less free in action, than under the emperors. Could a Roman of the time of the Gracchi, and another, a subject of Trajan, have conversed in Elysium on the merits of their city, the imperial slave would not, we take it, have had much to envy in the life of the free citizen.

We will now, for awhile, take leave of Mr. Merivale. He has commenced a task suitable to a high ambition, in a style of which he may well be proud. We heartily congratulate him on his success, and look forward with confident expectation to the continuance of his labours.

EASTER DAY.

Carriaghawn, April 24, 1851.

Visions of the night! Mysterious influences, subtle, yet most potent! How and whence come ye? Are ye, as the great Grecian, the father of poesy sang, messengers from Deity, ministrants passing ever between the Eternal Spirit and his spiritual children, as the angels passed to and fro between the pillow of the benighted Hebrew wayfarer and heaven; or are ye earth-sprung, the offspring of the busy brain and subtle essences of human life? the misty memories of our waking speculations hanging around us by night, as the vapours of evening are but the moisture which the warmth of the day has kept suspended in the ether. Who shall declare your generation, who shall expound your motions? Yet, be ye of heaven or of earth, mighty magicians are ye. How do ye mock at time and space! how do ye hurry the soul to and fro, like the fabled ghosts upon the stormy winds! Thus, by turns, do ye agitate and soothe, do ye force the damp of terror to the brow, or the dew of sorrow to the eye. In sooth I know not how, but as my eyes close heavily in the darkness of night, while my mind grasps, with decreasing energy, the fading forms of my waking thoughts, I enter the portals of this visionary existence with a solemn wonder, which is, I believe, in kind though not in degree, such as man feels when passing from life to death, of which sleep has been well styled by Menander, "the lesser mysteries."

Such, my dear Anthony, were my musings when I woke in the first gray of twilight from deep, yet unquiet, sleep. The dead, the dear-loved, long-lost dead,

had been with me and about me. They filled my arms, they returned my caresses, they smiled and talked, and pursued the wonted avocations of old times. The feeling that they were alive filled me with a strange, solemn joy, but co-existent with it was the knowledge that they were also dead; dashing my happiness with inexpressible anguish. Who has not experienced how exquisitely painful is this converse with the dead-alive in our visions? who is there, that cannot attest the deep depression of heart, and languor of spirit, with which he awakens from a sleep in which his soul has been so occupied? All this I felt; but I struggled with such sombre thoughts, while the increasing light helped my exertions. I rose from bed, and opening my window, looked out eastward. Just at that moment a sudden flush of crimson light shot through the heavens—that total and instantaneous change by which twilight passes into day, when the first point of the sun mounts above the horizon, and a stream of level light floods in upon the earth, as waters spread over a plain when a sluice is raised. Ay, Anthony, it was a grand sight! but I fear you never saw a sun-rise, save in the city, where the sky line is the ridge poles of houses, broken by the projecting points of dormant windows, or the picturesque outlines of chimney-crocks. How will you understand, when I tell you of the distant hills, with their soft blue undulating summits, or the fantastic sprays and branches of trees standing out in such distinct tracery against the sky, that you could number every bough, and almost tell to what kind of tree it belonged; and heaven looking so pure, serene, and spiritual, and the earth so fresh and soft from her slumber; when just waking to life, she had not yet shaken off from her the solemn hush of night, or broken forth in the joyous outburst of her thousand tongues. But while I yet gazed, up sprang the lark, with rushing wing and full throat, giving one the idea of melody made visible, and then the thrush and whistling blackbird, and even the little chirping sparrow, soon joined in the concert. Hark, another sound breaks on the morning:—

“Then o’er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills.”

The peal comes cheerily from the steeple of the sequestered church, that one can just see peeping above the trees that gird its little graveyard. What thoughts of childhood does every sweet clang of that old iron tongue wake in my heart, ringing in the holy EASTER morning! How well do I recollect rising with the first dawn of day, and watching with curious wonder for the moment when the sun should come dancing into the heavens, in adoration of his risen Lord. Ay, and how truly for me did he dance in his course! for my faith was strong. I believed, and my belief was realised. I returned to bed, though not to sleep, for the fresh breath of morning had chased away all heaviness from my eyes, and dispelled the weight from my spirits, and I abandoned myself to a reverie, half sad, half pleasing, as the thoughts of my night visions mingled with the cheerier sentiments which the day inspired. I thought again of the dead—the dear-loved dead, not with that dreary sorrow which troubled me in the hours of darkness, but with a longing hopefulness. I thought not of them as torn from me for ever, but as withdrawn for a season; not as the living, who have died for ever, but as the dead who shall be made alive again. And so “I rejoiced with a joy unspeakable,” for I remembered the glorious victory of which this day was the anniversary—the strong giant Death bound by a stronger than he, and despoiled. And I looked at the grave whence the stone was rolled aside, though “sealed with a seal,” and guarded by a watch, whereout the DEAD-ALIVE had risen, bringing “life and immortality to life.” Let the wanderer through this world, who has sent all that are dear before him, and walks in loneliness upon his way graveward—let him, I say, cheer his heart as he draws nigh his resting-place; let him remember that the humanity of Christ rose from the dead, and that in him “shall all be made alive again.”

They who, like you, my dear Anthony, pass their lives “in populous cities pent,” lose most of the solemn beauties, natural and spiritual, in which Easter Day comes arrayed to us, who live in the midst of the green fields of the retired country. With you little else than closed shops and the frequent pealing of

bells mark the Sabbath; but beneath these is still an undercurrent of the same busy life that marks the week day. But you lose one of the holiest charms with which nature decks out Easter Day; you lose the lovely spring scene which sympathises so thoroughly with the spiritual spring, a sympathy which the early Christian writers so well understood and so felicitously developed. The earth is now awakened from her winter death-trance, and the principle of vitality is everywhere resurgent; the buried grain is putting forth its life in the tender corn blade; the flower roots shoot out, and cover the fields with bloom and beauty; the trees and shrubs are green with renewed germination: all meet emblems, which have spoken to man since first the world began her course of a spiritual resurrection from death, though man for thousands of years knew not how to read the words of hope and comfort which these oracles of God preached to him. How beautifully did the hymnologists and writers of the primitive ages of the Christian Church note and dilate upon this parallel! Of the former, I could adduce many examples; of the latter I cannot refrain from alluding to a fine Easter sermon, by Gregory of Nazianzum, in which, after a magnificent description of the physical spring,* he thus concludes:—"Now is the earthly spring, and the spring that is spiritual; the spring for souls and the spring for bodies; the spring visible and the spring invisible."†

Contrast this with the despondency of pagan poets, who mark the revival of nature only to mourn that man, when he dies, knows no return of spring; and rejoice in the glorious prospects which Christianity on this day has thrown open to our eyes.

Very pleasant was it to me, as I took my way along the pathway that led to our little church, to revolve these thoughts in my mind, while the noontide sun was beaming on the joyous landscape, and the measured tones of the bell called us to prayer. How sweet was the repose that reigned around! how fresh the breeze! how bright the hues of nascent flowers! how grateful the perfume of the violet in the hedges! how soft the blue in the sky! how tender the green of the young grass and the bursting tree sprays! Rustics, in their best array and happiest faces, doffed their hats or dropped their curtseys as they passed me, and at the porch door I met many faces that always make glad my heart, and whose hearts, I fondly think, are all the gladder at my presence. The bell has ceased, and we enter. Look around you, my dear Anthony, for the sight is something novel for a metropolitan gentleman. No lofty columns shoot up to the arched roof; no florid tracery adorns the eastern window; no gorgeously stained glass flings its mellowed and many-coloured light upon the tessellated pavement; no lengthening aisles resound with the tremulous reverberation of the deep-voiced organ. It is a pretty, simple church, without any high pretension to architectural beauty, yet far removed from those horrible edifices, half barn, half conventicle, that in many places disfigure the country and shock the taste; and as I paced up its flagged centre, and took my place in the family pew, I felt that its primitive neatness consorted well with the homely and honest faces that I saw everywhere around me. I shall not speak of the sweet voices of the children, as they sang, with a melody all the more touching that it was unartistic, the Easter Anthem, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day;" nor yet of the superhuman efforts of the ancient man who, by inheritance, filled the office of parish-clerk—how he roared down the sweet, silvery, tiny voices of the little girls—how he quavered, and flourished, and shaken, how he twisted his features out of all shape in the agony of his triumphant execution of psalmody, and looked as conceited as if he thought "the chief musician" of the Royal author of the sublime songs he was murdering was a very tyro in comparison to himself. Neither shall I linger over the homily of our dear old parson; all this you must conceive for yourself, and now stand with me once more in the porch as the service is concluded. The meeting of friends and neighbours in a country church is always a pleasant thing on a Sunday, for they rarely see each other during the week, but on a great festival the pleasure is doubled. Old people who rarely come out are now sure to be met,

* Νῦν οἰκάνεις διαφυλάττειν· νῦν ἅλιος ἐψήλωται. π. ε. λ.—Orat. XLIII.

† Νῦν, ἡε πορμινὸν, ἡε πνευματικὸν ἡε ψυχαῖς, ἡε σωμασιν ἡε ἰουμανον, ἡε δόξαν.

and many hands are clasped which have not touched each other, it may be, since the Christmas preceding, and a thousand kind inquiries are made and answered. I need not tell you that Uncle Saul shines on these occasions. He is to be seen everywhere at the same moment, shaking old men by the hands, bowing to old ladies, slapping youngsters on the back, and chucking blushing girls under the chin. Nay, worse still, smacking them on the cheeks or lips, if he can contrive to suggest the remotest relationship as an excuse for the liberty. My cousins were all present, blooming and happy, and, of course, came in for their share of my uncle's notice, and I am half afraid that, in his zeal to discharge his duties, he mistook a couple of young ladies who were chatting with Abigail and Matilda, and absolutely distinguished them with a similar favour.

And now, dear Anthony, behold us all on our way to the "Hall." The ladies are placed in their vehicles, and Herbert, who ran down to spend Easter in the country, accompanies them. The parson mounts his old horse, intending to make half-a-dozen visits in the parish on his way, while my uncle and I, with my godfather, proceed on foot, the latter first taking care to "get up the steam," by lighting an enormous cigar.

An Easter dinner is, I believe, the same everywhere, so the less that is said about it the better. But how different may be the cheer that seasons it? If Time has not desolated the domestic sanctuary since last some high Christian holiday brought them all together; if the father can look around him, and smile when the survey is over, because none is wanting of those who then encircled him; if the mother can count the lambs that lie upon her bosom, and finds that none have been ravished from her; if children still see the parents' honoured forms at the board, and friend looks in the face of friend, as of old, then, indeed, is there joy in that household, and they will eat their bread with thankfulness. But if the reaper has been amongst them, if he have mowed down the over-ripe and heavy-laden head that bends to meet the stroke, or the strong stem on which the grain is yet but swelling, or it may be the soft green succulent blade that scarce raises its tender shoot above the earth; if the glance wanders about in the vain search for some loved familiar face, and returns from its bootless circuit, as did the dove to the ark, without finding that whereon it might rest, then will a shadow fall upon our brightness, and mourning will mingle with our joy as we feel that the glory is departed from our house.

On the present occasion there was nothing to mar our festal pleasure, not a cloud to dim our sunshine, and we surrendered our minds to the happy influences which present content and a hopeful future are sure to exercise.

There is a large, three-sided, bay window, projecting south-eastward from the drawing-room at the Hall, commanding a sweet prospect of the distant country. At this we were all seated some short time before sunset. The evening was mild, and uncle Saul, aided by the younger folks, notwithstanding a few faint remonstrances from the elder ladies, opened the casement, and let in the fresh air, ere yet it was damped by the dew of coming night. As we conversed pleasantly, the sinking sun came now near to the level of the horizon, diffusing a flood of soft, warm light along the heavens, and tinging the walls and furniture in the room with that rich, subdued light, which reminds one of broad day light, seen through amber curtains. All eyes at this moment involuntarily turned to the glorious sight, and no one spoke, while inch by inch we traced the great round orb sink and sink till not even the upper rim of his disk was visible.

"Gone!" at length, said the parson, continuing aloud the train of his musing, "and yet to-morrow we shall see him rise again in renewed beauty and brightness. Who could believe this had he not the experience of his senses? Yet thus it is that the Christian rises from the sleep of death, even as on this day did the great Sun of Righteousness arise from the grave. It is a remarkable fact how the character and conception of this solemn event that befalls man, has undergone an entire change since the resurrection of Christ, and the promulgation of His religion. It is true that the resurrection of the dead was known dark and dimly to the patriarchs and holy men under the old dispensation; but to the Jews at large, and to the rest of the world, it was an unknown and rejected doctrine. Thus everywhere in the Old Testament Scriptures we find Death de-

scribed in his dread and dismal power; the end of man, when 'he goeth hence, and is seen no more.' 'For in death,' says David, 'there is no remembrance of Thee; in the grave who shall give Thee thanks?' But in the writing of the New Testament it is remarkable that death, especially the death of the saints, is almost everywhere called *sleep*, the rest to the weary, the prelude to a mighty awaking, no more than the longest night's slumber in the life of an undying soul. Truly it is a mighty miracle that has put an end to six thousand years of waiting for the dead, and has substituted for it henceforth and for ever a triumphant joy over those who 'fall asleep in Jesus.'"

The old man relapsed into silence, which no one cared to break for many minutes. The sun-flush was now faded away to twilight, when Herbert, looking somehow at Matilda, though evidently intending to address the company at large, said—

"The observations of our good friend upon the subject of death and sleep, bring to my recollection a German allegory, in which some thoughts coincident with his are put forward, and, as I think it is not unsuitable to the present solemn festival, I shall be very happy to give you an idea of the poem through the medium of my own imperfect translation."

"We shall willingly hear it, Mr. Herbert," said my uncle, answering for the rest, "provided the young ladies have no objection." And here he cast a sly glance at poor Matilda.

"None in the world," said Mrs. Slingsby, either considering herself a "young lady," or assenting on the part of those to whom twenty years' juniority to her gave a legitimate title to the description.

"But first, Abigail," said my godfather, "let us have tea, and a chat in the twilight, and then we shall have candles, and Mr. Herbert's Anglo-German poem."

"By the way," said I, "an Easter tale is quite in keeping with the old customs of the day. In the mediæval times, the preachers of the Romish Church were in the habit of entertaining their congregations with tales, or fables, which were termed 'Fabulæ Paschales,' or 'Easter Tales.' From the specimens which I have seen of these productions, I am not very favourably impressed, either as to their merits or their utility. The holiest of Scripture incidents and characters were introduced with a familiar levity that must shock every one who holds such subjects in veneration. Solemn truths were mixed up with ludicrous, and even burlesque fables, and religion and morality were arrayed in such equivocal garbs, that the effect of the whole must have been detrimental to the hearers. These were somewhat akin to the old dramatic representations and miracle-plays of the same times. Each owe their origin to the rude and uncultivated state of the laity, whom the clergy thus taught theology in pleasant doses addressed to their senses. I will give you a specimen of one of those dramatic services, observed by the English Benedictine monks previous to the Conquest:—

"On Easter Day the seven canonical hours were to be sung in the manner of the canons; and in the night before matins, the sacristi (because our Lord rested in the tomb) were to put the cross in its place. Then, during a religious service, four monks robed themselves, one of whom, in an alb, as if he had somewhat to do, came stealingly to the tomb, and there, holding a palm branch, sat still till the responsory was ended; when the three others, carrying censers in their hands, came up to him, step by step, as if looking for something. So soon as he saw them approach, he began singing in a soft voice (*dulcissime*), 'Whom seek ye?' to which was replied by the three others, in chorus, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Then was answered by the other, 'He is not here, he is risen.' At which words the three last, turning towards the choir, cried, 'Alleluia, the Lord is risen.' The other then, as if calling them back, sang, 'Come and see the place;' and then, rising, raised the cloth, showed them the place without the cross and linen cloths in which it was wrapped. Upon this they laid down their censers, took the clothes, extended them to show the Lord was risen, and, singing an Antiphonar, placed them upon the altar."

"Here come the candles," said the parson. "And now, let us have Mr. Herbert's poem."

"I am ready," said Herbert, opening his manuscript, and thus proceeding:—

SLEEP AND DEATH.

A VISION.

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother, Sleep!"

SHELLEY.

How beautiful and holy are the feet
Of Evening stealing down the crimson heights
Of the sun-tinted heavens! How reverently
Earth hails her coming, and at her approach
Hushes the thousand varied sounds that ring
Through daylight's busy hours! The charmed wind
Checks its rude voice abashed, and creeps along
A fragrant murmur on the cool grey dew
That rises upwards, and as twilight fades
From the fast-darkening sky, the pale-eyed stars
Peep coyly out, unshamed by gairish day,
To gaze on beauteous Earth.

At such an hour

I lay in meditation on the crest
Of a high beetling rock, retired and lone,
Beside the portal of a time-worn pile,
Whose ivy-wreathèd walls full many a tale
Peopled with spectres. Deep within the shade
Of coming night a hamlet lay below,
Scarce visible, save as a sudden light
In hasty transit, through some cottage door
A moment opened, flashed athwart the gloom,
And then vanished. On the fresh night breeze
The voice of some late loiterer from home,
Or the low dulcet bleat of folded sheep,
At intervals came floating from beneath;
While ever on the ear the ceaseless rush
(Softened by distance to sweet melody)
Of the fleet stream, rejoicing in its strength
Fell fresh and soothingly—a mighty vein
Pouring the life-blood through the freshened earth
Deep to her ocean-heart. And nearer still
From out the tower within the old church-yard,
Rang cheerily the sweet bells' simple chime
Pealing the passing hour, as though old Time
Laughed as he sped o'er graves himself had filled;
And, as the gloom grows deeper yet around,
Dim thoughts of vanished things come trooping swift
Upon the busy brain—hopes crushed, friends gone,
And young life's purple light bedimmed with care.
And then my spirit strove to look upon
The hidden soul of Destiny, and know
Why life is so. My eyes instinctive turned,
In such vain musing, to the heavens, and met
The bright stars gazing on me searchingly,
Intense and silent. Then I learned to feel
Man looks not into heaven's high mysteries,
But his own soul lies naked to the gaze
Of eyes above him.

In the early days

Of the young world ('twas thus my thoughts took shape),
When six score years heaped wisdom upon man,
It was not thus. The Hebrew on the mount
Met God in council. Israel's young seer

Heard him in visions. In the hush of night,
 High from his lonely tower the sage looked forth
 And watched the stars, and caught, with ear attent,
 Their awful converse, as the subtle stream
 Of light electric passed between their spheres,
 And each unto the other shewed forth
 Most wondrous knowledge.

The chill air of night
 Creeps drowsily upon me: the dark vault
 Contracts around me, closing as a shroud
 Aerial. Yes, there sure were times of old
 When visions shadowed forth the ways of God,
 Even as the patriarch's mystic ladder climbed
 From earth to heaven. I would pause awhile
 Upon these thoughts.

That strange soft light, whence comes it? 'Tis not day,
 So pale and undefined; nor twilight stolen
 Back upon night; too luminous for such
 'Twould seem, as though the day and night had blent
 In mystic congress, and did procreate
 A child resembling both. Behold it moves
 Slowly along the hill-top. Now it rests
 By yonder knoll and in a wider sphere
 Evolves itself around, and as my eyes
 Look more intently in, two glorious forms
 Grow on my gaze distinct—

The one a full, fair youth, whose round blue eye
 Is tranquil, soft, and downcast. On his cheek
 The flush of health is mantling, and his breast
 Heaves low, yet visibly, with gentle breath
 Constant and equable: in his hand he bears
 An argent vase, and round his lovely brows,
 Binding the flow of his ambrosial hair,
 A wreath of poppy twines.

Erect and tall the other angel stands,
 Like to the former in his mien and face,
 Though hard to tell wherein the likeness dwelt—
 Like, yet still differing wide, even as ye may
 Two brothers see resemble yet contrast.
 Solemn, and sad, and thoughtful, on his brow—
 His pale, high marble brow—no chaplet bloomed,
 But unconfined his night-black tresses fell
 Adown his shroud-like vesture. His dark eye
 Was lustreless and cold, as though its light
 Turned inwards on itself, and gazed upon
 Things that have been and shall be yet again,
 When Past and Future, o'er the grave of Time
 Shall mix to make an everlasting Now.

High from his forehead springs a mystic gem—
 A cross of glowing sapphire—and at times
 Its light, self-living, flushed upon his face;
 And then, how wondrously that cold eye burned,
 And those impassive features sudden beamed
 In most serene and solemn loveliness,
 While his emaciate hands raised reverently
 A crystal chalice, till that light divine
 Fell on its sides translucent, and within
 Some subtle essence, until now unkenned
 By my gross senses, kindled up and heaved
 A liquid fire; or like the waves by night

That lick with phosphorescent tongue the oar
 That lightly cleaves them. Lo ! while thus I gaze,
 A sound harmonious, thrilling sweet and low,
 Like soft winds rustling through the strained wires,
 Sinks on my spirit's sense ; now clearer still
 The tones take vocal shape. Hush ! I would hear
 The angelic converse.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Brother, all hail !

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Hail to thee, brother mine,
 Whence art thou now, and whither ?

ANGEL OF DEATH.

I am come

Not from the reeking battle : there is peace
 Over the earth. Not from the ravenous sea,
 For the smooth ocean slumbers. There's no plague,
 Nor mighty earthquake, nor devouring fire
 For great Jehovah's ministrant to reap
 A rank, ripe harvest for eternity.
 But I have stood beside a prowling wretch,
 And watched him as he dogged the unguarded steps
 Of one he sought to slay. I led him on,
 Guiding his cursed hand to drive the blade
 Into his victim's heart—a strong brave heart,
 That revelled in the sense of life and love.
 And all unseen save by the conscious night
 I held my chalice to the slain man's lips,
 And caught his spirit as the deep quick sob
 Expelled it.

Noiselessly I passed
 Into a chamber, where the softened light
 Of a close-shaded lamp revealed a couch,
 Whereon a fair young mother lay reposed,
 And on her heart her late-born babe was hushed.
 On her pale cheek a tear had left its trace,
 And round her lips a lingering smile still played,
 The pangs and bliss of first maternity.
 Brother, I felt that thou had'st late been there,
 For the still air was heavy with the breath
 Of all thy balms.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

In sooth, 'twas even so.
 Just when the evening darkened into night
 I saw that mother give her babe to life.
 The dew of pain was on her ashy brow,
 Her eye was dull and languid ; she was faint,
 And her pale lips scarce opened as she asked
 Somewhat to moisten them. Then, as the leech
 Mixed her a potion, I drew near unseen,
 And in the cup I poured from out my vase
 The sweet narcotic. Then she drank and smiled,
 And clasped her babe, and soon was all my own—
 I passed to other work.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

'Twas so I found her.

Brother, I knew how that true heart would yet
Be pierced with many sorrows, ev'n by him,
Who, innocent and pure, then felt its throbs,
Should both fulfil the allotted years of life.
Thus felt I ruth to leave them; and I thought
That thou would'st not deny me things so fair.
So then, I laid my hands upon their heads,
And pressed awhile together their sweet lips;
And thus I took them from thee—scarce from thee—
For mine they seemed, even while they slumbered first,
And scarce less thine when they had ceased to sleep.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

So let it be, my brother. What did'st next?

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Then passed I near to one who called on me—
Near; yet I touched him not. For he was steeped
In sin and crime; and He, whose voiceless will
Rules us, commanded that I should not slay,
But wound him sore. Wherefore I smote him down,
Until he felt the bitterness of Death,
And with strong crying, and with tears, besough
Him who alone could save. Lo! he was heard,
And now he waits thy ministrations blest.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Anon I will attend him. Would'st thou hear
How I have sped since our last meeting?

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Yea.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

I passed through a great city in the night.
Entering its suburbs, where the sweet green fields
Strayed in upon the town, and the fresh air
Struggled with fetid fumes of o'er-thronged life,
Onward I passed, and opened wide my vase,
And waved it o'er me to the gentle wind,
Which bore the viewless seeds of slumber round
To pleasant lodges and to lowly sheds,
Till they weighed down obliviously the lids
Of simple, happy folks and men who toiled
Hard through the hours of day. But soon my path
Grew close and darker. 'Twas a mean, foul street
Where poor mechanics toil and toil and toil
By day and through the night. Tall chimneys rose
Into the air, and puffed their sooty breath
On the defiled sky. Lights flared abroad
Through many a window, and the ringing sound
Of hammers broke the silence; the dull beat
Of loom and shuttle and the thousand tongues
That Giant Labour clamoured withal.
Then did I close my vase. Its perfumed balms
Were not for such as dwell in dens like these,
Lank, sallow, lean-jawed men; women whose cheeks

Were pale and drawn, whose eyes were sunk and dull ;
 Children whose tiny faces, sharp and shrunk,
 Put years upon them ; the precocious growth
 Of those that knew no sport save toil that ate
 Into their little hearts and drained away
 One half their youthful blood. Then sped I soon
 Through streets and courts and squares, where men of wealth
 And merchandise and gain had their abode ;
 On these I poured my essence and they dreamed
 Of argosies and ingots, wrecks and failures.
 Then passed I swiftly through a spacious street,
 With lordly mansions reared on either side.
 From the half-opened windows, through the shrouds
 Of damask curtains, came the muffled sounds
 Of music and of revelry. But I
 Stayed not my steps. For sounds like these ne'er wooed
 My spirit to abide and take its rest.
 Worn sensualists, whose sated tastes still crave
 New stimulants to stir their sluggish blood.
 Youth beautiful and fresh, wasting its prime
 In wild excitement, wake within these halls
 Through the long-outraged night.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Let them rage on
 Their short-timed madness. When the grey, cold morn
 Peeps on their waning lamps and home they wend,
 Then surely will I meet them, one by one.
 The pallid beauty, as she steps from out
 Her carriage on the chilly pavement, feels
 My breath, and thinks 'tis but the air that stirs
 Her jewelled tresses. I will send the dews
 Into the young man's lungs, and fill with blood
 The brains of aged revellers, 'till they choak
 And suffocate. Say on.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

Deep in a cell
 Lonely and dark, a woman lay in chains ;—
 Scarce more than child was she, and yet 'twas said
 Her babe she murdered ; and next day was fixed
 For blindfold Justice, helped by purblind men,
 To say if it were so. Full well I knew
 How that sweet heart would slay no living thing.
 Then poured I on her red and tear-swoln lids
 The sweetest, holiest drops within my vase,
 And as her sobs grew rarer and less wild
 I hushed her into rest ; and then she dreamed
 Of verdant fields beside her native home
 All filled with sunshine on the fair May morn,
 When her young love and she strayed by the stream
 And plighted faith ; and how he was not dead,
 But new-returned from out some distant land—
 And so I left her happy.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

On the morrow
 The law, however, will adjudge her guilty,
 And doom her unto me. 'Tis a sweet fate
 That man awards her, blindly working out
 God's merciful intent, that she may rest
 In peace from all her sorrows."

A peal of bells just at this moment rose
 Upon the silence, and the slow-winged breeze
 Bore up to where I stood a mingled sound
 Of many voices; and my quickened sense
 Of hearing caught the dulcet music made
 By clear-voiced children, maidens, and young men,
 As it passed softly by me up to heaven—
 The village vesper-prayer—in words like these:—

Shades of night now softly falling
 Round the fading landscape close,
 And the chimes of bells are calling
 Souls and bodies to repose.

Lord of Heaven and Earth and Ocean!
 Throned within the starry sky,
 Lo, we pour, with glad devotion,
 Prayer and praise to Thee on high.

Blessing Thee for every blessing
 Through the busy hours of light,
 For all evils that, repressing,
 Thy right hand hath put to flight.

All the darkness, Lord, enlighten,
 Of our spirits and our eyes:
 Let no ghostly perils frighten,
 Let no ills our rest surprise.

Thou, that morn and eve's outgoing
 Makest still thy praise proclaim,
 SLEEP, Thy sweetest gift, bestowing,
 Send to bless each weary frame.

Let thy angels, without number,
 Guard our else unguarded breath.
 Lord of life! while still we slumber,
 Save us from the snares of DEATH!

Now methought
 A shade of sadness passed athwart the brow
 Of the more solemn angel, and he said—

ANGEL OF DEATH.

My gentle brother! when the shadows fall
 Lengthening across the valley, and calm night
 Spreads broodingly her dark wings o'er the earth,
 All that hath life doth woo thee—gleesome birds
 And brutes through field and forest. The gay child,
 Wearied with sport, flings him upon thy breast,
 And mingles with his lisping prayers thy name.
 Asking that "sweet sleep may his eyelids close."
 Youth and old age, sickness and health alike
 Hymn forth thy praise as the best boon of God,
 And call thee blessed, benefactor, friend.
 But me! men tremble at my dreaded name,
 And nature shudders in her inmost soul
 As I approach, and calls me *enemy*.

Slowly his dark eyes then he turned to heaven
 Appealingly from man to God's award,
 And thus his pensive voice fell on my ear:

ANGEL OF DEATH.

Thou God Most High ! whose ministers we are,
 By thy unclouded eye alone is seen
 All things in their true nature. That which man
 Deems in his blindness EVIL, Thou dost cause
 To work exceeding GOOD. The dread decree
 On man pronounced, "*Thou shalt surely die,*"
 Thou, by thy holy passion on the Cross,
 Hast blotted out for ever, on that tree
 Nailing it fast, proclaiming to the world,
 "*In Christ shall all be made alive again.*"

Then spake the other angel : Brother mine,
 When man arises from his rest by night
 At morning's light, refreshed from bygone toil,
 He blesses me and the Great God who sent me.
 Will not the just man, when *thine* hour is nigh,
 Bless thee and Him that sent thee ; deeming thee
 Not DEATH but SLEEP ; and waking from the grave,
 Rise up renewed to everlasting life ?

Thus spake he, and the other smiled. Then both
 Passed down the steep to where the hamlet lay.

As one who into a deep trance is thrown
 By the mesmeric passes or the flame
 Of the "Od-force" transfused into his frame,
 Sends forth his soul excursive to explore
 Regions far distant without aid of sense,
 So did my spirit follow after these
 And watch their ministration among men.

Upon a pallet in a low, close room,
 A young man lay, in mortal sickness stretched,
 And his young wife, clasping his clay-cold hand,
 Had flung herself beside the couch and wept.
 A reverend man sate near the shaded light
 And read from forth a volume in his hand
 "The visitation for the sick." That part
 He read, how God doth chasten whom he loves—
 How Christ did enter not into his joy
 Till first he suffered—How the door to Life
 Is Death. Then questions put he to the sick
 Touching his faith, to which the man replied
 Faintly but steadfastly. Whereon the priest
 Spake further to him, and then kneeling down,
 Thus prayed beside him—

*" Father all merciful ! who from Thy throne
 In heaven look'st down upon Thy children here
 In tenderest love ;—blest be Thy holy name.
 Speed to our longing hearts the glorious day
 When all the kingdoms of the world shall be
 The kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ,
 When every creature joyfully shall yield
 Such prompt obedience to Thy gracious will
 As now in heaven the holy angels do.
 Thou that dost give, in their due season, meat
 Unto the lions, to the lilies bloom,
 Give us to-day—'tis all our trustful hearts
 Ask of Thy careful love—raiment and food
 Our bodies to sustain, and for our souls*

*The bread of heaven. And, as we freely grant
To others pardon for their wrongs to us,
Do thou forgive us all our sins 'gainst Thee.
Faithful and just Thou art, Oh! let us not,
Thy weak yet willing children, tempted be
Beyond our strength to bear, but with the snare
Make Thou the way to 'scape it. For to Thee
All power of right belongs—all majesty;
And still from age to age, world without end,
Thy sceptre sways to nature's farthest bounds.*

AMEN."

Then was the spirit of the young man glad
With an exceeding joy, and when the psalm
Was ended, and the minister of God
The sick man's soul commended to the Lord,
Then spake he thus his high, immortal hopes:—

"Though Death's dissolving hand shall touch this frame,
And chill corruption hold her sway within—
Though the foul worm shall burrow through my skin
Into this mouldering clod without a name,
Yet in my flesh shall I the Lord behold,
And view him with mine eyes. For I do know
That my Redeemer lives. When Earth shall grow
Wasted and weak with age, and heaven wax old,
As doth a garment; then, in that last hour,
When mortals' hearts are failing them for dread,
Upon the quaking world His steps shall tread,
And Heaven, and Earth, and Hell shall own His power."

With these last words triumphantly exhaled
The young man's spirit, and the angel stood
Above him and received his ransomed soul.
When all was over, slowly then arose
His wife—Ah! wife no more—his widow lone—
And dried her tears;—then gazed upon the face
Of him she loved. *There was the sweet repose
Of those who rest from labour—DEATH WAS SLEEP.*

"Your author, whoever he be," said the parson, when Herbert concluded his poem, "is, I perceive, like most of his countrymen, a believer in mesmerism and *clairvoyance*, and, moreover, a disciple of the Von Reichenbach School."

"I am not of course," replied Herbert, "answerable for his opinions, nor called upon to defend him. Yet, I may be permitted to say, that while caution in the reception of novelties in science is justly commendable, an obstinate determination to believe nothing that does not square with our own preconceived notions of what is, or is not, within the limits of nature, is to be especially deprecated. I have no doubt, that more injury has been done to the cause of human knowledge by over-scepticism than by over-credulity."

"Well, that is all very true, but is no argument in favour of mesmerism; would you have us believe contrary to all our experiences, that cataleptic people can read in the dark, with the tips of their fingers, or the backs of their heads. Nay, further, that in the highest state of the sleep-trance, the soul not only wanders through, her own body, and reveals all its hidden anatomy and secret diseases, but actually travels out of the body to the most distant regions, and seek out those with whom it is *en rapport*."

"My dear sir, I will not insist on your believing any such thing till you have the strongest evidence of the truth of what you are called on to believe. If such can be adduced it will be as much your duty to yield your assent *then* as it is now

to withhold it. All I would wish to assert is, that no one is justified in alleging that such things cannot be, because they contradict our experiences. That would be to insist that our experience was co-extensive with all physical and psychological phenomena; that the last fold of the veil is removed from nature, and that she now stands fully disclosed to our vision. I will tell you a true story. It is little more than two centuries ago since a Florentine philosopher announced to mankind the astounding absurdity that the world, instead of being quietly at rest, with the sun revolving around her, absolutely went gadding through the regions of space, and revolved around the sun. This contradicted all experience. Why, sages *saw* the sun, from day to day and month to month, changing its place amongst the heavenly bodies, and every man, except he was drunk, *felt* that the earth was as steady as a rock. Ridiculous! Nay, worse—impious! heretical! And so the holy Inquisition threw Galileo into prison, and made him repeat the penitential psalms weekly, and the Pope decided that the world did not go round the sun. Still the world *would* have its own way, and kept never minding the Pope, and declined to be imprisoned as poor Galileo was. And so at last men found out that the world *did* really go round, and that the sun stood still in the heavens, and that all this was not contradictory to experience, but only appeared to be so. Galileo, however, was dead by this time. Done to death by those wise sceptics! So there was no help for the matter. And it is now as familiar a proverb in a child's mouth that 'the world goes round' as that 'the sun shines.' I leave the application to yourself."

The Parson mused a moment, and then said, "In truth I believe we are not in a condition to discuss this question at present.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

"Come," said my uncle, "the girls are looking quite frightened, and I begin to think the lights are burning a little blueish. Besides, 'tis getting late."

The Parson took the hint, and, rising from his seat, brought over the large family Bible.

"Whatever be the state of our knowledge or our ignorance, one thing, at least, we know, that *here* (and he opened the volume) God has given us the knowledge that is sufficient for our welfare in this life, and our happiness in the future. It may be a pleasant, and even a profitable speculation to ascertain how far our senses can reach, or our spirits expatiate, while in this mortal coil; but all that is needful for us to know—what are their duties here and their functions hereafter—God has graciously vouchsafed himself to tell us. While we may lawfully suspend our judgments on what may not agree with the standard of our own erring reason, one sure guide we have, steadily to reject whatever is inconsistent with the plain word of unerring Wisdom."

Then the Parson read the service for the evening, and we separated.

Thine, dear Anthony, in all times and seasons,

JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY.

CHEAP JUSTICE NOT LOW-PRICED LITIGATION.

To decide and enforce private rights between individuals of the community is one of the first duties of Government, as providing the means of doing so is one of the first objects of forming civil societies; and the machinery of the State is perfect, nearly in proportion to the facility and certainty with which this is attained. "Cheap justice" is, therefore, a legitimate demand of every genuine reformer. But injustice, or the law imperfectly administered, is dear at any price; and he who would sacrifice the justice for the sake of the cheapness is among the most dangerous of political speculators. The cheapest of all tribunals is an ordeal. The law might compel all men whose rights are questioned to abide by the tossing up of a penny, or the casting of lots; but this would be to abolish the administration of justice, not lower the cost of it; which latter is a very different thing from lessening the expense at which a man may be enabled to coerce his neighbour.

The administration of the civil branch of the law in Ireland is now mainly conducted through two classes of tribunals, the superior courts and the civil bill courts. The former administer the law with care and certainty; but their proceedings are somewhat cumbrous and expensive. In the latter, the administration of the law is, comparatively speaking, much more imperfect; but their proceedings are inexpensive. There are, then, two modes of cheapening law: one, to lessen the expense of the good tribunals; the other, to increase the powers of the bad. Strange to say, our rulers are desirous of adopting the latter. The Attorney-General for Ireland has introduced a bill for extending the jurisdiction of the civil bill courts from £20, to which they are now limited, to £50, in personal actions, and for enlarging, in a less degree, some other branches of their authority.

Without reference to any of the vices peculiar to the civil bill system, the plan of extending the authority of petty local courts, as contrasted with facilitating recourse to central tribunals, is on principle objectionable. There are

evils inherent in the nature of minor jurisdictions which no change in the form of their procedure can get rid of. The means of enforcing their authority are necessarily imperfect. Parties and witnesses without their local jurisdiction cannot be effectually reached. Either the process of the court is limited to its district; or it uses some secondary and less effective means of following parties out of the district; or it clashes with its neighbours. This evil is not much felt in the present state of the civil bill code, because the great mass of the cases tried before the assistant-barristers are among the humbler agricultural classes, whose dealings are generally confined to their neighbours; but it is one which, with a jurisdiction extending to larger amounts, would frequently lead to great injustice. If a plaintiff has a difficulty in bringing his witnesses, or fears that his adversary will remove himself or his property out of the county, he needs not resort to the civil bill court. But the defendant has no such option; he may be sued there, though it deprives him of the means of compelling a witness to prove his defence, or enables the plaintiff, if defeated, to evade payment of costs or a cross demand. Nay, these may suggest the very reasons why a dishonest plaintiff would select the inferior jurisdiction.

Another evil, inseparable from the use of local courts, is the want of consistency in the administration of justice. Uniformity of decision is hardly to be obtained from the most learned and competent interpreters of the law in the most central tribunals; but the differences introduced by the various degrees of knowledge, prejudice, intelligence, or care of inferior judges, are infinite. There may be literally as many codes as there are counties. The most cursory acquaintance with the working of the civil bill courts will supply numerous instances of the most contradictory decisions made on the same points of law. But beside the inconsistencies arising from deliberately formed opinions, there are the differences arising from the character or disposition of the judges. In

some sessions courts forms are observed with an accuracy that would delight a Saunders or a Tidd; in others the court rushes at the broad merits of each case, with an enlightened disregard of technicalities, which would do credit to an Eastern Cadi. Some assistant-barristers invariably decide on the law, others as invariably on the facts, of each case; some incline to landlords, others to tenants, &c. &c. The prevailing leaning of the court, known and skilfully taken advantage of by the practitioners, gives as decided a character to the code administered by it, as the most peculiar views on any dogmatic propositions in law. These differences all tend to increase precisely in proportion to the number of courts; and they strike at the very root of civil justice; the excellence of which depends not more on the intrinsic goodness of the rules of law, than on administering the same rule in all similar cases. In the abstract there is nothing morally wrong in either giving an estate to an eldest son, or in dividing it among a family; but if the ordinary rule in a country is to award it to the eldest son, it is plainly monstrous injustice to decree it in a particular instance to his brothers and sisters. If a tree on one man's land is blown down on his neighbour's house, a casuist may find it hard to determine on which the law should cast the loss of the house; but it is manifestly injustice to relieve the owner of the tree in one instance, and make him pay for the house in another. In fact harsh or impolitic laws, if fixed and uniformly administered, answer the ends of civil justice better than the varying decisions of the most humane and upright patriarch.

Another evil inseparable from petty courts is, that an inferior class of practitioners attends them. Though a judge possessed the learning of Coke, the acuteness of Sugden, and the patience of Eldon, he cannot decide a case well without hearing it; and the hearing is useful precisely in proportion to the knowledge and intelligence of the advocates who conduct it. Suitors are also necessarily much dependant on the honour of those to whom they entrust their cases. It is manifest that the class of men who practise in a sessions' district will, in attainments and integrity, be below the body who are attracted by the honours and emolu-

ments of the central courts of the entire kingdom. It is no disparagement of the sessions' attorneys in Ireland to adduce them as an example of this: they are an honourable and educated body, no doubt; but, unquestionably, they are not the first class of even their own branch of the legal profession, and are, of course, considerably below the first class of the bar. It is not to be denied, also, that there are some—fortunately few—counties which afford sad exceptions to the general rule, and where ruffianism and chicanery, and every other quality which is the reverse of respectable, find, at quarter sessions, employment and profit.

But still more important is the necessary inferiority of the court itself. If it were possible to increase indefinitely the emoluments of the judges of petty tribunals, the mere number required would prevent all from being of the first class. The fourteen judges who preside at the Four Courts are, ordinarily, selected from the best men of the legal profession: the thirty-three assistant-barristers must be inferior. If the offices of the former were abolished, the result would be worse; for it would only lower the entire profession, and, by withdrawing adequate inducements, repel the higher order of minds from engaging in it. Courts of justice are, unquestionably, among the most important institutions in the state. It has been truly said, that the end of all the paraphernalia of King, Lords, and Commons, is to place twelve honest men before a judge in a jury-box. It is of paramount importance to have able judges. To understand a system so extensive as our law, requires a mind above the average, and to attain excellence in this study demands a degree of incessant labour and persevering application, seldom bestowed on any other vocation in life: to attract any but mere drudges to a pursuit, involving such sacrifices of time and pleasure—often of health and comfort—requires the highest honours and ample profits, such as the limited sphere of a petty district court can never promise. If the profession of the law offered nothing more exalted than an assistant-barristership, the genius that has hitherto adorned it would be devoted to some other pursuit less important to the public, but more tempting to the labourer. Beside the natural

inferiority of the judges themselves in small jurisdictions, they are more liable to local prejudices, and more exposed to petty interference. They may be above influence or corruption, but it is hard to raise them above insinuation and suspicion. Akin to this evil, is the comparative disrespect with which minor tribunals are usually regarded. The majesty of the law is unknown in them. The influence which courts exercise, by making men voluntarily conform to the law, is lost: they control the actions of none, save those whom their decisions actually coerce. The intimation of opinion of a Chancellor or Chief Justice will, probably, guide the conduct of half a kingdom in the matter to which it relates: the actual decision of a petty court seldom supplies any other rule of action than a resolution, as it tallies or not with the hearer's wishes, to come to the same or a different tribunal, in a similar case.

These are a few of the objections inseparable from any system of local courts. The peculiar circumstances of Ireland are certainly not likely to lessen them. Parliamentary influence, family connexions, official friendship, will always operate, as they have always operated, in the appointment of assistant-barristers. It is unlikely that a higher class than the present will ever fill these offices. Gentlemen of moderate qualifications, such as Messrs. Gorges and Trench—we select them as among the most recent appointments—will always greatly preponderate over such men as Mr. Henn among our county judges. Gross instances of misconduct may become more rare. The ludicrous protestation of an assistant-barrister of the old school, that he would sooner swallow a dose of salts than read an Act of Parliament, may never be repeated in public. The scandal of a judge claiming the privilege of his office as a protection from arrest for debt, and evading justice by sitting to administer it, may for the future be guarded against. The caricature presented by a court, where the familiarity of the practitioners, and the buffooneries of the judge, rival a

booth at Donnybrook, may be softened as time advances. The rights of goats may not again be vindicated by a solemn sentence of death for their violation. Barristers for the future may retire when age and infirmity have rendered them incompetent to discharge their duties. Those abuses which notoriously have happened may not be frequent hereafter; but it is unlikely that the average of our sessions' judges will be materially improved.

The very extent and variety of jurisdiction entrusted to an assistant-barrister, even now, aggravates many of these evils. His court is not merely a court of law; it is a court of equity for the defendant always, and in legacy cases a court of equity to which a plaintiff may resort. He presides, usually alone, in the crown court, at quarter sessions. The extent of his duties there may be judged of by looking at "*Burn's Justice*"—the English quarter sessions' text-book—containing about 7,000 pages of marvellously close print.* Peculiar duties are also entrusted to him by various acts of Parliament, some, *ex. gr.* the registration of voters, requiring no small degree of knowledge. It is proposed now to add the administration of a portion of the insolvent law. In England it is considered that the knowledge required to form an accomplished common lawyer and a learned equity lawyer cannot be well held in the same head, and the practitioners and judges of the law and equity courts are divided into distinct classes. What is to be said of an Irish assistant-barrister, who is expected to combine an intimate knowledge of the business of Chancery and the Common Pleas, with that of the Crown side of the Queen's Bench, and occasional exercises in the law administered by election and railway committees, with the practice of police-office, and the Insolvent Court? The admirable Crichton might have shrunk from such an office.

The effects of the petty court system on the character of the Irish people is not to be overlooked. In many counties the civil bill courts have been justly characterised as sinks of perjury. A

* In Ireland the criminal jurisdiction of quarter sessions is theoretically a little more extensive than in England, and in practice a graver class of offences are returned for trial there. The miscellaneous duties are somewhat different, but about equally numerous, poor law questions excepted.

recent English writer on the law of evidence (Taylor) remarks the proneness of the Irish to false swearing, and he seems to impute it to their having been an enslaved people, or descended from the Carthaginians! Those who know the country better can find a more probable explanation in the plain tendency of the civil bill courts. The trifling degree of preparation and increased chances of surprising an adversary; the hasty and imperfect investigation, and lessened danger of detection; the small importance attached to each case, and consequent improbability of prosecution or punishment; the fatal frequency with which an oath is appealed to, and the absence of the respect and awe which a more solemn tribunal inspires—all contribute to produce an habitual trifling with truth. In other tribunals the Irish are not more prone to falsehood than the average of witnesses of other countries. The little credence to be given to civil bill witnesses is proverbial.

The civil bill code has also mainly contributed to that social curse of Ireland, the over-letting of land. The fatal facility with which a tenant can be turned out of possession* removed one strong inducement to a landlord to care for the character or study the welfare of his tenantry. He only considers who is the highest bidder, trusting to the powers of civil bill ejectments as an indemnity against serious loss. A similar cause has created in many counties a race of country usurers, and no Verisopht was ever more certain of ruin in the hands of a Nickleby, than a farmer in the power of one of these rustic Shylocks. The money-lender has often a partner or relative practising at sessions, and by having two or three sureties on each promissory-note, and processing them all, immediately on non-payment, he adds, to the enormous discount, a considerable profit in the way of costs.

It would not be difficult to add many more objections of equal or greater force to the petty court system. It will be observed that the foregoing have little connexion with any peculiarities in the details of civil bill practice. Defects in these, too, suggest themselves,

but they are capable of improvement, and do not so forcibly illustrate our proposition, that the extending of such jurisdictions cannot be as beneficial as facilitating the approach to higher tribunals.

What advantages then countervail these defects? Two, viz., that the proceedings in minor courts are simple and cheap. Any argument for extending their jurisdiction, founded on the merit of simplicity, admits of an easy answer. The practice of the civil bill courts is either better or worse than the course of proceedings in the Four Courts. If better, it is manifest the latter should not be reserved for the cases, admittedly, of greatest importance, but should be forthwith assimilated to the improved practice, or else the important cases should be tried at Sessions and the petty ones in the Queen's Bench and Chancery. But, if the simpler procedure be the worse of the two, then it affords an argument against and not for the extension of the jurisdiction in which it prevails. So far as the merits of simplicity, as distinguished from cheapness, of practice are in question, it is plain the amount in dispute can make no difference. The process which most conduces to the ends of justice, in a dispute about £60, must have the same merit in a dispute about £30. The merit then consists in cheapness, and cheapness alone.

We are far from undervaluing the advantages of cheapness in a tribunal. It alone has been sufficient, at all times, to bring suitors to the very worst classes of petty courts, with scarcely any other inducement. To the poor, especially, it is of paramount importance. To them expense absolutely closes the doors of justice, and this one merit of cheapness is quite sufficient in the civil bill courts, regarded as the poor man's tribunal, to counterbalance all their concomitant evils. In our system, to cheapen is to facilitate the road to justice, and should be mainly kept in view in every law reform. How far then is it possible to cheapen the proceedings in our superior courts, so as to answer the object proposed by extending the jurisdiction of civil bill courts?

* The number of civil bill ejectments brought within the last three years appears, by a recent parliamentary return, to be 32,531! The remedy has, unfortunately, become indispensable to landlords now to protect them from absolute robbery.

The expenses incident to obtaining justice are of two very different kinds: first, what is paid for the privilege of having recourse to the tribunals, which is of course paid directly or indirectly to the supreme power in the state, or some emanation from it; and secondly, what is paid for the investigation and proof of each side of the dispute, which includes the expenses of advice, witnesses, advocacy, &c. It is the first class of expenses alone which can make any essential difference between the costliness of any two courts. The advantages to be purchased by the second class of expenses must either be dispensed with or paid for equally in any form of tribunal, and their price must always vary mainly with their quality. Indeed so far as the nature of the court can at all influence the cost of advice or advocacy, supposing them equally good, it will be higher the more petty the tribunal. Men will always be willing to incur expenses of this second class in proportion to the value they set upon the subject of dispute; they are therefore naturally more liberally given the larger the property at stake. Any limit to the price at which men may purchase such services would plainly be a grosser act of tyranny than the worst sumptuary law that ever was passed. How far a suitor should be allowed to make a defeated adversary bear the expense of his own liberality is another question, to which we will recur presently. All that is here insisted on is, that the nature of the tribunal in which a suit is decided has no necessary connexion with these expenses, which can be reduced only by foregoing to an equivalent extent the advantages which they purchase.

But with respect to the first class of expenses the case is widely different. They constitute the essential difference between the expenses of any two tribunals, and are the imposts by the removal of which the first steps are to be taken towards legitimately cheapening justice.

Fees directly payable to the judges have been abolished. Law taxes as a source of general revenue have been in theory abandoned. The state, since 1824, has professed to perform that great function of government, the administration of justice, on the same principle on which it performs any other duty of government, at the expense of the nation at large. But unfortunately the change has been little more than in theory; for though the judges are paid out of the consolidated fund, their salaries are levied off the suitors just as certainly as when they were paid directly. Though taxes on justice, as a source of general revenue, are admitted to be among the very worst sources of revenue that could be selected, yet such taxes continue. It may be stated as a general proposition, that no step can be taken in any of our superior courts without subjecting the suitor to this impost. In our law courts they bear the name of "law fund duties," and in our equity courts, "chancery fund." The proportion which these taxes bear to the entire expense of a suit may be judged of by looking at any bill of costs. In the commencement of an action they are lighter, yet in proceeding to judgment in an undefended case they constitute from a fourth to one-half of the entire costs, according to the form the proceedings may assume. Yet it is in the law courts that they are comparatively least oppressive. In chancery the compulsory charges are enormous. Of the costs of preparing a Master's report the fees and stamp duties considerably exceed the amount allowed to remunerate all the labour bestowed on it. By the mode in which these charges are paid—being advanced by the solicitor and then charged in his bill of costs—the public are wheedled into the notion that the state really does what it professes to do, and gives its part in the administration of justice for nothing, whereas the suitor is really subjected to a grievous extortion.*

* Law taxes as a general source of revenue were abolished in 1824 by the Statute 5 Geo. IV. c. 41. The law fund duties originated in 1821, under Stat. 1 & 2 Geo. IV. c. 112; the chancery fund duties in 1823, under Stat. 4 Geo. IV. c. 78. In Chancery the fees are more exorbitant than the stamp duties. By the rules of the court attested copies are required of almost every proceeding, and for these the official charge is 6d. for every seventy-two words! The copying of seventy-two words is handsomely remunerated at 1d., which is about the rate charged for it in the Incumbered Estates Court. £100 is not unfrequently paid at one step for official charge in Chancery!

The pretext on which these imposts are continued appears from the preamble of the statutes imposing the law and chancery fund duties. It is that the salaries and compensations of the judges and certain officers of the courts (some of their offices having been the most outrageous abuses) are now borne by the Consolidated Fund, and it is reasonable that suitors, in lieu of abolished fees formerly payable to those judges and officers, should be charged by the state. It is, on the contrary, most unreasonable. If it was wrong that the abolished fees should be paid into the court directly, it is worse that they should be paid to the state; it is continuing the grievance with the superadded iniquity of a lie, the state professing to pay what it does not pay. Every argument used against any other law tax raised as a source of revenue, applies with equal, if not greater force, to the continuance of such taxation under this pretext.

Bentham characterised law taxes as "that way in which, by the taking out of the pockets of the people a given sum of money, the greatest possible quantity of mischief is produced." Every modern political economist agrees in the proposition, that they are the worst, or among the worst, sources of revenue that can be selected. Mr. Mill, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, thus deals with them:—

"In the enumeration of bad taxes a conspicuous place must be assigned to law taxes, which extract a revenue for the state from the various operations involved in an application to the tribunals. Like all needless expenses attached to law proceedings, they are a tax on redress, and, therefore, a premium on injury."

And he justly considers the existence of such taxes in the form of fees to court equally objectionable; and that the argument that those may fairly be required to bear the expense of the administration of justice who reap the benefit of it, is a fallacy:—

"Those," he says, "who are under the necessity of going to law are those who benefit least, not most, by the law and its administration. To them the protection which the law affords has not been com-

plete, since they have been obliged to resort to a court of justice to ascertain their rights, or maintain those rights against infringement, while the remainder of the public have enjoyed the immunity from injury conferred by the law and the tribunals, without the inconvenience of an appeal to them."

Imposts on law proceedings have the worst features of the worst indirect taxes. A law tax is a tax on the chief of necessities—justice. It is not levied on affluence, but on distress. It wants the chief merit of an indirect tax—the capability of being paid by degrees. If bread be taxed a man may buy half a loaf to escape starvation; he cannot have half of a writ to escape ruin. Though he has paid £100 taxes in the progress of a suit, if he fails with the shilling for the final order it is all lost. The abundance of other things is limited by being taxed; justice is thus denied. He who cannot pay the tax to the last penny is outlawed. It is impossible to foresee when this tax will be required, or to provide for it; no man can prophesy when he will be the victim of litigation, or to what extent; it comes generally at the very time when the tax-payer can least afford it. It tends to make the result of a suit not dependent on the merits of the litigants, but the length of their purses.

These are a few of the objections to such charges. Their apologists defend them on the allegation that they are a check on litigation; that the state gives a *quid pro quo* in enforcing the rights of litigants; that it is reasonable that they who benefit by courts should pay for them, and that the expense ultimately falls on the wrongdoer. These are common, but plain fallacies. So far as such an impost deters men from asserting their rights, it is simply a preventive of justice; and so far as the object of litigation is to inflict a wrong, such an impost absolutely encourages it. A man with an unfounded claim is likely to extort just in proportion to the mischief he can do by asserting it. A man resisting a righteous claim is likely to succeed just in proportion to the chance he has of wearying out or ruining his adversary. The more costly litigation is made, the

* "On the Art of packing Juries." See his "Protest against Law Taxes," published in 1795.

more effectual the weapon which is put into the hands of the oppressor or the rogue. If trivial litigation is to be discouraged, then, the smaller the demand the heavier the court charges should be; the cheap tribunals should be for large and not small demands. It is not the man who has the misfortune to be driven to a court of justice that benefits by it; he is the very man who benefits least by it; it is the thousands whose rights are acquiesced in and who are honestly dealt with, because courts exist, who benefit most from them. It has been truly said, that "to throw upon the suitor the expense of administering justice, in addition to the trouble and risk of suing for it, is as if, in case of an invasion, you were to take the inhabitants of the frontier, and force them not only to serve for nothing, but also to defray the whole expenditure of the war." The dispute is generally about some doubtful point; and every man whose rights are settled by the decision derives equal advantage from it, and this in addition, that he gains the advantage without the anxiety and risk which the litigant is exposed to. When the first case was decided as to the liability of provisional committeemen, it was not Mr. Reynell alone who should pay for settling a question affecting the thousands of committeemen and railway contractors over the whole kingdom, whose mutual rights were ascertained for them by the decision. He who is in the wrong does not, in any sense, always pay such taxes; each party advances his share of them, and ultimately bears a large proportion. The payment should at least not be enforced, on this ground, until it is ascertained who is in the wrong. If you make him who is in the wrong pay for instituting a suit, you make him who is in the right pay for defending it. But who is in the wrong? In ninety-nine out of a hundred litigated cases each party believes he is in the right; it can hardly be wrong to act on that belief. It is only when law is resorted to to compel a man to do what he admits he ought to do, that either litigant is really in fault. Most cases—all the expensive ones in which law taxes are most grievous—arise on doubtful rights; and when the law is

doubtful, the parties are made to pay for its defects, that is, for the fault of the state.

Authority and principle, then, are alike against imposts on justice, in whatever form they are levied, and under whatever pretext. The amount levied in the Four Courts, in stamp duties, in the last year (1850), one in which there was, from the circumstances of the country, a considerable decrease in litigation, was £60,791 7s. 8d; of which £42,548 7s. 1d. was levied by the law fund duties, and the remainder by the chancery and exchequer fund duties. Yet these are only a portion of the compulsory payments. There are other fees to the courts, not payable through the Stamp-office, which in Chancery are most oppressive and exorbitant, and, though abolished as a general rule in the law courts, are even there payable in a few instances. A guinea, or half-a-guinea, continues payable (according to circumstances) on every verdict at assizes to the judge's crier, usually his domestic servant. This is simple extortion.

The broad proposition is plain—to provide the means of deciding the disputes of the community is a duty of the state, and the burden, like that of other state duties, should be borne by the whole community. Abolish, then, all such charges. They alone are that which renders any one tribunal necessarily more expensive than another. It is, no doubt, the course, in our system of law, to make the defeated party bear a large portion of the other expenses incurred in litigation. If it is considered that the costs thus imposed bear too large a proportion to the demand, when the latter is small, it is easy to limit the amount, which is, in such cases, to be allowed against an adversary, leaving the litigant, who chooses to expend more for additional care bestowed on his case, to pay it himself. If the procedure by civil bill is sufficiently certain for common demands under £50, let such cases be heard without any pleadings, after simply issuing a writ of summons and serving a bill of particulars. No further expense need be incurred prior to the decision; and by allowing the party defeated a reasonable time after the

* Bentham, "Protest against Law Taxes."

decision to pay, he need be put to no other expense, except for his wilful default; and even if further proceedings to judgment and execution are necessary, the costs might be exceedingly small, if stamp duties were removed.* Such a plan would be to make good law cheap; not, as is now proposed, to make bad law plenty. It would be to afford equal rights to all; not, as is proposed, to keep the good tribunal as a luxury for the rich, and have a bad one for the economical.

A clause is now first proposed to make it obligatory on plaintiffs to sue by civil bill when the demand is under £20, at the peril of losing all costs. Such provisions amount, in substance, to denying justice to the poor. £20 is as much to a poor man with £100 a-year income, as £200 to a man whose income is £1000. Have they equal justice, when the one must peril the fifth of his income before Barrister Blunderhead, unsided, at some remote sessions, and the other has his fifth adjudicated on by the Queen's Bench, and advocated with adequate skill? What is a trifling demand depends on its proportion to the wealth of the individual, not on its intrinsic amount. Even though the selection of the worse tribunal is optional to a plaintiff, it is necessarily compulsory on the defendant. He cannot help himself. A plaintiff having a doubtful claim, and being advised that the law is against him, will, of course, select the most incompetent tribunal he can find as the one in which he will have the best chance of success. The defendant is dragged there without any power of choosing a better, though by the inefficiency of the court he may be literally robbed.

What is above suggested relates to suits which involve some questions of fact or law—in which courts are resorted to to *decide* rights. As to undefended suits, or cases in which courts are resorted to merely to *enforce* rights (the object in reference to which mercantile men are apt, almost exclusively, to regard them), it is still easier to suggest modes of lessening their expense. When a man is served with a writ, stating that a demand is made against him, if he does not sig-

nify his intention of disputing it, why should any other form be gone through except the writ which compels him to pay? The entering of parliamentary appearances, filing declarations, &c., in such cases, being all done behind the defendant's back, serve no useful purpose, and merely accumulate trouble and expense. An affidavit, before execution issued, of the amount believed to be due, would be a far better protection against oppression, and cost as many pence as those useless forms cost pounds.

There is one objection to such changes, no doubt. The support of our tribunals must be paid for from some fund; and no man should ask the repeal of a tax until he can propose a better. It might, perhaps, be answered, that justice is a commodity more to be favoured than whiskey, or even soap or paper; and that among the rival interests squabbling for the benefits of the surplus revenue, creditors and litigants should be heard. But, so far as the proposed transfer of jurisdiction to the civil-bill courts is concerned, the question does not arise; for the loss is to be incurred at all events. All we propose is, to cheapen the proceedings in the good tribunals by remitting the amount of extorted payments which is about to be abandoned by adopting the bad.

There is a popular phrase applied to petty courts, which many conceive to imply a commendation—viz., “local and expeditious.” If by “local” is meant that the court is easily applied to, it is not more applicable, nor as applicable, to civil bill courts, than to the superior courts. Every attorney is, by law, obliged to have a registered office in Dublin; and it is easier to write for a writ, than travel to the county town for a process. But if by “local” is meant that the court sits where it is most convenient that the trial should be held, it is absolutely false when applied to petty, as distinguished from the superior, courts. If a defendant's residence be the most convenient locality in which a case can be tried, the superior court can have it tried there. But in many—perhaps, most cases of demands of £50—it is

* At the professional meetings held in reference to the Civil Bill Extension Act, specimens of bills of costs of an entire action, even following the present course of proceeding, were submitted, which, on demands under £50, would not exceed £11.

not so. If a Dublin merchant sells goods to a Donegal gentleman, all the materials required for the trial—his books, his clerks, his witnesses—are in Dublin. If the case is tried in Donegal, they must all be brought there at a vast increase of expense and inconvenience. The English County Courts Acts endeavour to provide against this difficulty, by allowing the plaintiff an option of not resorting to them when he resides at twenty miles distance, or the cause of action has arisen out of the district. But how are we to guard against similar inconveniences to a defendant? It is plain, therefore, that fixity of the place of trial is a positive defect in a court. So of the phrase “expeditious.” If it means that decisions at quarter sessions are hastily made, it may be true, but is by no means commendatory; but if it means that a less period elapses between the time when a suitor requires the aid of the court and can have his suit determined, it is absolutely untrue. Since the passing of the Process and Practice Act, a case is tried in the superior courts in three weeks or less. The civil bill court sits but once in as many months. If an appeal from the presiding judge is required, it is, in the superior courts, determined in the ensuing term: in the civil bill court it must wait, perhaps, six months, until the following assizes. The same ratio of expedition holds in undefended cases.

This question is one in which all men are interested. The mode in which the law is administered is of more general interest than almost any part of the code administered. Any particular unjust law is felt by the few individuals only to whose circumstances it applies, but every citizen is a sufferer by the incompetency or costliness of the tribunals to which all must resort. A member of parliament with £20,000 lent on securities, and £20,000 more in the foreign funds, may laugh at his creditors, who cannot enforce one penny of their demands; a technical special demurrer, at most, causes a loss of but a few pounds and a little delay; yet special demurrers are justly complained of as the greater hindrance to justice of the two, for every suitor is exposed to them, whereas but few are defrauded by wealthy members of parliament. There is no man who may not suffer from defects in the tribunals

of the country, for no man can be insured against the danger of disputed rights.

The proposed extension of the civil bill jurisdiction has been unequivocally condemned by almost every class in the community, at this side of the channel, capable of forming a correct opinion on the subject. In the last year a meeting of the bar, attended by almost every practising member of the profession, was unanimous in their disapproval of it. More recently, in the last month, meetings of the other branch of the profession, the attorneys and solicitors, concurred in the condemnation. The most eminent mercantile associations in Dublin discountenance it; and mercantile men throughout Ireland look on it with disfavour. A plan based upon our principles for cheapening suits for less than £50, would, no doubt, be an undertaking of some difficulty. It would need much practical knowledge, and extensive communication with, and aid from, judges and professional men. It could not be hastily prepared by the ignorant, and sulkily supported by the idle; nor could it be successfully steeped in the morning. But however unacceptable to official incapacity or indolence, it would meet general approbation, and is quite practicable.

Among the popular frensies of the day, one is, that they who are least acquainted with a system are the most competent to improve it; and it follows, as a corollary, that lawyers are the worst of law reformers. Many do not yield to this absurdity, yet believe that lawyers are unwilling to see changes made in the law. This opinion is utterly unfounded. The most zealous law reformers, at all times, have been among the ablest lawyers. In the vast strides of improvement in our legal system, in the quarter of a century following 1820, did any lawyer raise his voice against the changes made?

We have abstained from criticising in detail the Attorney-General's bill. So far as it is what he stated it to be, a consolidation of former Acts, it is the humblest species of legislation, but unquestionably desirable. It has scarcely another feature which deserves commendation. It proposes, in civil bill trials, to extend to all cases the power (which at present exists in ejectment cases only) of summoning witnesses living out of the county. This is to be done

by a summons from the clerk of the peace at the peril of a £10 fine, to be sued for in the county where the witness resides. The policy of subjecting an inhabitant of Antrim to be summoned by the clerk of the peace, or the clerk of the clerk of the peace of Kerry, and any man to be summoned to thirty-three places simultaneously, with perhaps all his employer's books and accounts, may well be questioned; and the ludicrously cumbrous process by which obedience is to be enforced, is an illustration of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, before alluded to, of conferring on petty local tribunals the efficacy of central courts. The limit of £50 is adopted from the English County Courts' Act. Considering the relative wealth of the two kingdoms, £30 would be nearer the amount which should be fixed, applying the same standard to both. Even in England the amount of £50 has been justly objected to, as including a class of mercantile debts very different from the simple dealings out of which demands for £20 ordinarily arise, and a class wholly unfit for minor tribunals.

Another new principle in the Attorney-General's measure is, the introduction of stamp duties in civil bill proceedings, taxing, as we have already shewn, the very worst subject of taxation.

But a lengthened criticism of the details of the measure is foreign to the purpose of these observations. We abstain even from alluding to the supposed ultimate object of withdrawing business from the Four Courts, or the general alarm which the suspicion of a design to remove them to Westminster has awakened. There are those who believe in a scheme to reduce the importance, and scatter the members of the legal professions, until they will be too insignificant, and too divided, to resist this great climax of centralisation. But we wish not to enter into a wider field, or to touch on any phase of the question but the one. Our object is to direct attention to the false principle on which the extension of these petty jurisdictions proceeds; to point out the true road to cheap justice, and to guard our readers against that worst of counterfeits—low priced litigation.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO V.

ON THE DRAMAS FROM THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE popularity of the Waverley Novels, their animated dialogue, great variety of character, and, in many instances, their strong dramatic features, rendered them very eligible subjects for stage concoction, as Garrick used to call it; and a mine of wealth they have proved in repeated instances. After two or three experiments, all attended with the most marked success, no sooner did a novel appear by the Great Unknown, than adaptations of it, at all the theatres, major and minor, in every conceivable form, were instantly put in preparation, announced, and presented, with incredible rapidity, and as if by the agency of steam pressure. Like every other favourite subject, they were pushed a little too far, and now and then became drugs in the market; but in the aggregate, no class of dramas have ever been so generally well received, or have produced such large sums of money to the speculators.

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The first in the field was *Guy Mannering*, brought out at Covent Garden, on the 12th March, 1816, as an operatic play in three acts; the music by Bishop, whose celebrated Gipsy Glee, "The Chough and Crow," will ever rank among his happiest efforts. The beautiful poetry of this glee is taken from one of Miss Baillie's tragedies, and the expressive language materially enhances the composition. The drama is put together, very skilfully, by the late Daniel Terry, with some assistance and contributions from the author, as has been often supposed. Terry was well known to be on very intimate terms with Sir Walter Scott, and one of the chosen band to whom the secret of his authorship was imparted at an early period. *Guy Mannering* was supported by a host of talent, both in the vocal and acting departments, including Miss Stephens, Miss Matthews, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Egerton,

Abbott, Sinclair, Liston, Blanchard, Simmons, Tokely, and Emery. Such an array of names we shall never see again collected in one theatre. The free-trade principle has rendered it impossible. Genius is a close borough, with a very limited constituency. Theatres may be built by act of parliament, at the corner of every street, but actors are not producible through a similar fiat.

The play met with unbounded success, and still continues in favour with the public. Some years after, another version of *Guy Mannering*, under the title of the *Witch of Darnclough*, was produced at the Lyceum Theatre. In this, a different series of incidents was selected of a more melodramatic cast, and *Dirk Hatteraick*, excellently well acted by T. P. Cooke, was rendered the prominent character. Some thought this the better play of the two, but time has decided differently. It has passed into oblivion, while the other retains its popularity. Sir Walter Scott was so much pleased with the first adaptation, that he christened it the art of *Terryfying*, and ever after spoke of similar attempts as *Terryfications*, even where his friend and confidant had no hand in their construction.

The next was *Rob Roy Macgregor*, by Pocock, an experienced dramatist; another operatic play, the success of which even surpassed that of its precursor, and afforded to Mr. Macready, then a new actor, fighting his way on the London boards, one of the earliest opportunities of proving his original genius. This came out also at Covent Garden, on the 12th March, 1818. I have heard Pocock lament, when rich and independent, that *Rob Roy* was not subject to the author's fees, being antecedent to the provisions of the Dramatic Authors' Act, and by which he said he lost a handsome annuity. I dare say it has been repeated oftener than any play within the memory of the present generation. I have, in my own course of practice, enacted the bold outlaw 173 times.

Rob Roy was followed by Dibdin's version of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, which appeared in the shape of a melodrama, at the Surrey Theatre, in 1819, and had an enormous run, principally owing to the excellent acting of Miss Taylor, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Egerton. Terry's play on the same subject at Covent Garden, was a comparative

failure, chiefly because he departed from the materials before him, and drew on his own invention. His adaptation of the *Antiquary* (from the groundwork of Pocock), was more successful. This last was acted on the 25th Jan., 1820.

Then came the *Children of the Mist*, in which Liston was the Dugald Dalgetty; *Kenilworth*, where Mrs. Bunn appeared a living type of Queen Elizabeth; and *The Maid of Judah*, with Mrs. Wood, both in singing and acting, glorious as the high-souled Rebecca.

Innumerable others followed in succession, and almost keeping pace with the novels as they issued from the press; but it is unnecessary to notice all in detail. The most successful were invariably those which most closely embodied the characters and incidents of the tales they were compiled from, as, for instance, in the cases of *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, and the drama of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. The libretto of the opera founded on the last named subject, with Donizetti's beautiful music, is a sad mistake. Except in the single scene of signing the contract, there is but a scant resemblance to the original, while the total omission of the mother, Lady Ashton, the controlling agent and presiding evil genius, weakens and changes the *feeling* of the entire story. If the names of the characters were not preserved, the interest so completely loses its identity that it would be difficult to connect this meagre outline with the power and depth of colouring in the mighty master.

While the dramas from the Waverley Novels pleased everywhere, and drew money to the managers throughout the kingdom, in Scotland, as was likely, they found their strongest hold. *Rob Roy* was produced in Edinburgh with great care, in February, 1819, and ran for forty-one nights without intermission. It was admirably acted throughout, and introduced to that most critical audience a performer who has never been equalled in his particular line—Charles Mackay. His Bailie Jarvie was not acting, it was nature, the man personified in living identity, as if he had sat for the picture, and the author had held him in his eye while drawing it. Liston was the admired of the Londoners, and an admirable artist too. His humour was peculiarly his own, and his Dominie

Sampson was irresistible; but Mackay was the Baillie of Sir Walter Scott, as he himself often most emphatically declared. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to an actor was when the Great Unknown, at the dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, threw aside his useless incognito, publicly owned himself the author of the works long believed to be his, and proposed the health of Mackay, in his character of the Baillie, in the following terms:—"I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters of which I have endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend Baillie Nicol Jarvie; and I am sure when the author of *Waverley* and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed." The talents of Mackay were by no means confined to his representation of exclusively national characters. In Dominie Sampson, Cuddie Headrigg, Caleb Balderstone, Dalgerty, Richie Moniplies, Jock Howison, &c. &c., he was far beyond any of his contemporaries, and, in a large range of miscellaneous parts, equal to many in the foremost rank. I have seen him play Rolamo, in *Clari*, Old Dornton, in *The Road to Ruin*, and others of that cast, with a power and pathos which everybody acknowledged. I feel happy at an opportunity of bearing my feeble testimony to the merits of an old friend and confederate; and should these pages meet his eye, he will, I am sure, be pleased to find that I have not forgotten the days of "auld lang syne," or the many reminiscences of what occurred when we dressed in "propinquity" in the same room. I introduced him to the Dublin audience; and although (as, I give to say, they seldom do) they did not fill the theatre, they felt his excellence, and applauded him to the echo. He has retired, happily, from the anxious avocations of theatrical drudgery, and is, I trust, what I always predicted he would be, "a warm little man." The last remaining of that "ould stock" is my first worthy employer and manager, William Murray, to whom I must, with an early opportunity, dedicate an exclusive leaf, which he is well worthy of, and which, I trust, he will

take as a tribute of old friendship. He, too, is about to retire (I wish I was!) and he leaves no actor like himself behind, in a long range of the most opposite characters.

There was, in the Edinburgh Theatre, at the time I have been alluding to, an actor, by name Denham, now dead, but who deserves to be remembered. I saw him first in a small country theatre, at Kelso, and recommended him strongly to Mr. Murray, who engaged him at a trifling salary on my showing, but soon promoted him when he discovered his merit. His Dandie Dinmont and Mucklebackit were masterly pieces of acting; and his King James, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, delighted the author almost as much as the Baillie Jarvie of Mackay. It was unique, one of those unexpected coincidences you never dream of, and greatly assisted by a natural thickness of utterance, a sort of Northumbrian, or border burr (which Sir Walter Scott himself had), in exact keeping with the physical peculiarities of the British Solomon. Neither let poor old Duff be forgotten, who has so lately "shuffled off this mortal coil," and whose Dougal Creature was equally commended by the same high authority. Perhaps he wanted but the right opportunity, at the right moment, to have made him a great man. The curtain has fallen, and no human reasoning can now decide the question; but that he had talent of a high order, and in a varied line, is unquestionable. Why it was permitted to waste itself in obscurity and indigence, and to be extinguished, in the winter of life, in utter helplessness, we know not, and have no right to inquire, but all, if they choose, may deduce from thence a salutary lesson. I met him first in Edinburgh, when I joined that company in 1819. Everybody said he was a clever man; all he did was done like an artist. I saw George the Fourth applaud his Dougal warmly. I left him in Edinburgh in 1824, and I found him again in neglect and obscurity, discharged from the Haymarket, in London, in 1830. I was then mustering forces for my first campaign in Dublin, he enlisted under my banners, and never left them until he received the final summons of a more imperative commander.

When George the Fourth visited Edinburgh, in 1822, he selected *Roy*

Rob for the performance, on the night of his attending the theatre in state; partly as a national compliment, and partly as a personal distinction to Sir Walter Scott, who had taken much

trouble with all the arrangements during the royal sojourn.

A copy of the bill, with the cast of the play, may not be wholly uninteresting to our theatrical readers:—

“THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

BY COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY.

This present Tuesday, August 27, 1822, will be performed the National Opera of
ROB ROY MACGREGOR;

OR,

AULD LANGSYNE.

With the original Music, and appropriate Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------------------|
| Sir Frederick Vernon, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Munro. |
| Rashleigh Osbaldistone, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Denham. |
| Francis Osbaldistone, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Huckel. |
| Captain Thornton, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Murray. |
| Major Galbraith, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Weekes. |
| Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Calcraft. |
| Baillie Nicol Jarvie, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Mackay. |
| Mr. Owen, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Roberts. |
| Mac Stuart, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Lee. |
| Dougal, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Duff. |
| Willie, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Master Hillyard. |
| Andrew, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Aikin. |
| Lancel, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Stanley. |
| Sergeant, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Hillyard. |
| Saunders Wylie, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mr. Power. |
| Helen Macgregor, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Renand. |
| Martha, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Miss J. Nicol. |
| Mattie, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Miss Nicol. |
| Hostess, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Mackay. |
| Jean M'Alpine, | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. Nicol. |
| Diana Vernon (for this night only), | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mrs. H. Siddons." |

There was no after-piece; the doors opened at six, and the performances were to commence at eight, or as soon after as the king arrived, who was always punctual. The crowd began to assemble with the dawn of day; at twelve it came on to rain, and rained incessantly until six; but “no thought was there of dastard flight;” money was offered for place in the throng, and indignantly refused; the “serried phalanx” maintained their array until the appointed hour, and within a few minutes after, the pit was densely packed; then arose from saturated garments a thick mist of damp and vapour, through which gas illuminations were but dimly seen, and which had scarcely dispersed when his Majesty entered his state box. We recollect looking out from the window of our dressing-room on that wet and wearied crowd, impatient and worn out, and saying to ourselves, as the highwayman did on his way to Tyburn, and knowing we were to act the leading part in a very different sort of drama, “You need not hurry, there’ll be no fun till I come.”

Of the performers whose names appear in the bill we have copied, not more than eight are now alive.

The play of *Rob Roy*, up to this date, has been acted in Edinburgh nearly 400 times; and in the provincial theatres of Scotland, more than one thousand. I remember seeing the 500th representation announced in a play-bill of Ryder’s at Perth, dated as far back as 1829.

The week before the arrival of the King, all Scotland poured into Edinburgh. It was impossible to walk the streets without being jostled off the curbstones, but like sensible and well ordered lieges, as they are, they crowded the theatre nightly. In six evenings, with no auxiliary attraction, above £1,000 was taken to the two old national and worn out dramas of *Rob Roy*, and the *Heart of Mid Lothian*. Then came Edmund Kean, who had been engaged long before there was any intimation or idea of a royal visit, and the houses, if possible, were fuller still. The great tragedian, then in the full zenith of his fame and powers, was naturally much chagrined

that one of his plays was not selected on the night of the Royal Command, and expected *Macbeth*. I thought he would have chosen to study Rob Roy for the occasion, which he had an undoubted right to do if he pleased, but I was not sorry to find he had no such intention. He was impressed with a most unfounded notion that the sovereign was personally hostile to him, and said to me, in conversation on the subject, with epigrammatic bitterness, "I am a greater man than I ever expected to be,—I have a king for my enemy!"

Some of the arrangements during the visit of George IV. to his northern capital gave rise to much talk at the time (people will talk), some criticism, and not a little astonishment. With a good deal to dazzle and astonish, there was also a large mixture of what was called by the profane "tomfoolery." Now that it has all passed into history, we think over these occurrences with cooler blood. Then the blood of the public exceeded fever heat, and the fever of the moment went to excite the whole nation into a belief that they were Highlanders. Why this was so, no one inquires now; but at the time, it looked very theatrical, and something overdone. We have heard it whispered that the King thought so himself; but the whisper was lost in the tumultuous acclamations, and the show and enthusiasm swept everything before them.

Among other "eccentricities of Edinburgh," his Majesty appeared in a kilt and blazing appointments of the Stuart tartan, on the morning of his grand levee at Holyrood House. That Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, should have assumed the Celtic costume was natural enough, seeing that his immediate supporters and adherents, in a disputed claim, were the Highland clans alone; but that George the Fourth should do so, in 1822, when representing the concentrated right of all the lineal claimants to the throne, as Queen Victoria does now, was surely an error in taste, if not in judgment. It was ministering to the vanity of a section, and at the expense of the majority. It seems a strange mistake to have persuaded the King, that the great barons and peers of Scotland, who in former ages constituted the pith and marrow of the kingdom, could be complimented by his wearing the

garb, which from early history they had always associated with the acts of lawless tribes and predatory invaders. In the ranks of the gallant 42nd, 79th, or 93rd, it looks equally comely and heroic; but in the halls of old Holyrood, except on the persons of the feudal chiefs and their retainers, it seemed like a theatrical mockery. It was also sadly diminished in consequence by more than one of its ill-chosen adopters. Some of the amateur Celts looked as if a breeze would have blown them far down the Firth of Forth; and more than one real Highlander of the Tails, when shouldered by the brawny yeomen of the borders, gave way, measuring his man, in muttering, but untranslatable indignation.

On the day of the grand entry, two private societies, the Celtic Club and the Royal Archers, occupied distinguished posts, immediately near the royal person. The gallant Scots' Greys, still glowing with the laurels of Waterloo, were pushed a little into the background; while a Highland clan immediately followed the state carriage, their pipers bursting with loyalty, and ready as the followers of the car of Juggernaut to die under the wheels of their idol, but in perfect innocence skirling forth an old Jacobite tune, which sounded very like—

"Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
De'll tak him that put him there."

But nobody minded particulars, and the meaning was the same, although the mode of showing it was a little contradictory. When Queen Victoria visited Dublin, in 1849—and seeing how all Ireland rushed madly up to the metropolis, as erst they did to Edinburgh, on a similar occasion—with the remembrance of what occurred there fully before me, I collected my company, and opened the theatre, getting also first-rate auxiliary aid, in the persons of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Wallack, and Buckstone. We brought out eleven new pieces, in as many nights. Circumstances interfered to prevent my being honoured with a command, and the experiment ended in a loss of £250. There was no inducing any one to think there was a place of in-door amusement in the city, while there was so much attraction in the streets, and it was impossible to foresee the unprecedented enthusiasm which multiplied illuminations every night during her Majesty's stay.

SPECIMENS OF EXTRAVAGANCE OR BOMBAST IN CELEBRATED WRITERS.

DR. JOHNSON, a great authority, delivers it as his opinion, that no book was ever yet printed so thoroughly worthless but that something useful may be extracted from its pages—"two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," as Bassanio says, in the *Merchant of Venice*, of the conversation of his friend Gratiano. Whether they are worth the sifting is another question. The result, in many cases, will chance to resemble the working of the Wicklow Gold Mines, which left the speculators with a heavy loss of time and outlay. The Doctor, it was said, possessed a faculty of turning over the leaves of any book he appeared to be reading, with seeming carelessness, and at the same time of extracting, without the labour of continuous perusal, all that was important. If we adopt his proposition, we shall find the converse equally demonstrable. The worst writers may have their moments of inspiration, but the best contain unworthy passages. Their flights are unequal. Apollo sometimes relaxes the strings of his bow; Homer indulges in occasional naps, and Milton becomes prosy and almost unreadable. Who, that speaks candidly, has not yawned over passages in the latter books of "*Paradise Lost*," and toiled through them more as a consummation than a "labour of love;" a sort of incumbent duty or work of necessity, rather than a voluntary recreation. The soundest authors, poets in especial, become occasionally turgid or tiresome. Horace allows the plea of drowsiness in a long poem,* but he nowhere tolerates extravagance or bombast. Amazing and almost incredible specimens of the latter quality may be quoted from the most celebrated poets and dramatists. Even the unapproachable Shakspeare is not entirely divested of this blemish, as we shall have occasion to show. The truth of the hypothesis we are assuming can only be borne out by illustrative examples. A few selections, taken at random, may be found both amusing and applicable.

Dryden furnishes, perhaps, as many cases as any great writer on the list. Here are two or three from his poems.

Speaking of the final judgment, he uses this strange imagery:

"When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky."

And in the "*Annus Mirabilis*," describing the English armament, he says:—

"To see this fleet upon the ocean move
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies,
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights
above,
For tapers bade two glaring comets rise."

In the tragedy of the *Conquest of Granada*, we find the following gradation of extravagances, working up to a fine climax of absurdity:—

"OSMYN.

While we indulge our common happiness,
He is forgot, by whom we all possess;
The brave Almanzor, to whose arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we shall do;
Who like a tempest that outrides the wind,
Made a just battle ere the bodies joined.

ABDALLA.

His victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish them as fast as he rough drew.

ABDIMILECH.

Fate after him below with pain did move,
And Victory could scarce keep pace above.
Death did at length so many slain forget,
And lost the tale, and took 'em by the great."

Contrast these passages with the following very magnificent one from *Palæmon and Arcite*, and it becomes difficult to suppose that both could have proceeded from the same parent brain. The poet describes a series of paintings from various well-known subjects, which adorn a temple of Diana erected for the grand combat or tournament given by Theseus at Athens, winding up with a description of a female in the pangs of maternity:

"Before her lay a woman in her throes,
Who called Lucina's aid her burden to disclose.
All this the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign,
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain."

* "Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum."—*De Arte Poetica*.

Ben Jonson becomes very wild indeed, when he exchanges his "learned sock," as Milton calls it, for the cothurnus of Tragedy. In *Sejanus his Fall*, we find this description of the potent minister's importance, by himself:—

"Great and high
The world knows only two, that's Rome
and I!

My roof receives me not, 'tis air I tread,
And at each step I feel my advanc'd head
Knock out a star in Heaven!"

Horace must have foreseen this flight, with the eye of prophecy, when he says "*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*;" or, what is more palpable, the erudite scholiast has copied the idea of the Roman poet without acknowledging it.

The two next are from *Catiline his Conspiracie*. Just before the last battle joins, Catiline addresses his companions:—

"Methinks I see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heavens at leisure

For the great spectacle. Draw then your
swords;

And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make Fate
While she tempts ours to fear her own estate."

The prodigies that attended the conflict, with the result, are thus described:—

"The furies stood on hills
Circling the place, and trembled to see men
Do more than they; whilst Pity left the field
Griev'd for that side that in so bad a cause,
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating to drive up
His frightened horse, whom still the noise
drove backward."

The state of terror ascribed here to the horse, reminds us of the lion quoted by Martinus Scriblerus:—

"He roared so loud, and looked so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him."

There was a poet called Sylvester, contemporary with Ben Johnson, well considered in his day, and better remembered now by a rhyming wager, rather too free for our pages, than by his poetry, of which the following may be taken as a sample:—

"Now when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltick Ocean,

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods."

In the "*Orlando Innamorato*" of "Boiardo," occurs a passage, which, with some mixture of humour, has seldom been equalled in absurdity. Here it is, original and translated. The translation will be found tolerably faithful, though not assuming to reach the terse expression of the original. The poet is speaking of Orlando's celebrated sword, Durlindana, which has just sliced an adversary in two, from occiput to os-coccygis, at a single blow:—

"Tanto era nel suo taglio graziosa,
Che quasi insieme tagliava, cuciva,
E'l suo ferire appena si sentiva.
Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
Questo Pagan, lo fa sì destramente,
Che l'un pezzo in su l'altro, suggelato
Rimase, senza muoversi niente;
E come avien, quand' uno e riscaldato
Che le ferite per allor non sente,
Così colui, del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto."

"So keen and so polite this matchless steel,
The wound it gave, the wounded scarce
could feel,

And when it struck, it almost seemed to heal.
Thus when Orlando split his Pagan foe,
With such dexterity he aim'd the blow,
The path his sword had made, so nicely clos'd,
That on *one* half the *other* still repos'd.
And as while rage inflates each boiling vein,
The ardent warrior loses sense of pain,
So this bold Pagan, after he was sped,
Went fighting on, not knowing he was dead."

Blackmore's "endless line" contains almost endless specimens of pure fustian; but as no one ever did, does, can, or will read his poems, so called, one instance must suffice—as the pedant in Hierocles carried a single brick in his pocket, to show the materials of which his houses were composed. The reader will, we have no doubt, think, as Prince Polignac did, when asked to bring Charles X. (then Count D'Artois) to see a *second* representation of Stephen Kemble's Macbeth, "Ah, ah! No, no! once of such fun is too much." The passage subjoined occurs in Blackmore's poem of "*Job*:"—

"The hills forget they're fixed, and in their
fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves
for flight;
The woods, with terror winged, outfly the
wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind."

We ought to apologise for introducing Blackmore among celebrated writers, with which honoured fraternity he has no claim to be enrolled. As his works will never be disinterred, and his name is even unknown to the present generation, the mention of it requires a glossarial note. We shall merely remind our readers that he was one of the physicians in ordinary to King William the Third, by whom he was knighted,* and that he wrote and published interminable epics, as he thought and designated them, and which, it was said, as he was in good medical practice, he composed to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels while paying his daily visits to his patients. How the unsaleable lumber must have weighed down his unhappy bookseller! He might have deprecated him, as Lord Byron does a prolific bard of his younger days—

"As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!"

From mad Nat. Lee, the most insane of all the votaries of Parnassus, we naturally look for inflated writing.

"Ye gods, annihilate both time and space,
And make two lovers happy,"

is not a bad specimen; but the celebrated rhapsody of Alexander on the passage of the Granicus is a better average sample. As Hart or Barry delivered this gigantic hyperbole, the pit shook to its centre, and the denizens of the neighbouring alleys thought there was an earthquake.

"Can none remember? Yes, I know all must!
When glory, like a towering eagle stood,
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood,—
Where war, and blood, and rapine fled before,
And the pale Fates, affrighted, left the shore;
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god!"

All this sort of thing, in "the good old times," produced thunders of applause, and excited the play-going public to a frenzy of delight. How a London audience, in 1851, would stare if either Knowles or Bulwer, in their next new play, should treat them to a few similar exuberances.

Rowe nearly rivals Lee in the following burst of Lord Guilford Dudley, in his tragedy of *Lady Jane Grey*, and which he professed to be written, with *Jane Shore*, in direct imitation of Shakspeare.

"Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common!"

If bets were taken as to who is the author of this, Lee or Rowe, the odds would rise five to one on mad Lee.

Corneille, the Shakspeare of France, as he is sometimes called, in his *Horace*, one of his acknowledged chefs d'œuvre, indulges in the following gahmatias, which, if it be not unmitigated rant, there is no value in epithets. Curiace, on ascertaining that he must fight with the brothers of his beloved, exclaims in despair:—

"Que désormais le Ciel, les Diables, et le Sort,
Préparent contre nous un generale effort!
J'y mis, pour faire pis, dans l'état ou nous sommes,
Et le Sort, et les Dieux, les Enfers, et les Hommes!"

Any one who has heard this passage given, as I have, with all the galvanic agonies of French tragic declamation, will not sleep without occasional starts for a week after, unless he uses some of the "drowsy syrups" or anodynes Iago alludes to when torturing his unsuspicious commander.

We are a little surprised to find the solemn, measured, and well-disciplined imagination of Dr. Johnson suffer Mahomet the Second to ascend to the following height in his otherwise cold, classic tragedy of *Irene*:—

"Could the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiad's golden chariot,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures."

How mercilessly he would have castigated this in another offender. "Now, sir," he would have said, "here we have sheer absurdity. The thing is utterly impossible. The power of Mahomet was, doubtless, astonishing, but it extended not to the realms of space, and was incapable of grappling with the firmament." Yet he refused to let this Mahomet lose his senses when forced to sacrifice his mistress, as Garrick, who at that time intended to enact the fiery Turk suggested, thinking it would animate and throw vigour into a heavy play. "Sir," said he, "the fellow

* "The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles."—Pope.

wants me to let Mahomet go mad in the fifth act, that he may have an opportunity of kicking up his heels and tossing his arms about, but I shall not indulge him." Perhaps it would have been better if he had. Garrick took the tamer part of Demetrius, and resigned Mahomet to Barry; but, with all their efforts, they could with difficulty keep Irene alive until the ninth and author's night. On that occasion the Doctor appeared "for that night only" in the stage-box, and in a gold-laced waistcoat.

There are few speeches in Shakespeare's acting plays more frequently quoted or more vehemently applauded, when delivered "with good emphasis and discretion," than Hotspur's grand flourish about honour, which (with all our reverence for the mighty bard) is a little too much in "Ercles' vein," and somewhat out of character; more in keeping with the wild, romantic imagination of the Welch Magician, Owen Glendower, than the blunt northern soldier, the straightforward, deed-doing, although impetuous Percy. This is flat heresy, perhaps, but we are open to conviction, and speak with becoming reserve:—

"By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the palefac'd
moon!

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might
wear,

Without co-rival, all her dignities."

Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," pronounces sentence of "utter bombast" on several of the most renowned passages in Sheridan's paraphrase of Kotzebue's Pizarro. Such as Cora's description of maternal ecstasy when her infant begins to see, to distinguish objects, to cut teeth, and to prattle. Elvira's soliloquy at the end of the third act, and Pizarro's speech in disregard of the opinion of posterity; to which speech, with unpardonable misrepresentation, he attributes exactly a contrary meaning. He says, contemptuously, "in one speech a warrior predicts that his bones will rattle in his grave with joy at his posthumous fame," and turns this idea into ridicule.

How does the fact stand? Elvira cautions Pizarro to pay some respect

to future fame, and not to sully his reputation by putting his prisoner, Alonzo, to death. He replies, "And should posterity applaud my deeds, think you my mouldering bones will rattle with transport in my tomb? No; this is renown for visionary boys to dream of. The fame I covet shall uphold my living estimation, o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes, advance my purposes, and aid my power." This appears to us exceedingly unlike bombast, but, on the contrary, good practical logic of the Tamerlane or Genghis Khan school, or of that of the usual disciples of the sword; but if Campbell thought differently, at least he should have read with common attention, and quoted correctly. But can we expect fair criticism in a writer so utterly heedless as to call the Stranger, *Mr. Haller*, and to say in his Life of Cowper, that he knows not to whom that poet alludes in these lines:—

"Nor he who for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn."

The poet of Hope should have been more guarded himself, when he deals in such slashing invective as to pronounce Dr. Parr a simpleton, John Pinkerton a charlatan, and George Chalmers equally destitute of learning and taste. Verily there is no brotherly love in the republic of letters. Boaden ("Life of Kemble") selects from Pizarro the identical passages Campbell condemns, for the most unqualified laudation, calling them "images of high emotion, expressed in the richest terms, though not in the metre of poetry." Perhaps the truth lies in the medium. They are neither contemptible nor of first-rate excellence, but suited to their place, and sufficient for the occasion. We are old-fashioned enough to like Pizarro still, with all its faults and incongruities, and think it better than two-thirds of the French adaptations which of late years have become so popular. There is an air of romance in the story, and effect in the stage arrangement, which never fail to please the audience, although the professed critics cavi; and all leading actors are partial to Rolla, who is one of the most popular of theatric heroes. Few plays in modern times have obtained so much celebrity. It was brought out late in the season, when only thirty-six nights remained for its run; yet it produced £15,000 to

the treasury of the theatre, and 30,000 copies were printed and sold.

The introduction of the name of Boaden reminds us, that as a dramatic writer he is perhaps entitled to the lowest place in the scale, of all whose crude conceptions have from time to time been sustained by a patient and long-suffering public.* We cannot for our lives detect a redeeming feature in one of them. He principally founded on the popular romances of the day; but how he obtained interest enough with the managers to get them acted is, and is likely to remain, a histrionic mystery. He appears to have been a sort of second class Boswell, on the staff of John Kemble, who, with Mrs. Siddons, once pilloried themselves into one of his abortions, called *Aurelio and Miranda*, being a dramatic version of Mat. Lewis's respectable novel of the "Monk." Speaking of this, Campbell says,† "It was well performed, and would have been well received, if the author had been more fortunate in his hearers; but the audience would not learn their parts. It was meant that they should be alternately sad and mirthful, the piece being tragi-comic. They, however, laughed at the most

tragic passages, and looked grave at the most comic." Boaden's *magnum opus* appears to have been aptly called *The Voice of Nature*, and founded on the judgment of Solomon, a subject ill chosen, and calculated to make the "unco guid" as Burns calls them, shudder. When he came to the green-room to be delivered of this prodigy, he said with complacency, "This time, at least, I think I have given Billy (meaning Shakspeare) the go-by." On another occasion he said to Mrs. Powell, who was to sustain a leading character in one of his inflections, "Surely, Madam, there can be nothing on earth so dreadful as reading a play to a company of performers." To which the lady, who had a ready wit, replied, "Oh, yes; there is one thing much worse—listening to it." But let us do justice. Boaden, though a bad dramatist, is not without literary merit. He was the first to detect the imposture of Vortigern and the Ireland fabrications, in a well written pamphlet, which anticipated the unwieldy volume of Malone. He wrote several amusing memoirs, and his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Shakspeare Portraits" is decidedly valuable.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

A ROYAL Commission has been, as our readers are probably aware, issued, or, to speak more correctly, *named*, to inquire into the present state of the University of Dublin. Yielding, apparently, to some external pressure, rather than to any internal conviction of the necessity of the measure, Lord John Russell has determined to include our University in the same category with her English sisters, and to institute in Ireland an investigation similar to that already in operation at the other side of the Channel.

Whether or not this measure was necessary, or what may have been the motives of those who pressed its adoption on the Prime Minister, we shall

not now stop to inquire. Whether the spirit in which it was first commenced was hostile or not, the University of Dublin has no just reason to complain of the act which entrusted the present inquiry to such men as the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Roose, the Bishop of Cork, Dr. Longfield, and Mr. Cooper; and if the investigation be carried on, as we hope and believe it will, in a spirit neither bigoted nor restless, we think we may venture to predict, that the University of Dublin will come from the ordeal with an increased capacity for usefulness, and certainly with an undiminished reputation.

Admitting, however, the wisdom of

* It is easier to speak with decision of what is inferior than what is excellent. We recollect once giving a gallery order to our printer's Devil, to see one of the numerous so-called "popular Irish comedians," who came to make us forget Tyrone Power. On asking him, the next day, the feeling of that most influential portion of the public, as to the new aspirant, he said, "Oh, sir, there was no division of opinion about him at all; he's decidedly the worst."

† Life of Mrs. Siddons.

the selection which has been made, we must, nevertheless, maintain that self-reform is ever the best reform. It is not enough that he who would undertake the task of effecting important changes in an institution like the University of Dublin, should be possessed of perfect honesty of purpose, and a general view of the object to be attained; it is not enough that his reforms should be in principle liberal and salutary; he must also have such an acquaintance with the practical working of the system which he desires to improve, as will enable him to estimate justly the several consequences of the measures which he proposes to introduce, and to select the most favourable time and means for their accomplishment. Without such knowledge, policy the most enlightened in principle may be in effect most disastrous. Without such knowledge, no one, how just soever his general views may be, is qualified to become a reformer. Such a combination of just and liberal principles with practical knowledge of detail we cannot indeed always hope to find. We must often be satisfied to accept an imperfect and even dangerous reform, where no other can be had; to prefer a hazardous experiment to the continuance of a useless or pernicious system. But if this combination can be found, if those who must be best acquainted with detail, have also shown that they are not deficient in the other qualities necessary to a reformer, it is surely no more than common prudence to entrust the task to their hands; or, if circumstances render that impossible, at least to allow great weight to any advice they may offer, as to the best mode of effecting the desired improvement.

These principles, the truth of which will hardly be disputed, seem naturally to suggest the means of determining, in what cases an institution like the University of Dublin needs reform *ab extra*, and when it may safely be permitted to reform itself. If the rulers of such an institution have shown themselves to be bigotedly averse to improvement—unable of themselves to see what is necessary—unwilling to listen to others, who may be better acquainted with the requirements of the age, then indeed the institution cannot safely be left to reform itself, and it becomes absolutely necessary to entrust to other hands the duty, which

its own rulers have not the power or the will to discharge. But if the true state of the case be the exact reverse of this—if it can be shown that, during a long series of years, the governing body of the University have constantly and successfully exerted themselves to give efficiency to its system, to provide a constant supply for the wants of an ever-changing age; if they have done this of their own free-will, without interference or compulsion, it is not wise, it is not just to take out of their hands the execution of a task, which they have shown themselves to be able and willing to fulfil. Which of these pictures is the true one, and whether the duty of a Commission should be to aid the Board of Trinity College in the work of reformation, or to supersede them, can only be determined by a reference to their past history; and if we add to this consideration the general importance of the subject, we shall need no further apology for engaging the attention of our readers in a brief review of the principal improvements, which have been effected in the University of Dublin during the present century. And as it is not our intention to pronounce any opinion as to the relative importance of the several branches of study cultivated in Trinity College, we shall consider these improvements in the order of time.

First in order of time, and not least in magnitude or importance, we may place the reformation of the Mathematical School. It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of European science, that during the greater part of the eighteenth century, while the schools of France and Germany were advancing with rapid strides in the cultivation of mathematical science, the same period in the British school was marked, if not by inactivity, at least by an absence of progress. How far this result may be traced to a too constant attempt to imitate the great master, whose methods, like the bow of Ulysses, are scarcely suited to a weaker hand, we shall not now stop to inquire. Suffice it to say that it was a reproach from which Trinity College was not exempt, and that between the point which then marked the bounds of mathematical science, and that which marked its limits as studied in the University of Dublin, there was to be found, in the year 1800, a hiatus of most de-

plorable extent. The higher branches of modern analysis were unknown; the works of Laplace and Lagrange were unintelligible, even to students of the first rank. Even for the attainment of a fellowship, the mathematical knowledge required was of a most limited character, as may be inferred from the well-known College anecdote, that upon one occasion the fellowship candidates proceeded in a body to the professor of mathematics, to ascertain whether he purposed to include the 27th, 28th, and 29th propositions of the sixth book of Euclid in the fellowship course. In a word, the Mathematical School may be said to have been non-existent. For the removal of this reproach, the University of Dublin is mainly indebted to the exertions of the late Provost, Dr. Lloyd, then a Junior Fellow. Abandoning the *via trita* which had proved so hopelessly barren, he introduced among the mathematical students the more fertile methods of modern analysis. He thus laid the foundation of the school. Succeeding labourers exerted themselves to complete what he had begun—none with more ability and success than the lamented Professor Mac Cullagh. The Mathematical School of Dublin advanced with sure and rapid steps, and in its present state, weakened though it is by the loss of him who was its brightest ornament, it is yet inferior to none in the United Kingdom.

In a reformation such as that here described, where so much depends upon individual exertion, the amount to be attributed to actual legislation must necessarily be small; still, however, the governing body of the University have not been inactive. By the institution of the gold medal in 1816, and subsequently by that of moderatorships in 1834, they have stimulated undergraduate exertion in the scientific field. Two professorships, of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, had long existed in the University upon the foundation of Erasmus Smith. One of these, the professorship of Mathematics, had been held by a Senior Fellow, and neither chair was intended to engross the entire attention of the professor, who, if a Junior Fellow, might still continue to be a tutor. The evil of this system,

which allowed the attention of the professor to be distracted by a variety of duties, was felt and remedied. The chairs of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy have been more richly endowed, and the Junior Fellow who holds either is required to give up his pupils, as well as any College lectureship which he may hold at the time of his election, and to devote himself undividedly to the duties of his professorship. A Queen's Letter has also been obtained, empowering the Board to dispense with the rule of seniority, and to call upon the two professors to take part in the fellowship examination. In practice the examination in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, is invariably conducted by them. The efficiency of the examination is thus secured in both these departments.

With the Mathematical School of Trinity College we trust that the Government will not be over-hasty to interfere. It is not, indeed, perfect, and we shall, before we conclude, point out at least one important particular in which we think it susceptible of much improvement; but let nothing be done which would in any way tend to impair its efficiency, or deprive it of the honour which at present attaches to it.

"Evil would be the day," says Professor Sedgwick, "for the science of the British isles, were the high honours given to mathematical learning by these two universities (Cambridge and Dublin) to lose their estimation through any change of system. The great mathematicians of Dublin will be true to their best interests; and Cambridge, I doubt not, through every moral and intellectual change, will continue true to the interests of high mathematical science. Its practical bearing on the business of life is universally admitted; and on this account we honour it; but we have higher motives for honouring it in our academic course,—as the guide to the highest forms of material truth; as an instrument to draw out the consequences of accumulated discoveries; as a check to wild hypothesis; and as a part of severe logic, of moral training, and of intellectual discipline."

Passing over minor changes and improvements which were from time to time effected, we come now to notice the most important reform which the

* "Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge." Preface to the Fifth Edition, p. cccxlii.

Board, in their legislative capacity, have as yet accomplished, we mean the reformation, or perhaps we should rather say foundation, of the Divinity School. It will scarcely be denied—it never has been denied—that among the many grave duties which devolve upon the University of Dublin, none is more weighty than the task of educating those who are destined “to serve in the sacred ministry of the Church.” We are far, indeed, from agreeing with those who would allow this duty, important as it is, to absorb all others, and thus convert a university into a theological college. The University of Dublin has many important functions to perform, and we cannot regard it as other than a false and dangerous policy to allow any one of them to usurp the attention which should be shared by all. Yet whether we consider the importance of the work in itself, the extent of its operation, or the intentions of those by whom Trinity College was founded, we can scarcely give, amongst her various duties, too high a place to the task of educating the clergy of the United Church. Let us now inquire what provision was made previous to the year 1833 for the discharge of this important task. We quote from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, vol. iii. p. 228 :—

“The writer is old enough to remember when all the education given in the University to theological students, candidates for holy orders, was a course of very elementary catechetical examination, twice a week during four terms, in certain parts of Bishop Burnet’s Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles. Besides this the Professor of Divinity read prelections, but attendance on these prelections was purely voluntary; it was not enforced by the University nor required by the Bishops; and, consequently, a very small proportion of the students ever attended them at all. Archbishop King’s Lecturer also read, or rather catechised, in some such book as Paley’s Evidences; but here, also, attendance was only required by the University from Scholars, and by the Bishops was not recognised at all; so that, virtually, the only professional knowledge absolutely enforced, the only theological information provided by the University for the future clergy of Ire-

land, as such, was whatever they could gather from Burnet’s most unsound and inaccurate book, in a period of four academic terms, beginning generally in November, and ending in the June following.”

That such a course of education was utterly inadequate to qualify the Irish clergyman for the discharge of his important duty, to enable him to combat successfully the varied forms of ignorance and error which he is destined to encounter at every step of his progress, it is impossible to deny; but, limited and imperfect as it was, we are not to suppose that the education given to the Irish divinity student was inferior to that given by any other university, or that in the improvements which have since then been effected, the Board of Trinity College have been merely endeavouring to raise the Divinity School to a level previously attained by similar institutions elsewhere.

“Whether (says the present Bishop of Ossory*) we compared our divinity students at that time with those that we formerly sent forth, or with any who were then issuing from any other place of learning, we should, I believe, have found abundant cause to be content with ourselves. But the question was happily considered and determined upon larger and sounder principles—upon the principles on which all such questions ought to be determined. Looking not at what we ourselves had done, or at what others were doing, but at what the exigencies of our own times required, and at what we were able to effect, the Provost and Senior Fellows determined upon important changes in this part of our system of education, by which the period of our divinity course was extended, the course itself very considerably enlarged, and considerable alterations made in the provisions for conducting it.”

What these reforms were, we learn from the article previously quoted from the *Ecclesiastical Journal*. After alluding to an improvement in the working of the former system, which shortly followed the appointment of the late Dr. Elrington to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, the writer proceeds:

“This laid the foundation of that most important measure, which was after-

* Introductory Lecture delivered in the Divinity School of Trinity College, Dublin, on the first Lecture Day of Michaelmas Term, 1837.

wards adopted under the provostship of the late Dr. Lloyd, and which has received the unanimous sanction of our prelates, the giving of a divinity testimonium, distinct from the testimonium of the degree, and requiring two years' residence and attendance on divinity lectures as necessary for obtaining this testimonium. This was followed by another very important regulation, the establishment of two examinations, one at the end of each year, in addition to the voluntary divinity examinations, at which prizes are given by the liberality of the Provost and Senior Fellows for distinguished answering.

"At present, therefore, the divinity student, to obtain the testimonium of the University, which the Bishops have agreed to require as necessary for holy orders, must pass through a two years' course of study; he must attend the prelections of Archbishop King's Lecturer, with the catechetical lectures of his assistants, during the first of these years; he must attend the prelections of the professor, and the catechetical lectures of the assistants, during the second year; and at the end of each year he must pass an examination in a prescribed course of study, embracing a competent knowledge of the Greek Testament, together with the Christian evidences, the Socinian, and Arian, and Romish controversies, the Liturgy, the Thirty-nine Articles, and Church history. The principal text-books now employed for these examinations are Butler's Analogy, Pearson on the Creed, Paley's Evidences and Horæ Paulinæ, Magee on the Atonement, Burnet on the Articles, Potter on Church Government, Bishop Taylor's Dissuasive against Popery, Wheatly on the Common Prayer, and Soames' edition of Mosheim's Church History. By this system a *minimum* of information is communicated, even to those who aim only at barely passing the examinations, which is certainly far from contemptible; whilst it enables the more intelligent and industrious to carry away an amount of learning which forms a most excellent foundation for future study, and a very respectable preparation for their ministerial labours."

It is unnecessary to add anything to the foregoing statement of the principles upon which the Divinity School of Trinity College is at present conducted. The ample time allowed, the judicious selection of text-books, and the happy combination of the several methods of prelection, catechetical lecture, and examination, must ensure its success. As a proof that it *has* been successful, we may mention the fact

that several English Bishops have said, that at their ordination examinations they have found no men so well prepared as the divinity students of the University of Dublin.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than glance at the improvements which have been effected in the Schools of Law and Medicine. In the former of these the Board have, in conjunction with the Benchers of the Queen's Inns, exerted themselves to establish an efficient system of lectures for law students. Additional professorships have been founded; and although the system is still too much in its infancy to allow us to judge of its working, we have no doubt that it will produce a highly beneficial effect upon the legal profession. In the Medical School the Board have recently resolved to throw open, without special fees, to all students having their names on the roll-book, the courses of lectures delivered by the University Professors, so far as they are required for the degree of M.B. They have likewise founded a new professorship (in surgery), and an *Herbarium* in the botanical department, to the care of which Dr. Harvey has been appointed. Prizes for proficiency in the several branches of medical study have been for some years established, and are found to work well.

No science has of late attracted more attention than Engineering. The great increase of railways, which forms so distinguishing a feature of our age, had so elevated the importance of the engineer, that it soon became necessary to provide increased facilities and a higher sort of education for those who destined themselves to that profession. For this want the Board of Trinity College have not been slow to furnish an adequate supply. We quote from the University Calendar for the present year, pp. 118 *et seq.* :—

"The School of Engineering in the University of Dublin was established in the year 1842, with the view of combining, as far as is practicable, the theoretical and practical instruction requisite for the profession of civil engineering, and of imparting to the members of that profession the other advantages of academical education."

With the view of rendering this school as complete as possible, lecturers have been appointed in the several

branches of mathematics, physics, mechanics—both theoretical and practical—chemistry, mineralogy, geology; together with the several branches of practical engineering, drawing, surveying, levelling, and field work in general.

“To facilitate their practical studies, a model-room, chemical laboratory, workshops, and drawing rooms, have been provided for the students. . . . In addition to the extensive philosophical apparatus previously in the possession of the College, the school is likewise furnished with a complete set of all the instruments required in surveying and levelling. The construction and principles of the latter are explained to the students by lectures in their second year, and their use taught by the actual execution of surveys of various districts in the neighbourhood of Dublin, undertaken under the direction of the assistant professor. In like manner, the principles of practical engineering are first communicated in lecture, and subsequently illustrated by the inspection of the great railway and other public works now in progress—the professor of engineering, Sir John Mac Neill, having kindly afforded the students every facility for this purpose.”

We must refer our readers to the University Calendar, and to Professor Dixon's Introductory Lecture, for further details upon this subject. Enough has, however been said to show that the Engineering School of Trinity College is conducted on wise and practical principles, and that its establishment affords an additional proof of the desire of the Board to provide a supply for the ever-growing wants of the age.

Much, too, has been done for the encouragement of various other branches of study not included in the undergraduate course, by the establishment of prizes. Thus we find, by reference to the Calendar, that prizes of various amounts have been founded within the space of a few years, in Political Economy,* Modern History, Modern Languages, Botany, &c.

In the measures of reform to which our attention has been hitherto directed, our readers have no doubt observed that the benefits resulting from them, important as they are, were by

their nature, confined to particular classes of students. The aspirant to scientific honours, and he alone, would feel the beneficial effect of the improvement in the Mathematical School. The advantages of a more extended theological education would be in general limited to the candidate for holy orders. The students of engineering, law, or medicine, would have the exclusive enjoyment of the provisions which have been made for their respective professions. But the benefits of the reform to which we now proceed, and which we have designedly reserved to the last place, are restricted to no class; they are the reform, not of a particular school, but of the general system of university education.

The system of education adopted in Trinity College is, as our readers are doubtless aware, a mixed one, consisting partly of lectures, and partly of examinations. Of these the former is, beyond all doubt, the most important as well as the most difficult. Without entering into the *vezata questio*, whether a university ought, in any case, to confer a degree upon those who have not had the benefit of her complete system, we may safely affirm, that, considered even as a test of the knowledge of the student, a course of catechetical lectures must necessarily be far more effective than an examination, which is unavoidably brief, hurried, and partial. If, then, we desire to give efficiency to the system of collegiate education, it is to this point that our efforts must be principally directed; and it was precisely in this point that the system formerly pursued in Trinity College was most defective.

No man is capable of giving efficient instruction in all the branches of academic study. Whatever be the extent of his genius or his learning, the mind of each individual is generally possessed by a strong inclination for some one pursuit, to the injury or exclusion of the rest; and if duty require that his attention should be distracted by a variety of subjects, the most favourable result which we can anticipate is, that after a zealous, and therefore effective, performance of that part of his task which accords with his

* This important subject, for the introduction of which Trinity College is indebted to the liberality of the Archbishop of Dublin, has been recently added to the course appointed to be read by candidates for moderatorships in logics and ethics.

own tastes, the remainder will be gone through with conscientious exactness of routine, irksome to the instructor, and of little benefit to the pupil. Again, if no provision be made for the various capacities of students, if the same lecture be given to the candidate for academic distinction, and to the student whose ability is no more than adequate to the obtaining of a degree, or, as they are technically termed, the *honor-man*, and the *caution-man*, how is it possible that the lecturer should consult for both? If he adapt his lectures to the capacity of the higher class of students, those of more limited intellect will find them unintelligible; if he address himself to the lower class, the honor-man will despise them as superfluous. Under the system which was pursued in Trinity College, previous to the year 1834, these difficulties were insurmountable. When each tutor was required to lecture in almost every branch of the academic course, and to address himself at the same instant to students of the most different capacities, it was impossible that his lectures should be in general effective. These difficulties must, of course, have increased with every extension of the subjects of academic study, and at a time when public opinion has pronounced so decidedly in favour of the admission of many new subjects into a collegiate education, they would soon have been found intolerable. For the removal of these difficulties the Board could not, perhaps, have legislated successfully, inherent as they were in the system of tuition, which assigned to each tutor the exclusive charge of the education of his own pupils, a system, over which the Board had little or no control. They were removed, however, and that by, perhaps, the only means which could have been employed, a voluntary combination among the Junior Fellows. By the establishment, in the year 1834, of the present tutorial system, was introduced into the collegiate system that great principle, on which alone it is possible to accomplish a work which, like education, consists of parts, so many and various, the principle of the *division of labour*. Instead of securing general inefficiency, by permitting the attention of each individual tutor to be distracted by a number of discordant tasks, the committee, to whom is delegated the management of the tutorial system, and who are, of course, well acquainted

with the tastes and capabilities of those under their control, make it their constant care so to arrange the system of lectures, as to give to each tutor that duty for which he is best fitted. Should a new subject be introduced into the course, it is generally easy to find, in so large a body, two or three who have made it their peculiar study. Even if none be found actually prepared for the task, the Committee would, by a judicious relaxation of other duty, induce those whose tastes lead them in that direction, to undertake the necessary labour. Students of different powers are no longer all brought together in one heterogeneous mass, but are arranged in classes, separate lecturers being assigned to those who are, and to those who are not candidates for honours.

That the present system is perfect, we are, indeed, very far from asserting; in one important respect, it is even inferior to that which preceded it. For, by the division of the tutorial funds, which necessarily accompanied the division of tutorial labour, one important stimulus to individual exertion was taken away, or, at least, seriously diminished. We are no believers in Louis Blanc and the *Organisation du Travail*, nor can we possibly admit that, except in some very rare instances, a man will labour for a community with the energy which marks those exertions of which he reaps the undivided fruit. Still, without adverting to the facts, that in a small community the effect even of individual labour must be highly sensible, and that a strong public opinion is brought to bear upon any tutor who neglects his duty, we may say at once that no amount of isolated exertion will suffice to carry on such an institution as Trinity College. With such a number of varied subjects to be taught, of varied intellects to be educated, division of labour is essential; the existence of the present system for seventeen years, and the extensions of the College course, which it has enabled the Board to effect, have increased that necessity; and, interwoven as it now is into the whole fabric of collegiate education, any attempt to overthrow it would be irrational and fruitless. We might as well think of reconverting the College itself into the Monastery of All Hallows.

The way having been thus cleared

for an extension of the course of academic education, the Board of Trinity College have at length taken the important step of introducing the Experimental Sciences into the undergraduate course. That these sciences have not hitherto received, either in this or the sister universities, the attention to which their extent and importance entitle them, is unfortunately too true. The mathematician is too much in the habit of despising, or, at least, undervaluing, pursuits, especially scientific pursuits, in which the modes of investigation are different from that of abstract reasoning. Even the spirit which prompted Gillies and Monboddo to sneer at the labours of the modern philosopher, is not altogether extinct, and although few could now be found hardy enough to deny the value of experimental science, there are some, perhaps, who would be disposed to question its utility as a mental discipline, and, therefore, the propriety of introducing it into a system of general education. We shall not stop to refute this absurd notion, which is, indeed, rapidly taking its proper place among other fossil heresies. Suffice it to say, that the Board of Trinity College have expelled it from their counsels, and that by the introduction into the undergraduate course of such sciences as Electricity, Magnetism, Chemistry, and Mineralogy—by rewarding them with the same distinctions—finally, by permitting the student of these sciences to attain the same rank at the time of his graduation,* they have declared their opinion that Experimental Physics are entitled to take their place by the side of mathematics, classics, and the other branches of academic study. A reference to the University Calendar for the present year will show that this has been done, without overburthening the student, by giving him, to a certain extent, in the last year of his course, the right of selection among the several subjects of examination. The fact that the candidates for the different professions have in general commenced their peculiar studies previously to the termination of the undergraduate course,

has also been attended to, and a judicious relaxation of College rules has been adopted to meet such cases.

We quote from the University Calendar for 1851, pp. 18, 19:—

“In order to lighten the collegiate studies of professional students, it has been decreed by the Board, that the subjects for examination in the senior sophomore year shall be arranged in five courses.

“Of these, all students will be required to answer in the first and second courses, and non-professional students, in addition, will be required to answer in any two of the remaining three courses which they may prefer.

“Professional students in divinity, engineering, law, or medicine, at the Hilary or Trinity Examinations, will be required, in addition to the first and second courses, to answer in one only of the remaining three courses, if it shall appear to the satisfaction of the senior lecturer that they have credit for full professional attendance during the term immediately preceding. But, at the Degree Examination, to enjoy this privilege, such students must have credit for full professional attendance for the actual year preceding.”

Provision is thus made for all *bona fide* cases of professional study, accompanied by such precautions as may suffice to prevent this indulgence from being taken advantage of by those who, without being seriously engaged in preparing for their respective professions, might wish to plead them as an excuse for the neglect of College duty.

Another important reform, also consequent upon the change in the tutorial system, which the Board have recently introduced, is the substitution, in certain cases, of the attendance upon a term of lectures for the passing of an examination. Referring again to the Calendar for 1851, pp. 17, 18, we find that of the eight examinations which were formerly required for admission to the degree of A. B., four, or any smaller number may be omitted, provided that the student attend a corresponding number of courses of lectures.

We have already said that, considered merely as a test of proficiency, we think a course of catechetical lec-

* Separate honors for experimental physics were instituted in the year 1849; and in 1850 the Board resolved on the unanimous recommendation of the several professors connected with the School of Natural Philosophy, to found a moderatorship for these sciences similar to those already attached to mathematics, classics, and ethics.

tures greatly to be preferred to an examination; and when we further reflect upon the amount of instruction thus communicated, it appears to us all-important to induce the student to prefer the former mode of performing the exercises requisite for the attainment of his degree.

The principle might, we think, be advantageously extended by requiring from students no more than two term examinations, viz., at the close of the second and fourth years, and permitting them to commute *all* the rest for attendance upon courses of lectures, and we have little doubt that this will ultimately be done.

Having thus given a rapid sketch of the several improvements which have been recently effected in the University of Dublin, we would now proceed to notice the defects which, in our opinion, still exist in that institution, defects which are few, indeed, in number, yet whose individual importance it is impossible to deny. These defects are, with very trifling exceptions, of such a kind, that the Board, unaided, have not power to remove them, and it is precisely here that the exertions of a commission might be employed with advantage, to assist those who have long laboured in the cause of reform. The defects to which we allude are to be found in the principles upon which the fellowship examination, the most important of all, is at present conducted. As these defects are most severely felt in the departments of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, we shall, for the present, confine our attention to this part of the subject.

It is impossible to read the statutes by which this examination is regulated, without being struck by the fact, that they were adapted to a state of knowledge, especially in the mathematical and physical sciences, which is, in comparison with its present condition, limited and imperfect; and these statutes have been drawn up with such strict minuteness of detail, that so long as they continue unmodified, the Board are utterly powerless to effect in this examination any valuable reform. In each of the important branches to which we have alluded, the examiner is expected to ascertain with accuracy the relative merits of a number of candidates, varying from six to twelve, in the short space of two hours, and by an oral examination. Now the veriest tyro in mathematics knows that this is

generally impossible. Doubtless there are cases in which the superiority of one or two of the candidates is so decided, that any examination, no matter how cursory or superficial, will suffice to display it. But in general it is impossible to rely upon the results of any examination, which does not include the following requisites:—1. A considerable number of questions. 2. The use of paper. 3. Sufficient time to permit the analytical ability of the several candidates to show itself in the solution of the proposed questions. Without the first and third of these, the examination is little more than a matter of chance; the want of the second will tend to render it a test of mere memory; and both these defects are combined in the fellowship examination. Such an examination may have been well suited to a time when analysis was almost unknown in the University of Dublin, when Hamilton's "Conic Sections" occupied the most prominent place in the mathematical course; but considered as the means of recruiting the numbers of a school which has now, we are proud to say, a European reputation, it is obviously inadequate. So long, however, as the time allowed for the examination is limited to two hours, the use of a rapid oral examination, which allows a large number of questions to be proposed to each candidate, is perhaps to be preferred. It is better that the result should depend upon memory than upon chance.

We are well aware that it is often said, in reply to these objections, that the *result* of the fellowship examination has, invariably, been the selection of the best among the candidates, and that therefore the examination cannot be thus defective. To test the accuracy of this statement, by a reference to particular cases, would be a useless and invidious task—those who are conversant with the history of fellowship examinations, know well that it is far from being universally true. But even if we were to admit its truth, the object of an examination is but half attained. No system of examination is perfect, which does not both provide a sure test for proficiency, and also secure to the candidate, in the preparation which it requires, that discipline which is best fitted to strengthen his powers in the department to which the examination is devoted—and many systems may comply with the first requisite which

utterly fail in the second. Doubtless, it is often true that the strongest memory is found united to the most vigorous reason; it is *always* true that he who is most deeply acquainted with a subject will acquire with greatest facility its language and formulæ; but it is *never* true that the discipline which the mind undergoes in the preparation for such a test as the present fellowship examination, is that which is best fitted to develop its powers; it is *never* true that a mathematician is best educated under a system, whose inevitable tendency is to promote the cultivation of mere memory, rather than of real analytical skill.

There is another objection to which the present system of election to fellowships is, as we think, justly liable, namely, the great diversity of subjects which every candidate is, theoretically at least, required to prepare. Here, again, we trace the effects of the limited state of knowledge at the time when that system was founded. So long as the study of the exact sciences was confined within a very narrow range, the candidate for fellowship would find no great difficulty in mastering the small amount which was required of him, without any serious diminution of the time which was demanded by the other, and (then) more important parts of the course, logics, ethics and classical literature generally; and that such a division of his time was contemplated in framing the statute, appears probable from the fact that only four hours, or one-fourth of the whole examination, is assigned to those branches which *now* in most cases decide the fellowship. To infer from this, as many persons are ready to do, that the University of Dublin is thereby bound to adhere strictly and perpetually to the same division, is to argue illogically. All such measures of importance must be viewed with reference to the state of things at the time when they were established. Even were we to adhere rigidly to the rule, which prescribes obedience to the intentions of the founders, these intentions must be judged according to the spirit, not according to the letter of their acts, and when we find ourselves placed in *new* circumstances, it is our duty to consider how they would have acted if similarly placed; and it is no more than reasonable to infer, that the same motives which gave to the mathematics of the seventeenth century one-fourth of the fellowship examina-

tion, would have assigned a much larger proportion to the mathematics of the nineteenth. Still, it may reasonably be doubted whether, in the preponderance now given to the exact sciences, the University has not exceeded the limits which the intentions of the founders, even upon the most liberal interpretation, might be thought to impose. It cannot be denied that, while the state of the mathematical school has been for many years rapidly progressive, no similar advance has characterized the department of classical literature. The one school has now long enjoyed a European reputation—the other is unknown, inactive, scarcely existent. The founders of the University of Dublin could scarcely have intended this; and, if it were possible, *without prejudice to the Mathematical School*, to devise any means of elevating the present position of classics, such a measure would render Trinity College a vast service—would do much to take away the reproach of unfaithfulness to her trust, which persons, secretly or avowedly hostile to scientific pursuits, have not been slow to cast upon her.

Such means can only, we think, be found in the separation of the mass of subjects which constitute the present fellowship course, a certain number of fellowships being assigned as a reward to classical proficiency, with, perhaps, the addition of metaphysics and ethics. So long as mathematical ability forms a *sine quâ non* to the obtaining of a fellowship, so long must many be excluded, who, if admitted, would, by their labours in the field of classical literature, contribute much to the foundation and advancement of a classical school. Nor is the present system without disadvantage to the mathematician. Instead of being permitted to devote his undivided energies to that subject for which his genius best fits him, he is burthened by a mass of various studies, which cannot but diminish the vigour with which he would have followed his own peculiar branch, had he been allowed to follow it alone. During the existence of the old tutorial system, this was, perhaps, unavoidable. When each pupil received his education solely from his individual tutor, great deficiency in any subject would, of course, have so far unfitted the latter for his duty; and it may have been better to ensure to the tutor a respectable knowledge of all the branches of col-

legiate study, than to provide for the development of great attainments, combined, as they must, in general, be with as great defects. But the introduction of the division of labour into the work of education has obviated this necessity. There is no longer any reason that the Fellows of Trinity College should be expected to know "something of everything;" and the idea that any system can render men all-accomplished is the wildest of dreams. Sidonia and Monte Cristo are picturesque objects enough in romance; but we must not expect to find them in reality.

We have thus endeavoured to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the principal improvements which the governing body of the University of Dublin have, within a short period, effected in that institution, as well as of some of the most prominent faults with which it is still chargeable. The limits of an article like the present must be our apology for doing but scanty justice to a subject which would require a much larger space. Many useful changes have been scarcely noticed; some blemishes have, probably, been allowed to remain uncensured. Enough has, however, been said to show, that the spirit which animates the present governors of our University is not opposed to judicious reform; that the object of a Commission should be, as we have before said, to aid, not to supersede them; and that there still exist important defects, which the Board have not, of themselves, power to remedy; and to the removal of which the power of the Crown might be advantageously applied. On the exact nature of the remedy to be applied to these defects, we desire to speak with more hesitation; not that we have ourselves any doubt as to the efficacy of the means which we have ventured to propose, but because we are well aware that it is a subject upon which, even among those who are best informed, and best qualified to judge, there yet exists very great difference of opinion. But it is with no such diffidence that we give our tribute of approbation to the changes which *have* been effected in the University of Dublin. To these changes, so far as they are generally known, public approval has been too freely accorded, to permit

us to doubt the correctness of our own estimate of their value; and success, not, indeed, an infallible criterion of merit, yet seldom found without it, has followed them rapidly and surely.

The University of Dublin has had to encounter much obloquy, both from those who are hostile to all change, and from those who think that change and improvement are synonymous. While the latter class accuse her of blind and obstinate attachment to old forms and old institutions, the others are not less forward to upbraid her with having gone too far—with having betrayed her important trust, in not resisting what they term the utilitarian spirit of the age. How far these reproaches are just, we have endeavoured to give the impartial reader the means of deciding. Let him look upon her past history, and judge whether her career has been either bigoted or reckless. We do not, indeed, seek to persuade all. We are well aware that there is a class to whom the spirit of the nineteenth century is an utter abomination; who think modern science to be, somehow or other, synonymous with infidelity, and would fain seek the model of an institution such as the University of Dublin, in the darkness of the middle ages. We do not write for them. We know, too, that there is another class who would sweep away everything that is old—Christianity, itself, perhaps, included—and in whose eyes long-tried service, so far from being a title to favour, is but a passport to destruction. Neither do we write for them. But we address ourselves to a third class, remote from these extremes—less noisy, perhaps, but far more numerous—who will try to judge of an institution according to its real merits, and by whom its antiquity will be admitted to be favourable evidence, presumptive, though not final. And if they have read the foregoing sketch in the spirit in which we have endeavoured to write it, not disposed to depreciate virtues, casting no veil over faults, we feel assured that they will agree with us in thinking, that the University of Dublin has not neglected the important duty of self-reform, and that her history for forty years has been the history of progressive improvement—temperate, but fearless.

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DUBLIN

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OUR GARLAND FOR JUNE.

We are upon the eve of June; and before the page that we are inditing shall meet the myriad eyes of our world-dispersed readers, the first sun of that lovely month shall have risen upon them. Surpassingly lovely, indeed, to us is June, for she hath not surrendered the charms of Spring, while she takes to herself the delights of early Summer. Verdure has not yet put off her rich green garb and paled in the sun's rays; blossoms still linger upon the foxglove and the nightshade, the mallow and the honey-suckle, the bean and the pea; and with these we see the summer roses in all their hues of red and white, and the delicate briar flowers in the hedges, and the meadow sweet in the deep river-meads, and the silver-margined clouds of summer drifting with the gentlest of winds through the warming sky. But let us chaunt sweet June in quainter words than ours. How goes one of the oldest of English ballads:—

“Summer is yoomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.”

Or hear the strain of courtlie Master Edmond Spenser in “The Shepherd’s Calender”:

“The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calm, so coole, as no where else I finde;
The grassie groundes with daintie dayies dight,
The bramble bush, where byrdes of every kinde
To the water’s fall their tunes attemper right.”

Tomorrow will be the first of June, and we have sped away to the near country that we may be there to greet its coming. But we sought not the sylvan shade alone, for with us travelled a mysterious box, covered with red leather, wherein were imprisoned many and multiform spirits, which had unguardedly committed themselves to our keeping, and with whom we mean to work our spells. And now we look out from our low window upon the dying May, and watch the light of evening vanishing amidst fantastic piles of dun clouds, edged with fleecy white, and, here and there, patches of pale orange thronged along the horizon, while above spreads the deep azure, for the moon’s lamp shines not in the heavens to-night, but the stars will come out all the brighter that she is away.

Night steals upon us noiselessly, as we muse, and we light our tapers and trim our fire, for the hour is come for our spells. Let us open our box to a solemn

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incantation, and what more fitting can we find than Rare Ben Jonson supplies:—

“Break, Phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things.
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet, let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.”

Dear reader, peep in and feast your eyes. There may you see—

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over arched embower”—

our treasured leaves heaped up to the full. Ay, the missives which many a fair, tiny hand indited, and timidly despatched to us, and the bolder poesy of manly spirits—here they are, all safe, though those who sent them may have thought them lost for ever. Let them not fear, however. It is said that all lost things—man’s imaginings and fancies, and the thoughts that never had utterance—will be found in the morn. So shall all the labours of the brain and offsprings of the intellect, which have passed into our custody, meet the light of day, now or at a fitting time, *if they be but worthy*. And now let us draw at random the first that comes to our hand. Tis

A CANZONET FROM CAMOENS.

Eyes of violet brightness,
Waving golden dresses,
Cheeks of ruddy lightness,
Such as Morn possesses;
Lips that pale the roses in their summer redness
Unto waxen deadness,
Lady, all are thine.
Are they, too, as soft and fragrant?
Ah, to press them, pretty vagrant,
Never has been mine.

Though in beauty’s heyday
Exquisitely charming,
There’s an error, lady,
All thy lustre harming:
Wherefore dost thou suffer Rigour, the austere one,
To enthal thee, dear one,
Lovely as thou art?
Solemn folly ever chains thee—
Silent melancholy pains thee
To the very heart.

Love’s a youngster joyous,
Eloquently blooming;
Nought can e’er annoy us
Of life’s weary gloaming
While in young Love trusting; though the merry elf is
Old as Time himself is,
Yet he laughs at Time:
Wouldst thou ever, gentle lady,
Live in beauty’s blushing mayday—
Trust to Love’s mad rhyme.

M. C.

Playful and sparkling, and full of the warmth that becoms a bard who wanders through the citron groves of Lusitania, or by the banks of her vine-clad rivers. The stanzas are gracefully put together, and give fair promise of better things, which we would gladly see hereafter. And now pass we on. Here is something to read at "the witching hour of night."

THE FAIRY WELL.

Forth from a sparkling well
A little stream went bubbling,
But there was some sad spell,
Its bosom ever troubling ;
When through the balmy air
No faint breeze had been sighing,
A low moan was heard there,
As of an infant dying.

The ripples on its breast
Were ever in commotion,
And found as rarely rest
As billows on the ocean.
But when the first star shone
From the blue sky at even,
That gently plaintive moan
Ascended thence to Heaven.

Music so soft and sweet,
So mournfully thrilling,
As was this calm retreat
With notes of sorrow filling—
How could it be of earth,
Or share in earthly gladness,
When even its seeming mirth
Partook so much of sadness ?

Each evening near that well
A female form was sitting,
Whose beauty did excel
The fairies round her flitting.
She came to breathe her tale
Of love and bitter sorrow,
And from the stars so pale
Some rays of hope to borrow.

The lov'd one of her heart,
Inspir'd by noble duty,
From her was forced to part
In her glad hour of beauty ;
And fell he in the field,
Victorious although gory,
His life his country's shield,
His death his country's glory.

The Spirit of that well
Oft view'd the grief-struck maiden,
Whose breast with care did swell,
Whose heart with grief was laden ;
And while a tear would stray
From her soft eyes in pity,
To her at close of day
She sang this plaintive ditty.

"Why, fair one of the earth,
 Why mournest thou so wildly,
 When, in their happy mirth,
 The bright stars shine so mildly;
 And even the silken flowers
 Are slumbering and sleeping
 Around thy garden bowers,
 Whilst thou, alas! art weeping?"

"Cease, cease, those bitter sighs,
 Be not so heavy-hearted,
 Thy love to yon clear skies
 Before thee has departed;
 And should he now look down,
 And see his lov'd one fading,
 What tears his cheek would drown,
 What grief his brow be shading!"

"Lo! as yon silvery star
 May soon in storms be shrouded,
 And its soft rays afar
 To us be overclouded.
 Even so, thy heart's despair
 Would dim his dazzling brightness,
 And shade with clouds of care
 His robe of snowy whiteness."

Died on the maiden's ear
 The song of the kind fairy;
 Then ceased the gushing tear,
 Then grew her heart less weary;
 For parting here, she knew,
 Leads to a future meeting,
 Where all the good and true
 Enjoy an endless greeting.

And oft she came again
 To thank the Well's fair daughter,
 For that consoling strain
 In which such truths she taught her;
 But on the streamlet flow'd
 In mild and peaceful gladness—
 Her beautiful abode
 Who changed to joy such sadness.

And thus, when all is pain
 Above, beneath, around us,
 And sorrow's crushing chain
 With iron link hath bound us,
 Let us, no longer bowed
 To earth with hopeless sorrow,
 See, through the darkest cloud,
 Rays of a joyous morrow.

What comes next? "The Snow Storm," and a "Dialogue between Brutus and Mark Anthony," both by the same author. Well, we shall put by "the Snow Storm" till a more fitting *season*, but the "Dialogue" is not such as we should suppose would have passed between the old Romans on the occasion, and so we shall be happy to return it to Mr. Harpur, and content ourselves with Shakspeare. Let us pass on—these characters are surely traced by a woman's fingers, and were it otherwise we would dare be sworn the lines were woman's composition, for they breathe a spirit of gentleness, and sorrow, and hope, and

there is an appreciation of the beauties of nature, tree, and flower, and the song of birds, and the glory of the heavens, that the sex so keenly feel. Ah, C. B. H., if our guess be true, you have a claim by inheritance to be a poetess, and we would have thee do better things yet than this.

THE TREE OF LIFE.—AN ALLEGORY.

I.

The tree of life that shone so fair
 In spring's alternate shine and shower,
 What bitter fruit its branches bear,
 How soon 'tis stripped of leaf and flower !
 Athwart the green and lovely glade
 It flings a silence and a gloom ;
 Nor ever more beneath its shade
 Shall violet ope or cowslip bloom.

II.

No more beneath the sheltering leaves
 Shall wearied lambs at noontide throng,
 While over head the linnet weaves
 The silken tenour of his song ;
 No more the sad and widowed moon
 Her dewy tears above it weep ;
 No more at night's unbroken noon
 Shall Muse beneath its branches sleep.

III.

For blight hath fallen on bud and leaf,
 And turned its fruitful sap to gall ;
 And mildewed, withered, bowed with grief,
 'Tis loitering to an early fall ;
 The bough the redbreast used to love
 Now nightly hears the owlet hoot ;
 The locust gnaws the leaves above,
 The canker-worm is at the root.

IV.

And shall it fall, and leave behind
 No record of its bitter past ;
 Uprooted by the idle wind,
 And whirled away upon the blast ?
 Forefend it heaven ! a soil too warm
 Hath nursed this plague. Transplant, it now
 Where drifting rain and eddying storm
 May purge the root and cleanse the bough.

V.

And Hope, who long had listened mute,
 Now raised her azure eyes and smiled ;
 She whispered soft of future fruit,
 And pointed to the distant wild !
 " Oh, bear it thither ! trust in God !
 Have faith in my prophetic words,
 Again 'twill spread its arms abroad
 And shelter its deserted birds ! "

C. B. H.

Well, here is woman's work again. What is it all about ? " Christmas Eve." Shall we let it lie over till the snow covers the green fields in December ? Nay, 'twere pity to replace such sweet and tender melody in our casket ; so we shall even

bind up this Christmas rose in our summer garland, and let the botanists and horticulturists carp at us as they may:—

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas the eve of holy Christmas, and near the sacred time,
I knelt the open window near to listen for the chime;
The grey, dark city, roof and spire, shone in the clear moonlight,
Half-hidden by the misty veil of the December night.
The distant hills majestic rose by dark clouds dimly fringed,
And on them many a well-known spot, the pale, clear moonbeams tinged,
Which, like the old hills themselves, more grand in the distant view,
Seem dearer even than of old, time's distance traced through.

The moon and countless stars shone bright upon the world below,
As they did to the shepherd's eyes, some hundred years ago,
When angel voices sung to them the glorious Heaven-taught lay,
The tidings of man's ransom won, our first glad Christmas Day.
Oh! mystery too boundless for words to grasp even part;
To feel thy power is left alone the province of the heart;
For man's too fettered thought to-day would find itself at loss
To trace our Jesu's glorious love from the manger to the cross.

A feeling of God's presence, of gentle peace came o'er me,
As light on the scene that lay so still, so fair, before me.
I looked on the crowded city, and on the mountains high;
On the moon and the countless stars, bright beaming in the sky.
My spirit bowed before my God!—the Christian's soul was glad.
I turned and looked into my heart, its human thoughts were sad;
For the sound of the Christmas chimes was borne upon the blast,
And memory, wakened by the peal, rung from the mournful past
The sound of many a cherished name, traced by the hand of years,
Seen in the heart's clear moonlight, through the misty veil of tears;
Of those who used to meet with us the happy Christmas Day,
When our hearts had no echo for the chimes less glad than they.

For faith was then untarnished in the trusted and the true,
In the band of old companions now left so very few.
Some are in California, some on the pathless wave;
Some wandering in Arkansas, some in the quiet grave.
The moon beams down on one dear grave, unmarked by urn or stone,
But trellised with the faithful love of home's true hearts alone.
Some parted from us wider than by grave, or sea, or clime,
Are stranger than the stranger now in the glad Christmas time.

Oh! festivals may come to us with mellowed joy again,
But never, oh! never a Christmas Day as bright as they were then;
For few, indeed, the Christmas Days in which we bear a part
Ere the chimes find an echo sad within the empty heart.
And well it is the soul can feel that God has given a joy
Which the sure turn of earth's frail flowers to dust cannot destroy;
Where those that were worth the shedding of sorrow's bitter tears
Will bloom all fresh unfading in heaven's brighter spheres.

E. A. C.

There is great promise in this poem, but we counsel a more attentive study of rhythmical cadences. The affections of the heart, the holy charities of life, the sacred ties that bind us to home, and those of home are the truest inspiration for woman, as they are the paths in which her feet most fitly walk, and the happiest of her missions on earth. Still there are higher themes and bolder flights, which woman may successfully essay; and here comes one most opportunely to illustrate and verify our assertion. Listen to these fine stanzas that give us, with a painter's hand, such vivid pictures of the life of the poor miner's son of Eisleben—the little shivering boy, who went forth at night:

to sing for food—the ardent student of Erfurt—the fiery disputant, who tore the Bible from the iron chains that bound it in the house of God, to hurl it in thunder at those who made it a sealed book—the illustrious Luther.

THE AUGUSTINE; OR, SCENES FROM A LIFE.

I.

Now who art thou, poor patient child, that for a little food
Dost sing before the castle-gate, or by the cottage rude?
Weary, and cold, and uncaressed! thou lonely, stranger boy!
Thy Christmas carols breathe, in truth, of hunger more than joy!
The peasant has unlatched his door, and calls with food to thee,
But hark his voice of kindness sounds, and thou hast turned to flee:
Thy song hath ceased upon the dark and frosty morning air—
Thou, with those little choristers, no more are suppliant there.
O! frightened eaglet! does thy heart at human harshness pant?
Come back! and hear the voice of heaven—"My child thou shalt not want."
Come back! for God hath work for thee, and other songs to sing;
Strains that shalt pierce the ear and heart of prince, and sage, and king;
Strains with which Europe, yea, the world, through far-off time shall ring!
For thou shalt loose the glorious songs that have imprisoned slept;
The songs of Zion, hushed so long, where Zion's children wept.
Come back! and learn what boldness lies enfolded in that soul,
Whereunto God the light shall ope of his Eternal Scroll:
No soft luxurious home for thee!—leave that to feeble men!
The Apostle's mantle thou must lift:—Paul's heart be thine again!

II.

Now what art thou, pale, silent, monk, who at the convent gate—
The holier brethren's servant meek, so duteously dost wait,
To do their bidding through the streets that knew thy youthful fame—
A mendicant to those who loved thy genius and thy name:
What time along that very way triumphal torches cast,
To do thee honour, crimson light, as on the pageant passed;
Who saw thee put away the proud fair trophies of renown,
For the dear pardon of thy God, the cowl—the after crown?
What, what is this young penance-worn, and anguish-wasted shade!
Who hath the Church's sacred voice full reverently obeyed—
Nor knows one wish but still to cling in sackcloth to her knees,
And let her claim his heart's best blood, if so her mercy please?
This!—it is he—in God's right hand, the chosen golden key—
To unlock Rome's dungeon-keep, the world, and set the nations free.
Those sunken eyes, so mournful now, like falcons yet shall beam!
Forth, from their inmost depths, the light of radiant faith shall stream.

III.

Eternal city! who is he that treadeth now thy streets,
Where gorgeous pomp, pontifical, with pride imperial meets?
Eternal city! surely now some earthquake-throb should stir
Thy bosom's purple-draped folds—some prescient feeling spur
Indignant judgment to outpour its thunders, swift and stern,
Upon that youth who soon departs, and never shall return.
And yet the poor Augustine! how? hast thou a truer child
Than he who kissed thy sacred dust, and, solemn-hearted, smiled;
When, after weary pilgrimage, he hailed thy scorching sun,
And, fainting, stood, and blessed thee Rome! his goal of glory won!
And look on him! what cloistered lips—what fine and death-pale brow—
More fervent "misereres" ne'er breathed forth than his, who now
Kneels on those marble tear-wet stairs, brought from the Holy Land,
Up which to judgment Christ was led by thy Centurion-band.
See! painfully and sadly, there, with penitential toil,
Thy prostrate pilgrim slow ascends, when, lo! with swift recoil,
Up-starting to his feet, a voice is in his soul that saith,
Shattering thy bondage from that hour, "the just shall live by faith."

IV.

He goes! he leaves thee, Queen of Earth!—now clasp him to thy breast—
 Load him with all thy golden gifts, and kiss his lips to rest!
 “Lady of Kingdoms!” kneel to him—to that one lover lost—
 Win back that soul magnificent, once more, at any cost!
 No! thou shalt call to him, from far, by each impassioned name,
 But he will spurn thee openly, and brand thee with thy shame;
 And thou must bear his burning scorn, until thy haughty breast
 Be its own hell of hate untold, and pang that never rest!

V.

Forget we ne’er, oh, Rome! ’twas thou, thy stony bosom dread,
 Whose dark embraces nursed us up that deathless star, to shed
 Its blaze of fiery truth and light along the cloudy way,
 That leads us through this breathing death to everlasting day.
 And be our watch-light, once again, should darkness lower around
 The realms, that, by the grace of God, our noble monk unbound.
 We thank thee for that priceless boon!—rise up in lofty ire—
 And if one more such soul sublime serve in thy temple choir,
 Oh! spare him not, but sternly bid that glorious slave depart,
 To find his shelter, and his fame, in many a nation’s heart!

E. M. H.

Are not these beautiful? What perfect melody, what high-toned inspiration :
 how strongly is the fancy moved ; how deeply the heart stirred by the bold fine
 outlines, that make the figures stand out like statuary, and set us wishing that the
 artist had filled in the picture. Still we have something grander and more elab-
 orate from her :—

SONNETS

SUGGESTED BY READING THE “LYRA APOSTOLICA.”

POETESSES.

I.

Leave us not voiceless! Israel’s Deborah sang;
 And Miriam to her timbrel, when the waves
 Of God rolled o’er the Egyptian’s shameful graves,
 O’er which no deathless pyramid upsprang
 With watching Sphynxes nigh. Then proudly rang,
 To woman’s harp, the Red Sea’s rocks and caves;
 And still those strains, eternal music saves,
 With kingly prophet-hymns. We may not hang,
 Upon the willows of this Babylon,
 Our trembling harps in silence, though we weep
 When we remember Zion; though the deep
 And dark Euphrates of the world rolls on,
 And they, where we sit captive, passing by,
 Require of us a song, ah! not ’neath Zion’s sky!

TRADITION.

II.

Tradition, Ganges-like, doth claim its old,
 Its immemorial worship. Mark it come,
 The king of floods! exacting reverence dumb;
 And bearing onward blessedness untold,
 If thou wilt let its sacred arms enfold
 Thy faithfulness! if thou wilt let the deep,
 Unceasing volume of its waters sing
 Thy soul to death. And, lo! what thousands bring
 Themselves as offerings on its breast to fling,
 And wake in Paradise! At least, O cling,

With woman's meekness, to its holy side !
 Cast some sweet flowers into the deadly tide,
 And go thy way in safety ! Sayest thou " nay ?"
 Look in earth's Brahmin-eyes, kneel down and kiss the clay !

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

III.

" My holy mother made reply,
 Dear child, it is my priest."—*Lyra Apostolica.*

My Mother Church ! I loved, I love thee well,
 And reverently as well befits a child
 On whom thy lips, so beautiful, have smiled,
 When in their speech the holy law did dwell.
 But when the fair and virtuous woman turns
 To guilt's disgraceful folly, then the cheek
 Of her least daughter, in confusion, burns ;
 Nor may she follow in obedience meek,
 To be the thing that even her pity spurns.
 Then know thou, " holy mother ! " if thou go,
 After the harlot steps of Rome, and be
 The thing she is, we bend no more the knee
 For thy polluted blessings : sad and slow,
 We turn away, and leave thee to thy woe.

OXFORD.

IV.

" For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome !
 By thy unwearied watch, and varied round,
 Of service in thy Saviour's holy home."—*Lyra Apostolica.*

Thou hast no love for guilty Rome ? Oh, no !
 Thou only lispest in her ancient tongue,
 Meek " misereres," for thou still art young ;
 And fasts, and feasts, and penance-tears that flow,
 And heart-escaping words alone may show
 Thy dutiful affection. Spirit-wrung !
 (As bond-slaves should be, who have turned and clung
 To their dark chains, and chosen eternal woe),
 No marvel, if ye envy so the free,
 That ye denounce them, for the bond-slave ne'er,
 With the free-born, the princely heir may be ;
 And there are some to whom the Word hath sworn,
 " Into my rest ye shall not enter : " there
 Cometh no soul that is not loftier-born.

LUTHER.

V.

We deify him not. Earth held him bound,
 No dove, in passion's burning chains, to show
 That here heaven's royal blood must ever flow
 Through human veins. Like some great organ's sound,
 Whose mighty depths the shrinking ear astound,
 With swell o'erwhelming, such was Luther's soul ;
 And long its music's glorious bass shall roll
 Down the interminable aisles profound
 Of that cathedral where no echo dies,
 The one eternal Church. Far in the skies
 His name is known, and here, on earth, beware
 How even his silent ashes ye despise,
 Or take again the tone of Rome ! and dare
 Arouse the fiery spell in Luther's name that lies !

LUTHER'S GRAVE.

VI.

Thou noble Rhine-land ! hadst thou nothing more
 Than that still grave, our eyes would turn to thee,
 And to that ark upon the tossing sea,
 Quietly anchored by the heavenly shore ;
 And if the tempest's thunders are not o'er
 To us that grave a beacon-light shall be,
 And ours the sacred banner of the free,
 The saint who rests there to the battle bore.
 Heaven's armies follow where that banner leads : *
 Hark to their tread ! the cavalry of God !
 Horses and riders o'er no earthly sod
 Whose awful retinue to earth proceeds !
 Angel, Archangel, gazes on, and reads
 One Name ineffable, " The Word of God."

E. M. H.

There is as much of true poetry within these few sonnets as would furnish forth a dozen odes. Thoughts vigorous and well sustained, and withal expressed with condensed force and polished diction, a dexterous command of language, and a fervour of feeling, mark her as a muse of high order.

Let us pause a moment ere we pass from these verses. "No more, no more, oh never more," shall the spirit that imagined them hold converse with us on earth ! Another of our gifted daughters has passed away. Even while we write, the voice of mourning is still heard amongst the bereaved, and the turf is still fresh on the grave. Sweet Eliza Mary Hamilton, thou art gone to seek, it may be, some starry mansion to which thy spirit, even while earth-clogged, often essayed to rise. Haply in this moonless night, the science-taught eye of thy brother, as love-guided and tear-dimmed it scans the studded heavens, may fondly fancy, as he gazes on some brighter orb, that he has found thy abode in the star "that shines so sadly fair."

A packet, with a foreign post mark ! Ah, it comes from a land whither the blood, and bone, and sinews of Ireland, the young, and strong, and hopeful, and those who have some wealth still left, are daily and hourly departing. But it comes from an Irish heart, and tells of Irish scenes which Irish hearts still love and linger over in memory, be they where they may in the world's wide range.

A LEGEND OF LOUGHREA.†

Woe to the land ! for a warning is given
 In the midst of the lake, at the gloaming of day,
 As dimly disclosed through the curtain of even,
 The "death sign" is seen from the shores of Loughrea.

* Rev. xix. 11-13.

† Loughrea, or the "Lake of the King," near the town of the same name, is connected in the traditions of the Galwegians with many wild and romantic legends. As in the case of Lough Neagh, it is said that the towers and spires of a submerged city can be seen by the boatman

"In the wave beneath him shining,"

as his shallop skims over the placid surface. The "death-sign" of Loughrea (the subject of the present legend) appears in the shape of a large black coffin floating on the surface of the lake, and is looked for every seventh year. Immediately after its disappearance, burials in the surrounding neighbourhood are said to be more than usually numerous, and it is considered an act of temerity to bathe in the water of the Lough, or to sail over it in a boat. The ruins of a Carmelite abbey are to be seen here, founded about the year 1300, by Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster.

Youth of the land! be the white garland dresses*
 Prepared for the grave-yard procession's array;
 For the wild breeze shall sweep o'er the snowy wand tresses,
 That wave on thy funeral barrows, Loughrea.

Death to the land! and a death-stroke entailing,
 On the hamlet deserted, the shriek of dismay;
 The light laugh of mirth shall be changed into wailing,
 The living shall weep for the dead of Loughrea.

J. O'H.

Very pleasant to us is it to hear, from distant lands, the voice of those who are bound to us by the ties of country. Even so to them it is pleasant, when each recurring month brings our number, and with it, that for which their spirits thirst, information of the land they love, her political and social condition, her literature, her science, and her arts. There are few things that give us deeper pleasure or more justifiable pride than the knowledge that our monthly labours are so widely diffused through the great continent of America, and conduce to knit, closely and indissolubly, the spirits of Irishmen, when their hearts are severed by a mighty space of waters; and to cultivate kindly feelings and mutual respect between us and the citizens of a land, whose hospitable shores offer an asylum for many a sad-hearted emigrant. Well, here is something that turns up, opportunely enough. There be eyes that will read it on the shores, and in the cities and prairies of the new-adopted country, not without tears:—

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Oh, Erin mavourneen, how sad is this parting,
 Dear home of our childhood, for ever from thee!
 How bitter and burning the tears that are starting,
 As we sigh a farewell to thee, Erin machree!

Farewell the green nook, by the sweet hawthorn shaded,
 Where our lowly cot stood, by the Lee's tranquil shore;
 Where my own dearest Norah I met, woo'd and wedded;
 Where our babes were all born—we shall see it no more.

For ruined and low lies our once happy dwelling—
 All roofless and crumbling the woodbine-clad wall;
 Its desolate hearthstone so mournfully telling
 In "eloquent silence" the tale of its fall.

* The "garland procession," an interesting feature of old Irish funerals, is nearly fallen into desuetude, except in remote districts of the country. When a young unmarried person died it was customary for the young men and maidens of the neighbourhood to assemble to the number of twenty-four—twelve of the former dressed in black, and twelve of the latter arrayed in white. Each bore a small wand topped with pink ribbons, and covered with white fringes. They set out walking, two and two, before the corpse, and preceded by a cross, and what was named the "garland," a sort of upright pole, three or four feet in length, with bowed projections on all its sides. The cross and garland were decked out in the style of the wands. When the deceased person was a young man, those of his own sex took precedence in the walk; when a female, the maidens went in the first ranks. The "caoine" was an usual accompaniment in those cases. When the procession arrived at the grave, and the corpse had been consigned to its last resting-place, the white wands were stuck round the tomb at regular intervals by the bearers; the cross was placed at the head, and the garland at the foot of the grave. These frail mementoes of mortality were suffered to remain, as emblems of the purity of the deceased, until blown down or defaced by the action of rains and storms.

The Fever came first, with slow, stealthy step creeping,
And Death followed soon his dark path to our door ;
Oh, cold is the bed where our darlings lie sleeping,
Their sorrows all hushed—all their miseries o'er.

Then the Famine came stalking with gaunt bony finger ;
And our landlord was ruthless, and pitiless sure ;
And sweet Kathleen, our blue-eyed——But why should we linger
Recounting our sorrows—who cares for the poor ?

Yes, God careth for us. Then no more of repining,
Though we fly from this desolate country away
To the free happy West ; as each day is declining,
For the land of our fathers we'll fervently pray.

'Tis night, and the first ruddy streak of the morning
Shall break o'er our bark on the wide, trackless main ;
For our lost island-home our full hearts are still yearning,
And the dearly-prized friends we may ne'er meet again.

Then Erin mavourneen, how sad is this parting,
Old home of our childhood, for ever from thee !
And bitter and burning the tears that are starting,
As we take our last look of thee, Erin machree !

What pothooks and hangers are these ? Greek, by Cadmus ! and from a lover of laughter too, as he signs himself "*Φιλογέλας*." We love laughter ourselves with all our heart, especially after we have been in a melancholy mood, whereof we hold it to be the best as well as the pleasantest cure. And we love merry companions, being of opinion with the sage Magninus, that a merry companion is better than any music ; or, as the ancient proverb hath it, "*Comes jucidus in viâ pro vehiculo*"—"A pleasant companion is as a wagon to him that is weary on his way." Listen, then, to

MRS. MAGRATH.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK OF ONE OF THE POST-HOMERIC POETS.

Arrah Mrs. Magrath, the sergeant said,
Would you like your son was a sergeant made ?
With his big long sword and his three-cocked hat,
Arrah Mrs. Magrath would'n't you like that ?

Now Mrs. Magrath lived near the sea-shore,
For the coorse of seven long years and more ;
She seen a big ship come across the sea,
Oh neighbours, says she, wont you clear the way.

Master Tade is now landed without any legs,
But instead of them got two wooden pegs ;
And, after a dosen of kases or two,
Pon my soul Tade, this can't be you !

Arrah were you dead, or were you blind,
That you left your two legs far behind ;
Or was it in walking across the *sey*
That you wore your two legs down to the knee ?

Why then I was'n't dead, nor was I blind,
That I left my two legs far behind,
Nor was it in walking across the *sey*,
But a big cannon-ball shot them both away.

O then my son Tade you were tall and slim,
And sure you had a leg upon every limb,
And if you were my son Tade at all
Why did'n't you run from the big cannon-ball.

O then mighty war I will proclaim
Against the King of France and the King of Spain ;
I'll make them sorely rue the day
That they shot my Tady's legs away.

THE ORIGINAL GREEK.

Ὁ δεσποῦνα Μαγρὰ, λοχαγὸς εἶπεν,
Τί δ' ἂν υἱὸς σου λοχαγὸς ᾖ ;
Τριλόφον κυνὴν καὶ τὴν ἐξήκον ἔχων,
Ὁ δεσποῦνα Μαγρὰ τί φῆς περὶ τῶν ;

Δεσποῦνα Μαγρὰ παρα θαλάσσης
Παυλοῦσι βόρην καὶ κατασπῆς,
Ἰδούσα δι νηὶ πλεούσαν ἄντην
Ὁ γέγονεν ἦναι Τυδεΐδης.

Νῦν δ' ἐν ποδὶ παρὰ τοὺς αἶας
Πόδας ὑλίνους ἔσθην Τυδεΐδης,
Φίλουσα δι δωδεκάκας—ὄχλους !
Ἄρα Τυδεΐδῃ, πον τυγχάνεις ὦν ;

Ἄρα νεκρὸς οὖν ἢ τυφλὸς ἂν,
Ἀπεστειρήθην τῶν ποδῶν ;
Ἢ περιπατῶν ἐπὶ θαλάσσης
Διπαρὸν πόδας ὤλεσας Τυδεΐδῃ ;

Οὔτε νεκρὸς οὖν οὔτε τυφλὸς ἂν,
Ἀπεστειρήθην τῶν ποδῶν ;
Οὔτε περιπατῶν ἐπὶ θαλάσσης—
Ἄλλ' ἀπέταμα τὴν σφαιρὰν μεγάλην.

Ὁ τέκνον ἔμην σὺ θ' ὑψηλὸς ἦς,
Καὶ δι σὺ γ' ἦσθα ποδωκὴς
Ἄλλα πῶς εἰ τέκνον ἔμην σὺ γ' ἦς,
Οὐκ ἐφυγες ἐκ σφαιρᾶς μεγάλης.

Γαυλὸν βασιλεὺς ἐπιτολῆμασθε,
Καὶ τῶν Ἰβηρῶν τυραννῶν
Οἶμὸν κρηθόνται (καὶ πῶς δ' οὐ !)
Ὅτι ὤλεσαν πόδας Τυδεΐδου.

"We find internal evidence in this poem (proceeds *ῥιλογισμός*) that the sergeant in question was no other than the celebrated Agamemnon, Commander-in-Chief of the Greeks at the siege of Troy. It is also no less clear that the *Tudy* of the English version was no less than the celebrated Diomedes, son of Tydeus, whom Homer designates by the patronymic *Τυδίδης*. 'Coming across the sea too,' confirms the view that it was at the siege of Troy Tydides lost his legs. That the poem has been mutilated by time is evident. We have also marks of interpolation; '*ochone*,' is evidently a gloss of the Irish translator to fill up the 'gaping of the rhyme.' As to the *cannon-ball* it is clear that *σφαίρα* does not mean a cannon-ball, but a ball cast from a sling. Methinks I hear some critic say, 'Fudge! a ball from a sling could not be large enough, nor projected with sufficient velocity, to cut off a man's legs in such a wholesale manner.' Pause for a moment and perpend, most astute critic. Had you read Homer you would find that he speaks of Hector, nay of this very Tydides in question, having raised, nay swung, with the greatest facility, a stone of such enormous weight that (I quote the words of the poet from memory,) 'not ten men, such terrestrial mortals as are now-a-days, could raise it on a wagon.' Think you such chaps could not sling a mass of iron as large as one of our cannon-balls, and with as great velocity as if it came from the cannon's mouth? As to who the potentates were against whom Tydides' mother vowed such vengeance, I leave to Dr. Petrie and the antiquarian members of the Royal Irish Academy to determine. Enough for me to have rescued this noble lyric from destruction.

"ῥιλογισμός."

"Sonnets upon Mary Queen of Scots," by an old favorite, B. B. Feltus. We are great admirers of sonnets when they are good, but there is no mediocrity in such matters. To produce a sonnet is a difficult task, not only poetically but mechanically; and there is an insane notion abroad that any rhythmical composition, provided it have exactly fourteen lines, is a sonnet. This it is that has deluged us with a thousand things for which we have no name, and soiled a world of excellent paper that might have been profitably employed for writing letters of business, or keeping accounts. The best models of the *structure* of the sonnet are to be found in Petrarch and Filicaja in Italian, and in Wordsworth and Bowles in our own language. The poetical qualifications which we hold to be indispensable in this form are a terse, short, condensed style, and thoughts few, prominent, and completed in the poem, and a certain antique and classic air; in fact, a sonnet is to an ode, or longer poem, what a miniature is to a full length portrait.

Mr. Feltus is a very successful sonneteer, and those now before us sustain his reputation.

SONNETS ON MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY B. B. FELTUS.

QUEEN.—Gues at her years, I pr'ythee.
 MESS.—Madam,
 She is a widow, and I do think she's thirty.
 QUEEN.—Bearest thou her face in mind? Is it long or round?
 MESS.—Round, even to faultiness.
 QUEEN.—For the most part, too,
 They are foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?
 MESS.—Dark, Madam; and her forehead is as low
 As she could wish it.
 QUEEN.—There's gold for thee.—SHAKESPEARE.

I.—RELIGIOUS TROUBLES.

Oh beauty! never surely did'st thou wear
 So exquisite a shape, so sweet a face,
 Such charms Idalian heightening every grace,
 As Mary Stuart, by allotment rare,
 Joined to the Queen of Scots, and Tudor's heir.
 Let's feign she liveth for a moment's space;
 In Holyrood she holds her queenly place;
 A queen, poor soul!! and yet no mistress there,

For Knox denounces her ; to him she pleads
 For toleration : he, as doth befit
 Genevan plainness, speaks, " Discard those beads,
 Relics, and gauds, the scum of Satan's pit ;
 Pore less on missals, more on Holy Writ,
 And warned by Jezebel's end, eschew like deeds."

II.—THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.

Kind heaven ! exact not more from one so fair
 And lovely, than the weak and mortal state
 Of frailty can perform. She knows too late
 How worthless Darnley, like a tawdry mayor,
 Proud of his truncheon, or the brittle ware
 Of comeliness, with which too kind a fate
 So richly had composed him. Dull ingrate !
 Busy at others' beck—a petty player !
 Too soon, alas, will come an awful night,
 The last for him—let horror shroud the deed—
 Yet, Darnley, could a deed less dark requite
 Thine own ? 'twas thou that murderous crew didst lead
 To thy wife's presence, and before her sight
 Pierced Rizzio with more wounds than death could need.

III.—ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN.

Not all the novels from Boccaccio's store
 So touch the heart, so fascinate the soul,
 As those bright spots which history can unroll
 From true adventure. By thy islet's shore,
 Lochleven, still a ruin stands, of yore
 Proud Morton's stronghold ; wrapt in ivied stole
 The tower once tall, where streamed the bannered scroll
 Blazoned with shield a " bleeding heart " * that bore—
 Here bided Mary ; rudely given in charge
 To Douglas by her foe, his house's head.
 Why speeds yon shallop from the isle's green marge ?
 Oh wondrous Love ! the bleeding heart hath bled
 Afresh from thy keen shaft ; and thou at large,
 Fair captive ! hast thy keeper captive led.

IV.—IMPRISONMENT.

Oh would'st thou know what 'tis for long, long years
 To dwell beneath the dull and deadly shade
 Of a prison ; there to pine away and fade,
 Wasting with that heart-sickness which no tears
 Relieve ; no hope in some to-morrow cheers.
 The past with errors of dark die inlaid,
 And all reprieve, by man's or nature's aid,
 From bitter thoughts denied. No sound, to ears
 Accustomed to the tale of passionate hearts,
 Now audible, but chidings harsh and rude :
 No looks, to eyes whence Love drew all his darts,
 Seen, save those scowls that freeze the curdling blood
 With fear ; till fear with senselessness departs,
 The numb, cold, calm of sorrow's sickliest mood.

* The cognizance of the House of Douglas.

V.—MARY'S LETTER TO ELIZABETH.

"Oh, by our common grandsire, sister Queen,
 By our joint heirship to Plantagenet,
 Be merciful, nor let thy heart forget
 The ties of kindred! What though feuds between
 Our jarring interests in time past have been,
 Do tricks of council cancel nature's debt?
 I am thy captive, but thy equal yet:
 Relent, nor longer let such wrongs be seen
 By men or angels. Dowager of France!
 Mary of Scotland! I commit my cause
 To Him by whom kings reign, not thee whom chance
 Made stronger: yet thy strength small increase draws
 From violating rights which all advance
 Who reign, and all divine and human laws."

VI.—NORFOLK'S SUIT.

Who has not heard of gentle Surrey? He
 Who sung the praise of his fair Geraldine:
 Yet Surrey's son, though fated less to shine
 In fame's remembrance, will remembered be
 As Mary's latest lover. Changed is she,
 Alas, how changed! Yet still the Loves entwine
 Her form, though wasted; and a charm divine
 Cleaves to the twilight of adversity.
 Oh, Norfolk! had the records of thy race
 No warning voice for thee, too blindly led
 By crazed ambition? Could a crown add grace
 To Mowbray's and to Howard's ducal head?
 But if aims nobler urged thee, take high place
 Amongst thy country's most illustrious dead.

VII.—FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

Thy castle, Fotheringay, small semblance shows
 Of royal inmate. In the midnight breeze
 The drooping banners flap, and under these
 Thy men-at-arms to measured steps compose
 The ordered round. No jovial warder blows
 A merry blast, when stranger guest he sees:
 But in thy hall the spider spins at ease,
 And in thy courts the grass unweeded grows.
 Fell hold! reserved through all succeeding time
 For execration! Haunt of recreant spies!
 Where serpents, crawling in their native slime,
 Through depths of infamy to greatness rise—
 By such foul ways, as seen in God's pure eyes,
 Did Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester climb.

VIII.—THE TRYAL.

In such a place, by such a crew beset,
 Thus circumvented, on all sides attacked,
 Could'st thou alone, unaided, counteract
 Their practices? escape their wide-spread net,
 Disarm their quibbles, and, unconquered yet,

Hold them at bay? Could'st thou, with pains all racked,
 Maintain thy queenly dignity intact,
 Nor leave them one false perjured charge unmet
 With brave denial? Oh thou daughter true
 Of Flodden's James, of Bruce of Bannockburn,
 'Tis now thou art a queen: the homage due
 To birth and beauty iron hearts may spurn,
 But not that greatness which with death in view,
 Hatred to awe, and rage to shame can turn.

IX.—THE EXECUTION.

Thrice falls the axe. A prelate's hand uplifts
 Her severed head by hair grey not with age
 But sorrow. Stretched lies on that bloody stage
 The lifeless trunk, once rich in nature's gifts,
 Food for the worm! till He whose just eye sifts
 The deeds done in this mortal pilgrimage
 May give it form again. Spent all your rage,
 Spite, hatred, envy, malice; poor unthrifths!
 What can ye farther? hence away, and seek
 Fresh victims: here ye cannot longer heap
 Insults on Mary. Soon remorse will wreak
 Sharp retribution: thoughts that may not sleep
 Will day and night beset with ravening beak
 That jealous heart, within which rankled deep
 The praise of charms beyond what flattery dared to speak.

There go the chimes of midnight, and lo! our garland is finished and bound up by a thread of our own spinning. Now we close our box, though its treasures are but half explored. "Full many a flower" lies yet untouched, but such flowers will not, like their sisters of the garden, fade, and at a future time we shall bind them up too for you. Well, is not our garland a fair one, and a fragrant? Have not its flowers bright hues? Do they not exhale sweet odours? Are not the leaves soft to the touch, and beautiful in form? May we not say with Matthew Prior:—

"The pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet and lily fair,
 The dappled pink and blushing rose——"

Ay, all these and more have we bound up together. The warm flush of the rose; the melancholy paleness of the lily; the gaudy tulip; the variegated pansy; the wild sweet violet, and our own green shamrock! with the laurel and cypress and palm leaves entwined amongst them, are not these fitting flowers
 FOR OUR GARLAND FOR JUNE?

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

ANOTHER book on the interminable and never wearying theme of Horace Walpole, the acknowledged Emperor of Gossips, and King of Letter-writers. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety" of reminiscences connected with this name. Unlike Newton, whose mighty faculties achieved their great discoveries in science at a comparatively early period of life, and then reposed, as if worn out or wearied, the lord of Strawberry Hill (though in a much inferior grade) continued to lead in his peculiar walk with undiminished spirit, until the full term allotted by the psalmist; as lively in old age as in vigorous manhood, with imagination as fresh and green in the winter of seventy, as in the budding spring of seventeen. Not even the "arthritic tyranny"† of gout, so remorselessly exercised over him in his latter years, could totally subdue his patience, or extinguish his love of elegant society, until just before the curtain was ready to drop, when, as the present writer informs us, "he became a fretful valetudinarian, verging on imbecility, complaining of those who were kindest, and blaming those who had never been in fault." The querulous helplessness of this "last scene of all," with the neglect that too often accompanies existence, protracted to the extreme period when strength becomes labour and sorrow, verify the saying of the ancient Greek, as echoed again by our modern poet, "whom the gods love die young."‡

When we first glanced at the title-page, from constant familiarity with the subject, we took this for a new or enlarged edition of some preceding book, rather than an original one, and were a little startled when assured by the editor in his preface, that with the exception of a few meagre sketches

prefixed to his works by Pinkerton, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Dover, the biography of Horace Walpole is now for the first time presented to the public.

The life of a wealthy, fashionable man of letters, such as the Earl of Oxford, indulging in perfect idleness (the *dolce far niente*), when not choosing to canter a little on a favorite hobby-horse—a "voluptuous virtuoso" as he has been called, more disposed to sedentary than to active pursuits,—is not likely to abound in stirring incidents by flood and field; although he once captured a housebreaker, and another time was nearly run over by a coach-and-six while attempting the chivalrous feat of carrying a young lady over a wet style. The latter catastrophe was superseded by rather an equivocal tableau, not very delicately described in his own letters. But want of delicacy, even among the highest classes, was one of the smaller vices of the last age. Twice, also, Walpole was in danger of being drowned while acting "Squire O'Dames," a character he was partial to, although not formed by nature for a hero. The drawing-room of a predominant duchess, or the snugger of a select literary circle, were his more legitimate fields of distinction. The character of his mind will be traced, not in deeds but in words. His genius displays itself in his conversation, writings, and epistolary correspondence. From these sources, and many similar ones, emanating from his chosen companions, we feel ourselves as intimately acquainted with Horace Walpole, as familiar with his costume, slight effeminate figure, style of talk, turn of humour, and other personal peculiarities, as if we had known and associated with him all our lives. We accompany him from Arlington-street to White's, where we meet George Selwyn and "the wits"

* Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries; including numerous original letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of "the Crescent and the Cross," &c., &c. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13, Gt. Marlborough Street. 1851.

† "Unhappy whom to beds of pain

Arthritic tyranny confines."—*Dr. Johnson's Poems.*

‡ Herodotus, as quoted by Lord Byron; but the line belongs to Menander—

"Ον γὰρ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νεός."

of the day ; back again to Arlington-street, and the next morning in his well-appointed coach to Strawberry Hill, where we are sure to meet our merry old acquaintance, Kitty Clive, before whose resolute independence of spirit Garrick trembled in the plentitude of his autocracy. The Clive who informed Roscius that she was richer than he, as she knew when she had enough, which he never would ; who, when he played the crocodile at parting, told him to his teeth, he hated and was glad to get rid of her, and would light up candles for joy only it would cost him sixpence ; who never was absent from the Strawberry Hill parties, loved and honoured by the lord of the castle ; who enlivened the whole circle by her exhaustless fun and anecdote, while she kept retired countesses in order, and frightened them from cheating at whist.

Without much stretch of imagination we can embody Horace Walpole in the flesh, seated on the sofa before us, opposite to the table at which we are writing. We fancy nothing new can be told us of one of whom we already know so much. He wants no smirking, obsequious Boswell, with busy, diurnal note-book to perpetuate the memory of a cough or a sneeze which otherwise would be lost. On closing these two very agreeable volumes, the impression left on the mind scarcely does justice to the author. We feel as if we had been refreshing memory on matters we knew before, rather than adding to our stock of information. But all to be found previously in many places, is here for the first time collected together and brought again before us at one view in a condensed, perspicuous, and animated narrative. The introduction of other characters and incidents blending with the individual biography, is skilfully managed, rendering the picture more complete, and greatly adding to its interest and variety. When we consider the number of the *dramatis personæ* introduced, and the many subjects discussed, the book appears unusually short, and in no degree deteriorated by the leaven of dulness. This is saying a great deal in favour of two portly octavo volumes in these abbreviating days, when anything beyond an ordinary pamphlet terrifies the reading public into a bibliophobia. But we must take leave, before we proceed further, to enter a gentle protest against a mysterious practice becoming frequent and

fashionable ; namely, that of ushering new publications into the world with the name of the author hidden under the ægis of an editor of established reputation. The “*stat nominis umbræ*” of Junius is preferable to this demianonymous substantiality. It reminds us of Tencer sending forth his arrows from behind the seven-fold shield of Ajax Telamon, while he watches their effect and prepares himself for another discharge. A temporary blind, to be withdrawn as it suits the inclination or convenience of the parties concerned, and which, when lifted, has in more cases than one disclosed the imaginary co-partnership represented by the same individual.

In the present instance we are puzzled to draw the line of demarcation. We are unable to separate to our own satisfaction the concealed author from the avowed editor, and probably bestow praise or censure on the one which may with more propriety belong to the other. We cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the glowing, pointed sentences of the author of “*The Crescent and the Cross*” are scattered more liberally through this work than he acknowledges ; and we fancy, although perhaps erroneously, that he has had a greater share in its composition than he modestly admits in his preface, wherein he assures us he has “*furnished nothing towards it except such doubtful advantage as his name could give, and such corrections as were freely offered and as freely accepted.*”

Notwithstanding the spirit and gracefulness which breathe in these volumes, and the varying interest of the subjects touched upon, when we had finished their perusal we felt jaded and unrefreshed. Why was this ? Because they exhibit in the mass such an unfavorable view of human nature ; such a predominance of evil over good ; such overwhelming portraiture of animal depravity ; of utter sensualism in the highest classes of society, in the most influential sections of civilized life.

The nation drove out the elder branch of the Stuarts, and gained something in civil and religious liberty—valuable acquisitions, certain to take root and fructify with time when solidly planted in a nourishing soil. But neither morals nor manners appear to have changed for the better during the reigns of the two first kings of the substituted family. Vice under the Stuarts was high

in the ascendant; intrigue held "sovereign sway and masterdom;" but it was at least gay, social, and well-bred. So, perhaps, the more dangerous and seductive. Under the first and second George, the quantity of the commodity still went on increasing, but the texture became gloomy, coarse, and avaricious. There was even more of vice, but now well seasoned with vulgarity. The elegant voluptuousness of Circe and Armida transformed into the low debauchery of Silenus and Trimalchio.*

George the First kept his wife far away from England, immured in a continental dungeon, while the two Hanoverian ogresses of his harem, the "Schulenberg," and the "Kielmanseck," the "May Pole," and the "Elephant and Castle," as they were nicknamed, openly disposed of place and pension, selling rank and honour to the highest bidder. He hated his son and successor, who returned the compliment with interest, and destroyed his father's will as a last act of filial reverence.†

George the Second selected his wife as the special confidante of his various connubial peccadilloes, all his *liaisons* being by kind permission of his better half; an agreeable and respectable domestic arrangement. As he and his father detested each other mortally, so did he and his queen continue this family affection in the direct line, by a cordial abhorrence of their own eldest son, which occasioned many *scenes*, and much expenditure of passion; to the scandal of the few who thought correctly, and the amusement of the many who preferred mischief above everything.

The King inquired of his wife, as the safest authority, whether "the beast," meaning the Prince of Wales, was really his son. Her Majesty assured him he was; and then expressed her maternal feelings as follows:—"My dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille* in the whole world; and I most heartily wish he was out of it."‡ There was at least no mystification in these little family dissensions. The

edifying examples were not thrown away on the public, who look to the high authorities set over them for guidance and instruction, as the traveller is directed by his road-book, and the subordinate members of an orchestra take from the leader the key-note by which to tune their own instruments. Frederick, Prince of Wales (the father of George III.), who died in 1741, was undoubtedly a very objectionable person, and his demise a public benefit, as it made way for the succession of a much betterman. The following Elegy, which appeared at the time among many others, is quoted by our author, and interprets, as he says, "the common opinion of the day as to the general merits of the family; and while it places him rather above the rest, rates him still at an extremely moderate valuation:"—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father .
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Much better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There is no more to be said."

In speaking of William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Fontenoy and Culloden, as he has been called (why do they omit Closter-Seven?), but better known as "the Butcher," this author denies his claim to the latter enviable title; and with reference to his cruelties in Scotland, says:—"Those who look carefully into the authorities for these atrocities will not find them deserving of faith." This opinion is more easily delivered than proved. There is no fact in history better established than the frightful and unnecessary barbarities committed after Culloden, by the army under the Duke of Cumberland; a full and very interesting detail may be found in the Pictorial History of England, where

* For the suppers of Trimalchio, see Petronii Arb. Satiricon.

† This has been disputed, but no will was forthcoming, after Archbishop Wake handed it over to the new king, who put it in his pocket, and thus the royal goods and chattels fell to the last person to whom the owner would have left them.

‡ Quoted in the book we are reviewing, from Lord Harvey's Memoirs.

the authorities are named, and the concurrent testimony of friends and enemies produced in evidence. The campaign was inglorious, although decisive; and the battle itself a paltry affair, in which there was no display of military skill on either side. The wretched Highlanders were disunited, badly officered, unskillfully commanded, and exhausted by a ridiculous and harassing night march, in a still more absurd attempt to surprise the British army, which amounted to nearly 8,000 well-appointed, experienced troops. The rebels hardly mustered 4,000, ill-disciplined, half-armed, and more than half-starved. It was a case of bad generalship succeeding against worse; "*les bornes qui battaient les aveugles*," as Frederick the Great said of a battle between the Russians and the Turks. We agree with our author when he says, the rebellion was a formidable one, and that the Duke put it down completely, thereby rendering good service; but we leave him when he argues that the severity resorted to after success, was either good policy or mercy in disguise. It may to some extent have been *expedient*; but that has little to do with either wisdom or justice. Heading and hanging men taken in open rebellion seems like legitimate retribution. It is precisely what the vanquished would have done to the victors, had the fortune of war reversed their positions. Attainder of title and forfeiture of property are also natural consequences. All this applies to ringleaders, fomenters, and warriors with arms in their hands; but nothing can extenuate brutal outrage against helpless women and children, burning villages and cottages, in the mere wantonness of power, and general plunder without measure or distinction. That all these excesses were perpetrated systematically throughout the Highlands is undeniable. North of the Tweed, they have been too long familiar with such eulogistic couplets as the following, to change their opinions on the merits of the party celebrated:—

"Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Ken ye the news I hae to tell?
Cumberland's awa to h——,
Charon grim came out to him,
Ye're welcome here, ye deevil's limb!

He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and ban,
Whiles he sank and whiles he swam;
They took him neest to Satan's ha',
There to lilt wi' his grandpapa;
The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
Riving sticks to roast the Duke;
They put him then upon a speet,
And roasted him baith head and feet;
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
And that's the gate they serv'd the Duke!
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie!"*

When we find the "humours" of William Duke of Cumberland justified, we shall expect next an apology for the massacre of Glencoe. As this same author says in a subsequent portion of his book, on Walpole's attempt to purify Richard the Third:—"It is but attempting to wash the black-a-moor white." Posterity will never be brought to think Richard was a "much-injured individual," or that Cumberland had "butcher" added to his titles, without good claim to the distinction. Hear Horace Walpole himself, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, at Florence:—"The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud—'Then let it be of the Butchers.'" Cumberland and Cæsar!—Culloden and Pharsalia! Flattery will scale Olympus at last. As Hamlet says, "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?" When Walpole drew this parallel, he should have joined to it another: Alexander and Hawley. Each fired a royal palace: the one Persepolis, in the pride of victory; the other, Linlithgow, in the shame of defeat. General Hawley rested his laurelled head in the Palace of Linlithgow, on the night when he fled, hatless, from the glories of Falkirk. On the following morning, as he hurried off to Edinburgh, his dragons wantonly set fire to the straw that had littered their horses, and burned down that ancient dwelling-place of kings.

A favourite object in the present day appears to be, to uproot all preconceived opinions on matters of history, and supply the vacancies with new ones. A sturdy paradox never fails to excite curiosity. There have been already

* See "Hogg's Jacobite Relics," &c., for other similar canticles.

several justifications of Shylock, an elaborate essay on the daring courage of Falstaff, an apology for the character and conduct of Iago, with profound metaphysical inquiries tending to prove that Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were philanthropists on a grand scale. We have in our own possession, in manuscript, a very convincing and unanswerable "Exculpation of Regan and Goneril," which will be given to the world whenever the author and his publisher agree upon terms.

At page 182, vol. i. an amusing anecdote is told, which shows the extreme unpopularity of George II. in 1736. He had stayed rather longer than usual in Hanover, detained by the charms of Madame Walmoden. A placard was posted on the gate of St. James's Palace, with the following announcement:—"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence reward*. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."

While the two Hanoverian Kings, with their immediate courtiers, satellites, and dependants, regulated their lives after the fashion described, the bulk of their subjects fell naturally into a similar course. There was everywhere much laxity of principle, whether social or political; an increasing disregard for all forms of religion, derived chiefly from France, that flourishing hotbed of infidelity, where the improving sophistries of Voltaire and Rousseau were beginning to enchant all circles; with a coarse, and even obscene freedom in conversation, not unrestrained in the presence of accomplished women, which had never before been indulged in to the same extent, and is now very difficult to be believed. If the stage be taken as a reflex of the prevailing manners, the comedies of this era exceeded in licentiousness and irreligion those which flourished previously, under the congenial patronage

of the Merry Monarch. The court of the Sovereign, the private apartments of the reigning Sultana, the drawing-rooms of the nobility, the boudoir of the fashionable demirep, the boards of the theatre, the clubs and gambling-houses, with the temples of the midnight symposium, all, with few exceptions, present the same features of the same repulsive picture, viewed only in a different light, and occasionally with a slight change in the colouring. The scene may shift from England to France, from the grosser wickedness of London to the more refined iniquity of Paris, and so on, backwards and forwards; the moving panorama varies in nothing but the place, retaining all the essential attributes of one uniform character.

In France, this cauldron of abomination went on bubbling and foaming, scorching and consuming, until at last it boiled over furiously, in the madness and misery of the first revolution; all which (by the way) Horace Walpole foresaw and foretold; but, as usual, nobody heeded the voice of the warner, before the explosion took place.*

Many were the mistakes as to the causes of this astounding event, and wide and wild were the speculations in regard to its immediate influence and remote consequences. An acute modern author says, "It is the fashion to ascribe everything to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to everything but the real cause. That cause is obvious. The government exacted more than the people could bear, and the people neither could nor would bear any longer." Here is a true and simple answer to a very complicated question. For some time every established government in Europe was shaken to its centre. How England escaped is still a subject of wonder, and ought ever to be one of lasting gratitude to the pervading Providence which saved us from the engulfing vortex, and, as we hope, for better purposes. Disparaging and cynical writers of the present day occasionally insinuate that we are not

* These lines from Dr. Johnson's *Irene*, on the fall of Constantinople, apply strongly to the destruction of the French monarchy:—

"A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states."—Act i. s. 1.

one jot better than our great-grand-fathers, except in outward observance of the proprieties, and that beneath that convenient cloak the pliant folds of hypocrisy lie snugly coiled. Also that in the highest and best-informed classes all is hollow, empty, and deceptive. A comfortless view of things, which we trust is a mistaken one. But should it be correct, we have far less excuse than our progenitors. Utilitarianism and centralisation, *Agapemone* communities, Chartist and Socialist debating clubs, are not likely to prove sound pedestals on which to erect the structure of moral or religious advancement; but all these evil tendencies are counterbalanced by the rapid spread of education, the removal of taxes on knowledge, the untiring eloquence of zealous teachers, and above all, by the bright example of our present gracious Sovereign and her consort, whose public and private lives elevate humanity, and give an added grace to royalty itself.

Among the contemporaneous portraits sketched in the work we are considering, stands out in bold relief the imposing figure of the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, father of Horace, much vilified during his life, and for nearly a century after misrepresented and misunderstood. To him, as in the case of greater men, including one among the greatest of all, Cromwell, posterity is at length rendering tardy justice. Sir Robert was a true Englishman, who loved his country, and served two monarchs faithfully for many years. His opponent, the plain-spoken Shippen, said of him,—"Robert and I are honest men; he is for King George and I for King James; but as for those fellows with long cravats (Sandys, Sir John Rushout, and others) they only desire places under one king or the other." (Vol. i. p. 305). Often suspected as a corruptionist and time-server, an embezzler of public money and self-aggrandizer, it now appears that all these accusations were the mere overflows of party gall, which fell to the ground when brought to the test of inquiry. Time, the purifier, exhibits his character freed from the dross and alloy which has been unjustly mixed up with it. A strenuous advocate of peace and opposer of expensive wars,

he held his steady course, relying on his own resources, and surrounded generally by colleagues of third-rate talent and less than fourth-rate integrity; men ready to be bought or sold according to the amount of the purchase-money. As minister of two weak, capricious, self-willed monarchs, who knew nothing of England, could scarcely speak her language, and neither understood nor valued her institutions, he maintained his post, and upheld the national honour, despite the efforts of parliamentary opposition and *camerilla* conspiracies. When at length uprooted by the force of a long-organising cabal, he gave way before the storm, and presented himself to tender his resignation to his sovereign, that aged master, instead of holding out his hand to be kissed in the cold ceremonial of etiquette, for once gave way to natural feeling, and flung himself upon the neck of his faithful servant, embracing him in an agony of tears.*

One of the vulgar arguments against Sir Robert Walpole's integrity has been constantly repeated, and rests on words put into his mouth which he never used. "All men have their price," including of course himself, is said to have been his publicly declared opinion of public virtue. But he never said anything so universally comprehensive. His sentence was, "All *those* men have their price."† The insertion or omission of a single word makes all the difference. By *those* men (many of whom in the sequel justified his observation), he meant the loud-tongued orators who were as numerous in his day as ours, raving of their country's wrongs, threatening hourly impeachment of every measure and every ministry, opposing everything they did not suggest themselves, until they bullied their way by sheer dint of mouth into some comfortable sinecure, and then suddenly became as quiescent as the ocean after a tempest. Your demagogue of 1840-50, is lineally descended from his ancestor of 1730-40, with all the family features clearly identified, each being a true type of the genus which Pope characterises in the line,

"He foams a patriot to subdue a peer."

Recent ministers have rejoiced in inefficient coadjutors, but we know no

* Vol. i. p. 328.

† Coxe's *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*.

modern premier with such a Secretary of State to help him as Sir Robert Walpole was blessed with in the sapient Duke of Newcastle, of whom it is recorded in responsible print, that when informed Cape Breton was an island, he stood aghast at the amazing discovery, and said he must run and tell the King directly, who, he was quite sure, would be as much astonished as himself. Of this illustrious pundit, Lord Campbell says, in his "Lives of the Chancellors" (the passage is quoted by our author):—

"Hardly gifted with common understanding, and not possessing the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school; from the rotten borough system, then in prime vigour, the Duke was in high office as a minister longer than Burleigh, and had much more power and patronage than that paragon of statesmen."

How often do these instances of official nothingness occur in the history of nations, and yet we wonder that enlightened governments commit gigantic blunders and meet with terrible reverses. Profound was the saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, but which is usually cited for its pithiness without applying its wisdom: "*Vides, mi fili, quam laeve sapientia homines gubernantur.*" Of this we crave privilege to offer the following free translation—*A small quantity of brains will suffice for a large salary.*

The public character of Sir Robert Walpole is ably summed up by the author of these Memoirs in the following passage:—

"Unfortunately for the reputation of this great man, contemporary chroniclers were too deeply prejudiced against the name of Walpole to do justice to the very superior talents he possessed as a statesman; and, influenced by their party-coloured views, succeeding writers have satisfied themselves with echoing the cry against him. It is only within the last few years that due inquiry has been instituted into the measures of Walpole, and the more carefully it has been prosecuted the stronger has the impression become, that he was one of the most intelligent rulers this country ever possessed. Of the accusations that were lavished upon him, there seems to have been no proof produced; and as he died not only poor but very much in debt, the insinuations confidently thrown out of his having accumulated immense

riches at the expense of the public, and the more daring charges of corruption on the most comprehensive scale, circulated by his enemies, of course fall to the ground."

Of his domestic and social attributes he says:—

"He never put forth any pretensions to wit, but his conversation abounded in humour; and though this sometimes was too free, it was at least free from ill-feeling. . . . His cordiality of manner and the charms of his conversation few found it possible to resist. Whether as host or guest, his countenance beamed with a cheerful sunshine that warmed every heart around him. The King and Queen experienced the influence of his good-humoured pleasantry quite as much as the humblest acquaintance who was honoured with a place at his table; and in his own peculiar circle of intimates it is not easy to do justice to that enthusiastic affection of which he was so long the object. . . . He was easy of access, affable to strangers, indulgent to his dependants, and generous in all his habits; affronts that were put upon him when out of power, in power he never cared to remember, and though embarrassed by the treachery of those who deserted him when they fancied him growing weak, as soon as he re-established his strength, the traitors generally escaped the punishment it was then in his power to inflict."

This is an agreeable portrait, a little highly coloured on the side of partiality, but at all times praise is preferable to abuse, and by no means aseasy. Sir R. Walpole's "table talk" in promiscuous company, by his own avowal, bordered a little on the gross and licentious, which he defended by saying that it suited every intellect and understanding. If he took a cynical view of human nature, and, with our friend Malvil in the play, pronounced "mankind a villain," he did it good-humouredly, and more as a joke than as a sarcasm or a practical fact. He proved the contrary conviction by his forgiving temper and slowness to suspect. He thought, perhaps, with Corporal Nym, "things must be as they are," in spite of philosophers or reformers. He was not ambitious of acting Diogenes with his lantern, well knowing, from long experience, that the chance of profitable discovery was much out-balanced by the labour of the search. He took the world as he found it,—and so he died,

having played a conspicuous part, and left it for a future generation to find out that he was a much better and abler man than the majority of his contemporaries.

Horace Walpole, the leading subject of these memoirs, figured conspicuously in society during a long life, and in many characters. As author, wit, virtuoso, fine gentleman, man of letters, and brilliant correspondent. He possessed an ample income, which gave him means to gratify his prevailing tastes, and indulge his love of indolent enjoyment. He had no ambition to figure in public life, for which his habits unfitted him; but he showed no objection to finger public money, having possessed for many years, through the interest of his father, and without scruple of conscience, two snug offices, with merely a nominal duty attached to them.* From the funds supplied by these sources arose the mansion and museum, of Strawberry-hill, originally built by the suspicious overflowings of a retired coachman, and christened by the neighbours, with sly insinuation, "Chopped-straw-hall;" afterwards occupied by Mrs. Chevenix, of toy-shop celebrity.† Although Walpole long held a seat in parliament, he made no figure there; when he spoke, it was ineffectively; his party considered him one of the "light weights," useful on a division, but with little personal importance. His best effort at public oratory was perhaps his first, in defence of his father, when threatened with impeachment soon after he was driven from office. As this author tells us, "he allowed the greatness of the occasion to overpower his natural timidity."‡ William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, at the time, and Lord Holland since, have bestowed commendation on this maiden effort. His constitution was too feeble to endure the recurring drudgery of long sessions, which requires the strength of an elephant. A series of campaigns in the Peninsula, on the Sutlej, or in Kaffirland, are child's play in comparison. How any human fabric can endure it, as Joseph Hume's, for an instance, has done, is an anatomical miracle, which

can only be solved (when he dies in the middle of the next century), by a *post-mortem* examination.

As an author, Horace Walpole is entitled to a respectable rank, while as a letter-writer he is unrivalled. His correspondence will live while the English language lasts, and beats that of the Grimms and Sevigné's out of the field. His conversation died with him, or survives only in traditional anecdotes; his printing press is broken to pieces, his *collezione* dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and his Gothic castle of lath and plaster is tottering to its foundation. Ere long it will share the fate of Pope's grotto and subterranean avenue.

It has often been charged against Walpole, and apparently with justice, that, considering his influence and position, with his ample fortune—his patronage of struggling literary merit was trifling and disproportionate. Although mild and sociable, bland in manner and gentle in speech, he was also cold and somewhat selfish. All virtuosos and collectors become so more or less. They bestow on dumb curiosities or living lap-dogs the affections which warmer natures occupy with love or active friendship. The passion of accumulating anything, money, books, statues, paintings, old china, suits of armour, antiquated furniture, relics of celebrated individuals, no matter what,—all springs from a longing for exclusive possession; and when the proprietor exhibits his wonders, he says or feels, "See how many fine things I have which nobody else can obtain," rather than, "How much pleasure I convey to you all by showing these rarities." There are exceptions, of course, but we apprehend this to be the general rule, and that the rage of collecting contracts rather than expands the sympathies. The celebrated Grolier used to write on the first leaf of his books, *Johannis Grolieri et amicorum*; an extent of liberality which has found few imitators. We have no doubt his library soon had many vacant shelves. The ardour of lending is much checked by the frequency of not returning the

* Usher of the Exchequer, £2,000 per annum; Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Foreign Estreats, £500 ditto. Total, £2,500! They were as nearly sinecures as possible.

† Vol. ii. p. 4-6.

‡ Vol. i. p. 343.

borrowed article at all, or sending it home remorselessly dilapidated.* The favourite practice of reading at the breakfast table, or over the fire, will produce the latter effect very effectually. Garrick was reproached for not giving Dr. Johnson free access to his valuable quartos while employed on his edition of Shakspeare; but he defended himself by saying he had great trouble in getting them back, and when recovered, their state was grievous to the eye and heart of the owner. In Steevens's copy of the first folio Shakspeare, there is a note signifying that it had been lent to the great lexicographer, who by no means improved its condition.

The best of Walpole's original writings, and on which his claims as author rest, are "The Castle of Otranto," "Royal and Noble Authors," "Historic Doubts," and the tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." His other productions are numerous and varied, but they are little known to the existing generation. His letters have retained their charm, but even the works we have named above, once so popular, are now seldom looked at. They are to be found reposing on the shelves of the curious, among the desiderata of the Strawberry Hill press, generally bound in old-fashioned red morocco, but with few tokens of active service. The following eulogium in Lord Byron's preface to "Marino Faliero," appears to us considerably exaggerated:—"It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and, secondly, because he was a gentleman; but to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and 'The Castle of Otranto,' he is the 'Ultimus Romanorum,' the author of "The Mysterious Mother," a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may." A high panegyric from such authority; but we cannot find that Horace Walpole was ever underrated, and assuredly an aristocratic parentage on the title-page is no detriment to a new-

born publication. Lords (and ladies, too) of late have become as numerous in the fields of literature as commoners, and this could scarcely happen if they were held cheap, or neglected. Perhaps the noble poet, when he recorded the opinion, was still writhing under remembrance of the unsparing severity with which the tomahawk of the *Edinburgh* mangled his first juvenile "Poems by Lord Byron, a minor."

The "Castle of Otranto" came upon the public as a perfect novelty; an experiment in a ground which had not yet been trodden on, though destined to find so many followers,—and the success was commensurate. Our present author rates its pretensions at too low a mark. He says:—

"The public taste has very much improved since 1765, and Walpole's 'Gothic Story' has fallen into neglect. In the composition of the narrative the author has not studied the characteristics of time and place. The characters are not Italian, and a striking deficiency in natural interest pervades the entire work."

Contrast this with the criticism of Bishop Warburton (no friend of Walpole's), which the author of these memoirs has quoted in a note, and the difference of opinion will be found a very wide one:—

"Amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we had been entertained with what I will venture to call a masterpiece in the Fable; and of a new species, likewise. The piece I mean is 'The Castle of Otranto.' The scene is laid in Gothic chivalry; where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject and effect the full purpose of the ancient tragedy; that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in colouring as great and harmonious as any of the best dramatic writers."—(Vol. ii. p. 213 *Memoirs*.)

That a work, both original and clever, should now be neglected, is less an evidence of improved taste than an instance of the ingratitude with which the labours of the engineer are passed over by the multitudes who walk pleasantly on the road he has smoothed for

* This applies generally in the case of *umbrellas*, on the restitution of which very important articles, many people of otherwise respectable conscience entertain vague ideas.

them. The world assuredly can do without romances or works of fiction, and there are better things in it, and better ways of employing time. But they have their charms and their utility. The mind cannot always employ itself in serious contemplation or abstruse science. Gray declared that he could conceive nothing more exquisite than lying on a sofa and reading perpetual new tales by Marivaux and Crébillon. A higher authority, and a grave philosopher, says, "there are good reasons for reading romances; the fertility of invention, the beauty of style and expression. We, and thousands with us, have watched sedulously, in our young days, the announcement of a new novel by the author of *Waverley*, and counted the hours till it was published. Many romances have been written since "*The Castle of Otranto*," of superior interest, and a much higher order of merit; but the tribute of praise is not the less due to the founder of a school which has had so many imitators, and has given so much pleasure to society. The master who invents ought not to be depreciated because he has enabled a pupil to exceed him. The improver should not be placed above the originator, from whom he derives his excellence. If some adventurous spirit had not first braved the ocean in a boat, and ventured out of sight of land, Columbus would never have crossed the Atlantic and discovered the New World. The rude hand which sketched the original outline of a shadow on a wall,[†] led to the perfection of the art with which Zeuxis and Apelles, Correggio, Titian, Michael Angelo, and Raphael have astonished and delighted the world.

The "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" will always be interesting to the inquiring few, from the general accuracy with which it is compiled, and the evidence it affords of the very small talent exhibited by the illustrious brotherhood. We think it is Sir Walter Scott who says, it would be difficult to select from the ranks of authorship an equal number of commoners, with the same slender amount of capability.

The "Historic Doubts on the Life

and Reign of King Richard the Third," we have always considered the best of Walpole's original efforts, and cannot agree with the present author, that the question is decided against him. He has not cleared his client, certainly, but he has shaken the hostile evidence, and shown that, in more instances than one, it was against his interest to commit the crimes imputed to him, and much more probable that they were perpetrated by others. The murder of Henry VI. is the least likely of all to have fallen to his share. The death of the two young princes will continue to lie at his door, although his successor was quite as much interested in having them out of the way. The mystery of Perkin Warbeck will never be entirely unravelled. If he was an impostor, there was more perfect coherence in his case than in any other we know of. His reputed confession is not more admissible in rational evidence than that of a criminal on the rack. Perhaps he was a natural son of Edward the Fourth, which would account for his extraordinary resemblance to the Plantagenets, and his accurate knowledge of early transactions in the family. We are not so sure that Richard will never be relieved from his hump, although Shakespeare intended him always to wear it. So did he mean Othello to be black, who has, nevertheless, become brown, in spite of the clearness of the text. The crooked back may dwindle into the high shoulder, as the more accurate measure of deformity. It is impossible that an able man-at-arms could have been so utterly mis-shapen as Richard is represented. Such an object could never have killed Sir William Brandon, and unhorsed Sir John Cheyney, in single conflict. Our author, when enumerating the advocates of Richard, forgets Sir George Buck, who put forth his life in folio, with a portrait, in 1647, and deserves mention, as having been the first to draw a pen in his favour, and that within fifty years after the death of the great Tudor lioness, Elizabeth.

The "Mysterious Mother" is, altogether, a composition of great power and merit, and shows more vigour in the

* Dr. Johnson.

† "Perhaps the shadow taken on a wall
Gave outline to the rude original."—DRYDEN.

mind that produced it, than anything else proceeding from the same source. As Lord Byron says, and we have quoted above, it is certainly not a puling love-play, but still a love-play, and on a very unnatural and disgusting subject. Another instance of talent unprofitably wasted. That a morbid imagination, such as that of Alfieri or Shelley, should light on these revolting subjects is comprehensible; but that the courtly, well-regulated temperament of Horace Walpole should do so, is bewildering.

This author says, the play owed its origin to one of the Queen of Navarre's tales; but Walpole, in his preface, tells us, he took it directly from a story he had heard in early youth of a lady, who, in the agony of remorse, disclosed to Archbishop Tillotson the incestuous passion, with its consequences, which forms the plot of his tragedy. It was not until he had finished it he found the same story in the novels of the Queen of Navarre.† But it may be traced higher still, and comes down lineally from the respectable family of *Cædipus* and *Jocasta*. The subject seems to have been a popular one. Before Walpole handled it, there were four English versions, two of them being in a dramatic form. It is to be met with in the works of Perkins, a Puritan divine of the seventeenth century, and thence transcribed into the *Spectator*. In 1698 it appeared as a tragedy, called, "The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins," which was acted at Drury-lane, and afterwards printed anonymously; the author is not known, and the work is utterly contemptible. In 1737 came forth "Innocence Distressed, or the Royal Penitents," by Mr. Robert Gould, a country schoolmaster—another worthless tragedy on the same subject, with a few variations; but this time the infiction was confined to printing only. It was published by subscription for the benefit of the author's daughter, and dedicated to the Duchess of Beaufort.

Walpole's tragedy will repay the reader. The author we are reviewing says:—

"As an imaginative work, the 'Mysterious Mother' may be regarded as the greatest of Walpole's productions. It indicates the possession of higher powers than were required for the composition of the 'Castle of Otranto;' and, though neither sufficiently dramatic nor characteristic for the theatre, reads better than many plays that have kept possession of the stage."

The objections to representation do not lie where they are here pointed out. It would be by no means difficult to show, that of character or dramatic essence there is enough; the chief obstacle is, the revolting nature of the subject, which no excellence, either in writing or acting, could render palatable to English spectators. Walpole himself admits that his play is fit for the closet only. "The subject," says he, in his preface, "is so horrid, that it would shock rather than give satisfaction to an audience." But, in a subsequent letter, he evidently varies in his opinion, and wishes to risk the experiment. He writes thus:—

"I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted: but, as Mrs. Pritchard leaves the stage next month, I know nobody who could play the Countess; nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinence of that jackanapes, Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases. I have written an epilogue in character for the Clive, which she would speak admirably; but I am not so sure that she would like to speak it."

When Lord Byron decreed that Walpole's tragedy entitled him to rank above all living dramatists, the genius of Knowles had not burst into effulgence, and the able writers who have followed him, formed on the same model, were as yet "unknown to fame."

In 1757, Walpole established a private press at Strawberry Hill, and commenced his labours in this new walk with the publication of "Gray's Odes." On the whole, the contribu-

* See the "Mirra" of the first, and the "Cenci" of the last of these two poets. We have seen the "Mirra" of Alfieri acted in Italy. The subject is a little softened by being classical, and there is no actual crime, only the desire of committing one.

† It is to be found also in the original edition of "Luther's Table-Talk."

tions to literature from this celebrated source were much inferior to what might have been expected, and many quite unworthy the pains and expense bestowed on them. But this new hobby-horse added much to his notoriety, amused him for several years, and occasioned no small vexation in the controversy with Chatterton, wherein he was more censured than he deserved, although not perfectly clear on two or three points. He was, at first, a profound believer in the genuineness of the Rowley poems, and when he, with others, became convinced of the imposture, a little ashamed of having been so thoroughly duped. His vexation was increased by its being the second successful experiment on his credulity, Macpherson's *Ossian* having equally imposed on him. Walpole at the outset was exceedingly anxious to print the supposed poems of Rowley at Strawberry Hill, and entered into a patronising correspondence with Chatterton, but as soon as he became satisfied of the imposition, changed his tone, and dropped him as readily as he had taken him up; yet he required some pressing, with an angry accusation of unfair dealing, before he returned the manuscripts which had been entrusted to his care.

When speaking of the Strawberry Hill press, our author should have mentioned Thomas Kirgate, the last printer employed by Walpole, who remained with him many years, and was, as he said, the only honest one he ever had. This Kirgate was a character in his way, who, in some respects, tried to imitate his master, particularly in collecting on the small scale. He left a very respectable library, which was sold by auction in 1810. The large catalogues have a portrait prefixed. The list contains many of the rarest Strawberry Hill editions; whether or not obtained as free gifts, or perquisites of office, or by surreptitious means, it is useless to inquire. Many of them sold for large sums, particularly a copy of the "*Hieroglyphick Tales*," of which it was said only twelve were printed, and of which, strange to say, there was not one in the Strawberry Hill catalogue, when that collection was sold in 1842.

Our author is rather severe on Horace Walpole, for certain literary deceptions he practised himself, such as publishing anonymously, under a fictitious name, or with a preface assuming

facts which never had occurred. He says:—

"Walpole quite forgot his own offences in the greatness of his anger at the offence of the Bristol apprentice—possibly imagining, that what was the most natural thing in the world when done by a gentleman of family, was altogether unpardonable when attempted by a boy just emancipated from a charity school."

Under submission, the inference is not fair, neither are the cases parallel. The one, to speak mildly, was, at the best, an attempt to live by conscious imposition; a plan to raise money under false pretences. The other, a mere whim, which aimed at nobody's pocket, and has been practised by many without impeachment of character. No one impugned Sir Walter Scott's literary rectitude, because he created an eidolon in the "*Author of Waverley*," or tried to mislead public curiosity in the poems of "*Harold the Dauntless*, and the *Bridal of Triermain*;" neither did Southey lose caste for endeavouring to persuade the world that the letters of Don Manuel Esquivella were actually written by a Spaniard. The comparison tends to make out a case where none exists, and would implicate more than can be easily enumerated.

The three famous literary impostures of the last age, by Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland, are here brought together, and discussed in a lively manner under one head, although they occurred at distinct intervals. This forms one of the most amusing chapters in the book. Of the trio it is remarkable that the two last should have been mere striplings, one of them little more than a boy. Macpherson took the lead, in 1762, with the "*Poems of Ossian*," and carried many along with him. For aught we know to the contrary, there may be believers still in this Celtic Homer. It has been often said, *Ossian* was the favourite study of Napoleon, in his few hours of relaxation from active business. It seems strange that a mind so essentially practical could have found pleasure in these imaginative rhapsodies. Macpherson broke down when Dr. Johnson called on him to produce his manuscripts, which he was unable to do. Had he confined himself to the single ground of oral tradition, he

might have held out much longer, and would have taken from his most formidable antagonist his strongest argument. He was exactly in the predicament of the Marquis Caraccioli, the editor of the so-called letters of Pope Ganganeli (Clement XIV.), when Voltaire asked him, "Where are the originals?" which question he was unable to answer.

The boy, Chatterton, knew perfectly well that he was the imaginary Rowley, and so, in all probability, did Messrs. Catcot and Barrett, his first patrons and accomplices. They made a step or two in the production of manuscripts of Rowley, but they were scanty, and so badly executed as to be detectable with slight examination. And so their scheme fell to the ground. But both Macpherson and Chatterton were impostors of extraordinary talent, and their productions abounding in genius. Mr. Forster, in his recent life of Goldsmith, pronounces the Rowley poems of Chatterton to be "the most wonderful invention of literature, all things considered."

The mention of Mr. Forster's very able and entertaining "Life of Goldsmith" reminds us, that he has fallen into some inaccuracies, particularly when speaking of Horace Walpole, and his press, which, although of minor importance, should not appear in a standard book. Professed critics, who sometimes catch at a straw, in the exercise of their vocation, ought to be very careful not to fall into the errors they castigate. Any one may be mistaken in an opinion, but none should err in stating a fact, however insignificant. At page 95, he says, that six years before 1757, Horace Walpole printed at Strawberry Hill, "Gray's Elegy," and "Eton College Ode;" and that in July, 1757, he selected his two new odes for another pet publication. Whereas the facts are, that the Strawberry Hill press did not commence work before 1757; its first fruits were "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy," and the "Eton College Ode" and "Elegy" were never printed there at all. Mr. Forster also says, that Garrick's alterations of *Hamlet*, although disapproved of by the public, kept possession of the stage for eight

years. It was produced in 1771, and Garrick retired in 1776. Supposing he continued to thrust down this unpalatable dish, during the whole of that time, of which there may be evidence, here are not quite five years, and it is scarcely probable that his successors in management would persevere in a failure. The author of these memoirs differs from Mr. Forster in his estimate of "Chatterton's Poems;" he says:—

"They may be regarded as extraordinary productions from a boy of Chatterton's age, but their merit is not greater than has been exhibited at a similar period of life by Pope, and other juvenile poets. Their claims on the score of invention will not bear a very close examination; deprived of their antique dress, they lose at least half their effect upon the reader; and they cannot be regarded as a true expression of the poetical feeling which existed at the period to which they profess to belong."

This appears to us as much below, as the other is above, the true mark of their pretensions. The Bristol attorney's clerk, "the inspired boy," as he has been called, had even less advantage from circumstances and education than Pope, or Cowley, and other precocious spirits. His early and tragic end by suicide, is too well known to be dwelt on in detail. What a different career might his undoubted talents have opened to him, had they been directed in a better path, or had he fallen into better hands than those of the antiquarian pewterer, and literary surgeon, who treated the whole matter as a speculation, and perhaps connived at the imposture. Chatterton died on the 24th August, 1770, not having completed his eighteenth year. In 1776, Dr. Johnson, and his inseparable shadow, Boswell, being then on an excursion to Bristol, examined, at the house of Barrett, some of the *originals* of Rowley, and found them to be clumsily executed, and sufficiently indicative of imposture, even without internal evidence.* Honest Catcot, the pewterer, persuaded them to accompany him to the tower of Redcliffe Church, where he pointed out, "Canyng's Cofre," "*the very chest itself*" in which the pretended poems had been discovered by Chat-

* They are now in the British Museum, and not to be compared to Ireland's subsequent achievements in the same line

terton, whose father was the sexton. But in spite of this conclusive evidence, the stubborn sage remained incredulous, while he acknowledged the perverted genius. "This is the most extraordinary young man," said he, "that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

This legend of St. Mary Redcliffe has gained considerably since 1776. *Vires acquirit eundo*. In 1841, we were in Bristol, and visited that venerable edifice, as one of the most interesting sights in the city. A noble pile it is, far superior to the cathedral. The attendant verger led us proudly to the tower, and called our attention to "the chest," as the *genius loci*, the tutelary divinity of the temple, and then added solemnly, pointing to the opposite corner, "and in that corner of this very tower Chatterton starved himself to death." The company looked on the spot with becoming awe, as if they expected to see the skeleton at least, and some began to feel pathetic.

"And where is he buried?" inquired we, after a decent pause.

"Why here, in our churchyard of course; I don't know the exact place, but my grandfather was at the funeral."

"My good friend," we ventured to remark, hesitatingly, "that's impossible; Chatterton destroyed himself with a dose of arsenic, to escape from starvation. This occurred in London, not in Bristol, and he was interred in the burial ground of an adjacent work-house."

"A likely story," replied the dogged official; "wasn't he born here? and haven't we a right to know best?"

There was no combating this Socratic mode of argument; the sense of the listeners was evidently in its favour; so we held our peace and submitted. What use was there in depriving the worthy man of the best half of his story, or in disturbing such authentic and profitable traditions? Besides

which, there were a score or two of ill-conditioned urchins hanging about, ready, on a hint, to pelt the audacious foreigner who dared to throw doubt on the records of their church.

Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," says, that when he visited the Church of Stratford-on-Avon, and stood gazing, with deep interest, on the stone, with the memorable anathema against disturbance, which covers the grave of Shakspeare, the aged sexton informed him, that a few years before, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault,* the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space, almost like an arch [this is not very intelligible], through which one might have reached into the grave. The old man kept watch, for two nights, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed up again. He had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. The travelling author evidently contemplated his informer with increased reverence, when he concludes thus: "It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare." To all this, the worthy Mr. Burchell would have responded, by the expressive monosyllable "Fudge!" "Every fool knows," as the grave-digger says to *Hamlet*, that bones being compounded of pure carbonate and phosphate of lime, will not resolve themselves into dust in two hundred years, no, nor in twice two hundred years;† whatever wooden coffins, and still more perishable flesh may do; so that if there were no bones, the dust may go to blind the credulous. About ten years after Washington Irving's visit, we went to ponder over the grave of Shakspeare, which we never fail to do when in the neighbourhood of Stratford, and found the old sexton had been succeeded by his grandson. On questioning him as to what had been printed, and read by so many thousands, he replied, that his grandfather had never been present at the opening of any vault adjoining the

* This is clearly impossible. On each side of Shakspeare lie members of his family, who have occupied their places, without disturbance, for nearly two centuries. There is not, and was not, any interval for an adjoining vault.

† The bones discovered in Kirkdale cave, Yorkshire; Banwell, and Hutton, Somersetshire; Kent, and Oreston, Devonshire; Goat's Hole, and Paviland, Glamorgan-shire; Gallenreuth in Franconia, and many other districts on the continent, are not hundreds, but thousands of years old; and they are not fossilized, but strictly osseous. They are bones of animals, not men (with some exceptions), but the components are identical.

grave of Shakspeare, no such thing having occurred during his long period of office; and that when we told him the reported conversation, he said, "there is no truth in it." Either his memory had failed, or the ingenious author was deceived by a surreptitious sexton, as Sir Walter Scott, and other historians of Waterloo, were mystified by Jean La Coste;* or yielding to the temptation of a well-turned period, he has suffered his imagination to become poetical. We have no doubt, enthusiastic tourists, with the "Sketch Book" in their hands, have often sacrificed an additional half-crown in honour of the man who had looked on the dust of Shakspeare.†

Ireland, and the Shakspeare forgeries, came on at a later date, in 1796, when Walpole had ceased to trouble himself with such subjects, and scarcely a year before his death. They belong not to his epoch, and are merely brought in, in these volumes, to complete the series. Ireland dealt more boldly in original documents than his predecessor; his imitations were executed with great labour, and consummate skill. They almost equalled, in fidelity, the curtain which deceived the old Greek painter. Even Ritson, the astute and cynical, although not among the duped, says, in a letter to one of his correspondents:—

"The Shakspeare papers of which you have heard so much, and which I have carefully examined, are, I can assure you, a parcel of forgeries, studiously and ably calculated to deceive the public; the imposition being, in point of art and foresight, beyond anything of the kind that has been witnessed since the days of Annius Verterbiensis."—Vol. ii. p. 357.

With the exploded precedents of Macpherson and Chatterton before their eyes, the public again swallowed the bait; the believers, for a time, were numerous and respectable, and became proportionately savage when the trick was acknowledged.

Horace Walpole was very fond of visiting Paris. His mind, in many respects, was essentially French. The unrestrained laxity of French society accorded with his tastes. He took great delight in French literature, which he closely studied, adopted French manners, looked keenly and prophetically into French morals, and formed many French connexions. With the celebrated Madame du Deffand, he established an intimacy, which lasted till the death of that venerable Aspasia, in 1780, at the age of 84, an extended cycle of existence, moving round in one unvaried course, without an interval of religious reflection, or an hour of profitable employment; continually occupied in intriguing, card-playing, bon mots, gossiping, small talk, dabbings in literature, and indiscriminate scandal. She died as she lived, surrounded by triflers, butterflies, and sycophants, refusing the offices of religion, and passing into the next state of existence with the sound of the *Loto* table tingling in her ears.

These were the circles Horace Walpole frequented when in Paris, and we suspect he must have been too much under their influence when he wrote as follows:—

"I have never yet seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, Philosophers, Politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, the Humes, the Litteltons, the Grenvilles, the Atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt,‡ are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all this parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestest than any of them."

Our author calls this a startling paragraph, evidently written to surprise

* This Jean La Coste traded most profitably on his "Buonaparteana," until Major Siberne, who lived several months on the spot, and others, since proved to a demonstration, that he was an impostor, and had never been within several miles of the field of Waterloo during the whole day.

† Washington Irving is a smart, lively writer, but he should not borrow without acknowledgment. He has lately plagiarised wholesale from the *Life of an Irish poet*, written by an Irishman (Prior's Goldsmith), and without adequate admission.

‡ The first Lord Chatham, not his son, "The Pilot who weathered the storm."

rather than convince. To us it reads very like elaborate nonsense; an attempt at something smart and original, an effort to keep up the character of a lively correspondent, without regard to reason, or any care for moral or logical truth. Better if the writer had expunged it; and better still if the biographer had not transcribed what he scarcely considers a faithful picture of the mind it springs from. Whether Walpole escaped undefiled from the ordeal of French profligacy to which he voluntarily surrendered himself, may be suspected; but he clearly foresaw what every thing in that country was fast tending to, and lived to see his prognostics verified in the pleasantries of the guillotine, and the enthronement of a common prostitute as the Goddess of Reason.

The social depravity of the Parisian world, in every department, from the death of Louis XIV. to the decapitation of his great-grandson, would be perfectly incredible, were it not proved beyond doubt or question. Religion, loyalty, law, decency, and natural affection, all gave way before the sweeping tide. Sometimes it advanced too quickly for vice itself. Even the "head and front" of all imaginable wickedness, the Regent, Duke of Orleans, was once shocked, and his eyes opened to the absolute dominion of "the evil one" which prevailed, when his favourite minister (public and private), the *atheist* Dubois, insisted on being made a cardinal, and on being inducted into the archbishopric so long and lately graced by Fenelon. The Regent really trembled at the outrageous scandal, and hesitated until coerced into compliance by political gratitude. Dubois had made a good commercial treaty with George I., and this was to be the price for his service. The Regent consented. "Then all is settled," said Dubois, triumphantly. "Not yet," observed his master; "where the devil shall we find *even* in France, a *sacré coquin*, who will venture to consecrate a still more *sacré coquin*, such as thou art?" "Leave that to me," replied Dubois; and we sigh to remember that he actually persuaded or compelled the virtuous Massillon to assist at the disgusting profanation.

At page 276, vol. ii., we have a very characteristic letter from Walpole to his friend Gray, in which he gives an agreeable account, after his peculiar

manner, of his new French alliances, and the popularity he had attained in Paris. We fancy we have seen this letter before, but as no reference is given, probably it now appears for the first time. If so, it is among the best original contributions to be found in these volumes, and which, we may as well remark here, we find it difficult to distinguish. If the letter is not original, this should have been distinctly stated.

Walpole, during his visits to Paris, exchanged literary compliments (very hollow ones) with Voltaire, and perpetrated a hoax on Rousseau, and which, as usual, led to some misrepresentations and more quarrelling. This was his forged letter, pretending to be an invitation from Frederick the Great to the mountebank of Geneva, to accept an asylum in his dominions, when bigotry and ignorance had repudiated him from the rest of the civilised world. The enemies of Rousseau thought the joke a delicious one, and lauded Walpole to the skies when he was found to be the real author. On the other hand, the partisans of Rousseau opened their mouths in furious recrimination, and attacked Walpole, who foolishly lost his temper, and waxed angry at the storm he had himself raised. Rousseau was fair game, and there was very little moral delinquency in what Walpole had meant as a mere *jeu d'esprit*; although Warburton, who disliked him, without caring for his antagonist, and was himself not very tender of private feelings, said, "his pleasantry had baseness in its very conception," and added, "I should be well pleased to see so seraphic a madman attack so insufferable a coxcomb as Walpole." The Bishop had no objection to sound the charge, although his gown and lawn sleeves restrained him from rushing into the dangers of the fight.

Rousseau was at this time in England, under the patronage of his Py-lades and brother philosopher, Hume, who for a long time had reigned "the observed of all observers" in Paris. He suspected his friend of being a party in the conspiracy against him, and a furious war was declared between the quondam allies, which worked up to this climax of compliment—"You are a scoundrel," said Hume; "You are a double traitor," replied Rousseau; and so they dissolved partnership, and fell to mutual abuse. Even philosophy,

real or pretended, cannot bridle that unruly member, the tongue. When Dr. Adam Smith and Dr. Johnson met at Glasgow, they disputed on Smith's famous letter on the death of Hume, which Johnson loudly proclaimed his dissent from, and then proceeded to wrangle in foul language. "He called me a liar," said Smith, in his subsequent account of the dialogue, "and I called him a son of a——!" Smith was the worse logician of the two, as he could not possibly prove his premises, which the other might. "On such terms (remarks Sir Walter Scott, who retails the anecdote) did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."

These instances are almost as instructive as the conversation between Partridge and the recruiting sergeant in "Tom Jones." "Craving your pardon," said Partridge, "that's a *non sequitur*." "You're another, if you come to that," retorted the learned sergeant. "I'm no more a sequitur than yourself, and I'll fight *any* man for a crown." There is a clear, clinching conviction of being right, in the last sentence, worth all the round-about sophistries of either Hume or Rousseau.

Walpole, like most jokers, preferred having all the fun to himself, and writhed under a retort. But he threw the first stone, and ought to have submitted patiently when one or more were hurled at him in return. If you volunteer the blow which commences a battle, you have no right to complain should you find yourself roughly handled in the sequel. Abuse and vituperation augment as insensibly as a rolling snowball. Fox once opened a sharp fire of sarcasm on a political opponent, who replied with a full-mouthed battery of scurrilous invective. The aggressor was obliged to call for quarter. "Stop, stop, sir," cried he, "I was impertinent, but you are brutal."

Towards the end of the second volume of these Memoirs is a long chapter entirely devoted to original selections from the correspondence of the Rev. William Cole with Horace Walpole. We pass this rapidly over, as the least interesting portion of the whole work. The letters are dull and

vapid in themselves, and we think they might have been spared without detriment. Being written to Walpole, and not by him, they are little illustrative of his character, and supply no new information on any topic of value. The publication of correspondence, merely because it exists, and has not been disclosed before, may serve to swell a volume; but if at the same time it wearies the reader, and draws his attention from the more brilliant chapters, it had better have remained in the drawers or on the shelves from whence it is transferred. This Rev. William Cole was one of Walpole's oldest friends, they having been acquainted from boyhood. He was the son of an opulent farmer in Cambridgeshire, a well beneficed, well-educated country clergyman; a kind of literary grub, well versed in antiquarian lore, tedious and precise; very anxious to give information on any subject he was acquainted with when asked, and insufferably prosy in his manner of doing so; mixing all up with a good proportion of himself, his unimportant doings, his terrible escapes from scarcely any dangers, and his sufferings from the gout. He seems to have been, what Dr. Johnson defines a lexicographer to be, "a harmless drudge." A plodding, heavy, zealous individual, burrowing like a mole in the subterranean cells of learning, with, as our author describes him, "an extraordinary facility for writing a great deal about nothing, and a power of filling several sheets of paper without anything to say;" altogether a person more to be used than enjoyed. Consequently Walpole found him very serviceable in the various stages of his collecting mania, whether as regarded old paintings, old prints, rare manuscripts, or early printed volumes.

Walpole, like all others possessed by the same fantasy, paid dearly for his acquisitions, and was sometimes completely taken in. There is no one so readily gulled, or *sold*, in modern classical phraseology, as your professed antiquarian. The character of Cockletope* is not much exaggerated. Between his Gothic baby-house, and the curicities amassed within its chambers, an enormous sum had been squandered away. When the latter were sold,

* In O'Keeffe's well-known farce of *Modern Antiques*.

although the celebrity of the collector had given them an adventitious value, the sum produced amounted not to a third of the original cost, a lesson to the existing and future race of virtuosos, which they will neither study nor profit by.

At the well known Dr. Mead's sale, Walpole was nearly let in, by want of caution, to give forty-nine guineas for a book not worth more than one. This escape frightened him not a little, and deterred him from unlimited commissions. This Dr. Mead was equally renowned in his day as a physician and collector. He amassed a large fortune by his practice, and employed it in purchasing statues, pictures, and books. He furnishes one of the rare instances in which the money was well laid out, and produced a remunerative return. He had also wit and courage, two qualities not always combined. Both Rochester and Wharton were suspected of showing the white feather. Dr. Mead fought a duel under the gate of Gresham College, with another celebrated brother Galen, Dr. Woodward. They combated with small swords, and in full dress. "Take your life," said the magnanimous Woodward, when he had disarmed and overthrown his antagonist. "I will take anything from you," replied the prostrate Mead, "except physic."

As Walpole began to grow old, and saw his early friends dying round him, he endeavoured to supply their places by forming new connexions. His latter years were much solaced by the correspondence of Miss Hannah More, and the constant society of the two Miss Berrys. These last amiable and accomplished ladies are still alive. Some said he was in love with one, or both, and he gave himself little trouble to contradict idle reports, which by this time he had ceased to care for. That he entertained a very sincere friendship for the two sisters is certain. Mr. John Taylor, author of the tale of Monsieur Tonson, and proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper, who published records of his life in 1832, says, Walpole proposed to marry the elder Miss Berry, that he might leave her a title and fortune. We know not the value of Taylor's authority; he was well received in literary society, and may have heard the story as the gossip of the day, but as the present author

makes no allusion to the circumstance, we may suppose he is either unacquainted with or disbelieves it.

Towards the close of the year 1791 Horace Walpole succeeded, on the death of his nephew, to the title and estates of Earl of Orford, an increase of rank and importance which afforded him little gratification, while it added much to his anxieties, and involved him in accounts, cases for lawyers, disputes upon leases and mortgages, and other usual attendants on an encumbered property. All these occupations he loathed; they broke in on his favourite pursuits, occupied his time, ruffled his temper, and injured his health, already failing under gout and years. So slightly did he value his nobility, that for many months he merely subscribed his letters, "Uncle to the late Earl of Orford." In the midst of increased vexation and infirmity, it is pleasing to discover that he sought to do good, and was active in benevolence. He was never married, nor does he seem ever to have contemplated seriously the life connubial. The cares of a family would have sadly interfered with his long cherished habits, his gossiping and collecting propensities, while they would have drawn heavily on an income he loved to employ in matters much nearer to his heart.

At page 560, vol. ii. there is a mistake which the author would do well to correct with the earliest opportunity. Speaking of the concluding portion of Walpole's life, from about 1793, he says, "he loved to have around him a few of his ancient friends, who still survived; Garrick was of the number." This is impossible. Garrick died in 1779, and could be no visitor at Strawberry Hill fourteen years after. Neither does it appear that Walpole was ever very intimate with, or partial to him. We have seen before that he called him an impertinent jackanapes, and spoke slightly of his pretensions as a dramatic author. This does not sound much like friendship or esteem, and his close alliance with Kitty Clive would hardly lead to any increased admiration of Garrick.

Our author does scanty justice to the literary pretensions of Hannah More, whom he looks upon as overrated, and places below the celebrities in female authorship of the present day—an open question, the discussion of

which is scarcely worth the labour. Many of her works are agreeable and instructive, although they may be less brilliant than those of Harriet Martineau. She obtained great popularity during her life, and may still be read with pleasure. Her merit is not lessened although it has been exceeded. We need not love Cæsar less, because we love Rome more. We find inserted towards the close of this work, an extremely clever letter, sent by her, anonymously, to Horace Walpole, in 1785, ridiculing a practice then in its infancy, but since carried to mature perfection—that of substituting French phrases and idioms for English ones. The letter is dated from Almonde Castle, June, 20, 1840, and is called “a specimen of the English language as it will, probably, be written and spoken in the next century. In a letter from a lady to her friend, in the reign of George V.” It is rather too long for insertion, but full of point and humour, and will reward the reader with a hearty laugh at the extraordinary ingenuity of equally avoiding French words or English idioms. The author of these memoirs says justly:—

“The abuse at which it was aimed was, however, then only beginning; it remained for the nineteenth century to play such tricks with our language, either by making it a medley of all continental phrases, or, by a laboured imitation of Teutonic sentences, to render it as unlike as possible to

“The well of purest English undefiled.”

with which our older classics were wont to refresh the intellects of their readers.”

This abuse has now resolved itself into a rooted disease—an ulcer, a gangrene—eating hourly into the constitution of a manly, honest tongue, and sapping all its characteristic energies. The English flower-garden is choked up with French, Italian, and German weeds, until little else can be discovered. The system of engrafting exotics has destroyed the trunk of the original tree. The language in which we clothe our thoughts is no longer a stately raiment of uniform colour and texture, but a variegated harlequin's jacket, made up of many shreds and patches. Unless parliament interferes with a legislative enactment, and a

heavy penalty, we shall soon have to study what was once English, through the medium of foreign dictionaries.

In a condensed sketchy notice, such as the present, it is impossible to find place for all the characters introduced in the memoirs of a celebrated individual and his contemporaries, which embrace more than half a century of action and notoriety. The chapter, headed “The Wits,” in vol. ii., contains some agreeable anecdotes and reminiscences of George Selwyn, equally renowned for his love of wit and public executions; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, unrivalled at satirico-quizzical verses, an anticipation of Hook and Hood; Charles Townsend, the most elegant beau, and one of the accomplished statesmen of his day; Bubb Doddington, trifling and pompous, with no redeeming quality but money; the Duke of Queensbury, afterwards, and even lately, known as old Q, rich as Dives or Croesus, and more debauched than Heliogabalus; the late Marquis of Hertford, his heir and pupil, nearly as rich and fully as profigate; the last of the line, with one or two still animated exceptions, who linger on the skirts of society, and the last verge of existence. As our author, from delicacy or forgetfulness, has abstained from naming them, we have no wish to jog his memory. As a class they never can exist again. Even wealth will not give them currency. In this chapter the author has introduced some specimens of Selwyn's recorded jokes, which he, apparently, considers the best he can find, and of these he expresses no very high opinion. We subjoin two or three which are not quite so well known, and, perhaps, may be considered better. Bubb Doddington was the constant butt against which the remorseless wit was continually directing his keenest shafts. Whether at White's Club, or in private society, he seldom spared him; yet, his victim clung to him, as Falstaff did to Poin; he was bewitched with the rogue's company. But once he thought an occasion offered to have his turn. Being asked by Selwyn to introduce him to the Duchess of Gordon, he did so in these terms:—

“Will your Grace permit me to present to you my friend, George Selwyn, who is not so great a fool as he looks?”

“I feel much obliged, your Grace,” retorted Selwyn, “by my friend

Bubb's flattering observation, and I wish I could say as much for him!"

One day he rushed triumphantly into the club-room, and, seizing Selwyn by the button, exclaimed, "George, congratulate me, it is all settled, I am to be made a lord; what will you say to that?"

"Say?" replied Selwyn, "Why, I shall say, Oh, Lord!"

When only Mr. Bubb, and before he had succeeded to the more important patronymic of Doddington, he expected to be sent as envoy to the court of Spain. Speaking with his tormentor on the matter, he regretted the shortness of his name:—

"The Spanish grandees, I understand," said he, "have a great number of names, and usually very long ones. They think little of such short names as mine—Bubb! Bubb! I wish I could lengthen it in any natural way; George, can you suggest anything?"

"Certainly;" replied Selwyn, "call yourself Silly Bubb" (Sillabub).

When Bubb succeeded at last, through his money and its reflected influence, in getting himself pitchforked into the peerage, he assumed the euphonious title of Baron of Melcombe Regis. He thought differently from Shakspeare, who says, "What's in a name?" Though not learned, he, perhaps, had read Camden's *Annals of Elizabeth*, in which an insignificant name renders ludicrous a well merited eulogium. In the great sea fight against the Spanish Armada, the only Englishman of note who fell was a certain Captain Cock, whose memory is thus preserved: "*In sua, inter hostes, naviculâ, cum laude periit solus Cockus, Anglus.*"

A joke in 1740–50 went much farther than it does now. Perhaps our modern Hooks and Hoods are not more brilliant than the Selwyns and the Hanburys of the last age, but they are quicker, their practice is more rapid, and they fire three rounds where their predecessors could only discharge one. In the present altered state of social habits, mere conversational wits have not the same chance they had formerly. Not half the time is occupied at table. The long hours of drinking and talking are exchanged for three courses of heavy, rapid eating, with slight potations. Digestion has become slower, and imagination torpid.

Music and dancing have supplanted anecdote. Euterpe and Terpsichore have driven Bacchus from the field. Your professed diner-out will still obtain his dinner, but he finds it very hard to get time for his stories, while the social supper has faded into a tradition. Mere brilliant parts, as they were called, will seldom now help a man into place or prominence. To be thought anything of, he must be noisy, uneasy, prying, above all, useful; or, what will often do as well, he must assume the appearance of utility, in the shape of bustling officiousness. A good way to begin in public life is to pretend that you are the trusted organ of an influential party; by continually asserting this, you will get at last listened to, and listening is the first step to conviction. The very party you have adopted will, at last, adopt you in return, out of common gratitude, saying, "hang him," he has worked hard for us, we must acknowledge and provide for him." An experienced trimmer once imparted to us this plan of tactics, and declared that, though sometimes slow, he invariably found it, in the long run, sure and profitable.

Horace Walpole died on the 2nd of March, 1797, having nearly completed his eightieth year. With him expired the race of "fine gentlemen scholars," which we are never likely to see revived. We are become too essentially mercantile, even in literary and scientific pursuits, to breed again a similar species. We are, perhaps, less witty and accomplished than our forefathers, less formally polite, and less particular in the minutiae of social intercourse; but let us hope that we are more solidly useful, and a trifle less insincere, whether in morals or religion. We do not bow as low or gracefully, neither do we write as many pleasant letters about nothing, in spite of the penny-postage. The present generation do not drink five bottles at a sitting, fight a duel once a week, or "swear prodigiously," as our armies did in Flanders. They still do a little in the gambling line, and smoke to an excess that would have sickened Sir Walter Raleigh himself. But, then, they think, and calculate, and make money, and sometimes lose it. They bend to public opinion, which they dare not brave; they "assume a virtue if they have it not;" they talk decency if they do not

love it; and tremble before virtue, which controls, if it does not convince them. We ought to be far in advance of preceding races, and if we are not, heavy will be the responsibility, when the final reckoning must be made. We have glided insensibly into a moralising strain, and have entirely lost sight of our book, but must now draw bridle, and take our leave. Its great

and leading merit consists in connecting in one link, within small compass, and in a telling, lively style, the history of many persons, and numerous incidents, which we could not otherwise make ourselves familiar with, except by wading through innumerable volumes, and occupying more time than most of us can afford to bestow on light or ornamental literature.

A YARN ABOUT OUR FOREFATHERS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

THE morning of departure came. Aylmer left his steward, old William Madden, in charge of the place and farm, with Jack as head over him, and Annie as head over Jack, at least so far as respected the superintendence over Jack's ethics and politics; an office which Annie had assumed, and exercised for some time past, with great success; inasmuch as Jack seldom expressed dissent, but indolently acquiesced in her doctrines; so that she spoke of him to her friends as a vastly more promising pupil than Brooke. On one point, indeed, Jack was refractory; he could not endure Woodenpate; a piece of heresy and presumption which almost threw his orthodoxy on other points into the shade.

Brooke Aylmer led his horse down the avenue, accompanied as far as the lodge by Will. Madden, and by Annie, whose affectionate heart was so heavy at her brother's departure, that to please him, I don't doubt but she would have consented to the application of steam to purposes of locomotion, and have voted Woodenpate to be not infallible.

"God bless you, dear; I'll soon be with you again," said Aylmer, as he kissed his sister, and mounted his horse.

"Good bye, Will.; take care of Miss Annie till I come back."

He waved his hand to Jack, who was standing, waving his hat, on the top of one of the little emerald hills aforementioned, and rode off.

The news that "the master" was going on a journey to England had circulated in the little neighbourhood; and as he passed through the miserable assemblage of mud cabins which garnished the road at either side, after passing the bridge, the inhabitants were at their doors, with blessings and salutations for his honour. Nanny Keleher, his old nurse, was on her knees, invoking heaven for his speedy and safe return. The dunghills were surmounted with scores of half-naked urchins, staring as if it was the expedition of the Argonauts they were looking at, instead of a decent Christian gentleman on horseback, with a small portmanteau strapped on the crupper.

Aylmer rode on. He had a fine May day before him to accomplish his journey of some five-and-twenty miles, over hill and dale, to Cork. He was in the joyous prime of life. His studies had been chiefly among books, and from them, and from his observations of human nature, guided by the impulses of his own individual nature, he had stored his intellect with images of the good and fair, and with principles of reason and morality; and his mind was as a cornucopia of hope and faith, pouring out its beautiful forms and colours on the vista of life before him. He had not yet liberated his mind from the syren fallacy of expecting sympathy in his perceptions and aspirations after good. The intuitions of genius are so natural, so evident, and so beautiful, that he to whom they are intuitions is prone to fancy that

they are equally natural and evident to others.

He ambled on, bumping up and down a road as rough and hilly as most of our highways were in those times. It may still be seen; a curious relic of the last century; and often, doubtless, moves the wonder and contempt of the modern traveller. And yet, methinks, those ancient and deserted highways are often as interesting, as fraught with associations of the past, as other relics of the manners and ideas of our forefathers; a ruined castle, an ivy-mantled abbey, or druidical circle—more picturesque to the eye, but not speaking more to the heart and mind, of by-gone days.

Towards the end of the day, Aylmer, passing by "the groves of Blarney, looking so charming," and by Sunday's Well, entered "that beautiful city called Cork," and put up at the *Crown and Woolpack*, in the North Main-street.

It was a queer, primitive, old inn, exceedingly unlike what we are wont to term an hotel; but it was not without its comforts, though wholly destitute of elegance, or even of pretension to it. The traveller got substantial fare, coarsely served; a tolerable bed; wines; whiskey-punch, *ad libitum*; in winter, a roaring fire, and at all times a welcome from the landlord and his wife, sufficiently hearty, noisy, and rapturous, to make him quite happy; and what more does a man want than to be quite happy? Most of the guests who stopped at the *Crown and Woolpack* were, in a manner, old friends and intimate acquaintances of Blarney Mac Sawder, the landlord, a sly, insinuating, plausible gossip-monger, who talked as if he knew all their private concerns—who was who, and what was what; who was to be married, and when; and what settlement was made, and what settlement was not to be made; and, in short, all about them and their fathers and grandfathers.

As Aylmer rode into the inn-yard, to the disturbance of some half dozen pigs, who were taking a luxurious siesta on the ground, he was described and hailed from an upper window by fat, warm-hearted Mrs. Mac Sawder.

"Och, then, Masther Brooke, my love, is that yourself I see?" she shouted; "Och, 'tis I am glad to see ye; and 'tis Blarney will be proud to see ye; and you're welcome, Masther

Brooke. Dan, ye big bligaird, why don't ye take his honour's horse? Div ye want to see his honour massacred by them pigs? Wait till I puts on me cloze, Masther Brooke, darlin', and I'll be down to ye."

It was rather late in the day to be putting on of clothes, and when Mrs. Mac Sawder came down, an enormous, waddling, globular incorporation of smiles and good humour, it might have seemed, to an unprejudiced observer, as if she had rather been putting her clothes off than on; such was the dishevelled, tumbled, and scarcely sufficient state of raiment in which she presented herself.

"Wisha, then, Masther Brooke, but 'tis a long while since I have seen your honour. And how is Miss Annie, Masther Brooke? I hope she do come on finely, sir? Och, then, 'tis you are like your mother, and has your father's nose. God bless 'em, but they were the nice people entirely. And you'll have your dinner, Masther Brooke; there's illigant salt hake and a pig's cheek, and anything else you like; and if I'd only known you was a com-in', I'd have sent up to Sunday's well for a can of wather for ye, for I knows you like *clane* wather to dhrink! Och, but I am proud to see ye, Masther Brooke!"

Aylmer requested that a supply of the pure element might be forthwith sent for; and finding that Mr. O'Sherkin and Corney had not yet arrived, he walked forth to inquire about the sailing of the packet for Bristol. It was to sail, the captain told him, with the *first* fair wind; but at present, according to that experienced navigator, there was no prognostic of its advent, the wind being due east. The captain took Aylmer's direction, and promised to give him notice of the first change in the wind; and Aylmer returned to his inn.

At the same hour, Mr. O'Sherkin and Corney, who had left Castle Sherkin that morning, were midway on their journey to Cork, and, putting up for the night at the glebe-house of the Rev. Tom Trump, a good fellow, whose knowledge of theology was by no means as profound as his knowledge of the laws of whist; but whose claret, whiskey, and collection of funny stories were first-rate. Jack Tallyho, of Haystack Lodge, dined there also; another famous good fellow of the

right sort, who contributed much to the delectation of this brilliant meeting of social spirits.

Mr. O'Sherkin and his son quitted the roof of this minister of Christianity the next day, and joined Brooke Aylmer at the *Crown and Woolpack*, in the evening.

The wind did not change for more than a week; much to the satisfaction of Mac Sawder and his wife, who had no objection to their guests being weather-bound for a twelvemonth. All that the travellers could do was to make up their minds to so helpless a state of things, and kill the weary time as they best could. They felt that, like King Canute, they had no control over the winds and tides. Several other persons were staying in Cork with a like intent, awaiting the message of the captain of the packet, whose business it was, on the first appearance of a fair wind, to send round timely notice to his passengers, at their respective houses, inns, or lodgings.

One evening, Mr. O'Sherkin had gathered around him a knot of acquaintances. There was Dr. Stockow Lanklegs, an old bachelor physician without practice, a scholar, knowing, literary, sordidly selfish, a miser, rich, and almost in rags. There was Dick Millikin, the attorney, poetical, musical, and convivial; and Bacchus Boland.

Mr. O'Sherkin and Corney were in their element: the fun waxed fast and furious; but Brooke Aylmer, though he laughed, and endeavoured to be cheerful, was unable to join with his whole heart and soul in the convivial humours of the evening.

Just as a second kettle of hot water was ordered, a change came over the tone of the proceedings. Dr. Lanklegs and Millikin were whispering, Bacchus and Corney were exchanging winks, and the squire was winking all round, and regarding Aylmer with a laughing eye. Something had evidently been preconcerted; and Aylmer felt that he was the object of these speculations. The kettle was brought in; the lemons squeezed; the tumblers filled; Dr. Lanklegs, leaning back in his chair, and crossing his right knee over his left, and regaling his nostril with a pinch of snuff, fixed his keen regards on Aylmer, and amid the silence and sly looks of the rest of the party, addressed him:—

"Mr. Aylmer, could you excuse the liberty I take? There is a subject on which I am most desirous of obtaining information. In short, I understand—you will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Aylmer—I understand you are an advocate of a new system of locomotion, by means of which people are to travel at some prodigious, and, to me, utterly incredible rate of going—fifteen or twenty miles in an hour, I have heard—and on a road made of iron?"

Aylmer, who felt himself in the awkward position of a sensitive and retiring man, about to be made the butt of ignorance and reckless humour, and yet could not get rid of his favourite notion, that when people sought for information, they really wished for it, and would be grateful for being set right, coloured up to the eyes, and timidly replied:—

"Yes, Dr. Lanklegs, I advocate such a system. I hope the advance of science will enable us to travel at even a greater rate than you have mentioned. It would be a great advantage to mankind."

"I shall not dispute the advantage, Mr. Aylmer," replied the doctor, "of such a system—that is to say, supposing it practicable. It would, no doubt, be an advantage in several points of view. We shall not differ there, I believe. It would be an advantage if we could get from this to Dublin in a day, or if I could get to my residence in Kinsale in an hour. But the question which I take the liberty of asking—merely for information—is as to the means of accomplishing all this?"

"By steam," said Aylmer.

A laugh which followed was instantly checked, in order to allow the Doctor to proceed in his inquisition.

"My dear sir," resumed the Doctor, "I am not sure that I perfectly understand you, which, I dare say, may be owing to my ignorance or inferior capacity. But as it is of the utmost importance, in questions of this kind, that people should understand one another, perhaps you would kindly excuse me if I ask you how can steam enable people to travel at the rate of twenty miles (or more, I think you said) in an hour. I like to have definite ideas; and the words 'by steam' convey no definite idea to my mind, any more than if you had said—by smoke."

And the Doctor, with a malicious

twinkle of his eye, passed his snuff-box to Bacchus, and sipped his punch.

"The best way, Doctor," said Aylmer, "in which I can convey my meaning, is by premising that the steam engine is supposed to be placed on wheels. And then—"

"Excuse me," said the Doctor, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "let me distinctly understand. Steam, we all know, presupposes the existence of hot water. Now I suppose I may safely assume that the hot water is placed in some receptacle or other—a cauldron, or kettle, or something of that kind. Now am I right in understanding you to say that this cauldron or kettle of hot water is placed on wheels?"

"Certainly," said Aylmer.

"A kettle of hot water on wheels!" cried Millikin. "Bravo!"

"Very well," continued the Doctor.

"Now, then, that we have got our kettle of hot water on wheels, I wish further to be informed how the wheels are to be set in motion, carrying the kettle, of course, with them?"

"I could tell you a famous way to set the wheels going," said Corney; "just harness a horse to the kettle, and it will go like fun."

"All true, Mr. Cornelius O'Sherkin," said the Doctor; "your observation is perfectly true as to the fact; but admitting your fact, I would remark on it (with profound respect) that it throws no light on our present inquiry, which is, whether we could do without horses?—in fact how, without the use of horses, or of human hands, we are to get the kettle to move? Perhaps Mr. Aylmer could solve the difficulty; if, indeed, it is not giving Mr. Aylmer too much trouble;—I confess it passes my humble comprehension entirely."

"I have already said, by steam," said Aylmer, "and if you will allow me—"

"Allow me, Mr. Aylmer; you see I wish to have clear, definite ideas. Let me suppose that yonder tea-kettle, at present on the hob, and which was lately hissing and steaming on the kitchen fire—let me suppose, I say, that that tea-kettle were placed upon a platform, and that platform upon wheels, how the devil, then, do you get the tea-kettle to go bowling along. In other words—"

"My dear sir," said Aylmer, imploringly.

"I won't be interrupted!" said the

Doctor; "I am a plain man; and I must have clear information!"

"Hear him! hear him!" cried the multitude.

"My question is a very simple one; it is simply this. Suppose that kettle of hot water mounted on wheels, how do you, Mr. Aylmer, set the wheels in motion? That's the question, Mr. Aylmer!" and he took a long pinch of snuff.

"That's the question!" cried Bacchus.

The squire gave a tremendous yawn; and Millikin gaily chaunted—

"Lovers vainly strive to banish
From their hearts the tyrant boy."

"Mr. Millikin, I must call you to order," said Lanklegs.

"Order! order!" said Corney.

"I humbly beg pardon," said Millikin.

"But for your humble submission, Mr. Millikin," said the Doctor, "I should have felt it my duty to fine you in half a dozen of claret."

"Mr. President, I—"

"Very well, Mr. Millikin; but now let us have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Aylmer proceed in the explanation of his theory."

"I shall be most happy," said Aylmer, "to explain, to the best of my power—"

"I am sure you will, Mr. Aylmer; and in order to help us out in the elucidation of this very difficult subject, I would just observe that the question has now been narrowed down to a very simple issue,—given a tea-kettle on wheels, how is that tea-kettle to be set in motion?"

And the Doctor uncrossed his legs and crossed them again, left over right; and taking a long pinch of snuff, sent his sneering glance of scepticism around the room; his long, thin, sarcastic, purple nose wrinkling in unison with the contemptuous expression of his eye.

"By the action of steam on the wheels," said Aylmer.

The Doctor, with a twirl of his nose, gave a droll, satiric glance, which opened the flood-gates of the laughter of the audience: and then, reclining back in his seat, after the manner of a sharp lawyer, who, by a series of well-directed questions, has led an unwilling witness to criminate himself, took pinches of snuff and sips of punch with an insulting air of victory and superiority.

"Allow me to explain!" exclaimed Aylmer.

"My dear sir," said Millikin, "I think the words need no explanation."

"A tay-kittle on wheels!" cried Bacchus, "and the wheels moved by the stame from the spout of the kittle!"

"No, no!" cried Aylmer, "I never said the steam was to come from the spout of a kettle! In fact it was Dr. Lanklegs called it a tea-kettle. I only said—"

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the Doctor, "we all know what you said. And so that point being settled—"

"But it is not settled!" cried the unfortunate victim of popular prejudice and ignorance; "it is not settled!"

"We'll come to the other point," continued the Doctor.

"My dear sir, let us settle the first! you mistake me entirely."

"The second point is," said the Doctor, "now that we have got the kettle of hot water in motion—that is to say, assuming it so upon your report of the matter—though I must say it entirely passes my poor comprehension, how, in the devil's name, the action of steam on a pair of wheels could set them rolling."

"See, Dr. Lanklegs, I'll explain the whole thing."

"I now want to be informed—"

"Ah, my dear sir! look now—just listen to me for one moment."

"How the passengers are to travel in this wonderful coach—this kettle on wheels? Are they to be soused in the hot water?"

"They don't travel in it at all;" said Aylmer; "they travel in carriages attached to the steam-engine, which is on wheels, and draws the carriages after it."

"At what rate of going?" said Millikin.

"I do not see," said Aylmer, enthusiastically, "but that by means of this invention, a man might breakfast in Cork, dine and transact business in

Dublin, and return to Cork in time for an evening party, all in one day."

"I think I remember some such poetry and tantarafara in the Arabian Nights," said Dr. Lanklegs. "Really the absurdity of such speculations is too glaringly manifest."

"Absurd indeed," said Millikin.

"Blatherumskate!" said Bacchus.

"Moonshine!" said Corney.

"Baithershin!" said the squire.

"I do not see any reason," said Aylmer, "to doubt the practicability of having a level line of railway between Dublin and Cork. If hills present an obstacle, let them be excavated!"

"Excavate the devil," snarled Lanklegs.

"If valleys, let arches or embankments be carried across them."

"My good sir," said Millikin, "this is a flight of poetry altogether beyond me."

"And if," continued Aylmer, raising his eyes to heaven for inspiration, "if an intervening hill be of great size and height—as, for instance, the hill of Glanmire—why should not an archway or tunnel of a mile in length be bored through it, along which the carriages, laden with passengers and merchandise, may move?"

The astonishment of the audience at the notions expressed in this piece of oracular eloquence, notions so utterly out of their wonted range of thought, was such that they almost rolled on the ground with laughter,—when the door opened, and the maid-servant ushered in the steward of the Bristol packet, who came to announce that the wind had changed, and the captain would sail in an hour.

This intelligence caused the party to break up, much to the discomfort of Dr. Lanklegs, who, on principles of the purest economy, loved to indulge long and late, at another man's expense. He consoled himself, in some slight degree, by slipping some of the biscuits, and some lumps of sugar, slyly, into his pocket—on principles of the strictest economy.

CHAPTER X.

It was a dark, rainy night, and the unfortunate passengers had to splash and scramble as well as they could, with their luggage, through the dark wet streets, and dirty lanes to the river.

After many a misadventure they reached the packet, into which men, women, and children were crowding, in all the confusion that total darkness, and a down pour of rain, and the fear of being

too late, and the hurried partings of friends, could occasion. The packets of those days were not floating palaces, with saloons and marble chimney-pieces, and beautiful sofas, and gildings, and all manner of luxuries. The *Rapid*, for such was the name of the packet in which our travellers crossed from Cork to Bristol, was a very small vessel with one mast, and *one* small cabin for passengers, into which ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, nurses and infants, were all to be squeezed, and to sleep, (&c., &c.)—all in this *one* little stifling room, attended by one steward, a stout, active man—and no stewardess. Each party brought their own provisions, calculating the quantity according to the probable duration of the voyage.

About midnight the packet started, and went slowly with the retiring tide down the river, as far as the little village of Passage, when the wind changed again, and the prudent captain cast anchor; wisely judging that, as they must stop, it was best to stop where the passengers, as well as himself, would find a house of entertainment, and so save their sea-stock of provisions. At this house of entertainment,—a little public-house, kept by one Darby Twohig,—the passengers amused themselves for a couple of days; some sleeping on shore, and some on board, till the wind came right again, and the *Rapid* proceeded on her voyage. A month elapsed from her leaving Cork before she arrived in Bristol. She lay for a week off Dungarvan in a dead calm. Each morning, for a week, did the weary passengers, rubbing their eyes at day-break, ask the steward,—“Steward, where are we?” And as often did they meet one and the same answer, “Off Dungarvan, Sir!” Then came a storm, which drove the packet up channel towards Waterford,—and then a calm again—and then another storm, which drove her over to Wales, and then she went tacking about the Bristol Channel; and then came a third storm, which blew her to the coast of Devonshire; and then she went tacking again; till after a weary month, the *Rapid* came to a prosperous conclusion of her voyage; and vomited forth the passengers from their den of stench and misery.

The Squire, with his son, and Aylmer, put up at the Bush, in Bristol, for the night after their landing; and then came the important question, how they

were to get to London. It appeared, on inquiry, that some spirited and speculating individual had lately furnished forth a coach, called *Tax Womra*, which, with four horses, started from a place in the neighbourhood every second afternoon, at three o'clock; arriving in London the next morning at nine or ten; performing the journey of one hundred-and-twenty miles in eighteen or nineteen hours. It was, the waiter told them, “the wonder of the world;” and our three travellers secured places in it, for the next time of its departure, which happened to be the afternoon of the next day. It was a huge lumbering machine, holding six insides, and about double the number outside; and dodged heavily along the road, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, to the astonishment of all beholders. As the hour of starting approached, a crowd assembled to witness the spectacle.

“A fine sight, this ’ere!” said a jolly farmer.

“Ah! I don’t know,” replied, with a groan, the individual addressed, a thin, dyspeptic, misanthropical-looking old fellow, with a face that would have been worth any money to an undertaker, “I don’t know that. I am an old man now, and have seen a deal of the world, and I never yet see’d no good come of such like new-fangled customs. When I was young, folks were content to travel slow, like decent quiet Christians and peaceable subjects; and those were the good old times, and everything went orderly and peaceable then. But what do I see now? Changes! nothing but changes!—people thinking themselves wiser than their forefathers. Mark my words; the nation will be ruined before ten years are out.”

“I agree with you, Mr. Longchops,” said a third bystander, “I agree with you. The nation will be ruined, if things goes on this way. Why, now, there’s our coach, the Royal George. I am one of the proprietors, you know, a quiet, slow, decent, respectable, safe conveyance, that all the folks went in; was only twenty-four hours on the journey; and here’s this new upstart company, with their d—d ‘Wonder,’ a taking all our custom from us!!! Come, neighbour, and let’s have a pot together.”

And the pair retired, to mingle their groans over the degeneracy of the times and the ruin of the nation, and

to drown their sorrows in a pot of ale. At last, all was right: the insides and outsides were packed in their places; the boots, hind and fore, were filled with parcels; and trunks, portmanteaus, and handboxes, and a parrot's cage, belonging to an old lady, were safely piled in enormous pyramid on the roof; the coachman, a vast rotundity of great-coats, capes, and mufflers, proudly mounted his box, and assumed his whip; the word was given, and off they went, amid the cheers of the ostlers and stable-boys.

Inside the coach, besides the three Irish travellers, were three huge, elderly John Bulls, who seemed to enjoy the extraordinary rapidity of this improved system of locomotion greatly; and spoke with infinite contempt of their reminiscences of travelling in former times.

"'Tis vunderful, sir, the himprovements of the hage ve live in!" said Bull, No. 1.

"Vy, then, sir, it is vunderful!" said Bull, No. 2.

"They may vell call the coach the Vonder!" said Bull, No. 3.

"Vot vould our hancestors say if they could see us a goin' now?" said Bull, No. 1.

"Vy, sir, they vouldn't believe their heye-sight," said Bull, No. 2.

"'Tis vunderful, hindced, sir!" said Bull, No. 3.

The coach arrived in Bath in time for the passengers to take tea. At midnight they stopped again for supper; and then the six insides packed themselves in the coach again, and put on their nightcaps, and resigned themselves to a blessed state of slumber and stertoration, which lasted for several hours, when they were awakened by shouts and screams, and the abrupt stopping

of the coach. They looked out. The dawn of the morning was beginning to break. They were on a desolate heath. Several men, on horseback, with black masks on their faces, and pistols in their hands, had surrounded and stooped the coach, and, with furious oaths and imprecations, were demanding the money and watches of the passengers, under penalty of instant death. Resistance was vain. The passengers were all compelled to dismount, and surrender their purses; and the pyramid of luggage, and the contents of the boots, were all thrown on the grass, and ransacked. The robbers then rode away, leaving the Wonder of the World at liberty to proceed on her journey to London. The wretched passengers, thankful, at least, at having escaped with their lives, or with whole skins; endeavoured gradually to recover from their terrors; and, after an hour or so, spent in picking up the contents of their trunks, which were strewed about the heath, and in disputing in the twilight about *meum* and *tuum*, and in settling their things again, and in having the pyramid badly re-edified on the top of the coach, and in raising the off-leader, who had been thrown down, and in mending some of the harness, resumed their places, and the coach went on. At the next stage much time was consumed in effecting a more perfect arrangement of the luggage than was practicable on the heath, and further time was occupied in lodging a complaint of the robbery before a magistrate, who had to be knocked up for the purpose; and the Wonder arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, in some two-and-twenty hours after leaving Bristol.

"Pity they havn't a railway!" thought Aylmer.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR travellers stayed only a short time in the great metropolis, and then wended back to their Mononian domicile. Corney kept his law terms most creditably. Aylmer had found the books he wanted; and he thirsted for the hour when he should deposit them on their shelves, in his sweet mountain home. And he had found an opportunity—'twas one day walking with the squire in St. James's Park—of insinuating—in short, of offering what

might be called a sort of a—kind of a—timid insinuation; and he met a cordial response; and he slept pleasantly that night. And he purchased a piano-forte, and had it sent by waggon to Bristol, to be ready when they returned, on their way back to Ireland. And the three friends, after only a week's voyage, found themselves again at the *Crown and Woolpack*, from whence they journeyed by short stages to Castle Sherkin.

The piano-forte was adjudged to be beautiful; and even the squire was mollified into admitting the superiority of its tones to those of the old cracked harpsichord.

One day, as Fanny was seated at the instrument, and Brooke was sitting by her side, and they were alone, they found out that—now, I am sure you guess—well, then, if you guess, I am saved the trouble of writing a chapter.

The gossips of Macroom were all amazed, and made a great fuss about it. They had never had the least notion of such a thing; always excepting the more knowing ones, who had heard of it long ago; at least, so they said; but in the exercise of a lofty, moral principle, they had never mentioned it to nobody; for why, said they, should they be meddling in their neighbours' affairs?

The bridal morn arrived. A merry party went to the church, and merrier still, came back.

The squire had invited the hunting club to an evening entertainment, similar to that described in our first chapter. But Aylmer—there is no disputing about tastes—declined being present at it, and led his fair bride,

“From the rude gambol, far remote”

to a cottage, which he possessed, by the shore of Bantry Bay.

It is a glorious scene—that bay;—the noblest and grandest of those grand inlets of the ocean, which indent the southern coast of Ireland. It presents such infinite variety, and such a rare combination of the beautiful and the majestic, as can never be forgotten in the heart of him who has surveyed its loveliness, and who has served, amid its glens and mountains, “*that glorious apprenticeship to beauty and grandeur, which we are privileged to serve in this beautiful world.*”

And there the lovers lingered day after day; and could not prevail on themselves to quit it for their home at Glendruid. And oft, to the latest hour of their life, would memory revive, as with a gush of fragrance, the happy

days they had spent in that sequestered bower.

It was a beautiful summer evening. Aylmer and his bride were wandering amid the heath and grass of some gently sloping hills, that overlooked the magnificent expanse of the bay; which, with its islands, promontories, and surrounding mountains, was illuminated by a glorious sunset. On the opposite side, darkly purple against the brilliant sky, arose a lofty barrier of mountains, amid whose gigantic masses, the romantic recesses of Glengarriff presented forms of deeper tint, and more exquisite loveliness. On the perpendicular side of one of the hugest of these mountains, a silver line indicated a cascade of immense height. The noble plain of water was smooth as a mirror, save where its surface might be ruffled by the sea-bird's wing, or by a transient oar, or where, with scarce audible murmur, the sparkling wavelets gently rippled on the beach. Far to the west, between the mountain headlands of the bay, at the end of a long line of golden sea, the eye caught a glimpse of the Atlantic ocean, toward whose horizon the sun was descending, amid a gorgeous cloud-land of crimson, of azure, and of gold. No sound was heard, no object seen, that did not suggest sentiments of peace, of beauty, or of grandeur. The faint breeze of evening wafted fragrance and freshness. A few swans lay scattered like specks of snow on the blue, tranquil bosom of the water. An eagle soared in the sky. The islands seemed to float lightly on the mirror that reflected them. From among their green, swelling knolls, the smoke of the cottage chimnies ascended in thin, lengthened lines into the air; and the song of the youthful milk-maid was heard. The cheerful voices of peasants arose from the market-boats as they glided along. The sweet music of distant horns came mellowed over the silent waters. The fitful murmurings of rills and waterfalls became audible from afar in the stillness of the evening. And in the deepening twilight of the east, the crescent moon began to smile upon the enchanting scene.

BORROW'S "*LAVENGRO*."

WHEN Christopher Sly discovered that he was "indeed a lord, and not a tinker," his wonder could hardly have exceeded ours on learning that Mr. Borrow was no gypsy. His intimate acquaintance with the language, ways, means, recondite usages, and extra-mural manners of this mysterious tribe, and his cordial acceptance in their most exclusive of all circles, appeared to leave no room for other inference than that he was, if not a gypsy "by the four sides," at least a scion of the race. All our anticipations have been deceived, as it now appears that George Borrow was the son of an officer in a marching regiment, the descendant of a family long settled in Cornwall, and that his mother was of Huguenot extraction. Thus, it would seem, must the gypsies lose the only names which connected them with literature, those of Borrow and of Bunyan. The former is clearly gone. Their claim to the latter was recognised by so good an inquirer as Sir Walter Scott, but in an able article in this magazine,[†] on the life of Bunyan, a fellow-contributor has shown what, we admit, are good grounds for doubting that this view can be maintained. Still, we profess ourselves unconvinced, not liking, it may be, to deprive the outcasts of the only good name which they ever had. Without resting altogether on the mystery of the question which Bunyan asks his father, "Are we of Jewish race?" and on the assumption it implies that they were of foreign origin, which Scott, connecting with the laconism of the answer, "No, we are not," takes to mean gypsy origin; we would suggest a further and more popular ground for our impression. Bunyan was, as is well known, of a tinker tribe, and practised in that line himself. Now it is an admitted fact, and referred to by Mr. Borrow in his "*Gypsies in Spain*," that the tinker trade in England is, and has been from early times, from a date long prior to the days of Bunyan, chiefly in the hands

of gypsies. We then, on the whole, recur to the persuasion that the author of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" was of a stranger-race, and no less a person than a Rommany chal.

"*Lavengro*," the title of the book before us, means, in the gypsy tongue, word-master, and was a mark of honour given to our author by a chief of that tribe on his distinguished proficiency in their language. The work was long announced as an autobiography, but is now published with the apocryphal assurance that it is an endeavour "to describe a dream, partly of study, partly of adventure, in which will be found notices of books, and many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form." This is a provoking mystification, adopted, we presume, because of some touches of the marvellous, which had been better left out, but which the author did not like to spare. As to "notices of books," we can hardly call to mind one, unless it be "*Moll Flanders*," which was long a hand-book of the thieves, but is now forgotten. Taking "*Lavengro*" as its author wishes, it would be the most unsatisfactory of all books, neither dream nor drama, fact or fiction, reality or romance. Making, however, allowance for one or two incredible facts, and a few over-marvellous *scenas*, the work is obviously a pretty faithful narrative of certain passages in the writer's life, from his first to, as we calculate, his twenty-second year. Names and dates are given in blank, but the former are often easily recognised, and by comparing the latter with admissions made by the author in his other works, and with public events, they are easily made out. Thus, for example, in the "*Bible in Spain*," he states that, in 1836, he was thirty years of age. This gives the date of his birth; and again, at the close of the last volume of his present work, he refers to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill as being about to pass. Thus, it appears that the present narrative embraces a period commencing with the

* "*Lavengro*." By George Borrow. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1851.

† The DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April, 1851, p. 444.

year 1806, and closing about 1828 or 1829. We may add, that although the volumes are entitled, "The Scholar," "The Gypsy," "The Priest," they form, in fact, a continuous narrative of fragmentary passages in the life of the author. The separate names appear to have been chosen because he thought that, while the story of his life was continued, these characters formed each the main feature of a volume. "The Scholar" refers to himself, and describes his boyhood, early youth, and strange self-education. "The Gypsy" and "The Priest" are each connected with his after adventures. The work is, in many respects, exceedingly unpleasing. Names, and language, which no right-minded person can look at without reverence, are most unsuitably introduced. The author, too, is a sort of moral Jonathan Wild, who never wronged anybody himself, but who has all his life exhibited a decided liking for the dangerous classes. Some of his early associates have been hanged, and he favours us with their funeral orations. There is, besides, too much of ale-house brawls, and of the vocabulary of the tents. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work has been and will be eagerly read. There is throughout an under-current of good feeling which gains upon the reader, and the sketches—outlined with the vigour of Retch, or filled in with the master-hand of Fielding or Scott—exhibit a power which, be the subject fact or fiction, at once engages our deepest interest.

George Borrow was born in East Dereham, Norfolk,—where rest the mortal remains of our most loved poet, Cowper,—in the July of 1806. His father was a Cornish man, of a family of gentlemen, or, as some would call them, *gentilâtres*, who, without being wealthy, were entitled to a coat of arms, and lived upon their own small property. He was the youngest of seven sons; became a Guardsman, and was afterwards appointed an officer to superintend the drilling of a militia regiment. While in the Guards he fought in Hyde Park with Ben Brain, known as "Big Ben," who was at that time the champion of England. We notice the circumstance, because it shows that at least one of our author's tastes was hereditary, and he himself, referring to it, after describing the many excellent qualities of his father,

adds, that, "to crown all, he was a proper man with his hands."

Mr. Borrow always speaks of his parents with affection; and their characters are the most interesting, and, indeed, we think, the only exemplary ones in his books. His mother was of a Norman family, who bore the name of Petrement, and who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, came with their Bibles to England and settled in Norfolk. The following is her portrait by her son, and, from amongst the many in his three volumes, we cannot call a better:—

"I have been told that, in her younger days, my mother was strikingly handsome; this I can easily believe: I never knew her in her youth, for though she was very young when she married my father (who was her senior by many years), she had attained the middle age before I was born, no children having been vouchsafed to my parents in the early stages of their union. Yet, even at the present day, now that years, three score and ten, have passed over her head, attended with sorrow and troubles manifold, poorly chequered with scanty joys, can I look on that countenance and doubt that, at one time, beauty decked it with a glorious garment? Hail to thee, my parent! as thou sittest there in thy widow's weeds, in the dusky parlour, in the house overgrown with the lustrous ivy of the sister isle,—the solitary house at the end of the retired court, shaded by lofty poplars. Hail to thee, dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead; by thy table seated with the mighty volume of the good Bishop Hopkins spread out before thee; there is peace in thy countenance, my mother; it is not worldly peace, however, not the deceitful peace which lulls to bewitching slumbers, and from which let us pray, humbly pray, that every sinner may be roused in time to implore mercy not in vain! Thine is the peace of the righteous, my mother, of those to whom no sin can be imputed, the score of whose misdeeds has been long since washed away by the blood of atonement, which imputeth righteousness to those who trust in it. It was not always thus, my mother; a time was, when the cares, pomps, and vanities of this world agitated thee too much; but that time is gone by, another and a better has succeeded; there is peace now on thy countenance, the true peace; peace around thee, too, in thy solitary dwelling; sounds of peace; the cheerful hum of the kettle, and the purring of the immense angola, which stares up

at thee from its settle, with its almost superhuman eyes.

"No more earthly cares and affection now, my mother! Yes, one. Why dost thou suddenly raise thy dark and still brilliant eye from the volume with a somewhat startled glance? What noise is that in the distant street? Merely the noise of a hoof; a sound common enough: it draws nearer, nearer, and now it stops before thy gate. Singular! And, now, there is a pause, a long pause. Ha! thou hearest something—a footstep; a swift but heavy footstep! thou risest, thou tremblest, there is a hand on the pin of the outer door, there is some one in the vestibule, and now the door of thy apartment opens, there is a reflection on the mirror behind thee, a travelling hat, a gray head and sunburnt face.—My dearest son!—My darling mother!

"Yes, mother, thou didst recognise in the distant street the hoof-tramp of the wanderer's horse."—Vol. i. pp. 6-9.

Borrow was a slow child. Many years, he says, elapsed before he knew his letters or could connect them. In this instance the boy was not "father of the man," for never was any one so quick at learning languages. Taylor, of Norwich, who, as we shall see, taught him German, says he never had to tell him a thing a second time. He was a lover of lonely places, and it was early seen that he bore a charmed life. Before he was three years old, attracted by the yellow brightness of the object, he grasped a viper in his hand. He felt a strange sensation of numbing coldness creeping over his arm, but received no injury. On his mother running towards him, he dropped the reptile, which, after standing for a moment erect, and hissing furiously, made away. This incident resembles one in the life of Bunyan, when he struck an adder on the back, and having stunned it, plucked out the sting with his fingers. Both go far to support Mr. Borrow's theory, that some constitutions are serpent-proof.

Again, when sufficiently advanced to engage in a blackberry expedition, he fixed his longing eyes on what seemed delicious grape-like fruit, hanging in clusters on a hedge. He ate of it voraciously, and was carried home in the arms of a dragoon, in strong convulsions; but the deadly night-shade had no permanent effect on him, and after a few hours he recovered. The moving accidents of regimental life tended, no

doubt, to confirm his roving tastes. His early years were passed either in a canvas tent, or in some comfortless, white-washed barrack-room, and he never remained long in any one place. Norfolk, however, was his father-land, and East Dereham his early home. While wandering in the woods, and by the reedy meres in the neighbourhood of that town, he made the acquaintance of a viper-hunter, who gathered the reptiles chiefly for their fat, of which he made unguents, which were "good for many sore troubles, especially for the rheumatis." He learned to assist this man in his trade, and, in recompense, received from him a serpent which he had rendered harmless by removing its fangs. We mention this circumstance because it had a remarkable influence on his after life, as it was this which first led to his connexion with the gypsies. He was very fond of the serpent, fed it with milk, and often carried it with him in his walks. One day, wandering in a tangled wood, he came upon an encampment of gypsies, who threatened to kill him for his intrusion, and might possibly have done so but for his bosom-friend, the viper.

"Yes," said the woman; 'what was I about?'

"Myself.—'How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!'

"I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. 'Bad money, is it?'

"Leave him to me, wifelkin," said the man, interposing, 'you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane.'

"Myself.—'I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.'

"Man.—'What do you mean, ye Ben-gin's bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life; playman's speech or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire, I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that . . . What have we here? Oh!'

"I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.

"The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with which he had aimed a blow at me now hung in the air like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a

pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to rouse him from his stupor."—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

The children of Pharaoh now change their tone, and partly from a superstitious feeling, partly from the hope of making something of so promising a boy, entreated him to stay and live with them. This he was not prepared to do, but he made them many a visit, became established amongst them as a sort of half-brother, under the name of "Sapengro," or snake-master, and made the friendship of a boy of his own age which, to do the gypsy justice, appears to have been genuine on his part, and was continued in after life. Fifteen years after this incident, Borrow found himself in a crowd before Newgate, and recognised in the notorious criminal on the scaffold, one of this reputable family.

While in quarters with his father in Edinburgh, our author, then some twelve years old, was much in company with a boy a little older than himself, named David Haggart, who was afterwards a noted highwayman, and attained the distinction of being hanged. A little later, while in Ireland, he had, what he no doubt counted as the good fortune to fall in with Jim Grant, the Queen's County robber, whose name may be still remembered by such as care for those histories.

In 1815, our hero accompanied his father's regiment to Ireland. They arrived there 800 strong, and were marched into the town of Clonmel. The following faithful sample of the "blarney" of the day, a style which still lingers in the remote districts, will much amuse our readers. The speaker is the owner of the house in which the Borrowers have fixed themselves:—

"You never saw more elegant lodgings than these, captain," said the master of the house, a tall, handsome, and athletic man, who came up whilst our little family were seated at dinner, late in the afternoon of the day of our arrival; "they beat anything in the town of Clonmel. I do not let them for the sake of interest, and to none but gentlemen in the army, in order that myself and my wife, who is from Londonderry, may have the advantage of pleasant company, genteel company, ay, and Pro-

testant company, captain. It did my heart good when I saw your honour ride in at the head of all these fine fellows, real Protestants, I'll engage, not a Papist among them, they are too good-looking and honest-looking for that. So I no sooner saw your honour at the head of your army, with that handsome young gentleman holding by your stirrup, than I said to my wife, Mrs. Hyne, who is from Londonderry, 'God bless me,' said I 'what a truly Protestant countenance, what a noble bearing, and what a sweet young gentleman. By the silver hairs of his honour, and sure I never saw hairs more regally silver than your honour's, by his honour's silver hairs, and by my own soul, which is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with one of them, it would be no more than decent and civil to run out and welcome such a father and son coming in at the head of such a Protestant military.' And then my wife, who is from Londonderry, Mrs. Hyne, looking me in the face like a fairy, as she is, 'You may say that,' says she, 'it would be but decent and civil, honey.' And your honour knows how I ran out of my own door, and welcomed your honour, riding in company with your son, who was walking; how I welcomed you both at the head of your royal regiment, and how I shook your honour by the hand, saying, I am glad to see your honour, and your honour's son, and your honour's royal military Protestant regiment, and now I have you in the house, and right proud I am to have you, one and all; one, two, three, four, Protestants every one; no Papists here, and I have made bold to bring up a bottle of claret, which is now waiting behind the door; and when your honour, and your family, have dined, I will make bold, too, to bring up Mrs. Hyne, from Londonderry, to introduce to your honour's lady, and then we'll drink to the health of King George, God bless him; to the 'glorious and immortal,' to Boyne Water, to your honour's speedy promotion to be Lord Lieutenant, and to the speedy downfall of the Pope, and of St. Anthony of Padua."—Vol. i. pp. 126-8.

While our author had the advantage of being at school in Clonmel, he bribed a Tipperary boy to teach him Irish, which acquirement, together with some initiation into the mystery of horse-whispering, were the great results of his stay in this country. The war was now over, and his father, who was placed on half-pay, retired, with his family, to Norwich. George was sent to the free-school there, over which Dr. Valpy then presided, and where many an

adventurous youth had received his education. Nelson was one; and amongst the contemporaries of Borrow there were some who have since shown much of our naval hero's spirit:—Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, the brave and good; and the gallant Stoddart, who was murdered in Bokhara. Another was Thomas King, one of Borrow's early friends, and the son of his father's landlord. Tom King worked with his father, who was a carpenter, until he was sixteen; he then went to Paris, entered as a medical student in one of the hospitals; and by energy, intellect, and application, became internal surgeon of l'Hotel Dieu, and private physician to Prince Talleyrand. During the four years that he was at this school, young Borrow developed his polyglot tastes, and indulged occasionally his liking for the gypsies. French and Italian were added to his acquisition; but his parents could not guess, nor could he tell, the purpose for which he pursued these labours. Much was his father puzzled as to how his clever son should earn his bread, and he, at length, decided on binding him apprentice to a Mr. Simpson, an attorney in the town. Just as our youthful clerk was commencing his noviciate, he made himself master of a dingy Welch quarto, for which, perhaps, no other person in Norfolk would have given the few pence it cost him. The ruling passion was again on fire, law was neglected, and Welch was, for some time, in the ascendant. To make matters worse, Ab Gwilym, his new love, was a bard, and verse-making was added to other stolen pleasures. His translation from an author four centuries old, and in a language but little known, was pursued with tenacious industry, while the profession by which he was to live was unattended to. He, indeed, sat at a desk for eight hours a day, and spoiled the copies he was given to transcribe, but, secluded in that desk, lay his prized Ab Gwilym, and those increasing quires of verse translations, which he fondly persuaded himself were to make his surer fortune. His recreations, at this time, were philology, and fishing. One day while angling near the Earl's Home, in the neighbourhood of Norwich, he was accosted by one whom we easily recognise as the Quaker banker, Mr. Gurney, father of the admirable Mrs. Fry. We transcribe the dialogue:—

"'Canst thou answer to thy conscience for pulling all those fish out of the water, and leaving them to gasp in the sun?' said a voice, clear and sonorous as a bell.

"I started, and looked round. Close behind me stood the tall figure of a man, dressed in raiment of quaint and singular fashion, but of goodly materials. He was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his features handsome and noble, but full of calmness and benevolence; at least, I thought so, although they were somewhat shaded by a hat of finest beaver, with broad, drooping eaves.

"'Surely, that is a very cruel diversion in which thou indulgest, my young friend?' he continued.

"'I am sorry for it, if it be, Sir,' said I, rising; 'but I do not think it cruel to fish.'

"'What are your reasons for not thinking so?'

"'Fishing is mentioned frequently in Scripture. Simon Peter was a fisherman.'

"'True, and Andrew, and his brother. But thou forgettest; they did not follow fishing as a diversion, as I fear thou doest. Thou readest the Scriptures?'

"'Sometimes.'

"'Sometimes—not daily?—that is to be regretted. What profession dost thou make? I mean, to what religious denomination dost thou belong, my young friend?'

"'Church.'

"'It is a very good profession; there is much of Scripture contained in its liturgy. Dost thou read aught besides the Scriptures?'

"'Sometimes.'

"'What dost thou read, besides?'

"'Greek and Dante.'

"'Indeed! then thou hast the advantage over myself; I can only read the former. Well, I am rejoiced to find that thou hast other pursuits besides thy fishing. Dost thou know Hebrew?'

"'No.'

"'Thou shouldst study it. Why dost thou not undertake the study?'

"'I have no books.'

"'I will lend thee books, if thou wish to undertake the study. I live yonder, at the Hall, as, perhaps, thou knowest. I have a library there, in which are many curious books, both in Greek and Hebrew, which I will show to thee, whenever thou mayest find it convenient to come and see me. Farewell! I am glad to find that thou hast pursuits more satisfactory than thy cruel fishing.'—Vol. i. pp. 201–3.

The apprentice fished no more; but

he did not accept the invitation to the Hall. After, however, long years had passed, and when, as he adds, he "had seen and suffered much," he visited the man of peace, and was shown his learned books about Tobar and Mishna, Toldoth Jesu, and Abarbenel.

" 'I am fond of these studies,' said he, 'which, perhaps, [is not to be wondered at, seeing that our people have been compared to the Jews. In one respect, I confess, we are similar to them; we are fond of getting money. I do not like this last author, this Abarnenel, the worse for having been a money-changer. I am a banker, myself, as thou knowest.'

"And would there were many like him amidst the money-changers of princes! The hall of many an earl lacks the bounty; the palace of many a prelate, the piety and the learning which adorn the quiet Quaker's home!"—Vol. i. pp. 204-5.

No one who, like young Borrow, was fond of languages and of books, could live long in Norwich without making the acquaintance of William Taylor, who was at that time the lion of the town. We have, accordingly, his portrait, un-named, like all the others in "Lavengro," but given with more of actuality and life than in his own ponderous memoirs. Taylor became the mentor, friend, and frequent host of Borrow, and in no one of the three capacities was he a safe example. His two delights were German and smoking; and his two defects, or, rather, his two more salient failings, infidelity and drinking. Borrow, happily for himself, never could love tobacco, and Taylor doubted that it was possible to become a good German without it.

" 'The Germans,' said the unsober sage, 'are the most philosophic people in the world, and the greatest smokers: now, I trace their philosophy to their smoking.'

" 'I have heard say their philosophy is all smoke; is that your opinion?'

" 'Why, no; but,' &c.

Taylor, as is well known, was the first who devoted himself to the introduction of German literature into our language. Translations and essays, with this object, formed the main subjects of his contributions to the *Monthly Review*, for a period of about

thirty years. It is, then, no wonder that he indoctrinated his young friend into the knowledge and love of German. We hope he did him no other harm; but his misty metaphysics, and his sceptical method of viewing every subject, were, we apprehend, no advantage to him, and no source of comfort in after life. "All is a lie—all a deceitful phantom," he remarks, in a tone which sounds like one of bitter experience, "are old cries; they come naturally from the mouths of those who, casting aside that choicest shield against madness—simplicity—would fain be wise as God, and can only know that they are naked."

Our student was now eighteen, and had, in addition to some acquaintance with the Latin and Greek, acquired a knowledge of the Irish, Welch, French, Italian, German, Danish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Armenian languages. To these were subsequently added the Spanish and Russian. How many more he mastered we know not, but the revelations of his middle life, which are yet to come, will probably increase the catalogue. About this period his father died, and it became imperative on him to support himself. He could hope for nothing from the profession at which he had been such an idle apprentice; and he accordingly made up his mind to leave his mother on her own slender, but sufficient, means in Norwich, and go to London. It is to the credit of Taylor, that he made a genuine effort to serve him. He applied to Southey to procure for him an appointment in the Foreign Office; but an application from one who, however much regarded, was known to be an infidel, and intemperate, could hardly be influential; and it accordingly proved unavailing. Taylor then gave him a warm introduction to Sir Richard Phillips, who was at that time one of the most eminent publishers in London, and the proprietor of a periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*, to which the Norwich sage had been for many years the most important contributor. Armed with this, and freighted with his translations from the Welch and Danish, he arrived in the great metropolis; and with the beating heart of one who knew that his bread depended upon his reception, approached the house of the awful bookseller. Phillips was a singular character; and the portrait of him in the second volume is one which, as Sir

Joshua has said, a stranger would, from its individuality, know to be a likeness. He was one of those who wish to be regarded as an original thinker; and like the unfortunate juror in Joe Miller, who always met the eleven most obstinate men in the world, he soon found himself differing from all around him. He was a sceptic in religion, a republican in politics, a Pythagorean in diet; and he published, or rather printed, for nobody, we suppose, either bought or read it, a work of his own, to show that the theories and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton were all founded in mistake. He was, however, a keen, and, we may add, an unscrupulous man of business. This personage received our young author with some show of kindness; but when he talked of publishing, looked dark and stern. "The Ancient Songs of Denmark," with notes philological, critical, and historical, and to which poor Borrow looked for profit and for fame, were thus disposed of;—"Sir, I assure you that your time and labour have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow." The translations from Ab Gwilym, the Welch bard, the sheet-anchor of his hopes, were treated with a "Pass on; what else?" The publisher quite understood that the stranger possessed some literary talents, which he desired to draw out, and at the same time engage them on his own terms. He proposed an evangelical novel, but this young Borrow declined. He then intimated that he could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale, in the style of the "*Dairyman's Daughter*."

"That is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present. It is not the 'Miller of the Black Valley':" no, sir; nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste. The evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels. . . ."

Mr. Borrow found himself but little qualified for a tale of this description; and, folding up the rejected translations, returned to his lodgings, disappointed, sorrowful, and anxious. It

was manifest that employment of some sort must be had; and he therefore sought another interview with Phillips, when they came to terms. On this occasion the publisher showed his knowledge of business and of men. He talked no more of evangelical novels or religious tales, but at once proposed to employ our author in compiling Newgate lives and trials. The terms of the contract were somewhat hard.

"I expect, you, sir," said he, "to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain, by no manner of means, less than one thousand pages. The remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation."

The agreement was accepted; and Borrow was besides enlisted as an attaché to a new Review, which, however, never reached a second number. In addition to these labours, another, with more of the badge of Egyptian bondage, was enjoined him; that was, to translate into German a work on philosophy, by the sceptical, republican, Pythagorean publisher himself. To this was added the pleasant condition, that if the speculation was profitable, he was to have "some remuneration." How long these occupations engaged him we are not enabled to say. They, at all events, left him, after days and nights of toil, as poor as when he began. The denouement of his connexion with Phillips was brought about by the work on philosophy. This was the hardest of all his tasks. Borrow could easily render English into German; but how to make intelligible in any language what was inconceivable in his own, was, as he found, a serious difficulty. He took what appears to have been the only practicable course, that of dashingily translating on, on chance. When the first chapter was submitted to some Germans, and pronounced by them to be unintelligible, the wrath of the city knight waxed so sublime, that no one who was not, like Mr. Borrow, six feet three,* and a good pugilist, could abide

* For the following lines, as well as for some information relating to the school-days of *Lavengro*, we are indebted to that ably-conducted journal, the *Britannia* newspaper, for April 26th, 1851. Mr. Borrow, when about four-and-twenty, pub-

his presence. Our young author was now as poor, as friendless, but not near so strong, as when he first went up to town. No parts of these volumes have interested us so much as those which describe his struggles in London, the determination with which he toiled for bread, and the integrity which made him instantly reject what, to a person of such peculiar tastes, must have been very pressing temptations; these were offers of immediate provision, in strange modes of life, and on easy though somewhat questionable terms. These traits are incidentally, and certainly unostentatiously given. There can hardly, we think, be a doubt of their truth; but even if fictitious, they deserve our praise. One evening, soon after his rupture with Phillips, as he was retuning to his lonely lodging and spare meal of bread and water, he observed, fixed to a window at a respectable bookseller's, a paper, on which was written, "A Novel or Tale is much wanted." At that time he had but eighteen pence in the world; and he doubted whether he could maintain himself on this while he tried to write the tale.

"It was true, there was my lodging to pay for; but up to the present time

I owed nothing, and, perhaps, by the time that the people in the house asked me for money, I should have written a tale, or a novel, which would bring me in money; I had paper, pens, and ink, and, let me not forget them, I had candles in my closet, all paid for, to light me during my night-work. Enough; I would go doggedly to work upon my tale or novel."—Vol. ii. p. 246.

The next observation which he had occasion to make was, that it is much easier to resolve upon a thing, than to achieve, or even to commence it. After much meditation, and many failures, his views assumed enough of form to enable him to work them out into a narrative, which he entitled, "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller." It is often stated, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a single night, for the purpose of gaining money enough to cover the expenses of his mother's funeral. No one who knows anything of even the mechanical part of the labour of writing, will think this possible. Borrow's *brochure* was, probably, not even so long, and it took him five whole days of incessant and feverish toil. Having left the manuscript with the bookseller for perusal, he was directed to call next day, when

lished "Romantic Ballads, translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Poems;" among which were the stanzas to "Six Foot Three." These his friends, at the time, thought original, and descriptive of himself. The portrait had some points of resemblance, and six foot three was just his height:—

LINES TO SIX FOOT THREE.

- "A lad who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a-day can walk,
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song, and make a verse,
And deeds of northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend,
While he his bony set can bend;
And, though averse to brawl and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;—
O, that is just the lad for me,—
And such is honest Six Foot Three.
- "A braver being ne'er had birth,
Since God first kneaded man from earth.
O, I have cause to know him well,
As Ferroe's blacken'd rocks can tell.
Who was it did at Suderøe
The deed no other dar'd to do?
Who was it when the Boff had burst,
And whelm'd me in its womb accurst—
Who was it dash'd amid the wave,
With frantic zeal my life to save?
Who was it flung the rope to me?
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!
- "Who was it taught my willing tongue
The songs that Brage fram'd and sung?
Who was it op'd to me the store
Of dark unearthly Runie lore,
And taught me to beguile my time
With Denmark's aged and witching rhyme,

To rest in thought in Elvir shades,
And hear the song of fairy maids,
Or climb the top of Dovrefeld,
Where magic knights their muster held?
Who was it did all this for me?
O, who but honest Six Foot Three!

"Wherever fate shall bid me roam,
Far, far from social joy and home,
'Mid burning Afric's desert sands,
Or wild Kamtschatka's frozen lands;
Bit by the poison-loaded brouse,
Or blasts which clog with ice the seas;
In lowly cot or lordly hall,
In beggars' rags or robes of pall;
'Mong robber bands or honest men,
In crowded town or forest den,
I never will unmindful be
Of what I owe to Six Foot Three.

"That form which moves with giant grace—
That wild, though not unhandsome face;
That voice which sometimes in its tone
Is softer than the wood-dove's moan;
At others, louder than the storm
Which beats the side of old Cairn Gorm;
That hand, as white as falling snow,
Which yet can feel the stoutest foe;
And, last of all, that noble heart,
Which ne'er from honour's path would start,
Shall never be forgot by me—
So farewell honest Six Foot Three."

he was physiognomist enough to see that the impression was in his favour. Five pounds, however, was the sum offered; Borrow, with desperate firmness, asked five-and-twenty, and the negotiation terminated with his receiving twenty. This was, probably, but a fraction of its value, yet the bookseller, whoever he was, seems entitled to the praise of having perceived the talent which the tale, no doubt, possessed.

Ill in health, and worn with toil, young Borrow yearned for the country, and, with bundle in hand, walked out of London. He had no fixed object, so placing himself and his fortunes on the top of the first mail-coach, which overtook him, he was let down in the neighbourhood of Salisbury plain. There an incident occurred which, as it led him into an altogether novel course, we think it right to notice. He came to a road-side inn, with a huge oak before it, "under the shade of which stood a little pony and a cart":—

"I entered a well-sanded kitchen, and seated myself on a bench, on one side of a long white table; the other side, which was nearest to the wall, was occupied by a party, or rather family, consisting of a grimy-looking man, somewhat under the middle size, dressed in faded velveteens, and wearing a leather apron; a rather pretty-looking woman, but sun-burnt, and meanly dressed, and two ragged children, a boy and girl about four or five years old. The man sat with his eyes fixed upon the table, supporting his chin with both his hands; the woman, who was next him, sat quite still, save that occasionally she turned a glance upon her husband with eyes that appeared to have been lately crying. The children had none of the vivacity so general at their age. A more disconsolate family I had never seen; a mug, which when filled, might contain half-a-pint, stood empty before them; a very disconsolate party indeed."

He orders these poor people to be supplied with ale, which leads to their better acquaintance:—

"*Tinker.*—'It's a fine thing to be a scholar?'"

"*Myself.*—'Not half so fine as to be a tinker.'"

"*Tinker.*—'How you talk!'"

"*Myself.*—'Nothing but the truth; what can be better than to be one's own master? Now, a tinker is his own master; a scholar is not. Let us suppose the best of scholars, a schoolmaster for example; for I suppose you will admit,

that no one can be higher in scholarship than a schoolmaster; do you call his a pleasant life? I don't; we should call him a school-slave, rather than a school-master. Only conceive him, in blessed weather like this, in his close school, teaching children to write in copy-books, 'Evil communication corrupts good manners,' or 'You cannot touch pitch without defilement,' or to spell out of 'Abecedariums,' or to read out of 'Jack Smith,' or 'Sandford and Merton.' Only conceive him, I say, drudging in such guise from morning till night, without any rational employment but to beat the children. Would you compare such a dog's life as that with your own, the happiest under heaven, true Eden-life, as the Germans would say, pitching your tent under the pleasant hedge-rows, listening to the song of the feathered tribes, collecting all the leaky kettles in the neighbourhood, soldering and joining, earning your honest bread by the wholesome sweat of your brow, making ten holes; hey, what's this? what's the man crying for?"

"Suddenly the tinker had covered his face with his hands, and began to sob and moan like a man in the deepest distress; the breast of his wife was heaved with emotion; even the children were agitated, the youngest began to roar."

"*Myself.*—'What's the matter with you? What are you all crying about?'"

"*Tinker.*—(uncovering his face)—'Lord, why to hear you talk; isn't that enough to make anybody cry—even the poor babes? Yes, you said right, 'tis life in the garden of Eden—the tinker's; I see so now, that I am about to give it up.'"

"*Myself.*—'Give it up! You must not think of such a thing.'"

"*Tinker.*—'No, I can't bear to think of it; and yet I must. What is to be done? How hard to be frightened to death; to be driven off the roads.'"

"*Myself.*—'Who has driven you off the roads?'"

"*Tinker.*—'Who! the Flaming Tinman.'"

"*Myself.*—'Who is he?'"

"*Tinker.*—'The biggest rogue in England, and the cruellest, or he would not have served me as he has done. I'll tell you all about it,' &c."

This introduces the tinker's tale, which is full of character and interest, but too long to be given here. It appears that no "beat" will support two tinkers, and that the Flaming Tinman—a "Hercules," and a first-rate pugilist—compelled our poor friend to fight him for the "beat," and, on beating him, made him take an oath on his wife's Bible that he would never again prac-

tise in these parts. Hence the sympathy evinced in our author's eulogy on the trade; hence the flowing tears. The issue of the conference is, that Borrow, partly from a desire to improve himself in the mending of kettles, partly from a liking for a life not greatly at variance with some of his antecedents, and very much, we are sure, from a wish to assist this troubled family, purchases their pony, cart, and stock in trade, and, providing himself with a waggoner's frock, takes to the roads himself. He subsequently meets with the dreadful tinman, who, recognising the cart, at once assails him; but, after a hard-fought contest, is obliged to yield, and leaves our hero master of the beat. Whoever has seen our author's athletic form, or heard of his skill in pugilism, will regard this as a very credible achievement; and it is highly probable that a longing for the encounter had its influence in inducing him to adopt his new pursuit.

The adventures connected with this *al fresco* life form the subjects of the third volume, which closes about the year 1828-9, leaving Lavengro still a tinker, and in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age. The decade which followed between that period and the tour in Spain, was passed in distant travel, hinted at in other works, but never yet described. In that brief interval he paced the snow-clad steppes of Russia and the burning deserts of Morocco, lived in Tartar tents, wandered by the banks of the Danube, and over the hills, and through the woods of Hungary; where else, we know not. Let him but give us the incidents of his experience in these journeys, without mixture of the marvellous, or alloy of fiction, and we may well promise one who can make so much of the nothings in these volumes, a celebrity as extensive as that which his "Zincali" and his book on Spain won for him before.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.—NO VI.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT can any body find to say that is either new or interesting about one on whom so many volumes have been already exhausted? To which may be added—and respecting whom so little is accurately known. The last observation goes a good way towards answering the first. We may fail in making discoveries, although they are still to be made, but if we can rectify even a few mistakes, which may pass as authentic because undisturbed, we do more good than by adding to an enormous mass of fanciful notes and obscure explanations. There have been above 150 collected editions of Shakspeare in various languages. Five are at this moment in course of publication in London alone, and all we believe are profitable to the speculators. From this it would appear there is a mania for reading and studying Shakspeare, however little may be the desire of seeing his plays acted. A well-known

writer, who has been thought by some a good Shakspearean critic, expresses himself as follows:—

"The representing the very finest of Shakspeare's plays on the stage, even by the best actors, is, we apprehend, as *abuse of the genius of the poet*. It is only the *pantomime* part of tragedy which is sure to tell, and tell completely, on the stage; those parts of the play on which the reader dwells the longest and with the highest relish in the perusal, are hurried through in the performance, while the most trifling and exceptionable are obtruded on his notice, and occupy as much time as the most important. Hence it is that the reader of the plays of Shakspeare is almost always disappointed in seeing them acted; and, for our own parts, we should never go to see them acted if we could help it. Shakspeare has embodied his characters so very distinctly that he stands in no need of the actor's assistance to make them more distinct."

I confess myself unable to understand these sentences or follow their meaning; but I suppose it is that Shakspeare's plays are weakened by being acted, and ought to be entirely reserved for the closet. In short, that a thing ought not to be applied to the purpose for which it has been made. A startling position, and which would astonish the poet not a little if he was made aware of it. As he undoubtedly wrote his plays to be acted rather than read, for the stage in preference to the closet, I take it for granted he knew what he meant, and how to carry out his own conceptions for his own express purpose. But these commentators would vain persuade us they are much more deeply in his confidence, and can enter into the workings of his mind better than he does himself. If more people read Shakspeare than care to see him acted, other reasons must be sought for the preference than those assigned by the writer from whom I have quoted.

On the other hand it has been a thousand times repeated that the plays of Shakspeare are *always* attractive when adequately sustained. A thousand instances may be shown to the contrary. No doubt they have drawn large receipts at certain times, under peculiar excitements, and with the novelty of a great performer. But all this from time to time has gradually declined, like everything else, and they have had to be supported by something of inferior value, more acceptable to the taste, or rather the want of taste of the million. When *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *Othello* fails to attract a full audience in modern days, we are told it is because the actors are far inferior to what they used to be. It may be so; but why then, we ask, did Garrick find it necessary to prop himself up in his best Shakspearean parts with ballets and spectacles? Why did John Kemble introduce horses to follow Mrs. Siddons's performances and his own in their most admired characters? And why, during his last season at Covent Garden in 1816, was Madame SACCHI appended to some of his plays which were considered weak, and nightly ran up from the stage to the two-shilling gallery, and then ran down again, as fast as her legs could carry her, amidst

the enthusiastic shouts of boxes, pit, and gallery? The treasurer must answer the question, and I am afraid he considered the lady the more classical star of the two.

To come nearer home. In 1827 Mr. Harris, then superintending the Dublin Theatre, and the most experienced manager in the three kingdoms, engaged Edmund Kean for sixteen nights at £30 per night, but fearful of the result, backed him up with "Il Diavolo Antonio," on the slack rope, at a large weekly salary. Whether the great representative of Shakspeare, or the great little devil, produced the largest share of the receipts, it is impossible now to determine, but the combination was very successful. In all these cases, and in many similar ones, if there is anything wrong in taste, or inconsistent in reality, the fault lies with the public rather than the manager. He is not likely to involve himself in questionable expedients, unless driven to them as a matter of commercial necessity. In one of Sir E. Bulwer's novels is a passage very applicable to the point we are now touching on, and though in a work of fancy, may be taken as an actual illustration:—

"When I was a boy I went once to a theatre. The tragedy of *Hamlet* was performed,—a play full of the noblest thoughts, the subtlest morality that exists upon the stage. The audience listened with attention, with admiration, with applause. But now an Italian mountebank appeared upon the stage—a man of extraordinary personal strength and sleight of hand. He performed a variety of juggling tricks, and distorted his body into a thousand surprising and unnatural postures. The audience were transported beyond themselves; if they had felt delight in *Hamlet*, they glowed with rapture at the mountebank. They had listened with attention to the lofty thought, but they were snatched from themselves by the marvel of the strange posture.—Enough, said I; where is the glory of ruling men's minds and commanding their admiration, when a greater enthusiasm is excited by mere bodily agility than was kindled by the most wonderful emanations of a genius little less than divine?"

A good many years ago I endeavoured to make a collection of

* "Eugene Aram," vol. i. ch. 5.

"Shakspeareana," including original authorities consulted by him, sources from whence he derived his plots, tracts, comments, essays, criticisms, and detached publications, relating to the mighty poet and his works. The collection was not confined to English writers only, but included many pieces in French, Italian, German, Spanish, Danish, and even Dutch. It was far from complete, but amounted to nearly eight hundred volumes. In bulk, a respectable looking library, but in value, with few exceptions, contemptible. When all was brought together and examined, it was amazing to see how much time had been wasted on this mass of disquisition, and how little could be learned from it. The greater part consisted of wild conjectures, ingenious sophistries, or laboured misinterpretations. Even the best, some dozen in number, with responsible names, are more calculated to show the research of the commentators, than to explain the meaning of the author; and all, with few exceptions, contain furious abuse of every body's work but their own. The most singular production in the entire lot was called *Discoveries in Hieroglyphicks*, by R. Deverell, in six octavo volumes (1813), comprising editions, with original notes, of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I never saw but this one copy, and have never noticed it in any catalogue since. The book was suppressed after a few had been circulated, either by the author or his family, who should have instituted a *de lunatico inquirendo*, and have placed him in safe keeping. It is, altogether, the most incoherent and maddest concoction of nonsense I ever met with, and a unique literary curiosity of a strange species.

Ben Jonson, who was a learned man, with a sufficient contempt (after the manner of collegians in general) for all who cannot boast of academic honours, happened to say of Shakspeare, his contemporary, familiar associate, and tavern companion, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." In due time this was aggravated into "very little Latin and no Greek." And so the tale came down to later times, assisted by Milton, who spoke of Shakspeare as "fancy's child, warbling his native wood-notes wild." This, the advocates of Shakspeare's want of learning, by a happy latitude of rea-

soning, declared was strong corroborative evidence that his scholarship extended not beyond his own language.

Dr. Farmer, in 1767, was supposed to have clenched the question for ever by his well known "Essay," which competent authority pronounced, *ex cathedra*, to be "unanswerable," and thenceforth it became incorporated with all the *variorum* editions, as an indispensable illustration. So it was decreed that Shakspeare knew not even the rudiments of any language but English; that all his multiplied allusions to the ancient classics, with speeches almost verbatim from Plutarch and others, were drawn from English translations; and that the Latin, French, Italian, and even Spanish sentences and phrases, scattered through his plays, had got in some how or other, nobody could tell how, why, or wherefore, except that it was quite certain he wrote them not, because he was incapable of so doing from utter ignorance.

But as people began to direct more attention to Shakspeare, and look closely into his works, they also discovered that a vast proportion of the critical learning of the last age was flimsy and superficial; that of the two deductions stated above, the latter was ridiculous, if not impossible, and that Shakspeare, although not a profound scholar, like Jonson, had, nevertheless, a goodly smattering of the humanities; and that his "little Latin and less Greek," lightly prized and lightly spoken of by his erudite associate and rival poet, had, nevertheless, carried him some way on the road to learning, and a tolerable distance from the starting post of ignorance. There are not many students of Shakspeare in the present age who will be inclined to echo the opinion, that Dr. Farmer's Essay is unanswerable. There can be no doubt, says he, that Shakspeare used translations freely, which were ready to his hand. We can easily believe he did. In the beginning of his career he wrote for bread rather than for fame, and was obliged to work quickly to answer the current demand, as his reputation rose and the attraction of his plays increased. His memory was most retentive, and he naturally supplied it from the readiest and the easiest sources; but he could not copy from translations which were not in existence when he wrote, as we

shall presently show, taking for our example one of the choice cases selected by Dr. Farmer.

In 1586, Pierre Le Loier, wrote in French, a treatise called "*Huit Livres des Spectres, &c., se montrant sensibles aux Hommes.*" This book was translated into English by Zachary Jones. At page 32, is a passage quoted by Dr. Farmer, in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," to prove, among other instances, his hypothesis, that Shakspeare knew no language but his mother-tongue. The passage is as follows:—

"The physician Scaliger writeth how he himself knew a gentleman, his neighbour, which had in him such an antipathy at the sound of a violl, that as soon as ever he heard it (were he in any company even of the best sort), and that either at table or elsewhere, he was constrained to forsake the place and go away ——."

Note in margin:—

"Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, near Excester, who could not endure the playing on a bagpipe."

Now hear Dr. Farmer:—

"In the *Merchant of Venice*, the Jew, as an apology for his cruelty to Anthonio, rehearses many sympathies and antipathies, for which no reason can be rendered—

"Some love not a gaping pig,
And others, when the bagpipe sings in the nose
Cannot contain their urine for affection."

"This incident Dr. Warburton supposes to be taken from Scaliger's Exercitations against Cardan, '*Narrabo tibi jocosam sympathiam Regali Vasconis Equitis. Is dum viverat audito Phorminx sono, urinam villico facere cogeatur.*' And, proceeds the Doctor, to make the jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated Phorminx by bagpipe. Here we seem fairly caught, for Scaliger's work was never, as the term goes, done into English. But luckily in an old translation from the French of Peter Le Loier, entitled '*A Treatise of Spectres; or, Strange Sights, Visions, and Apparitions appearing unto Men,*' we have this identical story from Scaliger: and what is still more, a marginal note gives us, in all probability, the fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare:—'Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, near Excester, who could

not endure playing on a bagpipe.' 'My edition,' adds Dr. Farmer in a note, 'is in 4to. 1605, with an anonymous dedication to the king; the Devonshire story was, therefore, well known in the time of Shakspeare.'

Admirable reasoning, and inevitable conclusion! Now, mark how a simple fact shall put this down. No translation of Le Loier's book ever appeared, but this one by Zachary Jones, and that not before 1605. There were two editions of the *Merchant of Venice*, containing the passage referred to, printed in 1600. It is, therefore, clearly impossible, that a book written in 1600 could borrow anything from one written five years later. Both these books were in Dr. Farmer's library, as appears by the sale catalogue, 1798; therefore, he knew the fact, although he chose to *Burke* it. When men, otherwise rational, get fairly astride on a pet theory, they gallop away nearly as far, and quite as recklessly, as the "beggar on horseback," according to the old proverb. The pedigree of the interesting antipathy, which has caused all this discussion, is as clearly proved through the French, up to the Latin progenitor, as if the registry had been extracted (and the fees duly paid) from the Herald's office; but for aught that Dr. Farmer shows to the contrary, Shakspeare adopted it from Le Loier or Scaliger, either of whose treatises he could read in the original as easily as the Master of Emmanuel himself. These Oxford and Cambridge illuminati are prone to think, that no man has any right to claim knowledge of Greek or Latin, unless he has A. M. or A. B. attached to his name. According to their doctrine, the degree alone legitimizes knowledge. The greater part of them grind for that same degree, plod through a prescribed course, and seldom look at any classic not included in the regular routine. And so they take high honours and pass for learned men. A friend of mine once quoted "*Suetonius*," a very common book, in conversation with a graduate of a college, and he frankly confessed to him he had never read that author; he was not in the course, and he had no time to go out of it. Many a "poor scholar" has a greater "bottom" of learning, as Dr. Johnson would have called it, than half the dignitaries, with flowing robes, and sounding titles. The principal of

the College of Louvain, quoted by Goldsmith, is, perhaps, not a solitary case of the latter :—

"You see me, young man, I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek, and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

Eugene Aram was master of nearly every known language, and profoundly skilled in logic, mathematics, philology, and antiquities. Scholars wrote to him from all parts of the world, and learned travellers came to consult the obscure and humble student in his abode of lonely poverty; yet he had never been within the walls of a college, and erected his pyramid of learning on a foundation created by himself. Equally sad and extraordinary is the fact, that he left nothing behind him, save a defence "too ingenious for truth," as was observed on his trial, and the memory of a dreaming life, terminated by the hands of justice on a public scaffold.*

Dr. Maginn, who handled Dr. Farmer's Essay very severely in a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine* (1839), maintains that "Scaliger was much more read in the days of Elizabeth than any ordinary dipper into books in the present day may be inclined to imagine." Commenting on this same passage of Farmer's, which we have selected, he, at the same time, quotes another from *Love's Labour Lost*, with a note by Warburton (which Farmer has entirely passed over), to show, as he does clearly, that it was far more probable Shakspeare had read Scaliger, than anything adduced on the opposite side can prove he was unable to do so. Maginn appears to have been unacquainted with either Le Loier, or his translator, and, probably, had never seen or heard of the edition of the *Merchant of Venice* in 1600; consequently, he could not

avail himself of the dates we have referred to above. This is to be regretted. An argument, or assertion, refuted by a *fact*, and proved to be impossible, is strangled at once; whereas if only overthrown by superior logic it may "rise and fight again," according to Hudibras, and will always find advocates. There never was either case or character so utterly abandoned as to be "left alone in its glory," without a single supporter. It is useless to oppose reasoning to reasoning; the process is interminable. You may *beat* your man, but you will never *finish* him. He will return to the charge, again and again; you may knock his brains out long before he will confess that you have conquered him by argument.† Your only chance of decisive victory is by *facts*. If you build a house upon a hill, there is a plain *fact* which nobody can dispute; but if you are rash enough to say, that is a good house, you are immediately told it is a bad one; and up springs a thirty years' war of controversy, likely to outlast both builder and edifice. In early life (I wont say how many years ago), I undertook to instruct the most determined matter-of-fact man I ever knew, in mathematics, in return for a counter service. I had failed with two before, but they were imaginative, not practical, and I left them to their flights. At that time I was an enthusiast in mathematics (which I have entirely lost since), and rejoiced in the new subject. "This is the man I want," said I, "a reasoning being, who will be convinced by reason." I went to work, but to my utter amazement and horror, he broke down obstinately on the threshold. He never could be brought to understand or admit that a straight line was the shortest possible distance between two points. "It was an assumption," he said, "not a fact;" he "couldn't conceive it!" "Do not two-and-two make four," said I, "is not that a fact?" "No," replied he, "it is a mere conventional arrangement, ac-

* We do not infer from any of this, that there is not good sound learning in colleges; we only wish to show there may be *some* elsewhere, and that Shakspeare may have had a little.

† If he is a Kaffir, he will survive even that, and prove, in opposition to Shakspeare, "that when the brains are out, the man will (not always) die." We have been assured by an officer of undoubted credibility, who served in the last Kaffir war, that some of the prisoners reported to be dying under eight or ten mortal wounds, including fractured skulls, escaped to the bush, when supposed to be unable to move, and were found in a day or two after as active and dangerous as ever. A Kaffir, unquestionably, is more difficult to kill than a cat, and has as many lives. Let those decide who can speak from practical experience.

cepted for convenience." I went on, hoping to convert him in time, but to every *quod erat demonstrandum*, he retorted, "Humbug! D—— your reasoning. Give me facts." Poor fellow! he got a fact soon after, and an astounding one, in the form of a grape shot in the abdomen, in one of the battles in America, which wound up his earthly cogitations in ten minutes.

I once heard a very able logician handle the arguments of a subtle opponent one by one, and shiver them like glass, as I, and all the listeners thought, who were astonished at his powers of conviction, and wondered what his adversary could advance in reply. "He is floored," whispered one; "he has not a leg to stand on," murmured another. When his turn came, he looked thick and stolid, and said, with most imperturbable collectedness, "I have only this to observe—I differ with you, entirely." I thought if the other had knocked him on the head incontinently, and I had been on the inquest after, I should have found a verdict of *justifiable foolicide*. From that moment I determined whenever I got hold of a *fact* in reply to an argument, to cleave to it, as man and wife *ought* to do, "till death do us part."

Dr. Maginn's three papers in refutation of Dr. Farmer are very logical, acute, and convincing. As far as argument can go, they are sufficient. If they do not thoroughly establish the learning of Shakspeare, they demolish the theories set up to prove his ignorance. They settle the question negatively, if not positively—a little too acrimonious in personal expressions, the besetting sin of all controversialists, and a very supererogatory one when you are strong on the right side. Shave your opponent as closely as you like, but let your razor be as polished as it is keen. Violence and ill-tongued invective imply a conviction in your own mind of being in the wrong, and convey the same impression to the minds of all who read or listen. Dr. Johnson, sometimes, in the pride of argumentative superiority, used to take the wrong side on purpose, and when beaten, retreated on vehemence and abuse. "There's no reasoning with you, Sir," said Goldsmith once, most happily, "when your pistol misses fire, you knock one down with the butt end."

Poor Maginn, was a man of much scholastic acquirement, brilliant, witty,

and acute. He was fond of Shakspeare, and wrote in *Bentley's Miscellany* a series of articles on some of his most prominent characters; in many respects they are among the best that have been written, but like all who have grappled with Shakspeare, he made mistakes, as we shall endeavour to show in two or three instances. He says, himself:—

"I have been accused by some who have taken the trouble of reading these papers, that I am fond of paradoxes, and write not to comment upon Shakspeare, but to display logical dexterity in maintaining the untenable side of every question. But I have given my reasons, sound or unsound as they may be, for my opinions, which I have said, with old Montaigne, I do not pretend to be good, but to be mine."

There is less logic than epigrammatic smartness in the last sentence. Extensive indeed is the range, and thoroughly opposite the views, which endless criticism has embraced in examining the creations of Shakspeare. Take the single character of Lady Macbeth as a sample. Dr. Johnson pronounces her an ogress, Mrs. Jameson is inclined to make her amiable, Dr. Maginn defends her, and Mrs. Siddons, her ablest representative, had this idea of her personal attributes, "that she was a little woman with fair complexion and sandy coloured hair." We should rather have drawn her lofty in stature, saturnine in aspect, and with raven tresses.

In a very lively paper on the character of Iago, Dr. Maginn says, "He is the sole exemplar of studied personal revenge in the plays." Shylock occurs to him immediately, but he says, "In Shylock, the passion is hardly personal against his intended victim, the hatred is national and sectarian." Let us try this opinion by the *text*, the only sound way of finding out the real character. Shylock, speaking of the man he loathes, Antonio, thus expresses himself:—

"I hate him, for he is a Christian."

So far the feeling is, as Dr. Maginn calls it, national and sectarian. But what follows:—

"But *more* for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings
down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him ;
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails
 (Even there where merchants most do congregate)
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him."

Here is one line for the sectarian feeling, and ten most pungent ones for the individual hatred, arising from distinct individual injury.

Then we have Cassius, who struck more from private dislike of Cæsar, than public love of Rome. Brutus abhorred the dictator, but Cassius hated the man, and sought revenge for personal injury. And what becomes of Don John, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, who weaves a tangled web of mischief to be revenged on Claudio, for, as he supposes, unfairly supplanting him with his brother? "That young start-up," says he, "hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way." And again, "I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing." If this is not unmixed personal revenge, what is it? And yet Dr. Maginn reiterates, "Iago is the only example in Shakspeare of this passion as directed against an individual."

While closely investigating the character of Iago, after some preliminary reasoning, he draws this conclusion :—

"We accordingly find that Iago engages in his hostilities against Othello, more to show his talents than for any other purpose. He proudly lauds his own powers of dissimulation, which are to be now displayed with so much ability—

"When my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart,
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at. I am not what I am."

According to Dr. Maginn's showing, he makes his revenge subservient to his dissimulation, rather than his dissimulation the means through which to obtain his revenge. Now, we take the latter to be the fact, as proved by the context. He does not speak of his talent for duplicity at all, until reply-

ing to a remark of Roderigo, in answer to his direct question, after stating his hatred of Othello :—

"Iago.—Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am
 affind
 To love the Moor?
Rod.—I would not follow him, then!
Iago.—Oh, sir, content you,
 I follow him, to serve my turn upon him.
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love
 and duty,
But seeming so, to my peculiar end;
 For when my outward action doth
 demonstrate," &c., &c., &c.

Further on, in speaking of the motives which spur Iago on in his deadly course, Dr. Maginn says, on the rumour that Othello had given him cause to be jealous :—

"It is plain that he does not pretend to lay any great stress upon this, nor can we suppose that even if it were true, it would deeply affect him; but he thinks lightly of women in general, and has no respect whatever for his wife."

The latter part of this opinion may be correct, but it astonishes us not a little that a perspicuous writer, with the text before him, should fall into such an error as to say Iago lays no great stress on his jealousy, and that it scarcely affects him. How does the case stand by his own words? After stating the rumour he says :—

"I know not if 't be true,
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety."

And again :—

"I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat, the thought
 whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous min'r'al, gnaw my
 inwards,
 And nothing can, nor shall, content my
 soul
 Till I am even with him—wife for wife!"

We know not how language can express with more distinct intensity, the deep impression this rumour has left on the mind of Iago, or the powerful manner in which he is affected by it. If Shakspeare did not mean this, what did he mean, or why is it so plainly indicated?

One remark more before quitting

this subject. Why do actors in general make Iago rude almost to brutality, on the few occasions when he discourses with Emilia alone, through the play? They represent him as uniform and studied in his politeness to every one else, but uncivil to his wife. This is very contrary to the systematic hypocrisy with which he conceals his real character and feelings from all the world, save only from himself. If he threw off his mask before his wife, she would, as soon as she suspected him, endeavour to put her mistress on her guard, which she never does, not because she is afraid, but because she has no suspicions of her husband. She merely calls him "wayward," and wishes to please him. When his real villainy is exposed at last, she is quite as much astonished as either his victim or the bystanders. He has imposed on her, as he has on all the world, which would have been impossible had his common deportment towards her been such as his stage representatives are prone to indulge in.

Dr. Maginn observes, "what appears to me to be the distinguishing feature of Shakspeare is, that his characters are real men and women, not mere abstractions." Nothing can be more correct than this; and then he adds, "In the best of us all there are many blots; in the worst, there are many traces of goodness. There is no such thing as angels or devils in the world." Now this same Iago appears as nearly all devil as possible; he has no redeeming touch of goodness, in any form. His gaiety, humour, and courage are constitutional, like his appetite or any other physical endowment;

they have no connexion whatever with mind, feeling, or principle, and seem as if thrown in by the author for pure dramatic purposes, to relieve and carry his dark, unrelenting wickedness through five long acts, without utterly nauseating the audience. They are the artificial lights made use of by the painter, to prevent his portrait being all shadow.

In commenting on Shakspeare's characters, as on the disputed passages in his plays, I have always thought difficulties have been created where they never existed, and meanings ascribed to him which he never had a notion of. His genius is as varied and prolific as nature itself, but has no tendency to the obscure and unintelligible. There is nothing mysterious or complicated either in the structure of his mind, or the expression of his thoughts. With him, grandeur and simplicity appear combined without effort, and whether in a highly finished portrait or a mere sketch, there is always the same individuality and distinctness. Some of the passages on which the longest explanatory notes have been written require them the least, and are not at all improved by the supposed emendations. In nine cases out of ten they are merely errors of the press, arising from want of revision or the carelessness of the printer. A quaint annotator, Zachariah Jackson, who had been a printer, made some ingenious solutions, founded on this theory, in a volume called "Shakspeare's Genius Justified;" but after the example of more pretending expounders, he so enlarged his corrections, that what began in reason ended in extravagance and absurdity.

ON CRITICISM IN GENERAL; MORE PARTICULARLY ON THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

"Ten censures wrong for one who writes amiss."—POPE.

So said or sang the bard of Twickenham, in his celebrated essay. Professed critics will not be disposed to admit the soundness of this dictum. The modern disciples of Aristarchus and Zoilus are fully as imperative in their decisions, and quite as well convinced of their infallibility, as were the ancient founders of their school. Perhaps the two easiest things in the world are, to give advice and to find fault; and this very facility may be taken as the leading reason why both are so constantly

exercised. The converse of the proposition is equally true. Nothing can be more difficult than to give good advice, or to find fault judiciously. This leads us to consider the subject of criticism in the abstract, and of dramatic criticism in more minute detail.

The drama being a combination of all the other arts, to examine and report correctly on the merits of a play or an actor, requires a far wider scope of knowledge, with a greater variety of acquirement, than would suffice to

pronounce opinion on any particular poem, painting, or statue. In the vast quantity of theatrical criticism which passes under the public eye, we meet with endless theories, and very often with erroneous ones. Seldom, indeed, do we stumble on a dramatic article written by the hand of a master, or with strict impartiality. There are, of course, able exceptions to this rule, but in general, the writers show readily what they think wrong, while they rarely point out how error is to be rectified. They see the disease, but hesitate to propose the cure. On almost every other subject there is no lack of brilliant talent and acute discernment.

Theatrical notices are sometimes committed to the press in a few hurried moments, late at night, after the performance is over, when the writer has scarcely allowed himself time to arrange his ideas, or feel certain as to his own impressions. This was fully discussed in an article headed "London Newspapers and London Theatres," which appeared in No. 342 of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," 20th July, 1850. The author has been behind the scenes, and knows a trick or two of theatrical machinery.

Criticism, to be effective, or gain favour with the public, must lean to the side of censure rather than praise. There is more nerve and more excitement in vituperation than in eulogy. No one likes to confess it, but there is a latent pleasure in seeing a hole picked in your neighbour's coat, and in hearing him abused, particularly if you have any suspicion that he is a better man than yourself. No one brooks superiority with patience; and it is 'meat and drink' to find our betters assailed along with ourselves. A tale of scandal is propagated much more quickly than a deed of benevolence. Ill news travel fast; and an ill-natured article against you in a newspaper or magazine is sure to be communicated by an anxious friend, whose optics are less on the alert to discover a panegyric one. Whatever a man writes, he writes with a view to its being read, consequently the actual merits of the subject he is treating may chance to be the last point in his consideration; as in selection for public office, fitness or capability are usually the last recommendations which influence the bestowing patron.

Among the principal features of

dramatic criticism, may be observed a disposition to indiscriminate praise, where private partiality or personal influence has superseded judgment, with occasionally an ambitious desire to write something brilliant, without any distinct notion how the aspiration is to be carried into effect. There is yet another remarkable ingredient of more modern growth; the affectation of interlarding French words and idioms to such an extent, that the whole composition becomes an ill-assorted hybrid, neither French nor English, but an unnatural jumble of both, in the midst of which the honest vernacular is bewildered, loses all sense of identity, and wonders what has become of itself, or how it has got mixed up in such a masquerade. Acting a part is now called *interpreting a rôle*; songs are not sung, but *rendered*; a play is no longer got up, but *mounted*; the dresses and decorations are mystified into the *mise en scene*; and the entire operation is called the *tout ensemble*. But these are simple obscurities compared with the *idiosyncracies*, *aesthetics*, *syncretics*, *idealisms*, *transcendentalisms*, and other incomprehensible *modernisms*, which, as Junius says of Sir William Draper's figures of speech, "dance through" some of these articles "in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." These hard compounds, so frequently dragged in, remind us of the poet's lines—

"The words themselves are neither rich nor rare;
The wonder's how the devil they got there."

There seems always to have been a conventional style exclusively belonging to criticism. Sterne, writing more than eighty years ago, gives an amusing imitation of the mode in his day, and winds up thus:—"Grant me patience! Of all the cantings which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

Excellent rules are laid down by approved authorities for acquiring this art. Those who wish to study it deeply and soundly cannot do better than apply themselves to Pope's Essay, or a very elaborate treatise, by Dryden, called "The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," prefixed to his alteration of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, and to be found in the collected editions of his works. There is no occasion to travel back to Aristotle or

Quintilian. Others, who desire to be ingeniously wrong, or simply scurrilous, will find tolerable guides in the pages of Rymer, Gildon, or Dennis, and some more recent followers of that school. Goldsmith says, as regards painting, it lies in a very small compass; "all consists in saying the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and in praising the works of Pietro Perugino." I once knew a high critical authority whose reputation was built on his never committing himself by a decision. He was a mighty listener (rare and valuable endowment!), and when his judgment was appealed to, always answered with oracular importance, "there's a great deal to be said on both sides."

Menage has suggested a good general rule. One day, the Cardinal De Retz requested he would oblige him with a few lectures on poetry, "for," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought to me every day, that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would," replied Menage, "be difficult to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism, without taking up too much of your time. But I would advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' And ninety-nine times in an hundred you will be sure you are right."

Sometimes, criticisms have been written beforehand, in anticipation of the performance of a play, duly announced, but suddenly changed owing to the indisposition of a principal performer; the writer not intending to be present, but having made up his mind whom he would praise, and whom abuse. On the following morning, the public have been enlightened with an elaborate disquisition on what never took place. A case came within my own knowledge, where the trap had been regularly laid, and the game was snared. Other instances are on record, equally amusing and edifying, and once, damages were actually recovered for libel. Authors, and actors too, have, on particular occasions, sent hard-handed partisans, with sound lungs, into the pit, with written instructions to applaud and shout vehemently at certain passages or *points*, as they are technically called. Cumberland mentions that on the first night of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, a noisy but injudicious

Scotchman, one of the hired retainers, nearly spoiled all by mistaking his *cues*, and giving tongue in the wrong place. Munden has been known to encore himself in a new song, by rapping with his stick on the stage, behind his own back. Theatres are not the only large public assemblies where packing a house is sometimes found serviceable.

"The Claqueurs," in Paris, were, and I believe are still, the terror of all managers, authors, and actors. They have a regular scale of prices according to the success required. A common success, about one hundred francs; a decided hit, twice as much; a simple ovation, half as much again; while a full triumph, with all the honours, bouquets, and three summonses before the curtain, runs up to rather a serious investment. But it must be paid, or there is no success. The recusant novice is consigned, as Dogberry has it, "into everlasting redemption," without hope of a second trial.

The system of calling on the principal performers after the play or opera, and half smothering them with bouquets, is a recent importation from the continent, and has become so prevalent that it has ceased to be a compliment, and looks more like a mockery. Not unfrequently the call originates with half-a-dozen boys in the gallery, for the mere fun of the thing. I once saw at the end of the *Gamester*, Mrs. Beverley, Beverley, Stukely, and Lewson, successively called out and dismissed with the usual gratulations. As the last was disappearing, a gallery wag shouted, "Send on Bates and Dawson." I could have given him a shilling, or an order, for the truth and keenness of his satire. The vice of this practice lies entirely with the audience, who would do well to abolish it. Sometimes when the call is equivocal, or opposed, which always prolongs the nuisance, the actor is placed within the horns of a dilemma. He neither wishes to appear obtrusive, in presenting himself too soon, nor disrespectful in abstaining altogether. On the first night of a new play, on a benefit, or a last appearance, the practice is legitimate and seasonable; at all others it becomes ridiculous and makes the "judicious grieve." The absurdity appears the more glaring when the favourite has just been despatched by bowl or dagger, and lay stiffened out, as the curtain fell, in the imitation of death. Forrest, the American trage-

dian, when shouted on after acting in "the Gladiator," came forward, streaming with rose pink vice blood, resembling a raw-head-and-bloody-bones, which made the ladies feel squeamish, while the little children yelled with terror.

The claqueur system has not yet arrived with us, at the full blown perfection it has reached in Paris. But it has been tried ever and anon, and sometimes with suitable effect. A few years ago a new play was produced at one of the leading London theatres by a very popular author, and on the falling of the curtain the hero of the night was loudly demanded. He complied, bowed gracefully, and crossed the stage under a volley of bouquets, real and artificial, which strewed the verdant carpet like the dead and dying on a field of battle. The stage servants gathered them up, brought them into the green-room, and asked the manager, who was reclining at his ease on the sofa, and loved not his leading man, what he was to do with them. "Take them to Mr. —" said the potentate, "they are meant for him." "Leave them in the property-room," whispered a sly comedian, "they came from thence."

Edmund Kean was a great favourite of Mrs. Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the venerable old lady out to her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Kean, she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him, by many degrees, than any actor she had ever seen, although both agreed he could not play Abel Drugger.* Once in conversation he complained to her that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, readings, points, and other peculiarities. "These people," said he, "don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages on which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think because my style is new and appears natural, that

I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognised as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London." "You should write your own criticisms," replied the old lady; "*David always did so.*"

Garrick was a master of his art, and he never showed that mastery with more skill than in adopting this sound conservative practice. In 1807, a small volume was published by Leigh Hunt, called "Critical Essays," being a collection of theatrical articles which had appeared in the *Examiner*, and other London papers. Many of these are very well written, and the series may be referred to as a fair specimen of this class of composition. Hazlitt's notices, written when he was reporting for the London papers, have also been collected into a volume, entitled "A View of the English Stage," and have acquired considerable reputation, but they are inferior to Hunt's both in sound judgment and impartiality. They abound in smart severities and *ad captandum* periods. But the book is valuable as a stage record, and contains accounts of the first appearances of Miss O'Neill, Miss Foote, Miss Stephens, Kean, and Macready, and of the last performances of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. In these pages there will be found a vast amount of prejudice. Hazlitt underrates Miss O'Neill, billingsgates Conway, allows Young scarcely any merit, and absolutely deifies Kean. Yet, we have often heard him appealed to as the best theatrical critic of his day. Let us quote an extract or two to show why we differ from this:—

"The best thing we remember in Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse*, and which gave the greatest satisfaction to the audience, was that part in which Mr. — was precipitated into a deep

* Kean acted Abel Drugger for his benefit, which drew the following laconic note from Mrs. Garrick:—"Dear Sir, you cannot play Abel Drugger. Yours, Eva Garrick;" to which he replied,—"Dear Madam, I know it. Yours, Edmund Kean."

pit, from which, by the elaborate description which the poet had given of it, it was plainly impossible he should ever rise again. If Mr. — is to be puffed off, and stuck at the head of his profession at this unmerciful rate, it would almost induce us to wish Mr. Coleridge would write another tragedy, to dispose of him in the same way as his predecessor."

Speaking of one of the most elegant and classical actors of the day, recognised by the public as such, he says:—

"Mr. — ought never to condescend to play comedy, nor aspire to play tragedy. Sentimental pantomime is his forte."

Again:—

"Mr. — is brought forward as a downright, common madman, just broke loose from a madhouse at Richmond, and is going with a club to dash out the brains of his daughter and her infant. The infant is no other than a large wooden doll: it fell on the floor the other evening without receiving any hurt, at which the audience laughed."

"Mr. — seemed to be rehearsing Don Felix, with an eye to Macduff, or some face-making character."

Mr. — both speaks and sings as if he had a lozenge or a slice of marmalade in his mouth. If he could go to America and leave his voice behind him, it would be a great benefit—to the parent country."

"Mrs. — never appeared to us anything but an ordinary musical instrument, and at present she is very much out of tune."

"Mr. — makes his face up into a bad joke, and flings it right into the teeth of the spectators."

"Mr. — acts as if he was moved by wires. He is a very lively automaton."

"Mr. T —, as Sir Oliver Surface, wore a great coat with yellow buttons."

"Mr. F —, in Trip, had a large bouquet. And why should we refuse to do justice to Mr. C —, who was dressed in black."

"Mr. — is no favourite of ours: he is always the same Mr. —, who shows his teeth, and rolls his eyes, and looks like a jackdaw just caught in a snare."

"Mr. —'s Prospero was good for nothing, and, consequently, was indescribably bad. Mr. — had nothing of Caliban but his gaberdine, which did not become him."

"Mr. C — topped the part of Comus with his usual felicity, and seemed al-

most as if the genius of a May-pole had inspired a human form. He is said to make a very handsome Comus; so he would make a very handsome Caliban, and the common sense of the transformation would be the same.

"Of Mr. C —'s Romeo we cannot speak with patience. He bestrides the stage like a Colossus, throws his arms into the air like the sails of a windmill, and his motion is as unwieldy as that of a young elephant. Quere, why does he not marry?"

Now all these smart and sarcastic nothings are very easily written, very well calculated to amuse a breakfast table, and elicit the exclamations of Capital! how good! d—d keen! &c., &c., &c., but we beg leave respectfully to suggest they are not—*criticism*!

Perhaps the best sentence in Hazlitt's book is this:—

"Mr. Kemble has been compared lately (in the *Times*), to the ruin of a magnificent temple, in which the divinity still resides. This is not the case. The temple is unimpaired, but the divinity is sometimes from home."

Here is certainly not a bad specimen of the *multum in parvo*. One of the best remarks, in this line, we ever read, was by a critic in a London paper (not Hazlitt), on a *debutant* in *Richard the Third*, who was too good to be hissed, but not good enough to be applauded. The writer said, "we never before thoroughly understood honest Dogberry when he exclaims, 'most tolerable and not to be endured.'" Before quitting Hazlitt, we must point out the following observations to the attention of all those who think the scenery and appointments the great indispensables of a play, and in which all the merit is supposed to lie, as the wisdom in the judge's wig:—

"One of the scenes (in the *Duke of Milan*), a view of the court-house, was most beautiful. Indeed the splendour of the scenery and dresses frequently took away from the effect of Mr. Kean's countenance."

In later times, much good acting has been entirely swamped by unnecessary pageantry.

All public characters are lawful subjects for public criticism, from the sovereign on the throne, to the lowest subordinate who says "the coach is wait-

ing," on the stage. "'Tis the rough brake which virtue must go through," and is to be endured with becoming philosophy. Any one who writhes under it, should get rid as soon as possible, and how he may, of his sensitive feelings, and encase himself in the hide of a rhinoceros. It is certainly not pleasant to think that the reputation which it has taken a quarter of a century to establish, may be "snuffed out by an article," and possibly an incompetent one, in a quarter of an hour. But the patient must console himself by reflecting, that mighty men have, ere now, been extinguished by trifling agencies. King Pyrrhus was slain by an old woman, who threw a tile on his head; Lord Anson, who sailed round the world, caught his death by tumbling into a brook; and the great Duke of Marlborough died of sickness.

The actor of thirty years' standing is often criticised, and perhaps condemned by the scribbling tyro of three months' experience. John Kemble wrote out the part of Hamlet thirty times, and each time discovered something new which had escaped him before. During his last season, he said, "Now that I am retiring, I am only beginning thoroughly to understand my art." After Mrs. Siddons had left the stage, a friend calling on her one morning, found her in her garden musing over a book. "What are you reading," said the visiter. "You will hardly guess," replied Melpomene. "I am reading over Lady Macbeth, and I am amazed to discover some new points in the character, which I never found out while acting it." In truth, to act is difficult, but to write what is called a criticism on acting, is wonderfully easy.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.*

THIS is by no means a book to be dismissed his time,—still his was an honest, faithfully-regarded. Eckermann was not quite the person to understand the greatest poet of full, affectionate nature, and, for the last ten years of Goethe's life, he was constantly about his person,—was engaged in the details of preparing for the press the final edition, revised by the author, of Goethe's Works,—was in more intimate confidence with him than could have been likely to have existed between minds more nearly on the same level. We have here his recollections,—a pleasant, gossiping, good-natured book. The first part of it was published a few years after Goethe's death, and since translated in America by Mrs. Fuller. Her translation, as also the original of Eckermann's first publication, we have seen. The translation was, we thought, better than translations in general. Since then Eckermann added another volume, and both are now, for the first time, brought before the English reader by Mr. Oxenford, whose translation of "Goethe's Autobiography" leaves little to be desired that can be learned without a knowledge of the original language.

Of Eckermann himself our readers may desire to know something.

He was born at Winsen-on-the-Luke, a little town between Hamburg and Luneberg. It is scarcely possible to imagine a state of poverty greater than that of his family. His father's house was a mere hut. It had but one room capable of being heated. There was a hayloft above this room, to which they mounted by a ladder from outside. There were no stairs. All round were desolate heath and marsh lands, which seemed interminable. John Peter Eckermann, our hero, was the youngest child of his father's second marriage. His parents were advanced in years when he was born, and the accidents of life made him grow up very much alone with them. The elder children were scattered about in their search for means of life. One brother was a sailor; one a trader, engaged in the business of the whale fisheries. Sisters were either married or in service; and the child of his father's old age was thus without natural companionship of brothers and sisters. A cow supplied the family with milk, some of which they were able to sell for a few pence. A

* "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret. Translated by John Oxenford." 2 vols.: London, 1850.

small piece of land, rescued from the adjoining waste, gave some coarse vegetables. Corn, however, it did not produce, and they were obliged to buy flour. His mother had some skill in spinning wool, and she made caps for the women of the village, and thus something was earned. His father was what Wordsworth calls a "wanderer," surely, not a very happy name for a pedlar, moving with the regularity of Phœbus Apollo himself through all the signs of the Zodiac.

"My father's business consisted of a small traffic, which varied according to the seasons, and obliged him to be often absent from home, and to travel on foot about the country. In summer, he was seen with a light wooden box on his back, going in the heath country from village to village, hawking ribbons, thread, and silk. At the same time he purchased here woollen stockings and *Beyderwand* (a cloth woven out of the wool of the sheep on the heaths, and linen yarn), which he again disposed of in the *Vierlande* on the other side the Elbe, where he likewise went hawking. In the winter, he carried on a trade in rough quills and unbleached linen, which he bought up in the villages of the hut and marsh country, and took to Hamburg when a ship offered. But in all cases his gains must have been very small, as we always lived in some degree of poverty."—p. 14.

Our little Peterkin's own employment also varied with the season. When spring commenced, and the waters of the Elbe had receded after their customary overflow, he collected the sedge which had been thrown into the dykes, and heaped them up as litter for the cow. Then came the lengthening days, and they were past watching the cow in the green spring meadows. Then came summer, and he had to bring dry wood from the thickets, distant about a German mile, for their firing through the year. When the harvest came he was seen as a gleaner in the fields of more fortunate men, or he was gathering acorns to sell for the purpose of feeding geese. The child of the old soldier longs to be old enough himself to shoulder a firelock.

"Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance,
Bear me to the heart of France
Is the longing of the shield.
Tell thy name thou trembling field—

Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day and mighty hour
When our shepherd in his power,
Mail'd and hors'd with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like the glory from afar,
First shall lead the flock of war."

Like the Clifford of the poet's imagination, young Eckermann, too, had had his dreams of ambition; and even in early youth it was not altogether disappointed. "When I was old enough, I went with my father from hamlet to hamlet, and helped to carry his bundle."

At fourteen, Peterkin had learned to read and write. That he was born for anything better than the drudgery of some humble employment by which he might earn his bread never passed through his mind. Of poetry or of the fine arts he had heard nothing. There was not even that blind longing and striving which give evidence of the existence of something that may hereafter exhibit itself as power. Accident reveals to him the fact, that there was a world of beauty which he had not yet seen; a world, the creation of the mind itself exercising faculties of its own, called, no doubt, into action by occasions presented from without. His father had returned one evening from Hamburg, and his conversation was about his business there. The old man smoked, an accomplishment which Peterkin had not yet learned to indulge in, and he was particular as to his tobacco. The wrapper in which the tobaccoist made up his wares exhibited his name and the device of a gallant horse, in full trot. Years after our young friend would have, on the sight of such a symbol, conjured up the demon that assumed the shape of the dead man who fell at Prague, and the lady that rode behind him till they came to the churchyard where she was to sleep for ever; but he had not yet heard of Bürger or of Leonore; and the horse was not to him much better or worse than a real horse of flesh, and blood, and bone. He had learned to write by copying matter set before him—why not draw? So, with pen, ink, and paper, he set to work, and drew a right good horse. He remained awake half the night with excitement and wonder at his success; and he rose early to look at his picture and satisfy

himself that it was not all a dream. His parents also admired. And then he copied five models which a potter gave him; these passed from hand to hand till they fell into the hands of the town bailiff—a sort of sovereign of the place, who proposed to send him to Hamburg, for instruction. When this was mentioned to his parents, they, thinking the business of a painter was painting doors and houses, set themselves against it. The houses in Hamburg were, many of them, seventy feet high, and to fall from a ladder, at such a distance from the ground, was not to be regarded; thus this branch of the fine arts ceased to be thought of.

The attention of respectable persons, however, having been once directed to young Eckermann, opportunities arose of improvement. He was allowed to receive lessons in French, and Latin, and music with children of superior rank; and he found means of support in being employed in copying law papers in a public office, and for a year or two, passed from one situation of the kind to another. In 1813 some hope arose of the country freeing itself from the French yoke, and he joined a jager corps; and with them, in the course of his service, marched a good deal about Flanders and Brabant.

The pictures in the Netherlands now gave him the first notion of what it was to be a painter. He made some attempts at pictures, but soon found it was too late for him to think of distinction in this way, and he could have wept for vexation. He, however, studied oratory, with reference to art; lived some time with Ramberg of Hanover, in whom he found a kind friend and competent instructor. Health, however, broke down. He felt the unreasonableness of being an expensive burthen to Ramberg. Some contractor for supplying regimental clothing thought his services worth engaging, and, entering on this new line of life, he abandoned his artistic studies for ever.

His new occupation was in Hanover, and he still had the opportunity of conversing about art with Ramberg and his pupils. One of them made him acquainted with the works of Winkelman and Mengs. He read the books, but not having the opportunities of comparing the criticisms with the works of art discussed, he tells

us that he derived little benefit from discussions which thus left on his mind only vague generalities.

At this period he met Körner's "Lyre and Sword." Körner's poems gave him back his own experience; and their military fervour seemed but the echo of his own feelings. The poems of Körner fed his enthusiasm, and, while they possess little other merit, it is impossible to deny to them a sort of drum-and-trumpet power of stirring sound, if there be nothing in them that is properly music. The "Iron Bride" is a fine thing in its way. The "Five oaks of Dallwitz" is a poem of great beauty, far superior to all else that he has written, but his tragedies are good for nothing. Still, there is in his works something suggestive. One campaign is not unlike another; and Körner's brought back his own to Eckermann; and then he recollected that he too had, now and then, made rhymes, as occasions arose, and he tried to remember them. If Körner could write verses, why not he? This he was determined to test, and straightway he wrote a poem on the hardships and fatigues of war, and printed it, and distributed it through the town. The war was at an end, but there was in the poem something to delight the soldier returning to the duties of ordinary life; and Eckermann found that he had succeeded. Not a week now passed without a poem. He now began to study Schiller and Klopstock. He admired them, but they seemed to move in a region too high for his sympathies. He next met a volume of Goethe, and it influenced him as we imagine Burns influencing and exciting the genius of a young man who had before been only acquainted with more formal poets. Here were songs direct from the heart, not mere repetitions of natural emotions, but the language of a man who had watched all those emotions, who meditated on, and thus was enabled to reproduce in other minds the feelings which had once agitated his own. The young poet found his own inmost soul and its secrets, as yet scarcely known to himself, revealed in these poems. There was also here the absence of all that could intercept the effect. It seemed to be mind directly communicating with mind, and not, as in the case of Klopstock and Schiller, clouded by the intervention of symbols and figures, angels and demons, remote

allegories, of which he could make nothing, and relics of paganism which, to an uneducated soldier, were even less than nothing. The difference between the books he had before read, and Goethe's, were as if Burns had been put into the hands of a Scotch boy whom his masters had been before endeavouring to indoctrinate in all that was good, and great, and glorious, through the medium of Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, or Glover's *Leonidas*. In Goethe's songs he found nature and reality, and honest, truth-speaking, German feeling. Of Goethe's greater works, images more or less perfect have been produced in translation, both in England and in France. Of the songs it is impossible to give anything approaching a representation.

Through Goethe's essays and smaller poems Eckermann first became acquainted with the great poet who was destined to produce such powerful effects on his after life and fortunes. He first read "*Wilhelm Meister*;" then the earlier parts of the "*Dichtung and Wahrheit*," and then "*Faust*." *Faust* he appears to have at first read with that strange attraction and recoil of spirit which we remember as our own sensation when in our boyhood we first met that marvellous book; but though he recoiled and shuddered, he was again and again drawn to it, even perhaps the more powerfully that it suggests much which the understanding feels it impossible adequately to represent to itself. Eckermann lived absolutely in these works. Goethe became to him the object not alone of admiration but of idolatry. In him and in his works—and in them alone—were Eckermann's life and whole conscious being.

The kind of admiration which we describe is one which can only exist in an early period of life. No man can thus surrender his own proper individuality, nor if it were possible for him to do so could the sacrifice be accepted by a benevolent demon. As yet, however, Eckermann knew Goethe but in his works; and the chief advantage he derived from them was that he was forced out of himself; that, though his internal nature was reflected back to him, as from the surface of a mirror, in these poems, yet they forced upon his notice that varied and external world of which the young and enthusiastic have scarcely a notion, and pre-

vented early life from being that vague dream, which, when the inevitable contrast of severe realities comes, is sure to end in morbid humours, in despondency and sadness. The poets do us most service in creating for us a world without; and to this world of theirs Goethe led the young aspirant. The Germans are more fortunate than we are in these countries. Their translations, though praised far more than we think they deserve, if we may speak from an examination of some of the far-famed ones that have fallen into our hands, are infinitely better than most of ours. It has occurred to us to wish to look at a passage of Sophocles when the original was not at hand. Through the clouds of Franklin no guess whatever could we make as to what the meaning of the poet was, while an intelligible meaning was at least presented by Stolberg, whose translation was also on our shelves. Eckermann was enabled to lay hands on some German versions of Horace, and Sophocles, and Shakspeare. He even found that while he met much to sympathise with and to admire, there was no enjoying what was peculiar in poetry without a knowledge of details, and he honestly laboured to learn the languages of the originals. Old as he was for a schoolboy he placed himself under the instruction of a good language-master; worked hard at Greek; placed himself at a gymnasium; rose at five each morning; and worked through the day in such hours as he could spare from his office at his books. He read dramas, too—Müllner's "*Guilt*," and Grillparzer's "*Ancestress*,"—built on doctrines of inevitable fate, and he straightway set to answer them by dramas asserting the freedom of the will. Eckermann's earnestness was appreciated by the persons in authority at the war office, where he was employed, and when he determined on going to the University, he was given by them a pension of 150 dollars yearly for two years, to assist him in the prosecution of his studies. He printed a volume of poems by subscription, and thus got 150 dollars more; and in May, 1821, made his way to Göttingen.

He commenced with the study of Jurisprudence, but poetry was strong at his heart, and during the lectures on the Institutes and Pandects he was busy disposing some story into dramatic form. For the purpose of obtaining a higher range of education than was

otherwise attainable, he had gone to the University. To succeed in this was only possible on the condition of his describing himself as a student of one of the Faculties, and with this view alone did he call himself a law student. Heeren was at this time lecturing on history, and Dissen on languages, in the same University, and to their lectures, more than to anything else, our young student attended.

Meanwhile his pecuniary means were nearly exhausted, and he sought to relieve himself from anxiety on this score by authorship. A drama was to be produced; then an essay on the principles of poetry. He took lodgings in the country, and began with his essay. He had, when he began to publish poetry, sent a copy of his verses to Goethe, which was good-naturedly received, and he got a few words of kindly encouragement from the benevolent old man. When his essay was completed he sent the manuscript to Goethe, and towards the end of May, 1823, he set out on foot for Weimar.

The volumes which Mr. Oxenford has translated give a few notices of Goethe, referring to a period before Eckermann's first visit. They are from the notes of M. Soret.

Goethe was at the time to which Soret's notes refer (Sept. 1822), somewhat more than seventy. He was still vigorous, and years had but added dignity to his graceful figure. The forehead was, as every bust and every picture of him exhibit, majestic. He spoke, however, more than was quite intelligible, considering his appearance and the lively interest which he took in everything, of the infirmities of years. He was too old, he said, for society, and he had ceased to go to court. His own levees and drawing-rooms were often crowded; and this, after all, was the better and happier arrangement. Here he was best seen, and here every movement was natural.

We have an entry from Soret's journal of the 24th of September, 1822, in which he gives an account of an evening spent at Goethe's. The old man's zeal with regard to all scientific discoveries is dwelt on. The advances made in chemistry were a subject of great interest with him. Of iodine and chlorine he spoke as if the new discoveries had taken him quite by surprise. He had iodine brought in, and volatilised it in the flame of a taper. He

pointed out the violet vapour as confirmatory of a law in his "Theory of Colours." A few days afterwards we find Blumenbach at one of his parties, and then the next entry introduces us to Kolbe the painter and Hummel the musician. We have an account then of a winter's evening in which Goethe, after the party had been looking at copper-plates and books for awhile, read aloud one of his poems. This is rather a dangerous step for a man of whatever genius; and parties on earth have, like that which Byron describes in another world, been dispersed by a laureate's volunteering to recite epic, or ode, or even sonnet. Burke's throwing a dagger on the table of the House of Commons could not have produced half the terror which thrills every breast, whatever complacency the features may be tutored into expressing, when "man or woman, but far more when man,"—and, above all, when man in his own house, where the genius of hospitality would seem to promise safety, produces some fatal manuscript—an elegy, perhaps, which has added to the grief of an afflicted household—an epithalamium congratulating some poor people on sufferings which they are trying to forget. Let no man be idiot enough to read his verses aloud. From every account we have of the matter, the habit rendered Wordsworth and Southey intolerable even to their blindest idolaters. Well, having indulged this fit of spleen, and taken vengeance on a cruel poet who lately wounded us with a broken stump of an ode, we must say that Goethe's friends seem to have been pleased with his "recital" or "reading" of "Charon." His manner was clear, distinct, energetic; the fire of his eye is described as a part of the charm. And then his voice—"What a voice! alternately like thunder, and then soft and mild." The old man must have exerted himself overmuch, for his voice and emphasis are described as too great for the small room in which he received his friends on this evening. A few nights afterwards we have an actual opera at his house.

From an album which was exhibited at Goethe's, containing the handwriting of Luther, Erasmus, and others, Soret has transcribed a sentence which is worth recording, which exists there in Mosheim's handwriting:—"Renown is a source of toil and sorrow—obscurity a source of happiness."

The exertions of the winter of 1822 seem to have been too much for Goethe, and in the February of the next year he had a dangerous fever. When he recovered he began collecting all his scattered poems, published in a hundred different forms; dispersed everywhere; many forgotten, many irrecoverably lost. He was led to speak of Byron, and he thought Byron had, in his latter tragedies, made decided progress, as being in them less gloomy and misanthropical. Moore, if we remember rightly, also claims for them the praise of higher power than anything else of Byron's. They perhaps deserve this praise. We did not think so at the time of their appearance, and we have not renewed our acquaintance with them of late years.

"The chancellor, Riemer, and Meyer were with Goethe. We discussed Béranger's poems; and Goethe commented upon, and paraphrased some of them, with great originality and good humour.

"The conversation then turned on natural science (*physik*) and meteorology. Goethe is on the point of working out a theory of the weather, in which he will ascribe the rise and fall of the barometer entirely to the action of the earth, and to her attraction and repulsion of the atmosphere.

"The scientific men, and especially the mathematicians,' continued Goethe, 'will not fail to consider my ideas perfectly ridiculous: or else they will do still better: they will totally ignore them in a most stately manner. But do you know why? Because they say that I am not one of the craft.'

"The caste spirit of the learned by profession,' I replied, 'is very pardonable. When errors have crept into their theories, and have been borne along with them, we must seek for the cause in this: that such errors were handed down to them as dogmas, at a time when they themselves were still seated on their school-benches.'

"That is true,' exclaimed Goethe; 'your learned men act like the book-binders of Weimar. The masterpiece that is required of them to be admitted into the corporation is not a pretty binding, in the newest style. No; far from that. There must always be supplied a thick folio Bible, just in the fashion of two or three hundred years ago, with clumsy covers, and in strong leather. The task is an absurdity. But it would go hard with the poor workman if he were to affirm that his examiners were blockheads.'"—pp. 52, 53.

On the 10th of June, 1823, Ecker-

mann saw Goethe for the first time. Twelve o'clock had been appointed for the visit. Eckermann, when he entered the house, found a servant waiting to conduct him to the presence.

The interior of the house impressed Eckermann favourably. Everything was simple, and, to his imagination, everything was august. Casts of antique statues were placed along the stairs. As he passed along he met ladies and children. He ascended the stairs, accompanied by the servant, who was talkative, but who hardly disturbed his reverie. The servant opened a room door, and as Eckermann passed over the threshold he observed the motto *Salve*, and his noticing the word struck him as of good omen. This apartment led to one more spacious, where the servant requested him to wait while he announced his arrival to his master. He now looked round him, and had time to examine part of the magician's abode.

"The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet: the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano; and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes.

"Through an open door opposite, one looked into a farther room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

"It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and his presence, and could say little or nothing.

"He began by speaking of my manuscript. 'I have just come from you,' said he; 'I have been reading your writing all the morning; it needs no recommendation—it recommends itself.' He praised the clearness of the style, the flow of the thought, and the peculiarity, that all rested on a solid basis, and had been thoroughly considered. I will soon forward it,' said he; 'to-day I shall write to Cotta by post, and send him the parcel to-morrow.' I thanked him with words and looks.

"We then talked of my proposed excursion. I told him that my design was to go into the Rhineland, where I intended to stay at a suitable place, and write something new. First, however,

I would go to Jena, and there await Herr von Cotta's answer.

"Goethe asked whether I had acquaintance in Jena. I replied that I hoped to come in contact with Herr von Knebel; on which he promised me a letter which would insure me a more favourable reception. 'And, indeed,' said he, 'while you are in Jena, we shall be near neighbours, and can see or write to one another as often as we please.'

"We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him—I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified."—pp. 54, 55.

On the next day Eckermann received a summons from Goethe, and went and stayed an hour with him. He was now quite a different man from what he had seemed the day before, and exhibited the impetuosity and tone of decision of an ardent youth. Such is Eckermann's account, yet there seems nothing in their communication of the day to render such a change of manner natural. It would appear, though not distinctly stated by Eckermann, that he immediately formed some connexion with Goethe as an assistant in arranging for publication his works, of which an edition was then contemplated. He gives him some volumes of old magazines and reviews, directing him to separate his articles from the heap of matter in which they were imbedded; tells him that he himself is about going to Marienbad, and that he has already made arrangements for Eckermann's residing at Jena till his return.

"'You will find there the most various resources and means for further studies, and a very cultivated social circle; besides, the country presents so many aspects, that you may take fifty walks, each different from the others, each pleasant, and almost all suited for undisturbed meditation. You will find there plenty of leisure and opportunity to write many new things for yourself, and also to accomplish my designs.'"—pp. 57, 58.

At the close of June Eckermann goes to Jena; is employed in transcribing and indexing parts of Goethe's works; receives a letter from Cotta, which secures him in the means of life for a year; plots and plans poems innumerable; gets tired of Jena. A city with a theatre, and life on a large scale is what he is now dying for; it is not vanity that creates this wish—no, not vanity; at least he thinks not; no, it is, as he expresses it, as many Germans would express it, and as none but Germans would, that he may "seize upon important elements of life, and advance his own mental culture as rapidly as possible." "In such a town, too, I hoped to live quite unobserved and to be free, always to isolate myself for completely undisturbed production." A letter from Goethe, who was now at Marienbad, cured him. It was written kindly, and it calmed the young man's aspirations. Goethe recommended tranquil employment for the present, and said that on his return he would consider Eckermann's entire circumstances, and decide as far he could on what would be his best course.

We are delighted at finding everywhere evidence of Goethe's kindness of heart in his intercourse with others, as we think that in some way or other there have been mistakes on the subject, as suggesting the thought that the great Pagan, as he was called, was without natural affection, and as if his whole life was one long act of self-idolatry. As far as we are able to judge of Goethe, he never seems to have lost an opportunity of serving a friend, who was capable of being in any way served, and all men good for anything with whom he came in contact were his friends. In Eckermann's case there was nothing which could render it possible to ascribe Goethe's attentions to anything but his good nature. He must have found it easy to get a thousand amanuenses just as good. Consider the case; an unfriended young man, burthened with sacks of home-made verses, addresses a letter to a man, having the highest reputation of any person in Europe; he sends him a manuscript of no great merit, which the old poet gets his own publisher to usher into the world; a personal acquaintance is formed between them, and the old man through the rest of his life is engaged in one office of friendship or another for the young man; whom, surely, it

would not have been strange if he had, in the first instance, with the thousand occupations and engagements pressing on his time, repelled altogether.

In September, 1823, they met at Jena, and Goethe arranged that Eckermann should pass the winter at Weimar. There he could have every advantage of society. "Many eminent men are personally connected with me. You will gradually become acquainted with them, and you will find their conversation, in the highest degree, useful and instructive."

"Goethe then mentioned many distinguished men, indicating in a few words, the peculiar merits of each.

"Where else," he continued, "would you find so much good in such a narrow space. We also possess an excellent library, and a theatre which, in the chief requisites, does not yield to the best in other German towns. Therefore,—I repeat it,—stay with us, and not only this winter, but make Weimar your home. From thence proceed highways to all quarters of the globe. In summer you can travel, and see, by degrees, what you wish. I have lived there fifty years; and where have I not been? But I was always glad to return to Weimar."

"I was very happy in being again with Goethe, and hearing him talk, and I felt that my whole soul was devoted to him. If I could only have *thee*, thought I, all else will go well with me. So I repeated to him the assurance that I was ready to do whatever he, after weighing the circumstances of my peculiar situation, should think right."—p. 63.

Goethe appears to have estimated too highly Eckermann's talents for poetry, if the courtesy with which a man is compelled to speak has not led Eckermann to deceive himself on this point. He asked Eckermann had he been writing poems? the reply was, that he had written something, but wanted the ease and peace of mind requisite for any great work. The old poet spoke disuasively from any great work. "Beware," said he, "of attempting a large work; I have suffered from this cause, and know how much it injured me." His theory was that the thoughts and feelings of the present hour were what a poet should endeavour to express; that if you have a great work in your head nothing can thrive near it; that it requires an undisturbed

situation in life to accomplish it, and that what a man could, almost with certainty, effect, is left unaccomplished for the sake of an object that never is effected. He then spoke of some German poems, in which there were striking situations, and passages of admirable description, but which were never read as a whole, and so the parts which, as detached poems, might have given great pleasure, fell utterly dead. All his own smaller poems arose from actual occasions of life; they thus, he said, had a firm foundation in reality. "I attach," said he, "no value to poems snatched out of the air." His argument is continued against large poems, but in its further development, it seems to apply only to large poems written in youth; in youth no subject is seen in its completeness. "Youth is one-sided, a great work requires many-sidedness, and on that rock the young author splits." Eckermann told him of some poem he had planned on the Seasons, in which he proposed to interweave the employments and amusements of all classes. "Here is the very case in point," said Goethe, "you may succeed in parts, but fail in others which refer to what you are not so entirely master of. You would, perhaps, do the Fisherman well and the Huntsman ill; if you fail, the whole is a failure, however good the single parts may be. Give separately the single parts, for which you are equal, and you are thus sure of something good."

"I especially warn you against great inventions of your own; for then you would try to give a view of things, and for that purpose youth is seldom ripe. Further, character and views detach themselves as sides from the poet's mind, and deprive him of the fulness requisite for future productions. And, finally, how much time is lost in invention, internal arrangement, and combination, for which nobody thanks us, even supposing our work is happily accomplished.

"With a *given* material, on the other hand, all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fulness, for he needs to part with but little of himself, and there is much less loss of time and power, since he has only the trouble of execution. Indeed, I would advise the choice of subjects which have been worked before. How many *Iphigenias* have been written! yet they are all different, for each writer considers and arranges

the subject differently; namely, after his own fashion.

"But, for the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and for the attainment of this, the working out of small subjects is the best expedient."

Eckermann is not without some of the qualifications for biography that Boswell possessed. He was an attentive and idolising listener, but the great Pagan was not as good a talker as Johnson, wrapped up in dogmatic orthodoxy, and coming down crushingly on all pretence of every kind. Goethe was, in his way, a true man, and sought to understand, and sought to interpret everything that came before him; but still, as if everything however sacred was to be ranked in the same category with the fine arts. In some aspect or other he thought he found a truth in everything, and if he could not be described as refusing belief to revealed religion, he might seem to have offered similar credence to the marble gods of Greece. The fine arts seem to have commanded from him a truer and more intimate worship. There was much that he seemed to worship; there was nothing which he did not tolerate; the limits of his toleration even extended to not falling out with flute-players learning their art; the bark of a dog, or of a professor of ontology, or any other of the ologies, he could not abide; and the dog in Faust, bursting asunder and splitting his sides to reveal the vagabond scholar, who soon shows himself to be a limb of the devil, make up a scene to which a knowledge of Goethe's antipathies gives new humour. Dogs he detested; and we can forgive Goethe anything but this. The vagabond scholar was also in all its forms an abomination with him. Poet or physician, or professor, to be anything with Goethe, should have some fixed occupation, some permanent footing. To live in a dream was to him an unendurable thing; everything should be bounded, everything defined; even knowledge, when not subordinate to some immediate purpose of his own, when not falling in with something that sustained a system, or illustrated it, was as nothing. For all persons whom he could in any way assist, every exertion he could make was generously, actively, earnestly,

and continuously made; but he was too apt to regard as incapable of receiving effectual assistance any person whose plans were not definitely fixed, and whose hopes had not from the first some positive basis of reality; and thus he gave up men too easily. In Boswell's account of Johnson's conversations, or rather monologues, we find the biographer, fool and coxcomb as he was, always equal to the occasion; his faculties seem to have been enlarged and distended in straining to reach the heights of the sublime colloquy. Johnson never descended to the level of his companion's intellect, and thus it was kept always on the stretch, and the earnestness of attention required, even quite to understand him, fixed the memory. In Goethe, on the contrary, we have always the amiable old man recollecting the weakness of his associate, and tempering his communications to what could be received; and the effect is, that we often have little other record of a delightful day passed with him than a statement of the biographer that he quite forgot everything said. In our literature we have something like this; all that poor Byron uttered over his gin and water—all that was least worthy of him, and that could only have been uttered when neither he nor his companions were in the possession of their ordinary powers—all that was said in a key lower than that to which his mind was ordinarily tuned, and which we must suppose, as far as it was the flow of anything like conscious thought, to have been accommodated to the intellect of inferiors—has been brought before the public; and it is really astonishing how little of anything he said was recollected. The fact is that no attention was given to it at the time it was uttered, and without attention memory cannot exist. Eckermann's was, however, honest idolatry, and he would have regarded it as sacrilege to have uttered in the name of his daimon anything that he had not heard. Sometimes, when in the oracular presence, he seems to have heard but voices and words—voices and words which, we have no doubt, would have been suggestive to others, but which he did not quite understand—nor could he, nor could any man, till prepared by longer communication with Goethe than Eckermann had when he first began to make notes of his conversations. Some-

times communications, which Goethe was beginning to make, are broken off because Goethe felt that he was addressing a young and imperfectly educated man, but more often, as we have before intimated, while the tone of Goethe's conversation is lowered to the level of the young man's mind with whom he is talking, this very circumstance leads him to enunciate in the clearest language what he regards as elementary principles. Eckermann's *Conversations of Goethe* may, we think, be regarded as a perfectly truthful book, as far as it goes. It is not like the miserable rubbish which Byron's friends have preserved, or invented, a thing to be utterly disregarded and ignored, which, where it has some foundation in fact, does little more than show how like one drunken man is to another. The Byron anecdotes are, every one of them, rather representations of how Byron spoke, than of what he actually said. The form of dialogue gives him speaking, but it is Byron when he was least himself, and in these conversations of Eckermann it is pleasant to see how much better Goethe understood the English poet, than that poet's every-day companions did.

Eckermann gives an account of his first dinner with Goethe:—

"To-day, I dined for the first time with Goethe. No one was present except Frau von Goethe, Fräulein Ulrica, and little Walter, and thus we were all very comfortable. Goethe appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses. We had much lively chat about the theatre, young English people, and other topics of the day; Fräulein Ulrica was especially lively and entertaining. Goethe was generally silent, coming out only now and then with some pertinent remark. From time to time he glanced at the newspaper, now and then reading us some passages, especially about the progress of the Greeks.

"They then talked about the necessity of my learning English, and Goethe earnestly advised me to do so, particularly on account of Lord Byron: saying, that a character of such eminence had never existed before, and probably would never come again. They discussed the merits of the different teachers here, but found none with a thoroughly good pronunciation; on which account they deemed it better to go to some young Englishman.

"After dinner, Goethe showed me some experiments relating to his theory of colours. The subject was, however, new to me; I neither understood the phenomena, nor what he said about them. Nevertheless, I hoped that the future would afford me leisure and opportunity to initiate myself a little into this science."—pp. 73, 74.

The poets of 1823 are most of them dead and gone, and their works have gone before them, so that we fear our readers would find little interest in the kind of details about their productions which these volumes contain—but what Goethe says of them is true of others, and is applicable, not alone to the period in which it was spoken, but to our own. "Intellect," he says, "and some poetry cannot be denied to them, but their representations are out of life. They strive after something beyond their powers; and, therefore, I might call them *forced talents*." He assented to Eckermann's observation, that to write a piece in prose would be the true touchstone of their talent, and he added, that "versification enhanced and even called forth poetic feeling."

We have an entry of October the 27th, 1823.—Eckermann was invited to a concert at Goethe's. Eckermann, every now and then, shows a will of his own; and he had, like other people, his troubles, and his fits of the sulks, and the dumps. His landlady having seen him out of sorts all the morning, recommended him to go to the play in the evening, and talked him into tolerable temper by praising the piece that was to be performed, "*The Chess-Machine*." While he was preparing to go to the theatre, Goethe's invitation arrived. Well, this was, in its way, a disappointment. He was, he thought, in no proper humour for Goethe's grand folk, and an hour at a lively comedy was just the thing for him. Still there was a fitness in shewing himself at Goethe's.

"In the evening, an hour before the theatre opened, I went to Goethe. All was already in movement throughout the house. As I passed I heard them tuning the piano, in the great room, as preparation for the musical entertainment.

"I found Goethe alone in his chamber; he was already dressed, and I seemed to him to have arrived at the right moment. 'You shall stay with me here,' he said, 'and we will entertain one another till

the arrival of the others.' I thought, 'Now I shall not be able to get away: stop, I must; and, though it is very pleasant to be with Goethe alone, yet, when a quantity of strange gentlemen and ladies come, I shall feel quite out of my element.'

"I walked up and down the room with Goethe. Soon the theatre became the subject of our discourse, and I had an opportunity of repeating that it was to me a source of new delight, especially as I had seen scarce anything in early years, and now almost every place made quite a fresh impression upon me. 'Indeed,' added I, 'I feel so much about it, that I have had a severe contest with myself, notwithstanding the great attractions of your evening party.'

"Well," said Goethe, stopping short, and looking at me with kindness and dignity, 'go then; do not constrain yourself; if the lively play this evening suits you best, is more suitable to your mood, go there. You have music here, and that you will often have again.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will go; it will, perhaps, do me good to laugh.' 'Stay with me, however,' said Goethe, 'till six o'clock: we shall have time to say a word or two.'

"Stadelman brought in two wax lights, which he set on the table. Goethe desired me to sit down, and he would give me something to read. And what should this be but his newest, dearest poem, his 'Elegy from Marienbad!'

"I must here go back a little for a circumstance connected with this poem. Immediately after Goethe's return from Marienbad, the report had been spread that he had there made the acquaintance of a young lady equally charming in mind and person, and had been inspired with a passion for her. When her voice was heard in the Brunnen-Allee, he had always seized his hat, and hastened down to join her. He had missed no opportunity of being in her society, and had passed happy days: the parting had been very painful, and he had, in this excited state, written a most beautiful poem, which, however, he looked upon as a sort of consecrated thing, and kept hid from every eye.

"I believed this story, because it not only perfectly accorded with his bodily vigour, but also with the productive force of his mind, and the healthy freshness of his heart. I had long had a great desire to see the poem itself, but naturally felt unwilling to ask Goethe. I had, therefore, to congratulate myself on the fortunate moment which brought it before me.

"He had, with his own hand, written these verses, in Roman characters, on fine vellum paper, and fastened them

with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

"I read it with great delight, and found that every line confirmed the common report. The first verse, however, intimated that the acquaintance was not first made, but only renewed, at this time. The poem revolved constantly on its own axis, and seemed always to return to the point whence it began. The close, wonderfully broken off, made quite a deep and singular impression.

"When I had finished, Goethe came to me again. 'Well,' said he, 'there I have shown you something good. But you shall tell me what you think a few days hence.' I was very glad that Goethe, by these words, excused me from passing a judgment at the moment; for the impression was too new, and too hastily received, to allow me to say anything that was appropriate.

"Goethe promised to let me see it again in some tranquil hour. The time for the theatre had now arrived, and we separated with an affectionate pressure of the hand.

"The 'Chess-machine' was, perhaps, a good piece, well-acted, but I saw it not—my thoughts were with Goethe.

"When the play was over, I passed by his house; it was all lighted up; I heard music from within, and regretted that I had not stayed there."—pp.78-81.

In a day or two after, Eckermann sent Goethe a few poems which he had written that summer at Jena, and when they next met (October 29), the following scene occurred:—

"This evening I went to Goethe just as they were lighting the candles. I found him in a very animated state of mind: his eyes sparkled with the reflection of the candle light; his whole expression was one of cheerfulness, youth, and power.

"As he walked up and down with me he began immediately to speak of the poems which I sent him yesterday.

"I understand now," said he, "why you talked to me at Jena, of writing a poem on the seasons. I now advise you to do so; begin at once with Winter. You seem to have a special sense and feeling for natural objects.

"Only two words would I say about your poems. You stand now at that point where you must necessarily break through to the really high and difficult part of art—the apprehension of what is individual. You must do some degree of violence to yourself to get out of the *Idea*. You have talent, and have got

so far; now you must do this. You have been lately at Tüfurf; that might now afford a subject for the attempt. You may perhaps go to Tüfurf and look at it three or four times before you win from it the characteristic side, and bring all your means (*motive*) together; but spare not your toil; study it throughout, and then represent it; the subject is well worth this trouble. I should have used it long ago, but I could not; for I have lived through those circumstances, and my being is so interwoven with them, that details press upon me with too great fullness. But you come as a stranger; you let the Castellan tell you the past, and you will see only what is present, prominent, and significant.'

"I promised to try, but could not deny that this subject seemed to me very far out of my way, and very difficult.

" 'I know well,' said he, 'that it is difficult; but the apprehension and representation of the individual is the very life of art. Besides while you content yourself with generalities, every one can imitate you; but, in the particular, no one can—and why? because no others have experienced exactly the same thing.

" 'And you need not fear lest what is peculiar should not meet with sympathy. Each character, however peculiar it may be, and each object which you can represent, from the stone up to man, has generality; for there is repetition everywhere, and there is nothing to be found only once in the world.'—pp. 81–83.

We do not know the precise relation in which Eckermann stood with Goethe. It seems to have been something of secretary or amanuensis; and his proper business, as far as we can see through the cloud of general terms, which may mean anything or nothing, would appear to have been conducting the correspondence between Goethe and the publishers occupied in the new edition of his works. That he was paid for those services, there can be no doubt, though we do not find this stated in so many words. While he is occasionally—nay, frequently, at Goethe's great parties, we find Goethe, at these times, leaving the general company and receiving Eckermann apart. We give an instance. Everything we know of Goethe illustrates his good-nature. Eckermann's book has this, if no greater value, that it will dispossess people of the notion of Goethe being not a man, but a piece of sculpture, which seems to be the popular impression.

"I went to Goethe at five o'clock. I heard them, as I came up stairs, laughing very loud, and talking in the great room. The servant said that the Polish lady dined there to-day, and that the company had not yet left the table. I was going away, but he said he had orders to announce me, and that perhaps his master would be glad of my arrival, as it was now late. I let him have his way, and waited a-while, after which Goethe came out in a very cheerful mood, and took me to the opposite room. My visit seemed to please him. He had a bottle of wine brought at once, and filled for me, and occasionally for himself.

" 'Before I forget,' said he, looking about the table for something, 'let me give you a concert-ticket. Madame Szymanowska gives, to-morrow evening, a public concert at the Stadthaus, and you must not fail to be there.' I replied that I certainly should not repeat my late folly. 'They say she plays very well,' I added. 'Admirably,' said Goethe. 'As well as Hummel?' asked I. 'You must remember,' said Goethe, 'that she is not only a great performer, but a beautiful woman; and this lends a charm to all she does. Her execution is masterly,—astonishing, indeed.' 'And has she also great power?' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'great power; and that is what is most remarkable in her, because we do not often find it in ladies.' I said that I was delighted with the prospect of hearing her at last.

"Secretary Kräuter came in to consult about the library. Goethe, when he left us, praised his talent and integrity in business.

"I then turned the conversation to the 'Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgart into Switzerland, in 1797,' the manuscript of which he had lately given me, and which I had already diligently studied. I spoke of his and Meyer's reflections on the subjects of plastic art. 'Ay,' said Goethe, 'what can be more important than the subject, and what is all the science of art without it? All talent is wasted if the subject is unsuitable. It is because modern artists have no worthy subjects, that people are so hampered in all the art of modern times. From this cause we all suffer. I myself have not been able to renounce my modernness.

" 'Very few artists,' he continued, 'are clear on this point, or know what will really be satisfactory. For instance, they paint my 'Fisherman' as the subject of a picture, and do not think that it cannot be painted. In this ballad, nothing is expressed but the charm in water which tempts us to bathe in summer; there is nothing else in it: and how can that be painted?'

"I mentioned how pleased I was to see how, in that journey, he had taken an interest in everything, and apprehended everything; shape and situation of mountains, with their species of stone; soil, rivers, clouds, air, wind, and weather; then cities, with their origin and growth, architecture, painting, theatres, municipal regulations and police, trade, economy, laying out of streets, varieties of human race, manner of living, peculiarities; then again, politics, martial affairs, and a hundred things beside.

"He answered, 'But you find no word upon music, because that was not within my sphere. Each traveller should know what he has to see, and what properly belongs to him, on a journey.'

"The Chancellor came in. He talked a little with Goethe, and then spoke to me very kindly, and with much acuteness, about a little paper which he had lately read. He soon returned to the ladies, among whom I heard the sound of a piano.

"When he had left us, Goethe spoke highly of him, and said, 'All these excellent men, with whom you are now placed in so pleasant a relation, make what I call a home, to which one is always willing to return.'

"I said that I already began to perceive the beneficial effect of my present situation, and that I found myself gradually leaving my ideal and theoretic tendencies, and more and more able to appreciate the value of the present moment.

"'It would be a pity,' said Goethe, 'if it were not so. Only persist in this, and hold fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity.'

"After a short pause, I turned the conversation to Tiefert, and the mode of treating it. 'The subject,' said I, 'is complex, and it will be difficult to give it proper form. It would be most convenient to me to treat it in prose.'

"'For that,' said Goethe, 'the subject is not sufficiently significant. The so-called didactic, descriptive form, would, on the whole, be eligible; but even that is not perfectly appropriate. The best method will be to treat the subject in ten or twelve separate little poems, in rhyme, but in various measures and forms, such as the various sides and views demand, by which means light will be given to the whole.' This advice I at once adopted as judicious. 'Why, indeed,' continued he, 'should you not for once use dramatic means, and write a conversation or so with the gardener? By this fragmentary method you make your task easy, and can better bring out the various characteristic sides of

the subject. A great, comprehensive whole, on the other hand, is always difficult; and he who attempts it seldom produces anything complete."—pp. 84-88.

Goethe, a few days after, spoke of one of his own poems. He read the poem aloud, but he had a cold, and Eckermann lost much of it. He tells us, too, that Goethe's "personal presence was unfavourable to entire abstraction." No doubt it was, even to a man's secretary; no man should read a poem of his own aloud. It is what may be called an ungentelemanly thing to do so. People should break themselves of vicious habits of the kind; and it is plain, from this incident, that the old courtier had something yet to learn from the world. Eckermann took the manuscript into his own hands, and the letters then assumed something like meaning to his experienced eye; he read to himself, and the more he read, and the less he looked at the author, the more significant did the words appear; at last, that which at first was little better than mere sound, became instinct with a higher life, and the poem seemed a consummate work of art. At last the scribe looked up from his desk—caught his master's eye—ventured to say what he thought both of the subject and the execution of the poem. The subject was the Paria—"The glorification of the Paria was the subject, and it was treated as a Trilogy." In reply to Eckermann's remark, Goethe said, "the treatment is very terse, and one must go deep into it to seize the meaning. I have borne this subject about with me for forty years, so that it had time to get clear of anything extraneous."

"'It will produce an effect,' said I 'when it comes before the public.'

"'Ah, the public!' sighed Goethe.

"'Would it not be well,' said I, 'to aid the comprehension, and to add an explanation as we do to pictures, when we endeavour to give life to what is actually present, by describing the preceding circumstances?'

"'I think not,' said he, 'with pictures it is another matter; but, as a poem is already expressed in words, one word only cancels another.'

"I thought Goethe was here very happy in pointing out the rock on which those who interpret poems are commonly wrecked. Still it may be questioned whether it be not possible to avoid this

rock, and affix some explanatory words to a poem, without at all injuring the delicacy of its inner life."—p. 89.

Goethe was an accurate observer of every change of weather, and read the signs in the heavens with unerring accuracy. Here is a curious instance. The entry is otherwise worth preserving:—

"Some days ago, as I was walking one fine afternoon towards Erfurth, I was joined by an elderly man, whom I supposed, from his appearance, to be an opulent citizen. We had not talked together long, before the conversation turned upon Goethe. I asked him, whether he knew Goethe. 'Know him?' said he, with some delight; 'I was his valet almost twenty years.' He then launched into the praises of his former master. I begged to hear something of Goethe's youth, and he gladly consented to gratify me.

"When I first lived with him," said he, 'he might have been about twenty-seven years old; he was thin, nimble, and elegant in his person. I could easily have carried him in my arms.'

"I asked whether Goethe, in that early part of his life here, had not been very gay. 'Certainly,' replied he, 'he was always gay with the gay, but never when they passed a certain limit; in that case he usually became grave. Always working and seeking; his mind always bent on art and science; that was generally the way with my master. The duke often visited him in the evening, and then they often talked on learned topics till late at night, so that I got extremely tired, and wondered when the duke would go. Even then he was interested in natural science.

"One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place;' then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this.

"I asked the good old man 'what sort of weather it was.'

"It was very cloudy,' he replied; 'no air stirring; very still and sultry.'

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"I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake, on Goethe's word.

"Yes,' said he, 'I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbour, 'Only listen, Goethe is dreaming.' But the duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe, and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake.'"—pp. 91, 92.

The day before a performance of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, Eckermann complained to Goethe of the high-wrought scenes in Schiller being often untrue to nature. His philosophy, Eckermann said, injured his poetry. Whatever he could conceive could not, he thought, but be conformable to truth and reality, and thus truth and reality were violated by excess. The feeling was often perfectly just in its elementary condition, or as conceived by the poet, but was refined away into mere film, or was exaggerated into something monstrous. Goethe, in reply, told Eckermann of Schiller's torturing himself by philosophical disquisitions, and described "his letters to Humboldt"—many of which have been since printed—"in these unblest days of speculation," as Goethe calls them:—

"It was not Schiller's plan," continued Goethe, 'to go to work with a certain unconsciousness, and as it were instinctively; he was forced, on the contrary, to reflect on all he did. Hence it was that he never could leave off talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with me all his late pieces, scene after scene.

"On the other hand, it was contrary to my nature to talk over my poetic plans with anybody—even with Schiller. I carried everything about with me in silence, and usually nothing was known to any one till the whole was completed. When I showed Schiller my '*Hermann and Dorothea*' finished, he was astonished, for I had said not a syllable to him of any such plan.

"But I am curious to hear what you will say of '*Wallenstein*' to-morrow. You will see noble forms, and the piece will make an impression on you such as you probably do not dream of.'"—pp. 94, 95.

Through the whole of this winter (1823) Goethe was in poor health. His

feet swelled, and there were symptoms of dropsy. This, when a man is at the wrong side of seventy, looks serious. Old age is itself a disease, or something like it, but the Germans would not see old age in their great poet—and life was still strong, as appeared by his having outweathered nine or ten winters more. Eckermann thought he had found out the cause—nay, and the cure—and he thought a visit to Marienbad would probably be restorative. "His disease," said he, "does not appear to be altogether physical. It seems more likely that the violent affection which he formed for a young lady at Marienbad in the summer, and which he is now trying to overcome, may be regarded as the cause of his present illness."

Goethe, in theorising on colour and on the laws of light, thought he had made some discoveries, and we believe that much of what he has written on the subject is found by artists to be of important practical account. He, however, believed that he had wholly disproved all former theories, and he resented the blind obstinacy, as he thought, of scientific men who would not assent to his claims. The narrow-mindedness of the persons engaged in the study of the natural sciences was often the subject of his discourse, and more especially the temper in which they squabbled about priority in their discoveries:—

"‘There is nothing,’ said Goethe, ‘through which I have learned to know mankind better, than through my philosophical exertions. It has cost me a great deal, and has been attended with great annoyance, but I nevertheless rejoice that I have gained the experience.’

"‘I remarked, that in the sciences, the egotism of men appears to be excited in a peculiar manner; and when this is once called into action, all infirmities of character very soon appear.

"‘Scientific questions,’ answered Goethe, ‘are very often questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man renowned, and lay the foundation of his worldly prosperity. It is for this reason that, in the sciences, there prevails this great severity, this pertinacity, and this jealousy concerning the discovery of another. In the sphere of æsthetics, everything is deemed more venial; the thoughts are, more or less, an innate property of all mankind, with respect to which the only point is the treatment and execution—and, naturally enough, little envy is excited. A single

idea may give foundation for a hundred epigrams; and the question is, merely, which poet has been able to embody this idea in the most effective and most beautiful manner.’

"‘But in science the treatment is nothing, and all the effect lies in the discovery. There is here little that is universal and subjective, for the isolated manifestations of the laws of nature lie without us—all sphynx like, motionless, firm, and dumb. Every new phenomenon that is observed is a discovery—every discovery a property. Now, only let a single person meddle with property, and man will soon be at hand with all his passions.’

"‘However,’ continued Goethe, ‘in the sciences, that also is looked upon as property which has been handed down or taught at the universities. And if any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as if they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as an investigation or a regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, concerning my theory of colours,—‘We have worked for fifty years to establish and strengthen the kingdom of Newton, and it will require fifty years more to overthrow it.’ The body of mathematicians has endeavoured to make my name so suspected in science that people are afraid of even mentioning it. Some time ago, a pamphlet fell into my hands, in which subjects connected with the theory of colours were treated: the author appeared quite imbued with my theory, and had deduced everything from the same fundamental principles. I read the publication with great delight, but, to my no small surprise, found that the author did not once mention my name. The enigma was afterwards solved. A mutual friend called on me, and confessed to me that the clever young author had wished to establish his reputation by the pamphlet, and had justly feared to compromise himself with the learned world, if he ventured to support by my name the views he was expounding. The little pamphlet was successful, and the ingenious young author has since introduced himself to me personally, and made his excuses.’”—pp. 107-109.

Eckermann's journal is much more conveniently arranged in this English

translation than in the original. In the original, two volumes were first published, and the curiosity of the public excited by these led to the publication of a third. The order of time is thus broken in the original. The translator has remedied this—inserting whatever is introduced in the third volume according to its chronological order. In America the two first volumes had already been translated, but what is now added from the third has not, we believe, appeared in English, except in these volumes, and the supplemental matter is, we think, for the most part, of greater interest than the rest. The first entries which we have in 1824 are well worth studying, though they scarcely admit of abridgement. They open with an amusing dialogue between Goethe and a young man, who said he was near falling in love with a charming girl, “although her understanding would not exactly be called brilliant.” “As if,” said Goethe, “love had anything to do with the understanding. The things we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, playfulness, trustingness, character, faults, caprices; but we do not love her understanding. The understanding is not that which fires the heart or which awakens passion.” This topic disposed of—which it was during dinner—next came Shakspeare, and during the talk about him, Eckermann and Goethe were alone so that it was something more of an essay. Goethe thought himself lucky in not having been an Englishman, and in not knowing Shakspeare in his own earlier days. The existence to him of anything so great as Shakspeare, would have dwarfed his creative power, and the development of his own poetic faculty been checked and blighted. His genius would, in such circumstances, have been thwarted, and sought some other outlet of expression. Eckermann said, that if one thought of Shakspeare as transformed into a German, and compared him with anything in German literature, his gigantic greatness would appear miraculous; that thought of in connexion with the literature of his country, of his contemporaries, and immediate successors, the miracle ceases, and while he remains a being of the most exalted magnitude, that his works seem of human achievement, and, as such, to be referred not to the man, but to the productive

atmosphere of his age and time. “You are right,” replied Goethe, “it is with Shakspeare, as with the mountains of Switzerland. Transplant Mont Blanc at once into the large plain of Luneburg Heath, and we should find no words to express our wonder at its magnitude. Seek it, however, in its gigantic home, go to it over its immense neighbours, the Jungfrau, the Finsterarhorn, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa; Mont Blanc will, indeed, still remain a giant, but it will no longer produce in us such amazement.”

“‘Besides, let him who will not believe,’ continued Goethe, ‘that much of Shakspeare’s greatness appertains to his great vigorous time, only ask himself the question, whether a phenomenon so astounding would be possible in the present England of 1824, in these evil days of criticising and hair-splitting journals?’

“‘That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them amongst the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical, and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves, to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.

“‘And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? and where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? This, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch by all without.’”—pp. 115, 116.

Parts of this book are of considerable interest to students of German literature, which, however, we should not be justified in producing. Indeed the passages of most value could not easily be rendered quite intelligible to the English reader, as they consist of minute criticism often of works which never made their way to this country, and often of those which, having had their day of popularity, are almost

forgotten in their own. Of our English poets, Goethe most admired, and was best acquainted with, the works of Byron, whose genius he seems to have regarded, in its power, in its violence, in its disregard of conventionalities, as a type or symbol of the revolutionary age in which Byron's lot was cast. There is some inconsistency in what he says of him, as at times he speaks as if he imagined all that Byron could do was already done; that to have produced a greater number of works would be but to continue to exercise an art, but that all which he could do to extend that art had been already accomplished. At times, he speaks of him as if he had been taken away before the full development of his power; but over Goethe's mind this great poet exercised an almost magic influence, and several of his latter works exhibit his careful study of Byron. Of Scott he often speaks, always of his novels; and we do not remember any passage from which it would appear that he was acquainted with his poetical works. Of his own writings, he often speaks, and always in a manly tone, not as if they were the works of others, or disturbing himself with inculpatory or exculpatory criticism, but as one perfectly remembering the feeling in which they were written, a feeling which, for the most part, when they were the expression of any strong passion, he had outgrown. He describes himself in Werther, and in the earlier parts of Faust, getting rid of his own unrest, by allowing the feeling to exhaust itself on expression. The heart thus terminated and forgot what had been preying on it when it was once thoroughly worked out. In his West-eastern Divan, one section is called *Das Buch des Unmuths*, "The Book of Ill-Humour," in which he pours out his splanetic feeling against his enemies:—

"I have, however," continued he, "been very moderate: if I had uttered all that vexed me or gave me trouble, the few pages would soon have swelled to a volume.

"People were never thoroughly contented with me, but always wished me otherwise than it has pleased God to make me. They were also seldom contented with my productions. When I had long exerted my whole soul to favour the world with a new work, it still desired that I should thank it into the bargain for considering the work endurable.

If any one praised me, I was not allowed, in self-congratulation, to receive it as a well-merited tribute; but people expected from me some modest expression, humbly setting forth the total unworthiness of my person and my work. However, my nature opposed this; and I should have been a miserable hypocrite, if I had so tried to lie and dissemble. Since I was strong enough to show myself in my whole truth, just as I felt, I was deemed proud, and am considered so to the present day.

"In religious, scientific, and political matters, I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt.

"I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls: I was also required to believe other points, which were opposed to the feeling of my soul for truth; besides, I did not see that these would be of the slightest service to me. It was also prejudicial to me that I discovered Newton's theory of light and colour to be an error, and that I had the courage to contradict the universal creed. I discovered light in its purity and truth, and I considered it my duty to fight for it. The opposite party, however, did their utmost to darken the light; for they maintained that *shade is a part of light*. It sounds absurd when I express it; but so it is: for they said that *colours*, which are shadow and the result of shade, *are light itself*, or, which amounts to the same thing, *are the beams of light, broken now in one way, now in another.*"—pp. 119, 120.

Speaking of the latter part of his biography, which he was this year engaged in preparing for publication, Goethe says:—

"When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now in my old age think how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive, you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do.

"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course

my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear what I now say. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.

"My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should

have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet. But, soon after my "Goetz" and "Werther," that saying of a sage was verified for me—"If you do anything for the sake of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time."—pp. 124, 125.

We have left ourselves no room for further extracts. To Mr. Oxenford, the English public are greatly indebted for what seems a faithful translation, and what is certainly a very interesting book.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NOVEL COUNCIL OF WAR.

I HAD scarcely finished my breakfast, when a group of officers rode up to our quarters to visit me. My arrival had already created an immense sensation in the city, and all kinds of rumours were afloat as to the tidings I had brought. The meagreness of the information would, indeed, have seemed in strong contrast to the enterprise and hazard of the escape, had I not the craft to eke it out by that process of suggestion and speculation in which I was rather an adept.

Little in substance as my information was, all the younger officers were in favour of acting upon it. The English are no bad judges of our position and chances, was the constant argument. *They* see exactly how we stand; they know the relative forces of our army, and the enemy's; and if the "cautious islanders"—such was the phrase—advised a *coup de main*, it surely must have much in its favour. I lay stress upon the remark, trifling as it may seem; but it is curious to know, that with all the immense successes of England on sea, her reputation, at that time, among Frenchmen, was rather for prudent and well-matured undertaking, than for those daring enterprises which are as much the character of her courage.

My visitors continued to pour in during the morning, officers of every arm and rank, some from mere idle cu-

riosity, some to question and interrogate, and not a few to solve doubts in their mind as to my being really French, and a soldier, and not an agent of that *perfide Albion*, whose treachery was become a proverb amongst us. Many were disappointed at my knowing so little. I neither could tell the date of Napoleon's passing St. Gothard, nor the amount of his force; neither knew I whether he meant to turn eastward towards the plains of Lombardy, or march direct to the relief of Genoa. Of Moreau's successes in Germany, too, I had only heard vaguely; and, of course, could recount nothing. I could overhear, occasionally, around and about me, the murmurs of dissatisfaction my ignorance called forth, and was not a little grateful to an old artillery captain for saying, "That's the very best thing about the lad; a spy would have had his whole lesson by heart."

"You are right, sir," cried I, catching at the words; "I may know but little, and that little, perhaps, valueless and insignificant; but my truth no man shall gainsay."

The boldness of this speech from one wasted and miserable as I was, with tattered shoes and ragged clothes, caused a hearty laugh, in which, as much from policy as feeling, I joined myself.

"Come here, mon cher," said an In-

fantry colonel, as, walking to the door of the room, he drew his telescope from his pocket, "you tell of us a *coup de main*—on the Monte Faccio, is it not?"

"Yes," replied I, promptly, "so I understand the name."

"Well, have you ever seen the place?"

"Never."

"Well, there it is yonder," and he handed me his glass as he spoke; "you see that large beetling cliff, with the olives at the foot. There, on the summit, stands the Monte Faccio. The road—the pathway rather, and a steep one it is—leads up where you see those goats feeding, and crosses in front of the crag, directly beneath the fire of the batteries. There's not a spot on the whole ascent where three men could march abreast, and wherever there is any shelter from fire, the guns of the 'Sprona,' that small fort to the right, take the whole position. What do you think of your counsel now?"

"You forget, sir, it is not my counsel. I merely repeat what I overheard."

"And do you mean to say, that the men who gave that advice were serious, or capable of adopting it themselves?"

"Most assuredly; they would never recommend to others what they felt unequal to themselves. I know these English well, and so much will I say of them."

"Bah!" cried he, with an insolent gesture of his hand, and turned away; and I could plainly see, that my praises of the enemy were very ill-taken. In fact, my unlucky burst of generosity had done more to damage my credit, than all the dangerous or impracticable features of my scheme. Every eye was turned to the bold precipice, and the stern fortress that crowned it, and all agreed that an attack must be hopeless.

I saw, too late, the great fault I had committed, and that nothing could be more wanting in tact than to suggest to Frenchmen an enterprise which Englishmen deemed practicable, and which yet, to the former, seemed beyond all reach of success. The insult was too palpable and too direct, but to retract was impossible, and I had now to sustain a proposition which gave offence on every side.

It was very mortifying to me to see how soon all my personal credit was

merged in this unhappy theory. No one thought more of my hazardous escape, the perils I encountered, or the sufferings I had undergone. All that was remembered of me was the affront I had offered to the national courage, and the preference I had implied to English bravery.

Never did I pass a more tormenting day; new arrivals continually refreshed the discussion, and always with the same results; and although some were satisfied to convey their opinions by a shake of the head or a dubious smile, others, more candid than civil, plainly intimated that if I had nothing of more consequence to tell, I might as well have stayed where I was, and not added one more to a garrison so closely pressed by hunger. Very little more of such reasoning would have persuaded myself of its truth, and I almost began to wish that I was once more back in "the sick bay" of the frigate.

Towards evening I was left alone; my host went down to the town on duty; and after the visit of a tailor, who came to try on me a staff uniform—a distinction, I afterwards learned, owing to the abundance of this class of costume, and not to any claims I could prefer to the rank—I was perfectly free to stroll about where I pleased unmolested, and, no small blessing, unquestioned.

On following along the walls for some distance, I came to a part where a succession of deep ravines opened at the foot of the bastions, conducting by many a tortuous and rocky glen to the Apennines. The sides of these gorges were dotted here and there with wild hollies and fig trees, stunted and ill-thriven, as the nature of the soil might imply. Still, for the sake of the few berries, or the asplous fruit they bore, the soldiers of the garrison were accustomed to creep out from the embrasures, and descend the steep cliffs, a peril great enough in itself, but terribly increased by the risk of exposure to the enemy's "Tirailleurs," as well as the consequences such indiscipline would bring down on them.

Sofrequent, however, had been these infractions, that little footpaths were worn bare along the face of the cliff, traversing in many a zigzag a surface that seemed like a wall. It was almost incredible that men would brave such peril for so little; but famine had rendered them indifferent to death;

and although debility exhibited itself in every motion and gesture, the men would stand unshrinking and undismayed beneath the fire of a battery. At one spot, near the angle of a bastion, and where some shelter from the north winds protected the place, a little clump of orange trees stood, and towards these, though fully a mile off, many a foot-track led, showing how strong had been the temptation in that quarter. To reach it, the precipice should be traversed, the gorge beneath and a considerable ascent of the opposite mountain accomplished, and yet all these dangers had been successfully encountered, merely instigated by hunger!

High above this very spot, at a distance of perhaps eight hundred feet, stood the Monte Faccio—the large black and yellow banner of Austria floating from its walls, as if amid the clouds. I could see the muzzles of the great guns protruding from the embrasures; and I could even catch glances of a tall bearskin, as some soldier passed or repassed behind the parapet, and I thought how terrible would be the attempt to storm such a position. It was, indeed, true, that if I had the least conception of the strength of the fort, I never should have dared to talk of a *coup de main*. Still I was in a manner pledged to the suggestion. I had perilled my life for it, and few men do as much for an opinion; for this reason I resolved, come what would, to maintain my ground, and hold fast to my conviction. I never could be called upon to plan the expedition, nor could it by any possibility be confided to my guidance; responsibility could not, therefore, attach to me. All these were strong arguments, at least quite strong enough to decide a wavering judgment.

Meditating on these things, I strolled back to my quarters. As I entered the garden, I found that several officers were assembled, among whom was Colonel de Barre, the brother of the general of that name, who afterwards fell at the Borodino. He was *Chef d'Etat Major* to Massena, and a most distinguished and brave soldier. Unlike the fashion of the day, which made the military man affect the rough coarseness of a savage, seasoning his talk with oaths, and curses, and low expressions, De Barre had something of the *petit maitre* in his address,

which nothing short of his well-proved courage would have saved from ridicule. His voice was low and soft, his smile perpetual; and although well-bred enough to have been dignified and easy, a certain fidgetty impulse to be pleasing made him always appear affected and unnatural. Never was there such a contrast to his chief; but indeed it was said, that to this very disparity of temperament he owed all the influence he possessed over Massena's mind.

I might have been a General of Division at the very least, to judge from the courteous deference of the salute with which he approached me—a politeness the more striking, as all the others immediately fell back, to leave us to converse together. I was actually overcome with the flattering terms in which he addressed me on the subject of my escape.

"I could scarcely at first credit the story," said he, "but when they told me that you were a 'Ninth man,' one of the old *Tapageurs*, I never doubted it more. You see what a bad character is, Monsieur de Tiernay!" It was the first time I had ever heard the prefix to my name, and I own the sound was pleasurable. "I served a few months with your corps myself, but I soon saw there was no chance of promotion among fellows all more eager than myself for distinction. Well, sir, it is precisely to this reputation I have yielded my credit, and to which General Massena is kind enough to concede his own confidence. Your advice is about to be acted on, Mons. de Tiernay."

"The *coup de main*!"

"A little lower, if you please, my dear sir. The expedition is to be conducted with every secrecy, even from the officers of every rank below a command. Have the goodness to walk along with me this way. If I understand General Massena aright, your information conveys no details, nor any particular suggestions as to the attack."

"None whatever, sir. It was the mere talk of a gun-room—the popular opinion among a set of young officers."

"I understand," said he, with a bow and a smile; "the suggestion of a number of high-minded and daring soldiers, as to what they deemed practicable."

"Precisely, sir."

"Neither could you collect from their conversation anything which bore upon the number of the Austrian advance guard, or their state of preparation?"

"Nothing, sir. The opinion of the English was, I suspect, mainly founded on the great superiority of our forces to the enemy's in all attacks of this kind."

"Our 'esprit Tapageur,' eh?" said he, laughing, and pinching my arm familiarly, and I joined in the laugh with pleasure. "Well, Monsieur de Tiernay, let us endeavour to sustain this good impression. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed I, in amazement: for everything within the city seemed tranquil and still.

"To-night, sir; and, by the kind favour of General Massena, I am to lead the attack; the reserve, if we are ever to want it, being under his own command. It is to be at your own option on which staff you will serve."

"On your's, of course, sir," cried I, hastily. "A man who stands unknown and unvouched for among his comrades, as I do, has but one way to vindicate his claim to credit, by partaking the peril he counsels."

"There could be no doubt either of your judgment, or the sound reasons for it," replied the colonel; "the only question was, whether you might be unequal to the fatigue."

"Trust me, sir, you'll not have to send me to the rere," said I, laughing.

"Then you are extra on my staff, Mons. de Tiernay."

As we walked along, he proceeded to give me the details of our expedition, which was to be on a far stronger scale than I anticipated. Three battalions of infantry, with four light batteries, and as many squadrons of dragoons, were to form the advance.

"We shall neither want the artillery, nor cavalry, except to cover a retreat," said he; "I trust, if it come to that, there will not be many of us to protect; but such are the General's orders, and we have but to obey them."

With the great events of that night on my memory, it is strange that I should retain so accurately in my mind, the trivial and slight circum-

stances, which are as fresh before me as if they had occurred but yesterday.

It was about eleven o'clock, of a dark but starry night, not a breath of wind blowing, that, passing through a number of gloomy, narrow streets, I suddenly found myself in the courtyard of the Balbé Palace. A large marble fountain was playing in the centre, around which several lamps were lighted; by these I could see that the place was crowded with officers, some seated at tables drinking, some smoking, and others lounging up and down in conversation. Huge loaves of black bread, and wicker-covered flasks of country wine, formed the entertainment; but even these, to judge from the zest of the guests, were no common delicacies. At the foot of a little marble group, and before a small table, with a map on it, sat General Massena himself, in his grey overcoat, cutting his bread with a case knife, while he talked away to his staff.

"These maps are good for nothing, Bressi," cried he. "To look at them, you'd say that every road was practicable for artillery, and every river passable, and you find afterwards that all these fine chaussees are bypaths, and the rivalets downright torrents. Who knows the Chiavari road?"

"Giorgio knows it well, sir," said the officer addressed, and who was a young Piedmontese from Massena's own village.

"Ah, Birbante!" cried the General, "are you here again?" and he turned laughingly towards a little bandy-legged monster, of less than three feet high, who, with a cap stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a wooden sword at his side, stepped forward with all the confidence of an equal.

"Ay, here I am," said he, raising his hand to his cap, soldier fashion; "there was nothing else for it but this trade," and he placed his hand on the hilt of his wooden weapon; "you cut down all the mulberries, and left us no silk-worms; you burned all the olives, and left us no oil; you trampled down our maize crops and our vines. Per Baccho! the only thing left was to turn brigand like yourself, and see what would come of it."

"Is he not cool to talk thus to a General at the head of his staff?" said Massena, with an assumed gravity.

"I knew you when you wore a different looking epaulette than that

there," said Giorgio, "and when you carried one of your father's meal sacks on your shoulder, instead of all that bravery."

"Farbleu! so he did," cried Massena, laughing heartily. "That scoundrel was always about our mill, and, I believe, lived by thieving!" added he, pointing to the dwarf.

"Every one did a little that way in our village," said the dwarf; "but none ever profited by his education like yourself."

If the General and some of the younger officers seemed highly amused at the fellow's impudence and effrontery, some of the others looked angry and indignant. A few were really well born, and could afford to smile at these recognitions; but many who sprung from an origin even more humble than the General's, could not conceal their angry indignation at the scene.

"I see that these gentlemen are impatient of our vulgar recollections," said Massena, with a sardonic grin; "so now to business, Giorgio. You know the Chiavari road—what is't like?"

"Good enough to look at, but mined in four places."

The General gave a significant glance at the staff, and bade him go on.

"The white coats are strong in that quarter, and have eight guns to bear upon the road, where it passes beneath Monte Rattè."

"Why, I was told that the pass was undefended!" cried Massena, angrily; "that a few skirmishers were all that could be seen near it."

"All that could be seen!—so they are; but there are eight twelve-pounder guns in the brushwood, with shot and shell enough to be seen, and felt too."

Massena now turned to the officers near him, and conversed with them eagerly for some time. The debated point I subsequently heard was how to make a feint attack on the Chiavari road, to mask the *coup de main* intended for the Monte Faccio. To give the false attack any colour of reality required a larger force and greater preparation than they could afford, and this was now the great difficulty. At last it was resolved that this should be a mere demonstration, not to push far beyond the walls, but, by all the semblance of a serious advance, to attract as much attention as possible from the enemy.

Another and a greater embarrassment

lay in the fact, that the troops intended for the *coup de main* had no other exit than the gate which led to Chiavari; so that the two lines of march would intersect and interfere with each other. Could we even have passed out our Tirailleurs in advance, the support could easily follow; but the enemy would, of course, notice the direction our advance would take, and our object be immediately detected.

"Why not pass the skirmishers out by the embrasures, to the left yonder," said I; "I see many a track where men have gone already."

"It is steep as a wall," cried one.

"And there's a breast of rock in front that no foot could scale."

"You have at least a thousand feet of precipice above you, when you reach the glen, if ever you do reach it alive."

"And this to be done in the darkness of a night!"

Such were the discouraging comments which rattled, quick as musketry, around me.

"The Lieutenant's right, nevertheless," said Giorgio. "Half the voltigeurs of the garrison know the path well already; and as to darkness—if there were a moon you dared not attempt it."

"There's some truth in that," observed an old major.

"Could you promise to guide them, Giorgio," said Massena.

"Yes, every step of the way; up to the very walls of the fort."

"There, then," cried the General, "one great difficulty is got over already."

"Not so fast, Generale mio," said the dwarf; "I said I could, but I never said that I would."

"Not for a liberal present, Giorgio; not if I filled that leather pouch of yours with five-franc pieces, man?"

"I might not live to spend it, and I care little for my next of kin," said the dwarf, dryly.

"I don't think that we need his services, General," said I; "I saw the place this evening, and however steep it seems from the walls, the descent is practicable enough—at least I am certain that our Tirailleurs, in the Black Forest, would never have hesitated about it."

I little knew that when I uttered this speech I had sent a shot into the very heart of the magazine, the ruling passion of Massena's mind being an almost

insane jealousy of Moreau's military fame; his famous campaign of Southern Germany, and his wonderful retreat upon the Rhine, being regarded as achievements of the highest order.

"I've got some of those regiments you speak of in my brigade here, sir," said he, addressing himself directly to me, "and I must own that their discipline reflects but little credit on the skill of so great an officer as General Moreau; and as to light-troops, I fancy Colonel de Vallence yonder would scarcely feel it a flattery, were you to tell him to take a lesson from them."

"I have just been speaking to Colonel de Vallence, General," said Colonel de Barre. He confirms everything Mons. de Tiernay tells us of the practicable nature of these paths; his fellows have tracked them at all hours, and

neither want guidance nor direction to go."

"In that case I may as well offer my services," said Giorgio, tightening his belt; "but I must tell you that it is too late to begin to-night—we must start immediately after nightfall. It will take from forty to fifty minutes to descend the cliff, a good two hours to climb the ascent, so that you'll not have much time to spare before daybreak."

Giorgio's opinion was backed by several others, and it was finally resolved upon that the attempt should be made on the following evening. Meanwhile, the dwarf was committed to the safe custody of a serjeant, affectedly to look to his proper care and treatment, but really to guard against any imprudent revelations that he might make respecting the intended attack.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENOA DURING THE SIEGE.

If the natural perils of the expedition were sufficient to suggest grave thoughts, the sight of the troops that were to form it was even a stronger incentive to fear. I could not believe my eyes, as I watched the battalions which now deployed before me. Always accustomed, whatever the hardships they were opposed to, to see French soldiers light-hearted, gay, and agile, performing their duties in a spirit of sportive pleasure, as if soldiering were but fun, what was the shock I received at sight of these care-worn, downcast, hollow-cheeked fellows, dragging their legs wearily along, and scarcely seeming to hear the words of command; their clothes, patched and mended, sometimes too big, sometimes too little, showing that they had changed wearers without being altered; their tattered shoes, tied on with strings round the ankles; their very weapons dirty and uncared for; they resembled rather a horde of bandits than the troops of the first army of Europe. There was, besides, an expression of stealthy, treacherous ferocity in their faces, such as I never saw before. To this pitiable condition had they been brought by starvation. Not alone the horses had been eaten, but dogs and cats; even the vermin of the cellars and sewers was consumed as food. Leather and skins were all eagerly devoured; and

there is but too terrible reason to believe that human flesh itself was used to prolong for a few hours this existence of misery.

As they defiled into the "Piazza," there seemed a kind of effort to assume the port and bearing of their craft; and although many stumbled, and some actually fell, from weakness, there was an evident attempt to put on a military appearance. The manner of the adjutant, as he passed down the line, revealed at once the exact position of affairs. No longer inspecting every little detail of equipment, criticising this, or remarking on that, his whole attention was given to the condition of the musket, whose lock he closely scrutinised, and then turned to the cartouch-box. The ragged uniforms, the uncouth shakos, the belts dirty and awry, never called forth a word of rebuke. Too glad, as it seemed, to recognise even the remnants of discipline, he came back from his inspection apparently well satisfied and content.

"These fellows turn out well," said Colonel de Barre, as he looked along the line; and I started to see if the speech were an unfeeling jest. Far from it; he spoke in all seriousness! The terrible scenes he had for months been witnessing; the men dropping from hunger at their posts; the sen-

tries fainting as they carried arms, and borne away to hospital to die; the bursts of madness that would now and then break forth from men whose agency became unendurable, had so steeled him to horrors, that even this poor shadow of military display seemed orderly and imposing.

"They are the 22nd, colonel," replied the adjutant, proudly. "a corps that always have maintained their character, whether on parade or under fire!"

"Ah! the 22nd, are they? They have come up from Ronco, then?"

"Yes, sir; they were all that General Soult could spare us."

"Fine-looking fellows they are," said De Barre, scanning them through his glass. "The third company is a little, a very little to the rear—don't you perceive it?—and the flank is a thought or so restless and unsteady."

"A sergeant has just been carried to the rear ill, sir," said a young officer, in a low voice.

"The heat, I have no doubt; a '*colpo di sole*,' as they tell us everything is," said De Barre. "By the way, is not this the regiment that boasts the pretty vivandiere? What's this her name is?"

"Lela, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, Lela. I'm sure I've heard her toasted often enough at cafés and restaurants."

"There she is, sir, yonder, sitting on the steps of the fountain;" and the officer made a sign with his sword for the girl to come over. She made an effort to arise at the order; but tottered back, and would have fallen if a soldier had not caught her. Then suddenly collecting her strength, she arranged the folds of her short scarlet jupe, and smoothing down the braids of her fair hair, came forward, at that sliding, half-skipping pace that is the wont of her craft.

The exertion, and possibly the excitement, had flushed her cheek; so that as she came forward her look was brilliantly handsome; but as the colour died away, and a livid pallor spread over her jaws, lank and drawn in by famine, her expression was dreadful. The large eyes, lustrous and wild-looking, gleamed with the fire of fever, while her thin nostrils quivered at each respiration.

Poor girl, even then, with famine and fever eating within her, the traits

of womanly vanity still survived, and as she carried her hand to her cap in salute, she made a faint attempt at a smile.

"The 22nd may indeed be proud of their vivandiere," said De Barre, gallantly.

"What hast in the 'tonnelet,' Lela?" continued he, tapping the little silver hooped barrel she carried at her back.

"*Ah que voulez vous?*" cried she laughing, with a low, husky sound, the laugh of famine.

"I must have a glass of it to your health, ma belle Lela, if it cost me a crown piece," and he drew forth the coin as he spoke.

"For such a toast, the liquor is quite good enough," said Lela, drawing back at the offer of money; while slinging the little cask in front, she unhooked a small silver cup, and filled it with water.

"No brandy, Lela?"

"None, Colonel," said she, shaking her head, "and if I had, these poor fellows yonder would not like it so well."

"I understand," said he significantly, "theirs is the thirst of fever."

A short, dry cough, and a barely perceptible nod of the head, was all her reply; but their eyes met, and any so sad an expression as they interchanged I never beheld! it was a confession in full of all each had seen of sorrow, of suffering, and of death. The terrible events three months of famine had revealed, and all the agonies of pestilence and madness.

"That is delicious water, Tiernay," said the colonel, as he passed me the cup, and thus trying to get away from the sad theme of his thoughts.

"I fetch it from a well outside the walls every morning," said Lela, "ay, and with in gun shot of the Austrian sentries too."

"There's coolness for you, Tiernay," said the colonel; "think what the 22nd are made of when their vivandiere dares to do this."

"They'll not astonish him," said Lela, looking steadily at me.

"And why not, ma belle?" cried De Barre.

"He was a Tapageur, one of the 'Naughty Ninth,' as they called them."

"How do you know that, Lela? Have we ever met before?" cried I, eagerly.

"I've seen you, sir," said she, slyly.

"They used to call you the corporal that won the battle of Kehl. I know my father always said so."

I would have given worlds to have interrogated her further; so fascinating is selfishness, that already at least a hundred questions were presenting themselves to my mind. Who could Lela be? and who was her father? and what were these reports about me? Had I really won fame without knowing it? and did my comrades indeed speak of me with honour? All these, and many more inquiries, were pressing for utterance, as General Massena walked up with his staff. The General fully corroborated De Barre's opinion of the "22nd." They were, as he expressed, a "magnificent body." "It was a perfect pleasure to see such troops under arms." "Those fellows certainly exhibited few traces of a starved-out garrison." Such and such like were the jesting observations banded from one to the other, in all the earnest seriousness of truth! What more terrible evidence of the scenes they had passed through, than these convictions! What more stunning proof of the condition to which long suffering had reduced them!

"Where is our pleasant friend, who talked to us of the Black Forest last night?"

"Ah, there he is; well, Monsieur Tiernay, do you think General Moreau's people turned out better than that after the retreat from Donaueschingen?"

There was no need for any reply, since the scornful burst of laughter of the staff already gave the answer he wanted; and now he walked forward to the centre of the piazza, while the troops proceeded to march past.

The band, a miserable group, reduced from fifty to thirteen in number, struck up a quick step, and the troops, animated by the sounds, and more still, perhaps, by Massena's presence, made an effort to step out in quick time; but the rocking, wavering motion, the clinking muskets, and uncertain gait, were indescribably painful to a soldier's eye. Their colonel, De Vallence, however, evidently did not regard them thus, for as he joined the staff, he received the General's compliments with all the good faith and composure in the world.

The battalions were marched off to barracks, and the group of officers set up to repair to their several

quarters. It was the hour of dinner, but it had been many a day since that meal had been heard of amongst them. A stray café here and there was open in the city, but a cup of coffee, without milk, and a small roll of black bread, a horrid compound of rye and cocoa, was all the refreshment obtainable; and yet, I am bold to say, that a murmur or a complaint was unheard against the General or the Government. The heaviest reverses, the gloomiest hours of ill fortune, never extinguished the hope that Genoa was to be relieved at last, and that all we had to do was to hold out for the arrival of Bonaparte. To the extent of this conviction is to be attributed the wide disparity between the feeling displayed by the military and the townsfolk.

The latter, unsustained by hope, without one spark of speculation to cheer their gloomy destiny, starved, and sickened, and died in masses. The very requirements of discipline were useful in averting the despondent vacuity which comes of hunger. Of the sanguine confidence of the soldiery in the coming of their comrades, I was to witness a strong illustration on the very day of which I have been speaking.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather had been heavy and overcast, and the heat excessive, so that all who were free from duty had either lain down to sleep, or were quietly resting within doors, when a certain stir and movement in the streets, a rare event during the hours of the siesta, drew many a head to the windows. The report ran, and like wild-fire it spread through the city, that the advanced guard of Buonaparte had reached Ronco that morning, and were already in march on Genoa! Although nobody could trace this story to any direct source, each believed and repeated it; the tale growing more consistent and fuller at every repetition. I need not weary my reader with all the additions and corrections the narrative received, nor recount how now it was Moreau with the right wing of the army of the Rhine; now it was Kellermann's brigade; now it was Macdonald, who had passed the Ticino, and last of all, Buonaparte. The controversy was often even an angry one, when, finally, all speculation was met by the official report, that all that was known lay in the simple fact, that heavy guns

had been heard that morning, near Ronco, and as the Austrians held no position with artillery there, the firing must needs be French.

This very bare announcement was, of course, a great "come down" for all the circumstantial detail with which we had been amusing ourselves and each other, but yet it nourished hope, and the hope that was nearest to all our hearts, too! The streets were soon filled; officers and soldiers hastily dressed, and with many a fault of costume, were all commingled, exchanging opinions, resolving doubts, and even bandying congratulations. The starved and hungry faces were lighted up with an expression of savage glee. It was like the last flickering gleam of passion in men, whose whole vitality was the energy of fever! The heavy debt they owed their enemy was at last to be paid, and all the insulting injury of a besieged and famine-stricken garrison to be avenged. A surging movement in the crowd told that some event had occurred; it was Massena and his staff, who were proceeding to a watch-tower in the bastion, from whence a wide range of country could be seen. This was reassuring. The General himself entertained the story, and here was proof that there was "something in it." All the population now made for the walls; every spot from which the view towards Ronco could be obtained was speedily crowded, every window filled, and all the house-tops crammed. A dark mass of inky cloud covered the tops of the Apennines, and even descended to some distance down the sides. With what shapes and forms of military splendour did our imaginations people the space behind that sombre curtain! What columns of stern warriors, what prancing squadrons, what earth-shaking masses of heavy artillery! How longingly each eye grew weary watching—waiting for the veil to be rent, and the glancing steel to be seen glistening bright in the sun rays!

As if to torture our anxieties, the lowering mass grew darker and heavier, and rolling lazily adown the mountain, it filled up the valley, wrapping earth and sky in one murky mantle.

"There, did you hear that?" cried one, "that was artillery."

A pause followed, each ear was bent to listen, and not a word was uttered, for full a minute or more;

the immense host, as if swayed by the one impulse, strained to catch the sounds, when suddenly, from the direction of the mountain top, there came a rattling, crashing noise, followed by the dull, deep booming that every soldier's heart responds to. What a cheer then burst forth! never did I hear—never may I hear such a cry as that was—it was like the wild yell of a shipwrecked crew, as some distant sail hove in sight; and yet, through its cadence, there rang the mad lust for vengeance! Yes, in all the agonies of sinking strength, with fever in their hearts, and the death sweat on their cheeks, their cry was Blood! The puny shout, for such it seemed now, was drowned in the deafening crash that now was heard; peal after peal shook the air, the same rattling, peppering noise of musketry continuing through all.

That the French were in strong force, as well as the enemy, there could now be no doubt. Nothing but a serious affair and a stubborn resistance could warrant such a fire. It had every semblance of an attack with all arms. The roar of the heavy guns made the air vibrate, and the clatter of small arms was incessant. How each of us filled up the picture from the impulses of his own fancy! Some said that the French were still behind the mountain, and storming the heights of the Borghetto; others thought that they had gained the summit, but not "en force," and were only contesting their position there; and a few more sanguine, of whom I was one myself, imagined that they were driving the Austrians down the Apennines, cleaving their ranks as they went, with their artillery.

Each new crash, every momentary change of direction of the sounds, favoured this opinion or that, and the excitement of partisanship rose to an immense height. What added indescribably to the interest of the scene, was a group of Austrian officers on horseback, who, in their eagerness to obtain tidings, had ridden beyond their lines, and were now standing almost within musket range of us. We could see that their telescopes were turned to the eventful spot, and we gloried to think of the effect the scene must be producing on them.

"They've seen enough!" cried one of our fellows, laughing, while he pointed to the horsemen, who suddenly

wheeling about, galloped back to their camp at full speed.

"You'll have the drums beat to arms now; there's little time to lose. Our cuirassiers will soon be upon them," cried another, in ecstasy.

"No, but the rain will, and upon us too," said Giorgio, who had now come up; "don't you see that it's not a battle yonder, it's a 'borasco.' There it comes." And as if the outstretched finger of the dwarf had been the wand of a magician, the great cloud was suddenly torn open with a crash, and the rain descended like a deluge, swept along by a hurricane wind, and came in vast sheets of water, while high over our heads, and moving onward towards the sea, growled the distant thunder. The great mountain was now visible from base to summit, but not a soldier, not a gun to be seen! Swollen and yellow, the gushing torrents leaped madly from crag to crag, and crashing trees, and falling rocks, added their wild sounds to the tumult.

There we stood, mute and sorrow-struck, regardless of the seething rain, unconscious of anything save our disappointment. The hope we built upon had left us, and the dreary scene of storm around seemed but a type of our own future! And yet we could not turn away, but with eyes strained and aching, gazed at the spot from where our succour should have come.

I looked up at the watch-tower, and there was Massena still, his arms folded on a battlement; he seemed to be deep in thought. At last he arose, and drawing his cloak across his face, descended the winding-stair outside the tower. His step was slow, and more than once he halted, as if to think. When he reached the walls, he walked rapidly on, his suite following him.

"Ah, Mons. Tiernay," said he, as he passed me, "you know what an Apennine storm is now; but it will cool the air, and give us delicious weather;" and so he passed on with an easy smile.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MONTÉ DI FACCIO.

THE disappointment we had suffered was not the only circumstance adverse to our expedition. The rain had now swollen the smallest rivulets to the size of torrents; in many places the paths would be torn away and obliterated, and everywhere the difficulty of a night march enormously increased. Giorgio, however, who was, perhaps, afraid of forfeiting his reward, assured the General that these mountain streams subside even more rapidly than they rise; that such was the dryness of the soil, no trace of rain would be seen by sunset, and that we should have a calm, starry night; the very thing we wanted for our enterprise.

We did not need persuasion to believe all he said, the opinion chimed in with our own wishes, and better still, was verified to the very letter by a glorious afternoon. Landward, the spectacle was perfectly enchanting; the varied foliage of the Apennines, refreshed by the rain, glittered and shone in the sun's rays, while in the bay, the fleet, with sails hung out to dry, presented a grand and an imposing sight. Better than all, Monte Faccio now appeared quite near us; we could,

even with the naked eye, perceive all the defences, and were able to detect a party of soldiers at work outside the walls, clearing, as it seemed, some water-course that had been impeded by the storm. Unimportant as the labour was, we watched it anxiously, for we thought that perhaps before another sunset many a brave fellow's blood might dye that earth. During the whole of that day, from some cause or other, not a shot had been fired either from the land-batteries or the fleet, and as though a truce had been agreed to, we sat watching each other's movements peacefully and calmly.

"The Austrians would seem to have been as much deceived as ourselves, sir," said an old artillery sergeant to me, as I strolled along the walls at nightfall. "The picquets last night were close to the glacis, but see now they have fallen back a gun-shot or more."

"But they had time enough since to have resumed their old position," said I, half doubting the accuracy of the surmise.

"Time enough, *par bleu*; I should think so too! but when the white-

coats manoeuvre, they write to Vienna to ask, 'What's to be done next?'

This passing remark, in which, with all its exaggeration, there lay a germ of truth, was the universal judgment of our soldiers on those of the Imperial army; and to the prevalence of the notion may be ascribed much of that fearless indifference with which small divisions of ours attacked whole army corps of the enemy. Buonaparte was the first to point out this slowness, and to turn it to the best advantage.

"If our General ever intended a sortie, this would be the night for it, sir," resumed he; "the noise of those mountain streams would mask the sounds of a march, and even cavalry, if led with caution, might be in upon them before they were aware."

This speech pleased me, not only for the judgment it conveyed, but as an assurance that our expedition was still a secret in the garrison.

On questioning the sergeant further, I was struck to find that he had abandoned utterly all hope of ever seeing France again; such he told me was the universal feeling of the soldiery. "We know well, sir, that Massena is not the man to capitulate, and we cannot expect to be relieved." And yet with this stern, comfortless conviction on their minds—with hunger, and famine, and pestilence on every side—they never uttered one word of complaint, not even a murmur of remonstrance. What would Moreau's fellows say of us? What would the Army of the Meuse think? These were the ever present arguments against surrender; and the judgment of their comrades was far more terrible to them than the grape-shot of the enemy.

"But do you not think when Buonaparte crosses the Alps he will hasten to our relief?"

"Not he, Sir! I know him well. I was in the same troop with him, a bombardier at the same gun. Buonaparte will never go after small game where there's a nobler prey before him. If he does cross the Alps he'll be for a great battle under Milan; or, mayhap, march on Venice. He's not thinking of our starved battalions here; he's planning some great campaign, depend on it. He never faced the Alps to succour Genoa."

How true was this appreciation of the great General's ambition, I need scarcely repeat; but so it was at the

time; many were able to guess the bold aspirations of one who, to the nation, seemed merely one among the numerous candidates for fame and honours.

It was about an hour after my conversation with the sergeant, that an order came to summon me to Colonel de Barre's quarters; and with all my haste to obey, I only arrived as the column was formed. The plan of attack was simple enough. Three Voltigeur companies were to attempt the assault of the Monte Faccio, under De Barre; while to engage attention, and draw off the enemy's force, a strong body of infantry and cavalry was to debouch on the Chiavari road, as though to force a passage in that direction. In all that regarded secrecy and despatch our expedition was perfect; and as we moved silently through the streets, the sleeping citizens never knew of our march. Arrived at the gate, the column halted, to give us time to pass along the walls and descend the glen, an operation which, it was estimated, would take forty-five minutes; at the expiration of this they were to issue forth to the feint attack.

At a quick step we now pressed forward towards the angle of the bastion, whence many a path led down the cliff in all directions. Half-a-dozen of our men, well acquainted with the spot, volunteered as guides, and the muskets being slung on the back, the word was given to "move on," the rallying-place being the plateau of the orange-trees I have already mentioned.

"Steep enough this," said De Barre to me, as holding on by briars and brambles, we slowly descended the gorge; "but few of us will ever climb it again."

"You think so?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Of course, I know it," said he. "Valence, who commands the battalions below, always condemned the scheme; rely on it, he's not the man to make himself out a false prophet. I don't pretend to tell you that in our days of monarchy there were neither jealousies nor party grudges, and that men were above all small and ungenerous rivalry; but, assuredly, we had less of them than now. If the field of competition is more open to every one, so are the arts by which success is won; a pre-eminence in a republic means always the ruin of a rival. If we fail, as fail we must, he'll be a General."

"But why must we fail?"

"For every reason; we are not in force; we know nothing of what we are about to attack; and, if repulsed, have no retreat behind us."

"Then why——?" I stopped, for already I saw the impropriety of my question.

"Why did I advise the attack?" said he mildly, taking up my half-uttered question. "Simply because death outside these walls is quicker and more glorious than within them. There's scarcely a man who follows us has not the same sentiment in his heart. The terrible scenes of the last five weeks have driven our fellows to all but mutiny. Nothing, indeed, maintained discipline but a kind of tigerish thirst for vengeance—a hope that the day of reckoning would come round, and one fearful lesson teach these same whitecoats how dangerous it is to drive a brave enemy to despair."

De Barre continued to talk in this strain as we descended, every remark he made being uttered with all the coolness of one who talked of a matter indifferent to him. At length the way became too steep for much converse, and slipping, and scrambling, we now only interchanged a chance word as we went. Although two hundred and fifty men were around and about us, not a voice was heard; and, except the occasional breaking of a branch, or the occasional fall of some heavy stone into the valley, not a sound was heard. At length a long, shrill whistle announced that the first man had reached the bottom, which, to judge from the faintness of the sound, appeared yet a considerable distance off. The excessive darkness increased the difficulty of the way, and De Barre continued to repeat, "that we had certainly been misinformed, and that even in daylight the descent would take an hour."

It was full half an hour after this when we came to a small rivulet, the little boundary line between the two steep cliffs. Here our men were all assembled, refreshing themselves with the water, still muddy from recent rain, and endeavouring to arrange equipments and arms, damaged and displaced by many a fall.

"We've taken an hour and twenty-eight minutes," said De Barre, as he placed a fire-fly on the glass of his watch to see the hour. "Now, men,

let us make up for lost time. *En avant!*"

"*En avant!*" was quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and never was a word more spirit-stirring to Frenchmen! With all the alacrity of men fresh and "eager for the fray," they began the ascent, and, such was the emulous ardour to be first, that it assumed all the features of a race.

A close pine wood greatly aided us now, and, in less time than we could believe it possible, we reached the plateau appointed for our rendezvous. This being the last spot of meeting, before our attack on the fort, the final dispositions were here settled on, and the orders for the assault arranged. With day-light, the view from this terrace, for such it was in reality, would have been magnificent, for even now, in the darkness, we could track out the great thoroughfares of the city, follow the windings of the bay and harbour, and, by the lights on board, detect the fleet as it lay at anchor. To the left, and for many a mile, as it seemed, were seen twinkling the bivouac fires of the Austrian army; while, directly above our heads, glittering like a red star, shone the solitary gleam that marked out the "Monte Faccio."

I was standing silently at De Barre's side, looking on this sombre scene, so full of terrible interest, when he clutched my arm violently, and whispered—

"Look yonder; see, the attack has begun."

The fire of the artillery had flashed as he spoke, and now, with his very words, the deafening roar of the guns was heard from below.

"I told you he'd not wait for us, Tiernay. I told you how it would happen!" cried he; then suddenly recovering his habitual composure of voice and manner, he said, "Now for our part, men, forwards."

And away went the brave fellows, tearing up the steep mountain side, like an assault party at a breach. Though hidden from our view by the darkness and the dense wood, we could hear the incessant din of large and small arms; the roll of the drums summoning men to their quarters, and what we thought were the cheers of charging squadrons.

Such was the mad feeling of excitement these sounds produced, that I cannot guess what time elapsed before we found ourselves on the crest of the mountain, and not above three hundred

paces from the outworks of the fort. The trees had been cut away on either side, so as to offer a species of "glacis," and this must be crossed under the fire of the batteries, before an attack could be commenced. Fortunately for us, however, the garrison was too confident of its security, to dread a *coup de main* from the side of the town, and had placed all their guns along the bastion, towards Borghetto, and this De Barre immediately detected. A certain "alert" on the walls, however, and a quick movement of lights, here and there, showed that they had become aware of the sortie from the town, and gradually we could see figure after figure ascending the walls, as if to peer down into the valley beneath.

"You see what Vallance has done for us," said De Barre, bitterly; "but for *him* we should have taken these fellows, *en flagrant delit*, and carried their walls before they could turn out a captain's guard."

As he spoke, a heavy, crashing sound was heard, and a wild cheer. Already our pioneers had gained the gate, and were battering away at it; another party had reached the walls, and thrown up their rope ladders, and the attack was opened! In fact, Giorgio had led one division by a path somewhat shorter than ours, and they had begun the assault before we issued from the pine wood.

We now came up at a run, but under a smart fire from the walls, already fast crowding with men. Defiling close beneath the wall, we gained the gate, just as it had fallen beneath the assaults of our men; a steep covered way led up from it, and along this our fellows rushed madly, but suddenly, from the gloom a red glare flashed out, and a terrible discharge of grape swept all before it. "Lie down!" was now shouted from front to rear, but even before the order could be obeyed, another and more fatal volley followed.

Twice we attempted to storm the ascent; but, wearied by the labour of the mountain pass—worn out by fatigue—and, worse still, weak from actual starvation, our men faltered! It was not fear, nor was there anything

akin to it; for even as they fell under the thick fire, their shrill cheers breathed stern defiance. They were utterly exhausted, and failing strength could do no more! De Barre took the lead, sword in hand, and with one of those wild appeals, that soldiers never hear in vain, addressed them; but the next moment his shattered corpse was carried to the rear. The scaling party, alike repulsed, had now defiled to our support; but the death-dealing artillery swept through us without ceasing. Never was there a spectacle so terrible, as to see men, animated by courageous devotion, burning with glorious zeal, and yet powerless from very debility—actually dropping from the weakness of famine! The staggering step—the faint shout—the powerless charge—all showing the ravages of pestilence and want!

Some sentiment of compassion must have engaged our enemies' sympathy, for twice they relaxed their fire, and only resumed it as we returned to the attack. One fearful discharge of grape, at pistol range, now seemed to have closed the struggle; and as the smoke cleared away, the earth was seen crowded with dead and dying. The broken ranks no longer showed discipline—men gathered in groups around their wounded comrades, and, to all seeming, indifferent to the death that menaced them. Scarcely an officer survived, and, among the dead beside me, I recognised Giorgio, who still knelt in the attitude in which he had received his death wound.

I was like one in some terrible dream, powerless and terror-stricken, as I stood thus amid the slaughtered and the wounded.

"You are my prisoner," said a gruff-looking old Croat grenadier, as he snatched my sword from my hand, by a smart blow on the wrist, and I yielded without a word.

"Is it over?" said I; "is it over?"

"Yes, parbleu, I think it is," said a comrade, whose cheek was hanging down from a bayonet wound. "There are not twenty of us remaining, and *they* will do very little for the service of the 'Great Republic.'"

TRIFLES.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
 A web by insect-workers spun
 Preserve the life within the frame,
 Or vapours take away the same.
 A grain of sand upon the sight
 May rob a giant of his might ;
 Or needle point let out his breath,
 And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,
 The heart with agony is stirred,
 And ties, that years could not have riven,
 Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
 A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
 Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek ;
 And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet exprest,
 Creates a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
 May be an angel from above ;
 A whispered welcome in our ears
 Be as the music of the spheres.
 The pressure of a gentle hand
 Worth all that glitters in the land ;
 Oh ! trifles are not what they are,
 But fortune's ruling voice and star.

MIND AND BE TRUE TO THE END.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

As you begin so continue—
 Faint not, nor pause by the way ;
 Let your thoughts be on the morrow,
 Constant and warm as to-day.
 Chances and changes may happen,
 Clouds with Life's sunshine must blend,
 Still tho' the worst should befall you,
 Mind and be true to the end.

Friendships, commenced in the summer,*
 Die when the winter comes on,
 Smiles that are cherished by fortune
 Fade too when fortune is gone.
 Earth has no holier treasure
 Than an unvarying friend,
 One that will love thro' all seasons,
 Steadfast and true to the end.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.*

THERE is a melancholy interest attached to this unpretending volume, quiet independent of its intrinsic merit, or the value of the information it conveys on more than one important topic. A few words of preface inform us that the author died at Batticaloa, in Ceylon, on the 5th of January last, before he had completed his twenty-ninth year. Cut off suddenly in the early summer of life, while actively and usefully engaged; not having had time to hear how his first effort in authorship had been received by the public, but hoping, as youth and strength are naturally sanguine, to follow it up at no distant interval.

"If," says he, in his concluding lines, "permitted to aspire to the authorship of a second volume, it will be on Ceylon, and I trust I shall have a better chance. For this I am gradually collecting materials. The stones are cutting, whether to be fitly joined together must be decided by a higher and stronger power than mine."

Before these sentences could meet the public eye, the hand that penned them was cold and nerveless. A contrary decree had gone forth, and all the ardent anticipations of stirring manhood, all the busy energies of mind and body were extinguished in the silence of an early grave. The friends of the young literary aspirant will be consoled by reflecting that the opinions he has delivered are sound and wholesome; the sketches he has drawn are truthful and agreeable; and even should his book be undervalued or neglected because the title-page is not graced by the name of a veteran in reputation, it will act as a serviceable pioneer to direct public curiosity on an unfrequented road, where there is much to learn, and where many may be induced to follow.

Mr. Taylor belonged to a family which lineally and collaterally has given nearly a score of able recruits to the

rank of literature. He was a younger brother of Captain Meadows Taylor, well known to fame as a distinguished soldier and diplomatist in Indian warfare, and as the author of an original and highly interesting work called the "Confessions of a Thug."

This little volume may be classed among useful rather than merely amusing works. The author did not travel for simple recreation, or to see strangelands from curiosity, as Petruchio does in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

"Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world."

He went to foreign parts with an eye to business and profitable avocation; to exercise his faculties in active enterprise, and carve out for himself a path to independence. The book is a record of practical experiences rather than of general or desultory observations. He visited certain places for specific purposes, and chiefly confines his remarks to what he was employed about and more immediately interested in. His conclusions are not drawn from abstract theories but from actual and everyday occurrences. He has a young head, but judgment matures rapidly when we are thrown on our own resources, and when to live from day to day, we must both work and think. There is no attempt at fine writing for the display of well-rounded sentences, and no unnecessary thrusting in of useless matter to swell the work beyond its natural dimensions. Here is an honest detail of facts and impressions as they occurred to the relater, and not an effort to make a book out of nothing. We have met less information in three large volumes than in this single small one.

The eight years of travel included in Mr. Taylor's publication commenced in 1841, when he was little more than a stripling in years. He crossed the Atlantic to push his way in life, and seek fortune and employment in the west-

* "The United States and Cuba: Eight Years of Change and Travel." By John Glanville Taylor. Cr. 8vo. London: Bentley, 1851.

tern hemisphere; conceiving with many others that the New World presented a more promising and less occupied field of action than the old one. He is the only traveller we ever met with who regrets when his voyages are over, and feels no inclination to leave the ship in which he has been so long confined—the “prison with the chance of being drowned,” as it has been aptly defined. This feeling, he says, increased with repetition, although he adds he never could get any fellow-passenger to agree with him on the point. We are not surprised at this. We have ourselves often “gone down to the sea in ships,” and have endured many voyages long and short; but the best of them was but inevitable sufferance, very far removed from enjoyment. We always considered the moment of disembarkation as among the most thoroughly delicious of earth’s realities—an escape from nonentity to existence. The sight of a new land, the anticipation of new events, the change from still to moving life, the delivery from “the stormy winds that (always) blow;” the positive assurance that you have reached *terra firma*, and are safe for this time at least from the perils of the deep: all this, added to the natural antipathy which land-loving humanity has to the sea (whatever a few enthusiastic monomaniacs may persuade themselves to the contrary), has made us lift up our hands and wonder how people ever became sailors by choice; while we felt grateful, that for the honour and glory of the nation this strange miracle did sometimes happen. We do remember, once on a time, when released from quarantine, after being incarcerated for eight weeks in a lazaretto, under suspicion of plague, almost regretting when the day of liberation was announced. We had grown reconciled to the ways of the place. But then we were on shore; we had ample space and good air to breathe and walk about in; two very agreeable and intellectual companions, with whom we played at chess from morning till night, plenty of books, and abundance of good cheer, with nothing to pay.

The earlier part of this volume, which treats of Philadelphia, some tolerably well known districts in Pennsylvania, and other portions of the United States, we pass over the more rapidly, that we are anxious to travel

with the author to Cuba; a ground almost entirely unexplored, and which has lately been invested with extraneous interest from the ridiculous and unprincipled attempt of a few philanthropic buccaneers (modern representatives of Blackbeard and Kidd), to deliver a suffering community from tyrannical masters. This means, in plain English, to take possession on their own account, in the face of all treaties and in defiance of all law, except only Lynch law, of one among the largest and most valuable islands in the world. Pizarro, passing across the strand of Panama, with thirteen followers, to attempt the conquest of Peru, was a well-digested and hopeful enterprise in comparison.

That Cuba will ultimately, and before many years have elapsed, escape from the retrograding and worn out dominion of Spain, to some more vigorous and advancing state of government, is not only quite certain, but is also “a consummation devoutly to be wished;” but we hope to see this occur in the course of regular practice, *secundum artem*; by conquest in open war between lawful belligerents; by mutual treaty, commercial bargain, or fair struggle for independence; not by the interference of unlicensed banditti, who care for nobody but themselves, fight “for their own hand,” as Harry the Smith did, and having nothing to lose, but all to win, are ever ready to encounter bullet, gibbet, or halter, when booty and dollars are looming in the distance.

But even on the comparatively threadbare subject of America, Mr. Taylor has some remarks which are worth remembering. Firstly, as to the great mistake English writers and travellers so constantly fall into, in classing all the inhabitants of the States generally as “Americans;” as if they differ no more from each other than do the Yorkshiremen from the Lancastrians, or the Hampshire peasants from their neighbours of Wilts and Sussex. The fact is, they are as distinct from each other in national characteristics, in manners, habits, ideas, pursuits, social, political, and commercial interests, as France, Italy, or Germany, in the European world. When speaking of the United States, we forget that we are not dealing with a single kingdom or nation, but with a vast continent and numerous races. The Anglo-

Saxon predominates, but he is mixed up with many others.

Secondly, it is gratifying to be assured that the Pennsylvanian repudiators, who eschewed payment of interest on their bonds, were the German rather than the English contingent, comprised in which are more than half the inhabitants of that thriving State. This would have gladdened the heart of Sydney Smith, had he lived to hear it. If you are doomed to be swindled, it is more endurable to be pillaged by out-and-out foreigners, than by your own flesh and blood, which the drab-coated descendants of William Penn undoubtedly are.

Lastly, the following extract contains a good moral, with may be studied with advantage by all whom it concerns :—

“There is a large class in America, of whom I would that I could write more favourably. Though they are my own countrymen, yet as an impartial judge I must condemn them, and that out of their own mouths. Them I consider the cause of that infusion of recklessness, and those intemperate deeds and words of which we read. These are they, who, whether in the Conciliation Hall of Dublin, the English House of Commons, or the House of Representatives of America—whether they speak of wars and disturbances in the latter place, or thunder and bellow them in the former, or put them forth through the *Nation* newspaper in its time—alike are troublesome, violent, and discontented. These form the bulk of what is called the “Democratic,” or “Locofoco” party, with which, although I admit they may have the right in some abstract questions (as every party *must* have, or it would never gain a supporter, but which are kept as baits to trap the unwary), yet I would rather such questions remained for ever in abeyance, than that they should be advanced a step. These are they for whom I can answer that they have occasioned serious trouble in many cities, and while I was in Philadelphia, actually put forth a placard, which had this modest inscription:—‘We will not be governed by AMERICANS!’ After that, need more be said?”

The author, while in Philadelphia, witnessed a storm of thunder and lightning, which seems to have astonished him not a little, and occasioned him to observe, that nothing like it could be seen in the tropics. At home, in our tamer climate, most certainly we have

a very faint imitation of these tremendous natural phenomena; but had he encountered a regular tropical hurricane, as we once did, in going through the Gulf of Florida, with full accompaniments of thunder, lightning, and rain, the remark would have been qualified or expunged altogether. In fine weather nothing can be more delightful than a sail down this dreaded Gulf, if there is time to cruise among the Bahama Islands, but when a storm does come, it comes in earnest, and so suddenly, that there is scarcely time to “take in all,” and lay to while the concentrated fury of the elements expends itself.

Mr. Taylor paid two visits to Cuba at different intervals, and altogether resided on the Island above four years, engaged in commercial or mining speculations, which seem to have been attended with vast labour and exertion, occasionally with many privations, and no compensating success. He suffered much from the local fevers, and other incidental mortifications, but youth and a sanguine temperament carried him through many difficulties. At the commencement of 1842, business of every kind was unusually depressed throughout the American continent. He began to despair of making head in the line in which he was endeavouring to work his way, when a vessel arrived from Cuba, bearing a sample of gold-dust from a mine or vein lately discovered, and said to have been taken from it without selection. Humboldt and others had before stated the fact, that gold was to be found in some streams in the island. The specimen was examined, and the result proved encouraging. It appeared upon analysis, that in a ton of such mineral would exist not less than fifty ounces of pure gold. This was a tempting inducement to one who had made mineralogy his study, and was well qualified to attempt a mining enterprise. But when he reached the district of Holguin, the mine, like many others, was found unprofitable, the produce far inferior to the labour and outlay required, and the exact locality whence the deluding sample had been extracted, never could be discovered. Cuba, although abundantly productive of mineral wealth, in copper, iron, and chrome, was not destined to anticipate or rival California in exhaustless supplies of gold.

Mr. Taylor having coasted along the island, enjoying the magnificent scenery, and ever-varying richness of a land which "God hath made so glorious," landed at St. Jago, the ancient capital and emporium, before Havana, from its more commanding position, and matchless harbour, rose into paramount importance. St. Jago was founded by Columbus, and is the oldest of all the cities in the New World except only Baracoa, at the east end of the island, which was built about two years earlier. In this part of the volume there are some useful hints on the subject of letters of introduction.

St. Jago has long enjoyed the unenviable pre-eminence of being considered one of the most unhealthy places in the West Indies. Here the yellow fever, that scourge of the tropics, appears to have established one of its favourite head quarters; Vera Cruz and New Orleans alone taking precedence. The popular remedy at present in use among the physicians is ice, in large quantities, which has been found so efficacious that the deadly enemy is receding before it. When perspiration is produced by this treatment, recovery is almost certain, but a relapse is fatal. Our author remarks on the prevalence of fever:—

"One of the great causes, I am sure, was the condition of the wharves. They were planks laid on piles, driven for some distance, like piers, out into the harbour. The idea, I dare say, was, that the water would carry away the impurities, or render them innocuous; but it had an effect the very reverse of that. After heavy rains all the filth of the city was washed down, of course, into the bay, and, as there is little or no tide, the piles of the wharves caught and kept all the filth, which, as nobody thought of looking under the planks, escaped notice, until after my first visit, when I heard they were taking steps to fill up the interstices with solid earth."

From this city Mr. Taylor proceeded through the interior, on his journey to Holguin, his point of destination, a distance of about forty five leagues. He travelled in company with a Spanish officer, by an unfrequented track, over mountain and plain, through forest and river; a road which, probably, no European had traversed before, and seldom crossed even by the old residents. But this afforded him an

opportunity of seeing the country at full leisure, and in all its rich variety. In the interior of Cuba are beautiful and extensive savannas, teeming with the most fertile soil in the world, and giving sustenance to innumerable droves of cattle and horses. Vast plantations of sugar, coffee, and tobacco; forests of magnificent timber, including fir, fustic (*morus tinctoria*), lignum vitæ, mulberry, and lancewood, with mahogany in undisturbed magnificence, too far from water communication to pay expenses of transport. Mr. Taylor thinks some of these trees are so large that, by sawing them down the middle a drawing room table might have been cut out, at all events, if four feet wide would not have been too little. There are also six species of palm, the cocoa-nut tree proper, the orange in most luxurious abundance, and all the usual fruits of the other West India Islands. He adds:—

"A bare enumeration of the useful and valuable trees of Cuba would fill a volume. Some are remarkable for containing most subtle poisons."

We wonder Mr. Taylor does not mention the cedar-trees, which the books of geography inform us are so large, that canoes made of them will hold fifty men. Probably they are not to be found in the districts he visited. It is also remarkable that in Cuba there are neither wild savage animals, nor venomous reptiles of any description. The plumage of the birds is less bright than might be expected; and as for game, our author assures us, it is probably the worst country for the sportsman in the whole world. There are no partridges and but few snipes. Flamingoes and pigeons are abundant, the latter being good contributors to the "pot." There appear to be no singing birds; the reported ruisenor, or nightingale of Baracoa, he never saw, and doubts its existence. The tenure of land, and title by which it is held in Cuba, appear almost as unsettled and unsatisfactory as, in many instances, in our own country. The average state of morals is rather better than might be expected, considering that religion is almost extinct, if it ever existed beyond the name. On this subject Mr. Taylor says:—

"During my whole residence I do not know an instance of *men* going to

church; and it is my firm belief that if they do, in other places where I have not been, and where, perhaps, good music (for one thing) may be heard, it is for other reasons than their attachment to any religion."

This is a bad state of things; but in the event of Cuba falling under the dominion of a nation in advance of itself, it is, perhaps, better than blind or obstinate bigotry, from which sound improvement is less likely to spring than from total carelessness. Of the two evils the latter is much the more manageable.

After a residence of several months at Holguin, Mr. Taylor, finding the gold mine a failure, and meeting with many annoyances, determined to retrace his steps and go back to America, during a period when nothing profitable could be accomplished in Cuba. On this occasion he returned by the main road, running for the most part of the way along the bank of the Caño, the principal river in the island. He thus had an opportunity of seeing another interesting and very picturesque line of country, quite different from that examined on his former route. A portion of this road was neither safe nor agreeable, having a bad reputation in the article of robbers, and in some places destitute of that most indispensable enjoyment on a journey, either for man or beast—fresh water.

Mr. Taylor eulogises with enthusiasm the admirable properties of the Cuban horses, whose powers of endurance, easiness of pace, gentle tempers, total freedom from vice, and astonishing capability of performing long journeys, with little grooming or feeding, decidedly place them above all travelling quadrupeds of their genus in the world. Let us imagine an animal tied up for two days without food or water, at the door-post of a tavern, while his master is gambling within, and then carrying the brute home many miles at a rapid pace. What a sad pity that he did not break his neck, to teach him a slight lesson in humanity. In his admiration of the horses, our author exclaims:—

"For racing, running, hunting, leaping, ay, and ploughing, and drawing tons weight of loads, commend us to England for horses; but, for long journeys on horseback, and for all general purposes of a gentleman's saddle horse,

believe me, Cuba can furnish that desideratum in perfection; and, when my fortune shall be made, I certainly propose to send to Cuba for one, even though his transport should cost me a quiet hundred or so extra."

These Cuban saddle horses are always kept as stallions. They neither shy, start, bite, nor kick. The favourite pace is what is called the "andadura," or true *pace*, which they acquire when in a state of nature, without training.

A "troton," or pure trotter, is held by the natives in utter abomination. It is considered so disreputable to be seen mounted on one, that even the lazy Spaniard would rather walk.

By this road Mr. Taylor descended into St. Jago, from the summit of a majestic eminence, the view from which, but on a much greater scale, reminded him of that from the Three Rock Mountain, near Dublin, and of a similar one on the Limerick side of the road to Kilarney. In the distance could be distinguished the loom of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, above one hundred miles away in a direct line. There is nothing extraordinary in this, considering the height of the ground on which the travellers stood. We once distinctly saw the Peak of Teneriffe, from the deck of a man-of-war, on a very clear day, when our distance from its base, by observation with the quadrant, and mathematical calculation, was 157 nautical miles. Some of the peaks of the Cuban mountains ascend to 8,000 feet. The Blue Mountains in Jamaica reach 7,000; the Peak of Teneriffe exceeds 13,000. One of the greatest curiosities encountered by Mr. Taylor in Cuba, he describes as a "very small specimen of humanity," but at the same time one of the toughest that ever fell in his way. A little, prattling, merry fellow, engaged as a guide or conductor, in the shape of a Cuban Spaniard, named Torribio de la Torre, who, though under eight stone weight, was unmatched as a wrestler. He overthrew, in close conflict, and with apparent ease, a gigantic Hibernian Hercules, and gave desperate falls to sundry Cornishmen, who by descent were professors in the art. None of his adversaries could find out his trick or baffle it, and what appears still more extraordinary for a Spaniard, he was never seen to smoke tobacco.

On his return to Cuba, Mr. Taylor

landed at Gibara, pronounced *Heevara*, the port of entry to the district of Holguin, where he was surprised to find, in such a remote spot, so many English residents, amounting in number to seventy-four. This place, and the surrounding neighbourhood, he describes also as being "beautiful exceedingly." As far as the external magnificence of nature can embellish a country, Cuba appears to be a second garden of Eden. We have an interesting and perspicuous summary of some of the leading geological features in this district, including a description of a remarkable cave in the *Saddle Mountain*, the complete examination of which has been impeded by the stench of millions of bats, who have long held undisputed possession. Perhaps they might be fumigated out by some process with tobacco or sulphur.

The author also alludes to a very extraordinary phenomenon which exhibits itself on two or three of the coldest nights in the year, from the peaks of some of the highest mountains. This is the appearance of a bright light, of conical shape and considerable size. It appeared while he was in Cuba, but he was not in a locality from whence it was visible. There is also a mineral spring compounded of salt, sulphur, and hydrogen gas, the medicinal virtues of which are not described, but which the neighbouring inhabitants designate, for distinction, the "arroyo hediondo," or stinking rivulet.

Towards the conclusion of this work two considerable chapters are devoted to the present state of Negro slavery in Cuba, with theories of the author for its extinction. His notions will not accord with those of the abolitionists; but he has studied the subject well, and his opinions are worthy of attention. The whole question is a very complicated one, which can only be unravelled by time. It is manifestly inconsistent with Christian doctrine that such an institution as slavery should exist at all. Yet in many cases the name is worse than the reality; nor has it yet appeared that the worldly status of the emancipated slaves is as good as it was before the abolition, while that of the former owners is undeniably worse. The average condition of the West Indian slave (we speak more immediately with reference to our own islands) was, and is, as good as that of many peasants in England, and far better than that of his free brother in Ireland; but

slavery must and will be abolished everywhere as civilisation advances. The subject, in all its bearings, has been profoundly considered by good and enlightened men. Reason and religion both say, no human being should be the born or purchased thrall of another. There is no such inheritance, and no such right of barter. Reason is the governing power of the nineteenth century, and every opposing force will in the long run go down before it. Whatever the Americans may think to the contrary, they will have to emancipate their Negro serfs, or the serfs will do it for themselves, whenever war brings them, which in the course of events it assuredly will, the aid of foreign auxiliaries. The material point for the really benevolent legislator to consider is, how the object can be effected with the least amount of injury to the different interests concerned.

Mr. Taylor informs us, that, at the eastern extremity of Cuba, in a wild and rugged district, surmounted by the lofty "*Sierra del Cristal*," there exists a mysterious, and somewhat lawless, settlement called *Palenque*, compounded of wild Indians and run-a-way Negroes; insulated, independent, and barbarous. They laugh at the decrees and expeditions of the government, which are never issued in earnest, or undertaken on a formidable scale. Their position is supposed to be contrived at as a convenient safety valve for all the dangerous and discontented elements in the island, and a pretty focus of iniquity they must have contrived to establish. There is a secrecy and romantic uncertainty attached to this strange colony, which reminds us of the aboriginal city mentioned by Stephens, which credulous *Padres* reported to him as existing in central America, where, according to their traditions, European foot has never ventured to intrude, and the first inhabitants, without mixture, or the slightest alteration from their native manners, customs, and language, are still said to live among themselves in primeval seclusion. The story is doubtless an invention, but a very imaginative and attractive one. We wonder some of our popular novelists have never thought of embodying it in a work of fiction. Mr. Taylor was strongly inclined to visit *Palenque*, but was deterred by two considerations: if he went alone, he was sure to be murdered; and if in

company with others, the government would have heard of the affair, and have imprisoned him for life.

In 1843-4, Cuba was visited by a long-protracted drought, and famine, which carried death, and desolation, and poverty, throughout the island, but the details of which our author passes over, as too harrowing for minute recital. He sums up the result by saying it was utterly ruinous, and led to his fixed desire and determination of escaping from scenes and pursuits whence, as he says, the country itself seemed determined to cast him forth, never having given him one chance. In Sept., 1845, he left the island, which, however beautiful and fertile in itself, had been to him anything but a land overflowing with milk and honey, or realised promise; and departed from Cuba, never to return, in a schooner bound for New York.

We wish he had found an opportunity of visiting the great and flourishing city of Havana, a detailed description of which, in its present state, has never yet been given to us. A very imposing looking place it is, with fine churches, convents, and other public buildings. Were it not for the tropical trees and fruits, with a mixture of Negro and coloured population, it resembles a town in old Spain so perfectly, that when traversing the well-built, antique looking streets and squares, you can, without much stretch of imagination, fancy yourself in Barcelona, Valencia, or Cartagena. We spent a few days there in 1815, at the conclusion of the American war, when there was a large English fleet in the harbour, and many English regiments in crowded transports. In those days we were neither observant nor reflective, but passed our time in flying about in "*volantas*," and in discussing good dinners, at an English hotel, in the "*Gran Plaza*," having for many weeks before exercised our masticating energies on ship beef and pork, hard enough to be chopped with a cleaver; and still harder peas, with no liquid more generous than the simple clement.

The harbour of Havana will contain one thousand ships; the water is deep enough for the largest three decker, and the entrance is so narrow that not more than one vessel can conveniently sail in or out at the same time. It is completely land-locked, and protected by extensive fortifications. On the

left-hand side of the entrance, as you go in, on a precipitous rock, stands the celebrated castle, called "*El Moro*," which looks impregnable, and as if it could easily blow an invading fleet out of the water. Nevertheless, it was carried by storm in 1762, by the British forces under Lord Albemarle and Admiral Pococke. We walked over this formidable citadel, and looked on the spot where the breach was effected, and through which the gallant warriors forced their entrance. The chasm appeared impassable, and we have read that when the victors themselves gazed down on it, they wondered how they had got in, and thought their own achievement a fable of the days of chivalry. The obstacles men will surmount in the ardour of attack are quite incredible. The same soldiers who drove the French from their position on the sand hills near Alexandria, on the 8th of March, 1801, under Abercrombie, when they tried to run up on the following day, could scarcely reach the summit, without halting, though there was no enemy to oppose them. If the Moro was held by an English garrison, there exists not on earth the attacking force that could win it from them by assault.

Just before winding up his volume, Mr. Taylor falls foul of Dr. Madden, who published a small treatise on Cuba and its resources in 1849, and charges him with ignorance of the Spanish language, and gross mis-statements and mistakes:—

"'Can we,' says he, 'place reliance on any traveller, who, professing to have obtained his information from personal examinations and conversations with all classes of Spaniards and Negroes, yet in every page betrays a decided ignorance of the language? Surely if a man only half learn a language, and then presume on that knowledge, it is worse than if he had not learned it at all. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that I have found thirty-four errors in the first thirty-seven pages.'"

Taking this for granted, it is almost as bad as the number of mistakes detected, by a sharp investigator, in a single chapter of *Voltaire's Universal History*, and for which we suspect Dr. Madden could scarcely give so plausible a reason as the witty Frenchman did, who pleaded guilty to his embellishments, but said he put them in to make his book read the better. But we should have been more pleased if this

passage had been omitted. It is not graceful in a writer to assail a brother scribe. He should leave him to the tender mercies of the reviewers, whose legitimate province it is to discover and castigate these delinquencies. As the old Scotch proverb says, "Corbies should na pick out corbies' een." If you are attacked, defend yourself tooth and nail, but never throw the first stone.

And now, what will become of Cuba? The question is important, and not easily answered. Many eyes and thoughts are turned towards her, forgetful of the last injunction in the decalogue. The island is weak, under an effete government, and ready to be sold or seized. America has long had yearnings towards this fair possession. It would form an invaluable outpost in case of war with any great European power, or in the event of prospective conquests. It would also weigh as an additional slave-state to counterbalance California, with a productive revenue under improved administration. In 1815, England might have obtained Cuba by fair treaty, in payment of a large debt due by Spain, which was wiped out for nothing. There was then no power to gainsay or oppose the transfer, but the opportunity was suffered to slip away. By a strange application of underprized magnanimity, our sapient legislators then gave everything when they might have kept all, and asked for nothing, not even a single commercial treaty, in exchange. The other nations who reaped the advantage of what we had paid dearly for, laughed in their sleeves, but we were so intoxicated with glory and success, that we heeded them not. For years, when island after island, and colony after colony, fell before our arms, and people asked "what are they all good for?" the answer was, "they will do to give up at a peace." And so they were all given up—Martinique, and Guadaloupe, and Bourbon, and Java—while unprofitable and expensive rocks were retained. And, worse than all, Sicily was abandoned back to Neapolitan tyranny and ignorance; Sicily, which had been promised a British constitution under British protection! What an island would that have been by this time under such auspices! Talk of Naples subjugating rebellious Sicily!

Why, if the power of Sicily was led by English generals, with some half-pay English officers under them, and two or three thousand old soldiers, in the shape of an English legion, to show the way; they would not only liberate themselves, but would root out the iniquity of perhaps the very worst of the old rotten despotisms of the Continent. The Sicilians can and will fight. The Neapolitans deserted even the gallant Murat at the first volley. They can do nothing but run away, or murder from behind a hedge. But this is a digression.

In 1837, the Cubans would have thrown off the Spanish sovereignty if their independence could have been guaranteed under British protection. Again, the hour and the accomplishment glided by. If we are to believe the American papers (a suspicious authority), they are now anxious to pass under the banner of the United States, and become incorporated with Anglo-Saxon America. Nay more, it is said, that Spain will sell her dominionship for one hundred millions of dollars, and that the colonists are willing and ready to raise this sum, if America will accept the bargain. All this sounds and looks plausible, but we neither think it true, nor likely to happen. Cuba is larger and has more internal resources than half the second-rate powers of Europe. The revenue is nearly five millions sterling, out of which she entirely supports herself, maintains a large Spanish army of 20,000 men and upwards, and remits to the mother country a million-and-a-quarter annually. The population at present scarcely exceeds one million souls, a small amount for the extent of territory. But population depends much on good or bad government, and increases rapidly with active enterprise and expended capital. It would be better for the peace of the world, the general improvement of society, and the balance of human interests, that Cuba should be independent, than a province or colony of either England or America. Let her be delivered from Spain by honourable compromise, and placed on her own merits, under the joint protection of the two great maritime and commercial powers, and we are much mistaken if all parties are not benefited by the arrangement.

GLEANINGS AFTER THE SPANISH ARABS.

OF all knights, and of all lovers, the Moor-Arab of Spain, towards the close of the fifteenth century, was the pink, the palm, the prime, the jewel, and the flower. Reverses and an opprobrious name had reduced him, at the beginning of the next, to the level of the world. Granada was taken; the *Moro* changed into the *Morisco*,—that is, insult was added to injury, and the pride of Moorish chivalry was at an end. Ballads took the place of battles, the lute supplanted the lance, and the proscribed and unfortunate *Morisco* was fain to tinkle his woes to the burthen of his own sad thoughts and those of his countrymen, and to draw tears, perchance, for blood.

It is not entertaining to begin by a digression, or we might here say a word on certain points of resemblance between the *Moriscoes* and our unlucky selves in this respect; and exhibit the affinity between the Moorish *chitarra* and the Irish harp:—a parallel might be drawn between the pathetic monotony of the music of Granada, and the subdued and minor cadences of our native minstrelsy; and both might be referred to causes not entirely dissimilar;—but, in accordance with established usage, as well as for sundry other prudential reasons, we forbear; and, for the present casting politics, patriotism, and all that sort of thing, overboard, to take their place beside Prospero's book, deeper than did ever plummet sound, we land, without so much as a knapsack of nationality about us, on the quay of Malaga "the royal," the chief port of Moorish Spain.

Here we are in two worlds, the present and the past—Christian and Mahometan. The former we will leave to its desert, that is, to its oranges and raisins, together with its olives and its cigars, its heat, roguery, mirth, intrigue, superstition, and filth. The latter overlooks us from the grim old bastions of the *Gibalfaro*, peering threateningly into every street, like a bad conscience. The truth is, it *has* ugly whispers for Spain, making it tremble as it "thinks upon her towers," and the miseries endured in that fortress and the city it overshadows, in 1487.

The Moorish empire was even then tottering to its fall. Abu Abdallah, or Boabdil, or Bobadil, as the name grew at length by repeated corruptions, Latin, Spanish, and English, was still weakly struggling against his valiant old uncle, El Zagal, while the Castilian power was thundering at his gates. Divided against itself, the kingdom of Granada was as sure to fall as that of Lucifer before it. Nevertheless a stubborn old dog of an African whom El Zagal had placed in Malaga, was determined to nail his crescent to the sky. Hamet Zeli picked his men, retired into the citadel, and swore by his beard, a considerable oath, from which his barber alone could absolve him, that he would eat the citizens when the other vermin failed, rather than open his gates to that dog of a Ferdinand, to say nothing of Isabella his queen, whom he roundly favoured with the corresponding epithet.

In this posture of affairs, deeds of valour incredible and indescribable were done on both sides, by the aristocracy of Castile and of Granada, *aunque Moros, hijosdalgo*, here brought *en evidence* of Europe and Africa at once, like the neighbouring Gibel-el-Taric, or Gibraltar. Amongst the Arab nobles, Abrahen Zenete was conspicuous; and indeed, sometimes shamed the Spanish chivalry by his Christian-like and orthodox courtesy. But there were men of another stamp amongst them; and as Spain had its Torquemada, its Ojedo, and its Merla, so had Malaga ferocious *rabitos* of its own, comrades of their general, the Gomeres, African mercenaries, who had brought with them across the strait the ferocity of Barbary, uncooled by any admixture of peninsular civilisation.

Of some of these the deeds are perpetuated in the literature of the day; but the greater part have settled down side by side with the worthies who flourished before Agamemnon, under the pressure of three hundred fathom, or years, of oblivion. A ballad is an excellent float upon the stream of time, where the heaviest things commonly go to the bottom. Some flies have, no doubt, owed their preservation to the amber of the unctuous Peter Martyr,

who used to indite his epistles in Queen Isabella's tent, while the cloth was laying; some have been bottled in the spirits of the lively Pulgar; while here and there one has paid for its immortality in the currency of the Inquisition, in the voluminous processes of which it is found at once crushed and preserved, like a fly between the pages of the Newgate Calendar. But the vast majority of them owe their fame with posterity to their native poets, whose number, if not name, is legion. We are told that ninety became famous. If we add the usual proportion of those who did not, together with those who became positively infamous, we shall have a tolerably abundant bloom of Blackamoor anthology.

We are wandering from the knights of Malaga; desperate fellows, some of them, though not without a fine touch of nobility, which even the cadets of the houses of Gusman and Pacheco thought no scorn to take lessons from. It was, in sooth, no uncommon sight for a caballero, armed *cap et épée*, to be seen pricking across the Vega, and under the horse-shoe arch of a Moorish town, during war, secure in the safe conduct of his own knightly pedigree, as set forth in a sort of abstract upon his shield, going to put himself under the chivalrous tuition of one of the lofty followers of Islam, thereby to win his spurs, and claim unimpeached observance amidst the ranks of Castilian *sangre su* whose honours had been already recognised.

But, as we have said, some among these Arabian knights—who afforded but dubious entertainment to their foes in battle—retained a little more of the Barbary barbarism in their manners than is quite consistent with our notions of perfect refinement. They had an ugly fashion of presenting their mistresses with the heads of their enemies, instead of their own portraits, as is the present usage. But there is no accounting for tastes,—and they were their own artists, requiring but a single stroke to finish their work.

The Gomerics in particular—those mercenaries from the heart of Morocco, of which the garrison of Malaga was principally composed, prided themselves on this grim gallantry; and, like Dryden's Cymon, reaped the field of that grain which bears two ears on each stalk, for the especial benefit of their fair—or brown—mistresses, to the envy of

Ibn Baithar, the botanist, himself. These fellows sallied forth sometimes by night, like wild boars, with their tusk-like scimitars whetted to a desperate edge, and keen as their own appetite for Christian blood. But not unfrequently they made their cavalcadas—a horse-play of rather a terrible kind, at noon day, into the enemy's country, where, especially about the frontier, they were recognised from a distance by an ominous horn-winding, and an alarming lunc-blink, which heralded their raid. The following rough lines (for the original see MS. in Escorial), seem to charge as recklessly into the region of extravagance, as did these bravos of the Crescent into the fertile vegas of Andalus:—

Abu Fellaleh.

I.

Horror sat upon the crest
Of Abu Fellaleh,—
Little moved him, but the zest
Of the fierce foray:—
The rack of others was the rest
Of Abu Fellaleh!

II.

Black the barb, as moonless night,
Of Abu Fellaleh;
But his scimitar, as bright
As the blaze of day—
Bright, and light, and blinding white—
Of Abu Fellaleh!

III.

Christians, in the speechless frown
Of Abu Fellaleh,
Felt their mettle hearts go down;
For each to each would say,—
There's link and league betwixt Mahoun
And Abu Fellaleh!

IV.

Moslems, where the hoof-print trod
Of Abu Fellaleh,
Did him homage, as a God,—
And felt they must obey
The wrath and rod—the very nod
Of Abu Fellaleh!

V.

One there was, that felt no fear
Of Abu Fellaleh;—
One, for which his mood so drear
Would pass, at times, away—
'Twas his blood-hound, Sangre—dear
To Abu Fellaleh!

VI.

At the saddle-bow were slung
Of Abu Fellaleh,
Heads of Christians three, which hung
Dismal in the day,
As the barb to battle sprang
Of Abu Fellaleh!

VII.

"Frantic knight! to cross the path
Of Abu Fellaleh!
By the prophet vowed he hath
To make thy head this day
Another trophy to the wrath
Of Abu Fellaleh!"

VIII.

Levelled is the lance in rest
Of Abu Fellaleh :—
Full against the Christian's breast
Doth it cleave its way :
Riveted athwart the chest
Of Abu Fellaleh !

IX.

Proud the mettled Spaniard showed
To Abu Fellaleh :—
Proud the stallion he bestrode,
High and wild his neigh,
As the mailed hidalgo rode
At Abu Fellaleh !

X.

Dreadful was the rider's rush
'Gainst Abu Fellaleh.—
All in vain!—the purple gush
Marked him where he lay
Underneath the curse and crush
Of Abu Fellaleh !

XI.

To their feet have leapt the knight
And Abu Fellaleh ;
But another joins the fight—
Sangre's in the fray !
Murderous fang in flesh—in spite
Of Abu Fellaleh.

XII.

Fell and fierce the warrior strove
With Abu Fellaleh ;
Till at his throat the blood-hound drove,
Nor would be dragged away :—
He tore the Christian for the love
Of Abu Fellaleh !

XIII.

"What! a rival in a bound?"
Cried Abu Fellaleh :—
"Then both ye mongrels bite the ground!"
And knight and Sangre lay
Writhing from the double wound
Of Abu Fellaleh !

XIV.

"My dog is dead—his wail be sung!"
Cried Abu Fellaleh—
"But let the Christian dog be flung
To the beasts of prey!
The head—from the saddle-bow be slung
Of Abu Fellaleh!"

Although, alas! it cannot be said that "the man recovered of the bite," yet, it is a satisfaction to know that "the dog it was that died." If a similar mortality had thinned the packs which throve on red flesh in a yet undiscovered world some thirty years

later, spite of Las Casas and the Great Discoverer himself, it had been more creditable for humanity, and better for Spain; but then, the moral would have been wanting. If the Indian has gone to the wall, the Spaniard has gone to the dogs, and suffered the fate of Ahab, even to the infliction of a Jezebel—or Ysabel—as its evil genius.

We left the Malagans blockaded by that mighty pair to whose dominions not only was the fair kingdom of Granada to be soon annexed, but a new world given by one who was even now a neglected, troublesome suitor—"the hair-brained refugee" of the court wits, in the camp before the town. As summer advanced the inhabitants, then swelled to upwards of 20,000 souls, became in their bodies considerably less fastidious about their *cuisine* than they had been at first; and carrion, vermin, &c., commanded a ready market, the vegetables being olive leaves dressed with oil, and palm-leaves pounded fine and baked into a cake.

Is it to be wondered at in a mercantile town, that one should be found ready to weigh this sort of diet against the sale of the city? One Dordux had a weak stomach and a strong conscience, and not liking the sort of missiles the enemy threw from their catapults over the wall, being nothing less than the bodies of his own dead countrymen, he made a little private bargain for himself and friends, and opened the city gates.

Great was the clangour of bells as the sovereigns entered the city and proceeded to the Alcazar. The gonfalon of Spain was borne by the Commander of Leon, Guttiere de Cardenas. Ponce de Leon and Alonzo of Aguilar rode side by side, looking with a disdainful curiosity at the works which had at last yielded to their prowess; and a youth with flowing locks and fiery eyes, on whom even Isabella turned a glance of admiring regard—he who was one day to merge his patronymic in the name of Great Captain—reined his mettled courser nearer the royal pair, as able, from early recollection, to point out the positions of the Alcazar, the Alcazaba, and the various points of note and interest within the conquered town.

"Mercy on us!" was now the cry of the faithful. Mercy, however, was not a *cosa de Espana* in those days, any

more than in ours. But Spanish bonds were much better security than than now, so the Castilian conquerors thought it an easy way to end the war and save Christian blood, trouble, and treasure, to doom the whole population simply to chains and slavery. It was only a word—for those who spoke it, at least. A word and a blow are a harder thing. Accordingly, with the exception of the few who had gold (including all the Jews—maugre Torquemada and the watering jaws of the Inquisition)—the whole of the population of 20,000 were parcelled off into lots, and ticketed as complimentary *cadeaux* for the numerous friends and connexions of the victors. In this way a vessel was freighted for the Queen of Naples with fifty lovely Moorish damsels, fair as the houris of the paradise she did not believe in: a smaller number, but equally select, were shipped to the Queen of Portugal; nor did that sex more likely to appreciate their worth, go unrewarded with what the brave are sung to be thrice qualified to deserve.

To our mind this was about as considerable a catastrophe as has been recorded in history; far more affecting, unless we deceive ourselves, than the fate of Granada itself, which quickly followed, and which was principally characterised by the womanish desertion of its mulish and mulierish Moorish monarch, Boabdil, whose *ultimo sospiro* has been echoed on the wires of so many light guitars and in the heart-strings of so large a portion of the (light) reading public.

Intermingled with these grand events were various minor episodes, each stirring enough in its own little circle, and presenting the picturesque features of attack, defence, conquest, and ruin. From the surprise of Alhama, which commenced the war, to the anticipated day of surrender of the City of Pomegranates in 1492, everything was novel, romantic, wonderful. Dashes of mailed warriors through portcullissed gates; scalings of scarcely accessible cliffs and walls, as at Loxa; sudden descents from the mountains, as in the memorable "rout of the Axarquias," all was unsettled, swift, thunderous, as the transitions of an African sky; while, between, flashed the glowing interludes of love and devotion; and, surviving disaster, the chivalrous constancy—*amar despues la muerte*—"to love after

death;" for short was the life of happiness in those stormy times, but intense as it was short.

Zalea was a place of strength, situated within the theatre of war. It was bravely garrisoned; but was betrayed—the common lot of besieged towns—by a Moorish pedlar: at least so says the more than true, the delightful Fray Antonio Agapida. Pedro de Alvarado,—we presume the after benchmark of Hernando Cortez—was the first to scale the walls; and the metropolitan mistress of the Arab hero, in the following ballad, had to bewail the prowess of the future conqueror of Guatemala.

Kazim and Axa.

I.

"White are Zalea's walls beneath the moon:
Gentle Axa! I am thine—and soon.
Vanished is the Christian host—and home
Tossing turbans, in their pride, shall come!"

II.

Clange a charger's iron hoof within
The castle court—the horn of Galatin!
To a hundred questions, one reply—
"Spain is upon us!—Moors! to do, or die!"

III.

Torn are glaive and target from the wall;
Rings the ring of armour through the hall;
In the furnace tons of lead are cast;
Out the trumpet peals a furious blast.

IV.

White the moonbeams o'er Granada rest;
Peace and hope becalm young Axa's breast:
Pouts she, too; for every leaf that shakes,
Her listening heart for Kazim's footstep takes.

V.

Footsteps? ay, the trampling of hot haste:
Oh, can she live till she be once embraced!
A cry—unbar the gates! "Alas of me!
Is this like triumph?—Death! they flee—
they flee!"

VI.

Travel-soiled, blood-stained, they straggle
through—
The broken remnant of the brave and true.
On the breach the gallant Kazim lies—
Told it is to Axa—and she dies.

Of broken hearts, indeed, all the world over, is the compost made in which the flower of romantic ballad-poetry best thrives. But for their song-inspiring power, how should man spiritualise and glorify his woes? A lover might peak, and pine, and die down upon his stalk, without a sympathetic sigh from kith or kin, friend or neighbour, rival or partner, were it not for the tendency of his distemper to beget poetry, which, like the "touch

of nature, makes the whole world kin."

Thus it is that we understand and sympathise with the oriental *abandon* of the shawled and turbaned *inaamorato* who paces the narrow and overreaved lanes of the city, and glances from side to side towards the cross-legged, bearded automatons, who sit for ever incubating over their own wares (such then, as now, barring the fumes of the weed of the yet virgin Virginia), in search of some treasure meet for the acceptance of her he has seen winding through the mazes of the Zambra by moonlight the night before. Hear him sing

To buy Pearls.

I.

I sighed as I paraded
The marts of Albahār;—
My eyes went wandering idly o'er
The wealth of its bazār.

II.

I saw a string of pearls,
Of size and lustre rare;
The wily merchant held them up
For wonders, as they were.

III.

Those for the vanished fancies;
For future conquests, these;
But, oh, this precious centre one
For charms one feels and sees!

IV.

He reckoned o'er the smaller
For dallying days gone by;
He showed me how they larger grew
As the burning now drew nigh.

V.

Then he'd have counted on
To the lessening gems again,—
But I snatched them from the merchant's hand,
And broke the string in twain.

VI.

The largest, oh, the largest,
I placed it in my breast,
And I paid him for the single one
The price of all the rest.

VII.

The present in its passion,
The present, let it be
For past and future, since 'tis now
I love and worship thee!

VIII.

We mortals cannot fathom
The depths that shroud our doom;
Then, Allah Achbar! we will love,
And let the future come!

It was only the night before, on the spot, that the same fond fatalist had indited the next fragment; which, indeed, reveals the impromptu:—

The Heart's Kiblah.

I.

Lo, the moon upon our white Alhambra
Looks, a loving queen upon her towers,—
But there's whiter marble in yon Zambra,
Purer light within these hearts of ours.

II.

Within yon lawns a thousand bubbling waters
Fling their effulgent kisses o'er the
flowers,—
But oh, the glances of Granada's daughters
Drop deeper treasures in these hearts of
ours.

III.

War is good,—but when the fight is foughten,
And eve unclasps the helm in beauty's
bower,
How sweeter far to clasp the unforgotten,
Whose heart's a Kiblah to this heart of
ours!

The reader knows—or does not know—what the "Kiblah" of the Mahometans is. If he does, he may skip; if not, let him turn to that accessible worthy, Jellal-ed-din, or to his hitherto untranslated brother of the pen, Mejr-ed-din (what is the Oriental Translation Society about?), and he will learn that wherever the worship of Mahomet exists, there is a sort of magnetic focalisation towards Mecca, in the shape of a praying-place, called a Kiblah, in which the worshipper's eye is lent the properties of the needle, and comes to Mahomet much more freely than the mountain which necessitated the hard alternative of the proverb. To ascertain the bearings, an order of astronomers, the Mokavits, specially belong to every mosque. Thus the whole praying community of Islamism gravitates towards a common centre in the desert of Arabia, and forms one congregation dispersed over the floor of that natural praying-place, the earth, turned, at different distances, towards the viewless Caaba of a common faith, as Daniel prayed with his windows open—doubtless by means of an ascertained "Kiblah"—towards Jerusalem. Were we in the mood, having once touched upon El Kuds, or the Holy City, we could relate the establishment of the first Kiblah within the area of the Temple of Solomon itself, and recite in the very words of the sapient Mejr-

ed-din, the compact entered into between the Christian patriarch Sophronius and the conqueror Omar concerning the same; nay, we could promise to lay our finger upon the spot to this day held by all devout Mussulmauns (we trust we spell aright, and with the peace of the heroic and grandiloquent *Edwardes*) to be the *middle of the earth*!—namely, a certain flagstone behind the wall of the Mosque El Aksa; a point of belief requiring a further belief in a Mercator's theory of this world of ours, considering it as rolled out from a sphere into a surface, like as a terrestrial globe of goodly paste expands under the levelling influence of the rolling-pin, until it admits of the umbilical demarcation of the pie-crust—that centre, beneath which lies the juicy mystery of the tea-cup!—But we drivel.

The Mahometan Kiblah might thus form an appropriate metaphor for the Moorish romancer. But if inappropriate as you please, what maiden of Granada would quarrel with the couplets cast into her window in the midst of a posy, itself phonetic and amorous with a living and odoriferous language of its own, if she once caught a glance of the swarthy manliness of the poet himself in the moonlight, ere he wrapped himself into the folds of his Albornoz, and glided away? Give us such a maiden for our critic, especially of the Hispano-Arab breed, and we shall feel tolerably easy as to the sentence which shall be passed upon our tropes and metaphors, our Kiblahs, loadstones, tea-cups, promises, and pie-crusts.

While the throne of Granada shook under the effeminate sway of Abu Abdallah, or Boabdil, a terrible tragedy found time to be enacted within the walls of the palace of the Alhambra. But the world has been filled with the tale of the massacre of the Abencerrages, in every possible form, in prose, in poetry, and in verses (such as Rodd's translations), which are neither. Hence we are not going to conduct the reader once more into the Court of Lions, to exhibit the blood discharged by Zegri jealousy into its marble fountain, until the sanguine hue of the waters thereof seemed the reflection of those vermilion towers which overhang them. Suffice it to say, that no very pleasant feelings existed (as indeed may easily

be believed) between the families of the massacres, and the massacres. The Abencerrages (the Ben Serrai, or sons of Serrai) claimed to hold, of the two, the higher rank, and, like the white variety of the species, shewed where they could that they knew it. In our own times and climes such demonstrations are confined to an occasional cold shoulder of friend, and the "cut" of an acquaintance; in a ruder age, and under a fiercer sun, the family feelings could be traced in the stab of the canjar, or the capricious tyranny of an Abencerrage lord over a Zegri slave. Were it otherwise it would be impossible to say a word for the *vraisemblance* of—

The Revenge of Abdul.

I.

Within the palace court the hot sun quivers,—
Here and there an oleander shivers;
Windows, close as jealousy, around,
Seem, in their blindness, listening for a sound.

II.

Two are together;—one, the mansion's lord,
Chief of the Ben Serrai, for crimes abhorred:
This was the day on which—a gracious deed—
Abdul, the bondsman, should be freed, and freed.

III.

On a barb of Ronda is the freedman mounted;
Out by the Ben Serrai the gold is counted:
A meaning look's exchanged,—and Abdul
now
Feels the first rush of freedom on his brow.

IV.

Fierce down the steep the coal-black barb he
urges,—
Forth through the gate the panting courser
scourges;—
Nor slacks, till near the Vega's verge he sees
Afar, the Spaniard's banner on the breeze.

V.

"What? shall the bloated minion of The
Little"
Load us with wrong—then slime me with his
spittle?
Thus to the earth I cast the price of shame—
Henceforth shall vengeance be my path to
fame!

VI.

"Have I not writhed beneath the loathsome
kindness
Of one, who thought to blind me in his blind-
ness?
Grateful? my beauteous sister, where is she?
In, rowels! I've a sword—and I am free!"

* Boabdil was surnamed El Chico—*The Little*.

VII.

"Ha! at our trench a foaming horse hath leapt—
Back! or the watchword!—Past, like flame,
he's swept!—
Saw ye the glare of his white-gazing eye,
'Neath his black forehead, glowering to the sky?"

VIII.

Lo! to the royal tent the Moor hath ridden—
Within the royal tent hath stalked, unbidden;—
"Monarch! I live, I fight, I fall for thee—
Ranked 'gainst Granada only let me be!"

IX.

"Away!" quoth Ferdinand, "presumptuous Moor—
Think'st thou our realm's resources are so poor?
Guards! be the intruder thrust beyond our posts—
No room for renegades, 'mid Christian hosts!"

X.

Upon his chest the Zegri's jaw hath dropped—
An instant, you had thought his heart's-blood stopped:
The next, he hath retired, with eye to earth,
And on his steed redraws the slackened girth.

XI.

Sullenly he crossed the Christian line,—
Moodyly exchanged the Moslem sign;
Through the gate his staggering stallion led;
Silent, in his stall, unsaddled, fed.

XII.

Up the Albayzin clanks his arméd heel,
From his breastplate burns the blaze of steel;—
On his thigh his scimitar is braced,
And a dagger glimmers at his waist.

XIII.

The fountains sparkle in the palace court
Of the Ben Serrai; aloof, sleek coursers snort.
Beneath a horse-shoe arch the chieftain sits
Musingly, and strokes his beard by fits.

XIV.

Olives utter, as an air goes by,
Murmured thanks for each refreshing sigh;
But, as they cease, becalmed, the windows round
Four richer treasures in the lap of sound.

XV.

'Tis the voice of women which doth fling
Such a silvery sweetness from its wing;
And the grim chieftain smiles, for he doth deem
He knows each tuneful laugh, and girlish scream.

XVI.

Up the echoing court a tread is heard;—
From the olive springs the startled bird;—
The shadow of a form, erect and proud,
Hath moved across those windows, like a cloud.

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XVII.

Was there an ear within which knew the tread?
Was there a heart it filled with hope, or dread?
Who knows?—though sure, of him whose steps intrude
Thus rudely here, full dangerous seemed the mood.

XVIII.

"What? so soon returned!—Bismillah! boy,
Are these the trophies of thy new employ?
Sweat, and dust, and rust, and blood-shot eye—
Be such the fruits of gold and liberty?"

XIX.

"Hearken!" cried the youth;—but at the word
One well-known voice within the Harem's heard—
"Oh, brother, hold! Thy murderous aim I see;—
Spare him, for pity—for thyself—for me!"

XX.

"He's doomed!" he cried;—and, like the lightning-dart,
A two-edged dagger's in the chieftain's heart:—
An instant, and he's grasped him by the hair—
The next—a headless corse lies quivering there.

XXI.

A moment more,—and, as the life-blood flows,
The crashing head against the casement goes;
Then, ere it drops amidst the shrieking throng,
Hath fled the avenger of his sister's wrong.

XXII.

Fled! but how far?—before their master's gate
Be sure a grisly band of henchmen wait:
"Accursed slave!—our master slain by thee?
Thus from thy recreant corse the soul we free!"

XXIII.

Hacked with an hundred wounds young Abdul lies—
And, as he lifts his last look to the skies,
Above him bends a form he knows too well—
The sister, whom he loved—for whom he fell!

The young Zegri had received some provocation, no doubt. His master rode him rather rough. Nevertheless, the Abencerrages will ever be illustrious on the roll of knights, heroes, and Mussulmans; and we challenge the college of heralds to produce anything more grandly chivalrous than the arms of that princely family,—azure, two savages demolishing a city with

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their clubs,—with the motto *C'est peu de chose*—a mere trifle! Something this to match the “used up” gentleman, who remarked of the Coliseum, that it was “absolutely nothing!” But what shall we say of the hereditary and ineradicable taint of aristocracy clinging to this family like the leprosy to Gehazi, which will not suffer them, even to this day, in spite of so many family and national cataclysms, to vulgarize down into the common Moor of Barbary? Even there, in the obscurity of the deserts of Tunis, they preserve, as the enthusiast Chateaubriand informs us, the lofty civilization, with the regretful memories, of their Spanish lost homes. “It was written” is their answer to all speculation and all sympathy, as they draw their shroud-like robes over their faces, and pass silently off: but the memory of old things is there; and more than the memory—the records, and the archives, and the title-deeds—all preserved, and prepared, one might almost think, for the reassertion and reassumption of ancient rights, should the “It was written” be inscribed on the banner of reinvansion and reconquest. Nay, to such a pitch is this idea of restoration realized amongst them, that to this day is preserved in the family of one of the expatriated race in Africa, the key of that palace in Granada, deserted by his ancestor three hundred and fifty years ago, which he believes with the devout tenacity of a fatalist, will yet surrender itself to the magic touch of hereditary proprietorship, and admit into the wards of its locks that master spell, which shall cast all the gates open for its ancient lord.

Glorious old dogs, those Abencerrages! Chateaubriand had a weakness for them; he was, in some sense, an Abencerrage himself—loyal, noble, chivalrous, patriotic, unfortunate, an exile, a poet. Thus he understood, because he partook of, the character he drew in his half-historic fable. It is thus, too, that Lamartine so faithfully

depicted, because he was filled with, the spirit of the East, and has now sunk naturally into Syria. But this fidelity of sympathy seems modern. Our ancestors had but hazy and Anglo-Saxon notions of the Arab dynasties of South Spain; they took their ideas, it would seem, from sign-boards, and tapestry, and figure-heads, and never could get over the impression of some connexion existing between the tar-brush and the devil—betwixt the Moor and Mahoun. Horn and hoof were but a little way off the turban and slippers, and blackness was a measure of the depth of damnation. Not but that, after all, a more serious sceptic than Walpole might have manufactured doubts as to the hue of the Granadine's skin. Contrary to all received impressions, one of the few pictures of the Spanish-Arab aristocracy of that age in existence, namely, that of the renowned and unfortunate Boabdil himself, in the Generalife, represents the monarch with a fair complexion and flaxen hair! This, coupled with the profound truth, that the devil is not half so black as he is painted, ought no doubt to stagger the nineteenth century. Be this as it may, certain it is that our forefathers classed the Andalusian Arabs with the powers of darkness generally, and would have considered an exchange of the veriest Saxon puddle with the *sangre azul* of an Abencerrage himself a “filthy bargain.” Hence, when our poets thought good to depict the heroes of this race, they had nothing for it but to throw overboard the whole distinctive character of the people, strip them of their ugly peculiarities, and for the sake of humanity baptize and whitewash them out of the face, or rather, in the face. Dryden has done this, as he did everything, with a turn of the hand. Two mortal tragedies (Phœbus forbid that they should be immortal!) rhyme through the downfall of Granada. It is thus that the great master of English verse places us within the purple of Moorish Sultanism:—

“BOABDILIN.—Th' alarm-bell rings from our Alhambra walls,
And, from the streets, sound drums and ataballes.

[*Within, a bell (!) drums and trumpets.*]

* Don Quixote reproves the puppet-showman for the mistake which Dryden has fallen into—of introducing *bells* into a Moorish scene. They were—and are—an abomination to all true Mussulmans.

How now! from whence proceed these new alarms?

[To them a Messenger.

MESSENGER.—The two fierce factions are again in arms;
And, changing into blood the day's delight,
The Zegrys and th' Abencerrages fight;
On each side their allies and friends appear, &c.

BOARDELIN.—Draw up behind the Vivarambla place;
Double my guards, these factions I will face,
And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their king."

This may suffice of the dialogue. A specimen (and we must cull in order to offer a presentable one) of the lyrical style of the piece may be set side by side with Lockhart, for the reader to

compare, or contrast, as he may see occasion. The following stanza commences a "Song," to which the Zambra, that Moorish mystic chorus, is intended to be dreamily danced:—

"Beneath a myrtle shade,
Which Love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept; and straight my love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought;
Unveiled she came, my slaves to meet,
While love strewed flowers beneath her feet;
Flowers, which so press'd by her became more sweet."

Is this enough? No; we cannot refrain from another sample, being a serenade to the Zegri Lyndaraxa. That highly Moorish name, Phillis, it will be seen, still clings to the strain. Conceive these lyrics, breathed in the tro-

pical fervor of an Andalusian Moor's eloquence, amidst the moon-touched fruit-tree-tops that border the Guadalmedina, to the veiled loveliness that trembles above in the recess of yonder moresque balcony:—

"Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis is still to my mind;
When angry, I mean not to Phillis to go,
My feet of themselves the way find;
Unknown to herself, I am just at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
Than—Phillis, too fair and unkind!

When Phillis I see, my heart bounds in my breast,
And the love I would stifle is shown:
But, asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from my eyes Phillis is gone;
Sometimes a sad dream does delude my sad mind,
But, alas! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
How I sigh to myself all alone!"

We will spare thee the rest, good reader. See what Dryden could descend to, when he fell over to the false prophet! Three Absaloms and Ahithophels could hardly redeem from this apostacy.

A tinge of the diabolic lurks even in Shakspeare's Moor, who, be it remembered, was not "of Spain," though his sword was. But there it is tempered (like the sword in question) in the ice-brook of nature, and made obedient to the master-hand. It is not Othello himself who recognises it, nor those of lordlier rank about him; it is only the more vulgar prejudices

of the Ancient and his wife, representing the delusions and superstitions of the times. The one exclaims to Brabantio, "the devil will make a grand-sire of you!"—a bit of coarse rallery, and nothing more; the other cries, "and you the blacker devil!" forced out in an excusable hyperbole of rage. This popular relationship between colour and condemnation exists to the present day, when devils are painted black to look more blue, and men already dyed of that unlucky shade are treated, in the land which boasts to be the head-quarters of freedom, pretty much as his infernal majesty might be,

who is considered, like his own element, a good servant, though a bad master.

More than one attempt has been made in our own (or our fathers') day, to adapt into English literature episodes of Spanish-Arab history. We say nothing of the gorgeous fiction of our greatest living novelist, for we eschew cotemporary criticism, dreading alike the palms and nails of authors; or of the half-history, half romance of "The Conquest of Granada," by the accomplished American—that floating light, as alluring by its brilliancy, as dangerous by its illusiveness. But our eye has just lighted upon a tragedy by Sophia Lee, called "Almeyda, Queen of Granada," in which the mighty Siddons (as appears by the *dram. pers.*) impersonated the Moorish Sultana. An advertisement tells us it is wholly a fiction; so it is—it never even could have been. It would be tedious to quote, where the whole play is one illustration of what we mean. We dismiss Miss Lee to Lethe, then, with one solitary remark, and it goes to illustrate the vanity of idea-worship. We were mightily taken in our youth by one of Byron's expressions, contained, if we recollect aright, somewhere in a note, where the poet speaks of sorrow dashing down the mirror of the past, and only seeing its image multiplied in the fragments. Sophia Lee makes Orasmyn say:—

"Oh! that superior mind is gone for ever!
Yet still, thus ruined, like a broken mirror,
It gives a perfect image in each fragment!"

What noble dramas yet lie unhewn out of the block of history, in those times of Arab and Castilian, Jew and Inquisitor, Isabella and Columbus, the veriest of might calculate. Are they all unhewn?—But this would be revelation.

There was a strong belief in Dragons among the Moors of those days; they were supposed to occupy the place in the animal kingdom which mastiffs, or the police, hold amongst us. The idea may have been a traditional souvenir of the crocodile, which these nomad tribes had encountered on their migration westward through Africa, and which, on the slippery bank of a maiden stream, formed then, as now, a tolerably effective duenna against the warmest water-woosers. The addition of wings was a trifle, considering there was no

Cavier to find out the mistake; and as for the sting, the tail must end in something, and it seemed incongruous to suffer a creature which began with so lion-like a head and shoulders, to go out like a lamb; with such armature of jaw, nothing but an armed tail would have been in keeping.

The following piece of fancy-work supposes the dragon to be a Benedict. It must be said or sung to the glittering flash of a jet d'eau, during sunshine:—

Lay of the Fountain.

I.

The Dragon slept—the maiden wept:
A fountain sparkled within the bower:
Upon her tears a warrior crept,
And vowed the maiden must fly that hour.

II.

Warm blushes mantled upon her cheek,
To think that her lover should find her weeping;—
To the Dragon a parting look she cast,—
But his horrible scales were folded, sleeping.

III.

A glance at the fountain before she fled—
The breath of the stranger was warm above her:—
Down, down she hath sunk—for, oh, 'tis dead,
In that liquid mirror, the face of her lover!

IV.

Neer from the fountain the maiden rose—
Thenceforth Granada's faithless daughter,
From morning's dawn to evening's close,
Trembles, a shadow, beneath the water.

The fair Andalusian victims of Mahomedan jealousy did not pass their entire existence in that capricious brooding which the *enami* of a harem gives scope for. There were rich and burning meanings in the very flowers of the web which the henna-tipped fingers wove; and the burning bosoms that conceived them knew that they were emblems, and no more, of a vast reality, the mighty mystery of passion,—to them the one thing needful of existence. The deep consciousness of that intuition they flashed from such eyes! we will not attempt to describe them. Fortia's lover could tell the reason. They were known best in their effects,—and so it ever is with eyes. Talk to us of a blue eye, or a grey eye, or a lustrous eye, or a diamond eye,—we stand fire. But give us the eye that will no more let itself be scrutinized and defined than the whorl of a flash of lightning, which, when you

least expect it—any, out of clouds and darkness, give a home thrust, awaking consciousness within you of intolerable light, power, and danger; and, as it turns away, causing the very auricles of your heart to echo with the triumphant thunder of the blow. The skies of Andalusia are to this day subject to such tempestuous eye-storms. Generations of Christians have preserved these oriental and tropical hair-looks; for the Morisco maiden, as she was “with sighing sent” towards the deserts of Africa, looked behind her, and left the lustre of her regard, like a diamond tear-drop, on the beloved soil she was quitting, to be reflected evermore in the glances of its daughters.

If the impertinent scribbler who threw off the following *fleurette* at Almeria, had known what he was about, he would have submitted to his destiny without a song—have died, and made no—verse. But, alas! out of the ninety registered poets of the Cordovan empire, how few know how to be silent with any grace! All must chant aloud, from that patriarchal family-group of bards, consisting of Mohammed the first, his four brothers, and two sons, to the tender and inspired Abihokm Malek ben Abi Said Abdelrhaman ben Almurgel, who died in the attempt to make an acrostic on himself.

As it was, this poetaster of ours did sing—whether, afterwards, he “sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven,” or crackled, was calcined, and went to—*al Haweyât*, does not appear. All that history or tradition tells of him is summed up in the single fact—*he wrote*

Zorayde!

I.

In darkness was the diamond's lair,
Before it sparkled in thy hair:—
Thus the flashing of thine eyes
From a sunless source doth rise,

Zorayde!

II.

Underneath thy snowy vest
Is a snowy heart compressed;—
And the brilliant of thy tear
Is as cutting, hard, and clear,

Zorayde!

III.

Here must I die—I, Almanâr—
A mortal—victim to a star:—
I, doomed in ashes to expire—
Thou, coldly blazing—frost and fire—

Zorayde!

The ending in ashes is ominous. Let us cheerfully hope that if there was anything amiss with the unlucky Almanâr, and that he did not quite escape all the seven helms amongst which the battalions of the Moslem damned are billeted, he was at least suffered, after passing *Al Sirat*, that bridge that is thinner than a hair and sharper than a razor, to enter *Al Araf*, the limbo or middle state of Islamism, which, in the words of Sadi, as rendered by D'Herbelot, “*paraît un enfer aux bienheureux, et un paradis aux damnés.*”

But what, after all, to such a votarist as the faithful and accomplished Almanâr, was *l'enfer*, *Sajin*, or any other double-basement story of the long home, so he could have been but accorded the immortal occupation of being victimised by his cruel fair one? The true root of romantic and amatory foppery—“to be sad for very wantonness”—is in the peninsular Arab. The wild worship of the ideal, and the habitual sacrifice of self and sense to that worship—the eternal grovelling under whole luggage-trains of self-made woes as a habit, and the fancy for being pulverized and brayed in a mortar as a luxury; all this is of eastern growth, and straggled from that root which sent as an offshoot in the other direction, the *Suttee* and the *Fakir*. Almanâr, no doubt, felt delicious torture in the double death dealt him by his astronomical Zorayde; accordingly, with a kindly consideration, he bestowed on his hearers the scarcely-less two-edged delight of his verses. Thus he gave as good as he got; and fulfilled his destiny. When he died, moreover, he thereby ensured the seventy new wives in Paradise which the Prophet promises those who have accomplished their work, in addition to the old; a favour, the latter clause of which many of the faithful would cheerfully forego, content to accept a moderate equivalent in fresh celestial spouses for the oldest of the earthly ones left behind.

But Christians, too, as well as Moors, have known how to feel the delicious torture of love-reverses—some of them, too, without thinking to rid themselves of it by reciting love verses, as boors believe they can cure their own maladies by infecting others. In affairs of the heart there were those of the right faith in these very wars who contrived *mourir guiment—to die*

game, though they did not expire like the swan, singing. In particular, there was a certain Saxon knight who appeared as if from the clouds (as indeed, coming from England, and landing in Andalusia, he might without much metaphor be assumed to have done), and as thoroughly astonished the hosts of Ferdinand and Boabdil by the sportive prowess of his arm, as he perplexed them by his unpronounceable name. In the narrative of the worthy *Cura de los Palacios*, he figures as the *Conde de Escalas*, or *Escalay*, in which the last English historian of Spain is so far from recognizing the original, that, rather than "give it up," he mildly suggests in a note, whether it might not be some "*Earl of Calais*," of whom the college of heralds trumpeteth not! This aerolite of Anglo-Saxon chivalry, so preposterously dropped upon the Iberian soil, was nothing less than one *Scales*, Earl of Rivers, who had brought the lance of a true knight-errant to the service of the sweet Queen Isabel and her doughty husband against the infidel, and mainly contributed to the taking of Loxa, in 1488.

But, alas for human infirmity in matters of faith, where the heart gets entangled! Out of the odds and ends of history that have come down to us, and which record little more than the loss of the hero's two front teeth, up to which he was armed in a desperate encounter with the Moors, and a *bon mot* he good-humouredly perpetrated thereupon, romance stitches up a patchwork of its own, of imposing colours, and calls upon us to believe that it is the Englishman's own counterpane. Such as it is, let us spread it forth, referring to the incomparable Gil Perez as authority on the subject of love-bouquets; and at the same time borrowing one of his prettiest names. The following ballad—muy doloroso—we will call

The Saxon Lord and the Moorish Lady.

I.

"Sister, he comes!" the trembling Kaza cries.
 "Hark! through the trees his armour's stealthy clash!
 And, as he climbs, this pharos-taper's flash
 Lights on the jewel of his costly sash,
 And looks at us!" Daraxa only sighs,—
 Pallid and speechless.

II.

"Safe at thy side at last!" quoth young Scalay.
 "By our St. George, and their St. James,
 and thy—
 Which is thy saint, O fairest saint? 'tis high
 And perilous, this cliff, as is the sky
 Thou seem'st to come from! What?
 No word to say—
 Spell-bound and speechless?"

III.

He bore the blazon of a northern clime—
 The roseate cheek,—the brow, down which
 there rolled
 Locks, like the gleanings of autumnal gold,—
 The limbs of more than Gaditanian mould,
 Massive and lithe—so stood he there,
 sublime,—
 But she was speechless.

IV.

Into the depths of her dark searching eyes
 A warmer sun had looked; and deeper shade
 Lurked in the mazes of each massy braid
 That weighed her shoulders. Though all undisplayed,
 None but might guess the matchless symmetries
 Of her that's speechless.

V.

For, 'neath the filmy gossamer-like gauze
 Which closed her throat, a glowing bosom
 panted,
 From out whose depths, by love's mute spell
 enchanted,
 The eloquent blood her changeful cheek that
 haunted,
 Of every sigh would tell the hidden cause,
 Though she were speechless.

VI.

"See! I am come!—a stranger, yet thine own;—
 Wounded, yet whole; though whole, yet stricken deep,
 As by a host of foes; since thou wilt weep
 Away the moments happiness should keep
 For its own raptures.—Still that gaze of stone—
 Absorbed and speechless?"

VII.

"Come, dry those drops! upon my polished mail
 A stain they'll leave, worse than the Moslem brand!
 Cheer, lovely heathen! In our merry land
 Not thus the fair a warrior's suit withstand."
 Then sunk she down on Kaza's breast,
 all pale—
 Trembling and speechless.

VIII.

"Speak, for thy sister! Is she false?
Reply!

Her latest letter was a bunch of roses—
Roses, that tell what nothing else discloses;
Bright flowers of bliss, on which the heart
reposes,
Lapped in their loveliness and truth—
Oh, why—
Why is she speechless?"

IX.

"Alas, Lord Escalay! in vain they
bloomed.

A sadder, loftier bridal's now her choice.
If of her breast, at thy heart-searching voice,
No faltering pulse disturbs the equipoise,
Then know her soul in its own purpose
tombd—
For ever speechless.

X.

"The tale's soon told. Our sire this
morning said
That by a craven Christian she was wooed.
'Craven? 'tis false!' she cried. Our parent's
mood
Chafed 'gainst this passionate raving of her
blood;
He cursed her with a father's curse,—
and fled—
As she fell, speechless.

XI.

"Now, hie thee hence. Ye part—it is
decreed.
Flee to thine altars,—we will turn to ours.
Upon Mahommed's shrine love's withered
flowers
Will less offend when watered by the showers
Of hope abandoned for his holy creed,
By her that's speechless."

XII.

"Not to be mine? Then farewell spear
and Spain!
The Cross and Crescent in the lists I leave.
No heart for either, since they both bereave
Me of the hope to which my soul did cleave."
So plunged he darkly down the cliff
again—
Leaving her speechless.

And—we now speak history—he *did*
disappear, quit Spain, and *did* die, the
same year, before

"A petty fortress in a foreign land;"

being killed at the battle of St. Albans,
between the Bretons and the French;
—whether, like Roland, because "he
wished to fall," will probably, at this
time of day, never be known.

How dissimilar the characters of the
Saxon and Arab! Spain was an in-

tervening link, and there the half-
African descendant of Ishmael had
already bred out of some original cha-
racteristics. The Anglican knight prob-
ably bore beneath his armour the same
haughty reserve and melancholy senti-
mentalism which invest with so peculiar
a character of romance the English
gentleman of the present day. He
was doubtless difficult of access, both
to persons and to passion; but to
both, when he admitted them, la-
vishly open. Sluggish, possibly, on
trivial occasions, he became nerved
with the arrival of a great one; and
rose, like some vessel of tonnage, with
the wave which overwhelmed smaller
and more cranky craft. Thus he would
grow gradually in the estimation of
those who overlooked him at first. This
estimation would deepen into deference,
and in all probability end in an unqual-
ified submission to the indomitable and
calm intensity of the Anglo-Norman
nature.

With what an eastern spring, on
the contrary, would the mystic, love-
sick, dreamy, examine, fanciful Moor
start, tiger-like, from his repose, and
stand erect, aloft, terrific before our
eyes, with blazing eye and whetted
tooth, the individualised personation
of his race, creed, and history! To
dart from his divan, buckle his armour
on his breast, thrust spurs into his met-
tled barb, and burst, like a black ava-
lanche, from the Sierra Nevada upon
the invading spears of a Cifuentes or
an Aguilar, below in the "*fresca y
regalada vega*," was but a single act.
What a contrast to the "*manceuvres*"
of these degenerate days! Yet we have
many advantages over the Moor on
the score of celerity. To say nothing
of better roads, more completely orga-
nised intelligence, &c., the metaphorical
"shell jacket" is decidedly more
easily put on than the great crustaceous
reality of steel; nor could a helmet,
with its clasps, bars, and visor, be re-
adily donned with the speed of a foraging
cap. Indeed armour must have been
a difficulty in more ways than one. It
was hard to pack up—a soldier's kit
resembling a kitchen range. It was stiff
work for a tailor, in case of needful
repairs—a screw loose instead of a
stitch dropped. In the coldest winter
it could neither have been convenient
nor serviceable to wear two suits, the
ordinary coat of armour and a great
coat. Some, indeed, have been de-

scribed as clothed in "triple brass;" but this was more of a figure of speech, and applied usually to the forehead. Nor on the other hand was it easy to hang a breastplate loosely from the shoulders in the heat of summer, or cast it over the arm like a registered paletot when the blood rose too glowingly in the veins. To hear of men cooped up in casques accomplishing the extraordinary *coups de main* which modern science, activity, and undress might in vain attempt to rival, gives us humiliating ideas of our degeneracy. Antiquity was a coleopterous animal; under its cases it concealed wings, and when the lady-bird was expected to crawl, behold, it flew!

But—O shade of Ahmed Abu Bekr Alrazi! whither have we too fluttered? Far from the gardens and graves of fertile and fatal Andalus, like that migratory insect do we find ourselves perched upon a branchy digression, reached by a flight which has borne us unheeding over the very flowers of chivalry!

Fertile and fatal Andalus! Fertile for the seed of the spoilers—fatal to the name and nation of the spoiled! Now, over the rich and irrigated vegas of Bœtican Iberia—rich by nature, irrigated by the banished Arab—wave the teeming products of the soil; cotton, cane, rice, orange, vine,—over which the characteristic Algarrobo and Adelfa spread their friendly shade. Upon this *tierra caliente* swarm the descendants of the conquerors, just tinged by the ineffaceable blood of ancient neighbourhood and intercourse, mingling with the Andalusian *sangre su*, as the old Moorish gateway, tower, or fountain is found engaged in the walls of Catholic cathedrals or the palaces of hidalgos. To the present hour you can look neither at the population nor the edifices of southern Spain without the inseparable Moorish association; and that as,

sociation is ever melancholy. Fatal Andalus! Fatal to the hopes, and happiness, and pride, and glory of the Moslem! Not a city, not a rock-built fortress but has its tale of dread and disaster; not a centre of ancient populousness that is not also a mound of bloody recollections. But, short as was the period during which the degraded Morisco was left to weep over the sepulchres of the ancestral Moor, he contrived to plant an immortal memory there, smiling in harmonious bloom, perennial as the tears that had watered the root. To this day we visit these graves, and find these flowers, fresh as when they were first planted,—for they are the flowers of poetry. One of them—a mere weed—we have culled to put into the hands of the reader at parting. It refers to the fall of the once flourishing city of Baza, the exquisite gardens of which, a league in length, offered in the very labyrinth of their sweetness such an obstacle to the arms of the victorious Ferdinand! It is called

Elegy of Malek Abdallah el Gazan.

I.
Moonlight wandered down among the trees,
Baza's noons were wandering on the breeze;
And my brain went feebly wandering on—
Wanderingly distraught and woe-begotten!

II.
In a cypress grove the wandering moon
Fell upon the whiteness of a stone,
There a sleeper slept—the white casan
Carved in marble marked the Mussulman.

III.
Down upon the moonlight I, too, speed,
The shawl I wore, beneath my wandering
head—
Rested from my life-long wandering tide—
Give El Gazan's wandering soul a puff!

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